

HAYS, M.M.

Camden Hill
Wednesday.

Dear Sallie

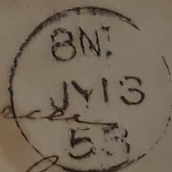
Mr. Sam Rogers will
see you at 1/2 past 9 Saturday
morning - the omnibus will take
you in in good time. I let you
know that you may make your
arrangements accordingly.
Take care you do not get frost
bit & believe me -

Your affectionate friend

Estelle M. Hays

3374

Miss Sallie
Care of J. Diquara Coe
Hendon
Middlesex



3375-

H. THUR

Tomorrow - and the tide has ebbed away,
Or oozes through a dull and waiting soil -
How many days must labour patiently
E'er a full harvest shall reward the toil.

If but this tedious battle could be fought
Like Sparta's heroes, at one rocky pass -
One day be spent in dying, men had sought and
The spot & been cut down like mower's grass. d.

If in the heat of nature we might strive, :-
Challenge to single combat the great power, 'unwed -
Welcome the conflict - but no! half alive
We skirmish with one foe, long hours by hour.

Why, what a country this must be, thus gained,
How rich in treasure, if such be the cost! -
Pleasure & pain, arts, peace, a whole world stam'd
With the death struggle, and as nothing lost. -
ESTH.

These last three verses are fine aren't
they - dear people? & now I am going to copy
for you an unknown of H.H.'s which you must not
tell about instant her leave.

[F 3412-3414 are not by Helen Hunt They are
probably the work of Ellen Hooper]

11/10/72

A dream. By H.H.

"I dreamed that I was dead and crossed the Heavens,
 Heaven upon Heaven, with burning feet and swift,
 And cried, "Oh God, where art thou? There is one
 On earth whose burden I pray thee to lift."!

I was so dead, I wondered at no thing
 Not even that the ranks of angels turned
 Away, and spoke no word as I passed by, —
 Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned,
 Not at the first, that I could not find God,
 Because the Heavens stretched endlessly, like space;
 But, suddenly great terror seized my soul
 I seemed so lonely in the crowded place —

Then one compassionate, cried out to me,
 Though like the rest, his face away he turned,
 As I were one, no angel might regard, —
 Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned

"No more in Heaven than earth shall be found God,
 Who does not run, his mercy, curdious, swift —
 But waits the moment consummate and ripe
 The burden from each human soul to lift."

2 her visit immensely - tho she
was like strong drink & meat.
She is splendidly well & having talked
over Mr. J. with her & with Mr. Crow I
am satisfied she is doing wisely to
marry. Mr. Crow was delighted with
H.H. & she with him. Other parties
being absent they both confessed
then imitation would be fatal. It was
very funny. = I was moved by the
spirit the other day, to write to Aunt
C. & received a very sweet note from
her in return. I am glad I wrote -
Life seems always too short to make
explanations in, and eternity - promising
for such. = If you go to Lewis Dear
C.C. you will see my early beloved
Mrs Sam Wooper (Carrie Laps sister) yet
made of other clay (I'll not deceive you,)
But as I mean to send you a thought
from out still another of those sisterly hearts
I can write no more of my own platitudes but must

to make room for others.
copied from the book you saw,
"Oh God, who in thy dear still heart
Dost sit and wait to see
The errors, sufferings and crimes
Of poor humanity -

How deep must be thy causal love,
How whole thy final care,
Since thou, who rulest over all
Canst see and yet canst bear!
Ellen Hooper.

The little leaven.

"The little leaven - ah what weary year
Parcelled in minutes, must this hour ill
Embalmed, a precious corpse, with many tear
It must be laid to hallow a dull tomb.

This hour - the springs are risen on the hills,
And pour themselves in sunshine and in glare
Into the stream - the tide resistless fills
And overflows the banks of yesterday -

Tho I was dead, I died again for shame.
from Heaven itself to flee, I turned:
The ranks of Angels silent opened wide:—
Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned—

From unpublished poem. W. H.