

2 Balmoral Terr
 St Vincent Rd S
 A meet
 19th Jan'y 1886.

My dear Andrew

I was much concerned to hear via your last letter to Walter that Annas time had been spent by you in a sick-bed. It is satisfactory to find that you were able to write at the date of the letter that your health and spirits were restored.

I got back in safety from the Mother Colony, after a trip in which I found much to interest and attract me. I will not now dissertate upon this as I am going to write a letter to Mrs Clark touching my Sydney experiences, and those of the circle who may honor me with an interest in the subject will be able no doubt to see my letter. I may mention here however, that I visited the evening service of the Unitarian Church in Sydney. The present preacher is the

Rev'd Mr Grant, a stout thickset
dark man with full black beard
& mustaches. He preached from the
text of the question which seriously
interfered with Adam's digestion
in the Garden of Eden - "Adam,
where art thou?" His sermon was
blunt, plain practical & optimistic
a very great improvement on
Lamm's namby pamby pamphlets. I
interviewed him after the service.
He received me very cordially and
gave me some particulars of the
prospects of the Church. The evening
service is at present poorly attended,
as it is an innovation started by
himself. There is a good attendance
in the morning. He informed ^{me} a
number who were not strictly speaking
Unitarians had left, but the offerory
had doubled. I noticed that
the book used for the church
singing was "Hymns of the
Liberal Faith" - a great advance
upon the collection of hymns edited
by James Martineau which is

skill used at the Melbourne
Church - On my return I saw
Walters who is away now on
a holiday - He told me that
the increase in the offering at
Sydney was due to the fact
that on his suggestion the
practice of taking the plate
round was introduced. Previously
there was a box at the
entrance and it was left to
the churchgoer to remember the
box or not as he passed into
the tabernacle - There used to
be much absence of mind at
this juncture. A plate pushed
under your nose is much more
effective - Hence, although
many spiritualists and freethinkers
have left the Sydney shire
the lucre has been more abundant.
During Walters' absence the pulpit
will be occupied by various
shining lights - James Smith
conducted the service last Sunday
morning, and preached on the

Kingdom of Heaven - Samny Whittle
was there. Herbert Keene, the actor
occupied the pulpit in the
evening and gave an address
entitled "Excelsior". I did not
go. On Sunday next Mr. Tie
the Editor of the Leader will
occupy the pulpit morning and
evening, and H. G. Turner will
do the same the following Sunday.
So there's plenty of variety for
them at present. Turner's addresses
will be on Unitarianism in the
morning, and in the evening
he's going to pull Hell-fire
jack over the coals - I mean
poor old Calvin.

I am in very fair health
at present although the weather
is consumedly hot; and I trust
Dear Andrew, your health continues
to keep up, as also that of Mrs
Clark and the Kuchnis to whom
I beg you to remember me in
the customary fashion.
With paternal regards to the Boys
Believe me always affectionately
Yours
F. W. How

PS By the way Walters referred to the cessation of "Modern Thought". Thus he tells me is due to his inability to perform the necessary work upon it in consequence of his other labors - Contributions were many and good, and the circulation was increasing.

Publication has been ~~stop~~ simply for the reason indicated. Walters says it is not improbable that it will be revived in Sydney on the same lines.

You will be surprised to hear perhaps that I have heard on good authority the "Melbourne Review" is to cease and the "Victorian Review" will follow suit. There is a fine theme for the moralist here - moralist did I say? - perhaps it should be satirist. There is a lot of sordid materialism in this

place, old man. For its size
and pretensions and blow there
is little intellectual heaven or
exalted emotion in it. There
is plenty of intellect of the
specialist working for his living
but of the passion for a cause,
or that regard for art which
is infused with religious
instinct I see nothing - God
save me from another visit to
the Shakespeare Society here -
Some of the talk was clever from
a certain point of view lots of
it was flippant twaddle lots
more of it was dull platitudes.
I believe there is occasionally
something worth hearing - Willow's
paper for instance but that only
aroused their 'wrath' - But what's
all this pother I'm raising - let
me go back to my tub and pore
over chess problems, think sometimes
of what might have been dream (but
hardly this) of songs I might have
written, and those I shall never
write - I more frequently of love that
I feel - I have not changed. The note
paper opportunely ends here - There's that blessed ~~thing~~