

We called & left cards at Ormond Gate & heard that you were at Potterne.

I am amused at your "unholy joy"! I discovered it as you say & then too late: nor is it the only one on that page!

affectionately yours

T. J. Cobden-Sanderson

Please give my very kind remembrances to Mrs. Hornby.

a From *A Night-Piece* (1798).

b *Torquato Tasso; ein Schauspiel von Goethe* (March 1913).

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The Doves Press. December 18, 1915

My dear Hornby,

How very sweet of you to write me so kind a letter & to awaken in me something like pride in the work of my hands and more even in the kindness & appreciation of my subscriber.^a It has seen a late & curious flowering (you encourage me to think of it as such) of a life begun long ago & long in doubt as to what it really[?] meant. I do not suppose that I even yet 'know', but it has seemed to me and still seems that for me at least it meant the Vision, that Vision of "Order touched with Beauty" spoken of by the Prophet as[?] that without which the people perish: and of that Vision, I have sought to make my Books, both[?] bound & printed, & on how[?] small a scale, the symbol & the witness. In this sense I commend them to you for their witness[?]

& am always

affectionately & gratefully
your friend

T. J. Cobden-Sanderson.

a Probably response to Hornby's praise of *The Prelude* (December 1915).

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