

30 Torrington Square - W.C.  
Monday morning.

Dear Mr. Shields



Thank you for excusing and  
remedying my momentary  
lapse of memory, and for writing  
words so kind that I can only  
hope to deserve them some  
day -- no, not only "hope":  
I can try.

I have thought of your fine

scape-goat since I saw it, —  
indeed, I have thought of a  
number of your works to  
the glory of God, but that  
one is the one specially in  
my mind at this moment.  
I wish I understood the  
meaning of the name "Azazel":  
it appears, of course, to  
contain the most sacred  
name "El", and I should be  
so glad to ascertain the

signification of the whole.  
I have lately been struck  
by an idea (but am not  
aware of any authority  
whatsoever for it, — it may  
be a mere fantastic error)  
whether the 2 goats of  
the great Day of  
Atonement taken together  
may not stand as one type  
of our Blessed Redeemer:  
the slain goat, His sacred

Body slain for our sins —  
the scape-goat, His soul  
sent all alone into the  
desolate desert world of  
and bearing our sins, as in Isaiah 53.  
He departed: not that <sup>10.</sup>  
the unseen world of the elect  
~~He~~ really was at any  
moment of man's history  
a desolate desert; yet  
till our Lord entered it  
it was an unknown land  
fearful to flesh and blood,  
fearful even to seraphs, if  
we may judge by some

Old Testament utterances  
as of Job or in the Psalms.  
I trust you will not  
dislike my saying all  
this to you, for with you  
I have the happiness of  
feeling that you accept  
the Bible as the Word  
of God to be venerated  
and made much of.

Pray remember me  
very cordially to Mr.  
Shield, who I hope

continues in beautiful  
bloom. And how nice  
her young sister looks.

Very truly yours

Christina G. Pappetti.

