My dear Newland,

Many thanks for your kind letter which brings back old times to me. No man loves them more, or cherishes them more warmly. It is my turn perhaps to a fault. And my recollections of you on Westbour[...]. are very fresh & true.

Pray send me your books—both those I may & those I may not go [], for being yours they will all interest me.

If I know what I could give or do that all dear to me might be as I am (except my faults) it should be done & given with a glad heart: No words will tell what is the changeless consciousness I have [...] had since we parted that the Truth is here & here alone.

You do not say how you are in health. [Do] you know, we are both [growing] old men? If [ever] you come to London, you know what joy it would give me to see you.

Pray offer my kindest remembrances to the Bishop of Exeter which I never forget.

Always affect[ionately] yours
Henry E. Manning.

[Transcription developed by Jared Beverly]