

We don't know. — Mrs. Hervey
— a shrewd & cog, English
fashion, the wife of the Mission —
is working ahead steadily and
creating beauty — Her pictures
will endure. . . . I am working
. . . but what I accomplish is
not beauty, particularly, . . .
not the kind you can show your
friends when they drop in. It
may be the beauty of holiness . . . keeping
poor teachers & principals down and out
and exalting the good ones . . . backing Clarence
. . . and the G. . . and being a Vestryman . . .
and writing Reading Books . . . but it doesn't
seem even that . . . Not that it matters. W. L. H.

WALTER L. HERVEY

35 West 14th St. N.Y.
Dec 27. 1882.

Dear Laura Eipen.

You will receive a
formal receipt for your
magnificent response, but
you now do get my thanks
both personal and editorial.
As you will see from the
enclosed letter, which is
not a touch — for you —
but merely for your information

the life of a Treasurer — as
the undertaker said of him —
is not all pleasure. — No,
I haven't seen Brenda. Of course
we think of her, but that is rather
thin diet. Someday we shall break
out and actually see her again. She
came up here — but we were out.

— I am in for three Psychological
talks to the Alumni, on the
Friday Evenings. — The last
Alumni meeting was a genuine
Oner. No need to exhort the
brethren to "occupy the time."

The spirit was there. Lots of
prints. People in benches looking
at them. I don't want to see around
— I wish I could at a dinner
of those Wind River Mts again. I
saw them from the Mistake 35
years ago last summer — when I
slept out in the sac brush and
listened to the Coyotes under the
stars. — But I can't. No, not even
to see you on your native — no,
your adopted — heath. But I
can think about it, can't I? —
We have an invitation to go to
Europe. Are we going? You say.