

(3.) I am not telling anyone I am at home yet for
this one day — I need it. But even so news
penetrates. I learn that the Hitch family are all in
bed with flu, that Gog & Mary drove to N.C. as Lill had
evidently had a little trouble and moved to an
Hotel to be more private, so Gog & Mary went down
to see what it was all about — evidently
gone about a week — and much trouble
driving back in the snow. They were to get
home last night. I take it Robert has taken him-
self a vacation too — but I shall
take up the threads in another letter, after
I have had this day to myself. It has been an
extremely difficult holiday for me in every way,
and to tell you Boston down a nightmare.
However this is real. This is my home. Here I
reside — here is beauty, peace — love. I could
kiss the very walls. Here your spirit walks
in and out of every door, stamping snow
off your feet & reaching in the cookie jar —
lying in front of the fire — this afternoon will
be a feast of music — what utter, utter bliss!
Burr is to get home to-day or far enough. All
is well beloved, do your work in peace — do it for
a heart at peace. God has so blessed us.

New Year's Day -
1876.

John, in England
from
Lill, in N.S.W.

Dearest.

Home.

Another year to start to-gather.

For we are to-gather in spite of the distance.
This year stretches out before us full of
brighter promises than any other I ever
remember. So balance. These promises
are also fears — but with God's
help we will keep them balanced —
and make good the promises.

The day is crystal clear and cold —
after weeks of storm, mist, snow,
wind, ice and sleet. I put on my
ski suit and Christo and I walked

out to see our new Home! It isn't
visible yet of course to the naked eye —
but to the inner eye the whole beautiful
edifice stands in glory & splendor! How
utterly lovely it was. The woods are
clean now and you can see
far and wide and deep into them.
Only the rabbits and deer have
visited us there. We sat down on the
hard-crusted snow — in fact
we lay on it in the dazzling sunshine
and it seemed as if everything were
wiped clean on this New Year's Day
except the beautiful white snow, the
sunshine, the dark trees, and the
rushing River. I half-closed my
eyes and let the dazzle and the
peace sink into my consciousness.
You were very close John dearest —
your black cape around me —