

2. One seems to be near the secret at times — only to have the door resolutely close in his face — and the mystery as sweet and deep as ever. We go in the wrong direction to find it. I feel sure of that — and we try too hard. We might be much closer to become as little children as the good book says — or perhaps like James Stephen's "Goats" we might learn from them — to be as wise as they

I would stay apart and brood.
I would beat a hidden way
Through the quiet heather spray
To a sunny quiethood.

In that airy quietness
I would think as long as they...
I would think until I found
Something I can never find,
Something lying on the ground
In the bottom of my mind.

That is where we must look —

ONE THOUSAND AND FORTY
PARK AVENUE

Transition.

It was good to hear your beloved voice altho' I kept remembering the cost of each word. Everyone was upset yesterday — with Christopher at the top — and Win scarcely able to move about. I hardly knew which to turn to. To-day Christopher's temperature is down and in another day will be his old bouncy self. While dear Win is still waiting delivery — and the small one inside is impatiently kicking and fighting for his chance to be born into this strange yet beautiful old world. The will to live seems ours from the beginning to the end. Perhaps it is the key to life. I wonder.

3. and if we can find the quietness - we all can
hear our "voices". Yesterday sitting so quietly beside the small
bed - ringing softly to one small child - I felt very warm inside -
as though I were close to something - What?

Only know that material things are not worth spending
one's life to gain - nor all the clever things - but only the private
truth and beauty of one's inner light. When that is obstructed - life has
lost its meaning. By finding the light - we see farther than the
farthest journey - let us be keepers of the light.

To-day April is brooding - full of thunder, showers
and heavy skies - with quick sun light. The cardinals
are building a nest in back of the garage - and
the air is filled with music. I think of the West Branch
and the quiet wood-land paths - and am ashamed that
we cannot find more time for these secret places - but
must be forever getting ready.

Four clucks on a pond
A grass bank beyond.
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing:-
What a little thing
To remember for years -
To remember with tears.

God love you dearest John - and
bring us ever nearer to the divine in us both - it is that I believe.
my hand is yours -