

well. This is the one — the  
only one I remember. To give me, dearest,  
if I cling passionately to such imperishable  
but if we cling to them they are not  
imperishable — but the eternal verities.

Bill is here — presenting a problem.  
I can reduce the purely personal  
problems to impersonal human  
weaknesses — jealousy being one —  
selfishness another. It is my  
heart-ache that I sometimes cause  
or bring out both. Yet one cannot  
be less than another — if that is  
what she is. He has no room for  
others in his loving yet. Dear Win-  
it hurts her both ways. But I await  
the miracle — it will come yet.

Meanwhile I go to my lonely  
couch, to touch quietly the loveliest  
moments in my mind — things we  
have known and loved — and will. I  
Pray — in spite of all. Good love.

Dearest —

A rainy Sunday in camp and  
I felt like weeping too — for you  
were not here. I was sure you  
were coming this time.

Well, it is evening time now  
and the twilight steals across the  
world. I pour this forth veranda with  
its wide skies. You seem very near  
to me here dearest — in spite of  
the distance as R. R.'s go. Here I  
recapture the old wonder and poetry  
and beauty — yes, even the exquisite  
pain of loving. But oh, the longing  
is — to give it back to you. For all the  
infinite is here — as we have grasped it.

It is always a temptation when I  
sit down with a beautiful white piece  
of paper before me — and a

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Not that you often do. But I remember "Nights out of June" - and if I did not remember these - then the poetry would disappear entirely. I should hate to go on living a life devoid of poetry — (not something you read, but something you live.) We had it in our hands — in our hearts — I hold on to that memory - and the few words that recollect and revitalize it.

Think of those lines

"Though the reflection in the pool  
Of Ten o'clocks before our eyes:  
Know the image."

Try to do that - know the look that I saw in your eyes - never to be forgotten - when you and I took the solemn pledge to cherish just this. It has been replaced by many others - but when I am a little distance and my heart is calm and serene

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beautiful silver pen in my hand, to let my thoughts soar high over the immediate day — to the things which concern us both. (If I were to tell you the events of each day — They would not hold your interest. You have had on worldly fare too long to enjoy this simple fare. I don't mean the food - I mean the quiet and simplicity of each day.)

So, too, sometimes when I get your letters I find my eyes reaching ahead for some word to me that does not concern someone you are lunching with or taking to see the W.B. You may not feel as I do - but I try to give you what I long for from you - thoughts that are ours, intimate and private to us —