

4. We stand always side by side -
and hand in hand - so close
and safe in each others keeping.

I have lost entirely the pressure which
divides us - and for the precious
moment I know that we live
beyond the problems which divide
us. Out of this I have written

These few lines - I consecrate
them to you - my John. Beyond
all doubt, it is true that
I am gathered to your heart
and you to mine.

But this damned world!
Look out for it. Ever, J.

Wednesday.
7. am.

Dearest.

Taxis from dreams of
thee - in the first sweet sleep
of night - when the winds are
breathing low - and the stars
are shining bright. - After a few
days here one feels the rhythm
of the spheres - and forgets
that the subway is thundering
under your feet and
Taxis honking their horns.
Here there is only the wind -
and peace and dreams
of you - heart to heart with me.

3. I hope this poor note doesn't reach
your dear hand when Miss G'Brien
or Mr. Downes are there - waiting for
you to finish. If so, please put
it into your inner pocket -
this is for your secret ear -
and is not even a disquisition
on our character or an
analysis of our dilemma -
it merely a touch of hands
and hearts - it asks nothing.
If I could lift you with me
to this level - then we can both
look down on our problems
from our safe place - and smile.

2. Soon the workmen will come
and the spell will be hidden
away until five o'clock - this
evening when I see the last
of their cars going down the
hill. Now I have my coffee
and fire while I write these
few lines to you.

The weather has "roughened"
since you were here - Summer
is gone - frost is expected to-night.
I feel hale and hardy as the
highland heather - rejoicing in
the wind that stings and thrills -
- - - playmate of the hills.

8. dear ones — to all I touch, ^{in them} ^{think} ^{Every}
to work with consecration for
spiritual beauty — the inside of
Life, rather than the outside.

Ah well John my dear one — you
The fire burns low — the sun has
set behind the purple hills — the
wind rings around the house
and one lone cricket must have
come in on some wood — the clock
ticks away the hours just as surely
as any — another day is gone out
of our wonderful life. I see us
as opposed ~~on~~ the things of this
world, only these — when we face
the stars our hearts unite. God bless
you, my John. Try to see me as I am — not
I think love you.

5.

which are not concerned
with the material balance.
The Home is not whether it is
radiant heat — but only that
it is heat — not a
conversation piece, something
to show and talk about —
but merely something which
does not show, which leaves
one free to talk and think of
better things. I am not against
new gadgets — new ideas —
new inventions — but I do not
want my home to be the
proving ground of a mass

7. I think of all homes I can remember in my life and they all have the inner graciousness of life, which does not feature things but rather the spirit.

Tranquillity, harmony, peace - there are not new things for sale - the house is merely the extension of the body - it should not be anything to impede the flow of the spirit - nor should it show itself off. I think that is what I find wearying. I am not striving to found any dynasty alas - but merely to leave memories to my

6 of untried and unproven ideas. When we enjoy the warmth of Gertrude's house we are not being told about any of the new wonders of Science - but we feel the wonder of the human soul, which relaxes in the smell of wood-smoke and good-wine and open fires ~~and~~ a cheese fondue made over a little fire - one needs only such simple things to make a home - not all the things Engineers and Chemists like to oppress us - I think of Charmes Speaks little old house - with its secret beauty.