

4. each other more and more — need
the comfort and peace that passeth
understanding.

Little Bet is experiencing the first rather
terrifying experience of being "on her own"
with her little daughter. Which means a
bottle at midnight — and one at
6 am. — and living on "wing" and
a prayer "continually". I don't tell her so —
but she is never again going to know
the time when it will not be so. Children
are forever needing a bottle of some kind.
And who of us doesn't know what
"the wing and prayer" means?

To-night you are the great-oak —
standing with roots deep enough to bear
the weight of your great branches —
to let storms pass unheeded over your
head.

Good night, Sweet-Heart — I feel all full
of blessings for you that I would pour
on your dear head — for a "sweet to you
pound and health to your house" — Everything —

Sunday night
mid. Summer.

My very dearest.

Rain always makes an
intimacy — just as snowing
does. Only rain is quiet by
its gentle rhythm — and snow
is quiet, just quiet. It seems
a long time until snow, yet
the years fly so fast! One thing
(among many) that we miss
in N. Y. — is the quiet, whether
by rain or snow — it
is lost in the noise of that
smaller world.

We have a fire to-night —
as we do many evenings.
It feels like mountain weather —
deliciously cool — and hot!

3. By Pitts, but very certainly - the dawnings
of the social consciousness in ~~their~~
young minds. We always have a "story-
hour" - and a "song-fest" - before
bed-time. To-night it was by candle
light, in front of an open fire -
and if you want a real shining you
look into three-year old eyes
in the story - or song hour!

So goes another week away
from you - yet more closely near
you in spirit than ever before. I see
more & more clearly where our strength
lies - and our weaknesses.
Some of these we can change -
but some we will have to
be content to avoid. We need to
conserve our strength - so each
may give to the other. We need

2. Joshua and her brood were here
to tea - the children making
merry in the attic and four women
and one man - talking over
the world and a cup of tea
on the screen porch. I love our
miso you, dearest - and it seems
that one part of you is always
near me - I am always
conscious of your love. That
side of you loves this - even
while the other side of you is looking
toward the telephone. This is the way
it was when I first put my
head on your shoulder and felt
the shelter of your love. I wonder
if I can be that shelter to another you.
It is gratifying to see Pitts