

4 Be utterly charming and
I think we could be very happy.
However if it does not work
out that way — we will
not worry. The joy is in us —
not our house. What I want
most of all is less of a
load for you to carry —
and more joy and freedom
from care for you. I don't want
it if it is going to be too
expensive — Let us dwell at
ease, whatever our address!

Meanwhile God bless you dearest and
help you work out your problem — I think
of that old negro song.

Keep your hands on the plough — hold on —
One of these mornings you're going to rise and sing
until that morning nothing can harm you.

It was written especially for you — my John —

Dearest:

The day was so beautiful —
the air so light and clear and
heavenly sweet — to-night is
cold and we have laid our
fires for the morning. We
may even have a frost. It
feels like Maine — or Vermont —
and the same sense of being
removed from the cares of
the world — into a world
where to gather blue-berries seems
the most important way to
spend a morning — and
the pleasantest.

The old nagging thought
keeps attacking my conscience,
saying always — "that

3.

Here I feel Life flowing through
me — and I with it —
on — and on — and
you with me and I in you.
I see problems simplified —
much as we might look
down from a mountain on
a small road that twists
and turns. From here I can
see the place where we
started — and where
it leads — and it is beautiful!

I am glad that you liked
the house on 61st St. I hope
that Nette likes the idea
and that it may work
out for us. It would

2.

While I am basking in
sunshine on my hipp-top, my
beloved is slaving at his
desk". But how can I help ?
I have tried and tried — but
alas in vain! Therefore I tell
myself it is my duty to
get all the sunshine and
happiness and good-health
I can possibly absorb into
my soul and mind — and
body too — and then
bring it home to you — to
feed to you.

"For how can a man's life keep
its course
if he will not let it flow?"