Dearest Fuff –

I was so sorry after I had sent the letter that I wrote at night – it is little use to write those things that after all can only be said. But I know that these time of depression are largely physical with you. Don’t think that I am unfeeling if I say that it is not only your sorrow

[2]

when you feel as if your surroundings are all wrong and you yourself all wrong and unfitted in ‘such a final way.’ I begged you before you went to Manchester to remember that this time of reaction and distaste was sure to come. You worked very hard the last two or three weeks in town and I saw what was coming. At such times whatever makes you unhappy and especially your sorrow and

[3]

loss are sure to seem sharper than ever. And I say again that the last of your summer is going to be happier and better than this first month, dear darling. Forgive me if I ever forget how sad your heart is – but when it is so much to me to have you and to be with you I do forget sometimes that in a certain way it is less to you than to me. But I thank Heaven that I am anything to you, and that is enough. Yet if I

[4]

have learned anything it is this, that such times of dissatisfaction and suffering have always come to you, and they are not only part of these few years, but are the law of your nature and of every nature that is being taught the deeper lessons of life. The toil of the spirit on its inward way, the fulfillment of its duties and realization of its visions sometimes strains the poor body beyond

*It is not clear where the remainder of this letter is. The collection has some individual pages – and it is possible that the closing is there... 8-5-02