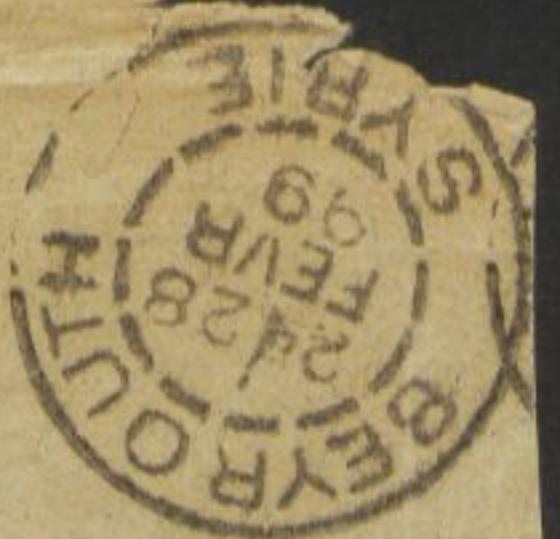
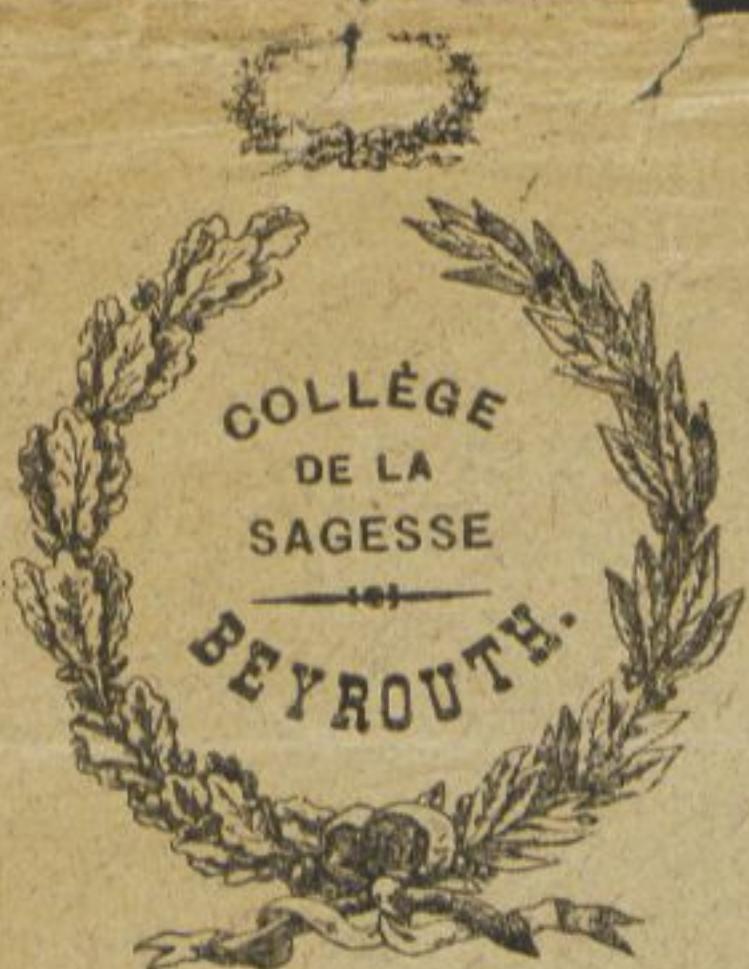




from S.R.G to J.B. 1899

Lake Superior
Michigan
Upper
Peninsula



to / Miss Josephine Beabody
No 26 King Street
Dorchester
Massachusetts.
U. S. America

My dear Josephine, It seems
that if I have gained you for a friend
after all, "have I?" the hope at
that was near the side of its grave,

Of course I was so pleased when
I saw your picture and what they
says about it but not so much if
it was just little letter from you
to me which will open the door
of our friendship. And as I
says that the hope of getting a letter
from you was almost dead, tell
yours letter arrived which did
tell me great more than what was
in it of words. O, how happy I
was, how glad? so happy that
the tongue of poor pen can not
put my joy in words.

As you can see, that I always
feel discontent when I come to write
English, because I know not how to

Byron Feb. 3, 1899

translate my thoughts as I want, but perhaps you want mind that, And I think I know enough to tell you (that I will keep as our friend- ship in midest of my heart, and over that many many miles of land and sea I will always have a certain love for you and will keep the thought of you near my heart and will be no separation between you and my mind) O, if I know better English or if (you know Arabic) it will be great pleasure to me still I will promise that I will write to you all what I know and do, hoping that you will write to me some time telling me about you, and all what you write will give me pleasure.

Yes, I did kept you in mind so long, as you said in

your letter, "for I always keeps things of that sort" and for a certain thing I am just like camera and my heart is the plate, why? I keep you because your face seems to tell me sometimes when I ever think of it, not that I will forget when you spoke with me by your own self, that night in Mrs Day's exhibition, at the same ^{night} I asked Mr Day who is the lady in black he said, "She is Miss Beabody a young girl and her sister is an artist" "what a happy family" said I, I love to know them," And after that time, days past so readily that I did not see you, to know you more, until the love of wisdom carried me over that long distance and ^{put} me in Byrnouth in a Collage studying

with this letter I send a little drawing for ^{and draw}

Arabic and French and many things
beside

Syria is very nice country so
old men found in many places it
is so different to America it is
very silence more in the country
in the villages like mine where
people are all of one kind of
hearts they love each other and
they don't do ~~they do~~ very much
work like the people in America
for they only work in their ground,
Rich and Poor are seems to be
very happy.

I wonder what makes you
know that I love silence and quite
pleaser, why, yes I do and I really
could hear its beautiful music, I wonder
do you ever sit in a dark silence room listen-
ing to the music of the rain so calm that it
(want you write me?? I will tell you many
thing in my next letter) from your far friend
Khalil Gibran

to) miss Josephine P. Peabody

36 Linnaean St,

Cambridge mass.



(2)

12 November 1902

My dear Miss Peabody:

Yes, I will come and see you. Will it be convenient for you on this coming Sunday? If it is I will call about eight o'clock in the evening, grant me this pleasure if you have nothing better to do, will you?

Sincerely yours
Kahlil Gibran

November 5, 1902

my dear Miss Peabody.

I wonder if you still remember me; for you have called me friend once, I am the Syrian, Kahlil, whom you gave happiness through two letters you send to my native land, do you remember?

Here I am back in America after my long absence, hoping to see you, few weeks ago I asked my friend Mr. Day about you and he said that you went

to England and will soon come
back.

I am very anxious to know
something about you. I always
thought that you are working all
the time giving happiness to
the people, or "the bread of life"
~~as~~ as you called it once, and
that, in its self, is my joy.

Can you spare few moments
to write to me few words telling
me that you are well and

happy? for I am always your
true friend

Kahlil Gibran.

my address

61 Beach St.
Boston

November 21,
1902

My dear friend,

Long ago I learned that
you love old broideries, I too
love them tenderly, some of them
like poetry picture to us the
beautiful soul of the maker,
so I am sending you a
little piece of Syrians work,
a page of an old "Scriptured
song", by some one whose
hand "labors now no longer"

I trust it is more than one
hundred years old, yet still in it
you can " finde so sweet the
summer shapes that never fade";
accept it if you will for
the remembrance of my coming
back, will you not?.

I will be delighted to
have you see my drawings,
let me know when you have
time to spare.)

Sincerely yours.
G. Kahlil Gibran

28 November
1902

My dear friend :

The poem is in my hand, all of it, it is in me, all, so clear as the tears that make all things shine, so very clear, but what can I say? the poor sin of mine can not weep when my soul is weeping, the poor sin, the poor hand are

overpowered ; Close your
eyes in the silence of the night
and look in the depth of
my soul you will see that
I see, I feel, and things
are so clear to me, so clear,
so very clear ;

This little drawing which
I call (the voice of love)
illustrate two lines of a
poem I have written long

ago, sometime I will tell you
when, and also the meaning
of the words you will know.

Your friend,
Khalil.

10 December
1902

Dear friend;

I am sending a
little drawing which
is more of your work
than mine, it is the
impression of one line
of the beautiful "Anointed";
a breath of yours I
saw on the mirror
of my imagination.

Your friend.
Kahlil

10 December
1902

Dear friend:

We both, I think,
were writing to each-
other at one time, for
I posted a note this
morning with a little
drawing, now you
came and with came
many things!

Will you be at

home Friday evening? yes?
and will it be an evening
fited for "quiet enjoyment?"

I will come then and
nothing will give me
more happiness, nothing;

Have your questions
ready for I am so
anxious to hear, to answer,
and to know.

Your friend
Kahlil

23 December
1902

Sweet friend, this flute
will remind you of
the shepherds of Syria
of whom the scripture
speaks of in the birth
of Christ.

Flutes, you know,
give birth to sweet—
music, and the air
of Libnan is filled

of that sweetness.

When I come again
I will tell you all about
it, and also I will
tell you about many things
if you will listen to

Yours friend
Kahlil

8 January
1903

Sweet Consolation, to believe all what I hear, see, and feel through your last two letters and Sonnet, is to admit that I am blessed, and why should I be heavy hearted?

To know that you can not help being glad of my birth, is to feel the need of long life, and even another birth - then - why should I be so discouraged?

To be sure of possessing your sweet words, and that I can read them and reread them when ever I wish, is to realize that I owe you all. And I know not how to reward you since I believe that all what I can do is already yours.

These words, Sweet friend,

appeal to me to be weak, for if you
close your eyes in the darkness of the
night and look deep deep into my soul
you will see far better than I can tell
you, will you not look?

How patiently I will endure
my grief if you wish it so, and only
teach me how in few words.

Do not be dismayed, for that
you see, will never help me, but when
you are alone write to me few words
about your self - not when you are
writing to the world, but when you
think the world is so deaf.

I shall remember that you
are sharing my sorrow, for that I
will try to forget what is hard to
be forgotten!

How beautifully the music
wished to open the path of Home
for me, yet the least physical movement,
even the opening of my closed eyes

assured me that Home is far,
so very far. Ah — how much
I wanted you then — yet I
sought you in vain!

EDS

12 January
1903

You surely kept not your spirit from me on Parsifal night, but perhaps Music led your images totally Home, or I lost, for a short time, the way to my Consolation.

You say you were near, yes - but vast distance hid you not from me in the past four years;

Sorrow, truly, open our eyes to see things, but what is deeper than sorrow take the light of our eyes. Then we see no more.

If late I am suffering little from sleeplessness and last night I sat quietly working until the

oil of the lamps was all burned, it
was dreadful to watch the struggle
of the light with death, a clock
then struck softly three, the light
buried itself in itself, and it
was dark, my soul sank in the
depths of melancholy, and I laid
down in my bed seeking my
sweet Consolation. It came soon,
as rays of light from a great
prism shedding colors on the
wall of my soul, and I slept
in harmony.

I was working all day to-day,
drawing, something will please
you Sweet Consolation.

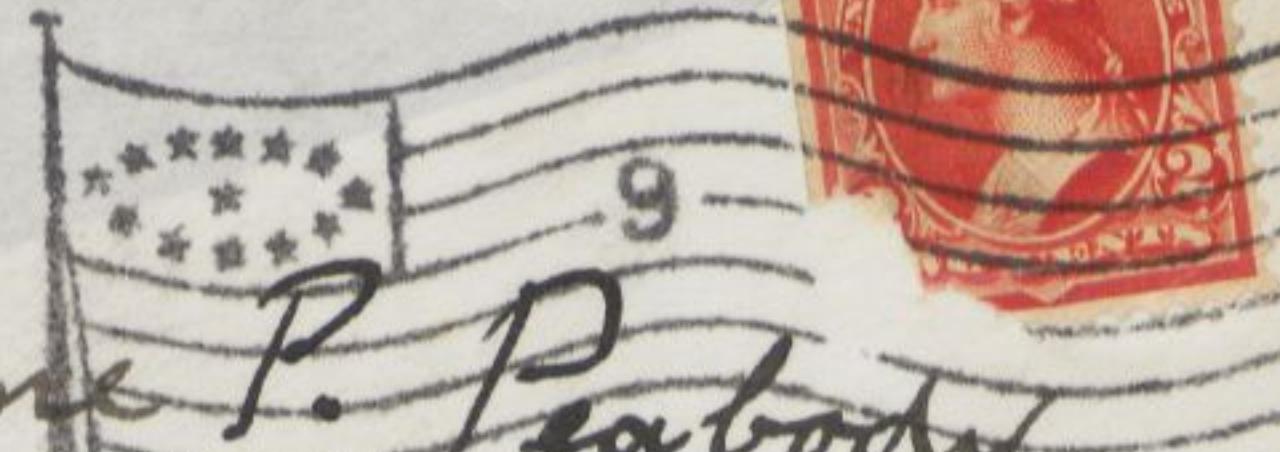
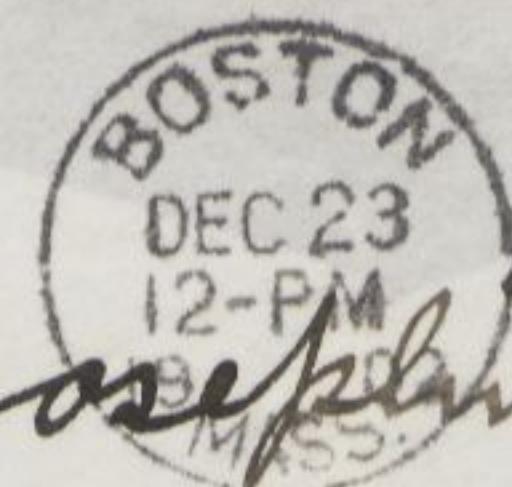
COS

15 January
1903

I will come Monday
evening; remember it
is my turn to listen.
is it not? will you
not tell me then about
The Prism?

685

⑤) miss Josephine P. Peabody



36 Lincoln Street

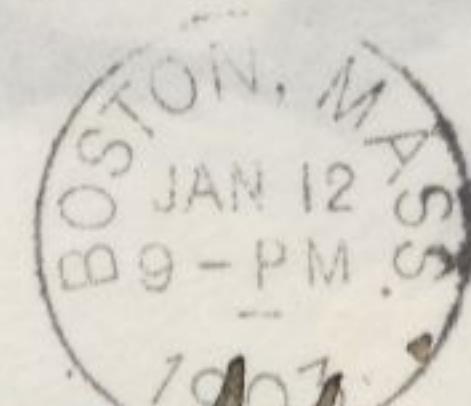
Cambridge

Mass^h →

I

⑧ 1902

1903



to) miss Josephine P. Peabody
36 Lincoln Street
Cambridge
Mass^{ts}

II

(13)

21 January
1902

Surely the drawings
will be done — as you
wish them to be — and
sleep aught to be sought,
but I wonder if it is
my power to curtain
the stage of dreams ?

Tell me did you
enjoy the Festival ?
was there anything
that reminds one of
unearthly things ?

The third drawing

of the series is finished
to-day and they can be
seen with the others to
your friend on any day,
I am free on Friday
evening only of this week
and on Monday and Tues-
day of the next.

Mr. Day liked the
inspiration very much,
and it will come to
you as soon as you
wish. Yours friend

— 68 —

little world, let us
do that together. will
you!

L.D.

22 January
1903

9, PINCKNEY STREET.

I will be patient
until Monday, and
then, I will come
with my drawings
to any place at
any time.

We will surely
write the translation
of the Arabic behind
your dear Spirit with
her arms around the

30 January
1903

I pray you tell me
when I can see next
week, for I need that
Sweet friend, Then we
will talk a little and
know little more if
you wish; But —
remember that I shall
not hesitate a minute
to choose between

the greatest happiness
for me and the least
inconvenience for you.

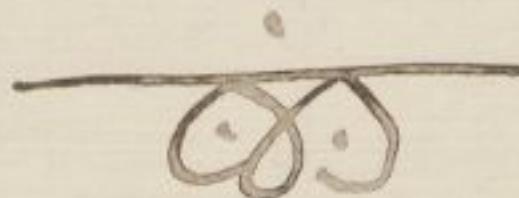
685

6 February
1903

Yes; all is well, as
it has always been, and
why not — if it is
that pure spiritual
Love, simple and divine,
a joy that fill my
soul of happiness and
self contentment, a
deep feeling, yet full
of harmony; and in
few words, a Love that

knows no doubt or jealousy;
And I will hold this dear
Love as a light to vanquish
the darkness of life.

That is all I can
say, and all you need
to know now, thank,
and tell ^{me} if you wish to
know more.



8 February
1903

— And my love give birth
to no desire, bring no
selfishness into existence,
and will hear no complaint.

It is the weak spirit that
yield to the flesh. Weak
spirits can not love. Love
is a King bestow his
glory on the heroes only.

And it is a natural
love; as the flowers in
the field loves the
Sunlight, they unveil

Their faces in the early morn-
ing to offer the sweet per-
fume to their Mother, the
Sun, they bury not their
gifts; And I, likewise,
for you have given me
eyes to see the beauty
of things, and ears to
hear myself, behold my
"Lord, thy pounds has
gained five pounds"

CC

15 February
1903

Yes yes. I will come
Monday evening, if
nothing should happen.

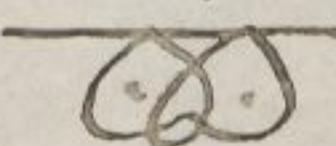
—
J.W.P.

17 February
1903

It is very late in the evening. Sweet Love, and I am watching before the throne of death the two dear sufferers, as a sister of charity: The silence of the night is alarming, yet I am too full of you to be anything but impatient, and I must think of you often to be always sweet and loving to the patients. It is my duty to watch the sick beloved mother

of this body, yet it is more
than ~~duties~~ to love you, for
you are the Mother of my
soul.

Write to me, for I
am in great need of
your words, yes do console
me, will you not?



21 February
1903

Shall I come and
see you Tuesday or
Wednesday evening, if
wretchedness would release
me for a few hours?
But if it is not
convenient, let me know,
for I can seek patience
through the hope of seeing
you some other evening.

DD

23 February
1903

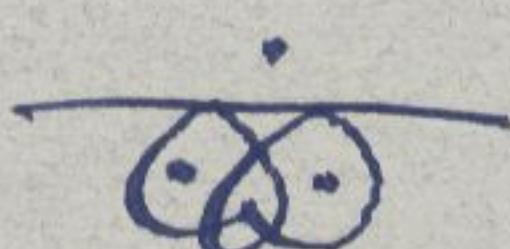
— And now I am in Gloucester, not after sleep, not for happiness, nor for any enjoyment, but for wretchedness and misery. I will be surely in Boston tomorrow, and will see your letter that will tell me when I can see you. I am in a place where I can get no better paper or ink.

—
J.S.P.

26 February
1903

Yes, I will come
tomorrow evening
to hear Music,
to hear Her.

And She will
not be far, She
will be near this
time that I need
not to seek Her,
no not in vain



1 March
1903

In Gloucester again, for the dear child is at home now, a pure spirit that saw but little of this world; And I am here to preach your name, Consolation, to the poor mother and father whose sorrow has blinded.

Ah — how much we can give of comfort to simple hearts when we are full of love and sorrow.

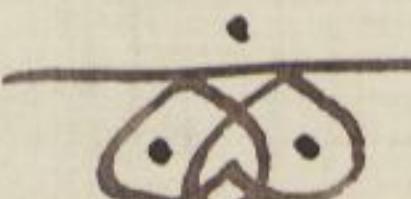
In this silent night full of melancholy, a woman stood beside the beautiful body of the child and sang to Death, a sorrowful song with deep feeling, it is an old custom still living in the hearts of the Syrians, I wept and wept with running tears, yet said no words, I felt your hand on my forehead, Her cooling hand, and tears were so sweet, comforting tears.

160

4 March
1903

The "chers malades" thank
you very much for your
refreshing gift, it will
surely delight thier hearts.

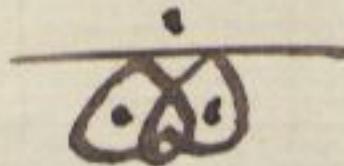
I am so downhearted,
and the miserable conditions
trying to share my strength.
Will you not write me
a line and tell me when
I can see you?



4 March
1903

When your last word reached me, I was giving my consent to a hateful thing, sacrificing my self to save other's honour, I am not regretting, yet I have but little faith in a good result, I will tell you all when I see you.

Surely! Sweet comfort,
I do not wish to tell you all what is happen, to have you share my sorrows!



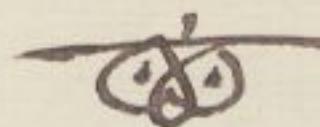
10 March
1903

- A word before going to bed, for I am so tired after a hard working day. Setting matters were un-known, and burning hearts on the altar of Death; And now — very late — I am after sleep, hoping to find Her in the valley of dreams.

If days will be so dark, nights will not be, if She shall call; She will drive all torturing thoughts,

even in dreams, yes, Love is
greater than sorrow.

How much I think
Miss Müller, and it is a
great pleasure to see her,
but you know that the
poor Kahlil knows nothing
of his to-morrow, And
when he does he will let
you know.



60

Miss Josephine P. Peabody



36 Linnaean St.
Cambridge.

III

Mass^{ts}

18

12 March
1902

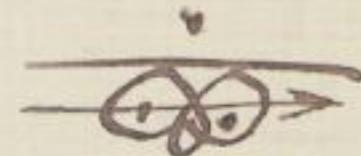
The wound is so deep.
The beloved brother is
gone; Ah it is so bitter,
bitter.

Poor mother has buried
her heart twice in ^{the} same
year.

I am blind now, can
see nothing but this paper,
how much I need strength
to console the poor sick
mother, I can say no
more, write to me,

3
3
3

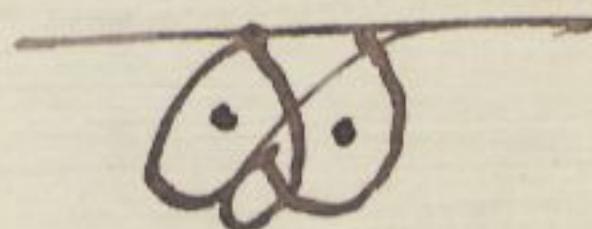
and send her, that is all
I need of you, yes, sorrow
is so deep, deep, deep.



15 March
1903

I hope I shall be able
to come Monday evening,
yet I know nothing of
what to-morrow will
bring.

Ah - how good you
are, full of Divine truth
and beauty - how good
you are.



1 Jan 1903

The Poem-Sweet friend -
reminded me of the sky of
Lebanon, where no factory's
smoke stretching hands
between the gods and men,
nothing but the shepherds songs
and fragrant of the Cedar
felling the air.

This drawing which
I call (Inspiration) and
all my wishes for the
new year happiness.

CSC

4 January
1903

Let me come Monday evening to see you. if you will, for that will give me inspiration to work for you

C.C.

2 O'clock in the morning of
January 6th 1903

Twenty years ago, Sweet - friend, in ~~this~~ same hour I passed through that gate of the eternal life to ~~this~~ sphere: a little stranger to a strange world.

I was awaken in that land where Kali is the Mother of all, but my dreams were so deep and heavy then that I remember nothing.

Who knows why I was

outcasted to this planet? exiled
perhaps! being not worthy of
that region of infinite love and
beauty!

Am I here now to learn
more to be worthy? who knows?
yet it must be for a reason
which I am blind unto

Let us hope, Sweet friend,
for a day to come when we
will be released from this
prison and called again home,
for I am weary, will you
not bless me and console
my poor heart?

T.C.

18 March
1902

I am so weak and tired to-night, physically, yet active spiritually, my soul was lingering about Wellesley all day: And since departure I feel that circumstances can not overpower me.

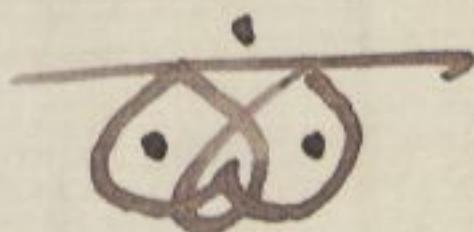
Do you not realise, now, your divine power?



19 March,
1903

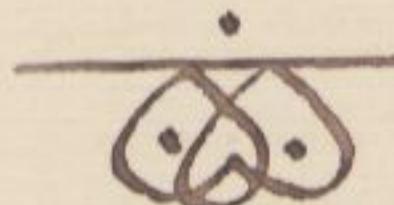
Even in the midst
of trouble I'm questioning
my true self whether
through my fail^te, or from
yours Devine magic I
receive my comfort; But
why should I not have
such fail^te in others?

You are surely Devine.
Good night, it is so late.



22 March
1903

Yes, I will come
to-morrow evening, to
see you, to meet my-
self near you, divine
Mother of my heart.



25 March
1903

I was in a dreadful darkness when your word came, your light, it was Life to me; and — perhaps — I seemed strange to those who are with me, because, for minutes I could utter no word, and even hear nothing of what they say.

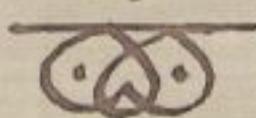
I am alone now, in silent, and you are in me, and so very sweet,

yet I feel tears in my eyes,
I know not why, not sorrow,
not fear, for joy to come?
I am surely in light, but
why tears?

I do not know what
more to say, you know it
all, you are in me, and
always with me.

I am feeling your fingers
on my burning forehead now,

A thousand goodnight
sweet love.



25 March
1903

Of late I am dreaming
of you, every night, such
sweet dreams, too, last night
I dreamt that we were
near the Parthenon in Athens,
a poetical dream.

During the day time —
when I am myself —
I read and reread your
last letter, to-day I am
not sad; And you are
living in me, an humble
home for you, but what

more can I do ? The poor
widow put all her money
in the box, a penny.

~~100~~

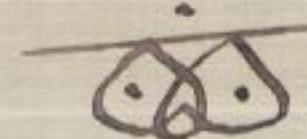
29 March
1903

Even Sunday is not a day of rest for my tired body, for I sat writing uninteresting letters all day to Syria.

And since Friday I feel something is the matter with my eyes, a veil hanging between me and everything; Am I losing my eyesight? so early? But blindness can not

prevent my seeing you and
your beauty in me, no,
nothing can hide you from
me, not even blindness.

I will see the doctor
tomorrow.



31 March
1903

I promised last week
to hear Wagner's Music
with dear Mr. Day Wednes-
day evening, but you surely
know that I rather hear
you and nothing else on
carth: forgive me for
promising.

My eyes are not any
better, and I will not
see more doctors before
seeing you - Devine
Healer.



17 April
1903

my spirit shall follow
you to that crowded city,
my eyes shall see you
and witness your adventures,
my ears will hear you
reading, and you will
surely not doubt that
I am near.

O, if I was only a

winged god to take you
there and get you back in
safety to your dear mother

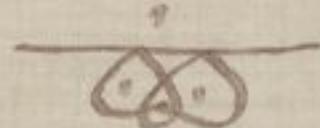
— perhaps if I were a
god I would not let you
go at all — but since
I am not, and can not
be, I can only pray to
the winged gods that they
may keep watchful eyes on
you.

I am thinking of you

every minute in these dark
hours in order to have any
strength.

Think of me little, in
Chicago, will you not?
and send her for Shie
is needed.

Write to me, for I
am waiting for news from
you impatiently.



21 April
1903

Darkness came back to
the wretched eyes with
all its thickness, but I
beg that you should change
womiment for wishes, for
it is the will of God.

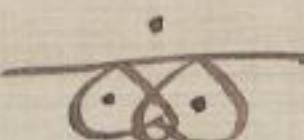
You went and the
remainder of the little
happiness went also, for
there is not one minute

of rest for the wounded
heart, except in dreams;
You see, beloved Mother, I
sleep and ~~the~~ (Tears of the
Children of Sun) hanging
around my neck, sometime
I feel as if they were
melting and cooling me,
sometime they burn.

I feel to-day as if
ages passed since I have

seen you, why? And it
seems that I am so far,
so very far from my
true self, I ~~never~~ knew
such a vast ~~distance~~
between me and me before.

Yes, "Mother comes
when hunger comes," and
I am so hungry, so
hungry.

—


23 April
1903

Now, Sweet Mother, I
am in the dept of distress
for there is not a light
anywhere around me, I
can but close these half
blindsights and see you
in me, yes, in this
wretched me.

I do not know

how long my courage will
last, yet I hope, for
that is all I can give to
my poor self through
you.

I wonder, can you
ever dream of an end
to this hard struggle
with life

—
J. P.

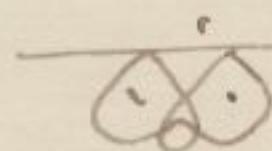
30 April
1903

Blessed is your name,
for my eyes were better
all day to-day, and surely
they will be better to-morrow,
beloved healer.

I learned that the
distinguished lady Mrs.
Sierce wishes to possess
one of my drawings, it
is the three heads called
"Past, Present, and Future,"

and it is hard to part
with any drawing that has
anything of you in it, yet
it seems that such a lady
should have something of
our work, do you not
think so?

Write to me, and
tell me something that
will make me forget
my present, will you
not.



2 May
1903

"When sorrows come, they
come not single spies."

Alas - how many wounds
this poor heart can endure,
or how many blows this
tired brain will bear.

You are ill, and I too,
beloved, am in darkness now,
can see or hear nothing but
the words "I am ill"; Strange
how one word divided me

from myself.

Ah - if you can only see,
now, this heart full of
sorted arrows, you will not
be ill, but you will pity
me and be well.

I beg you stay very quiet,
and when you are able tell
me something, but remember
that the words "I am ill"
echo itself in my heart -
with its bitterness



4 May
1903

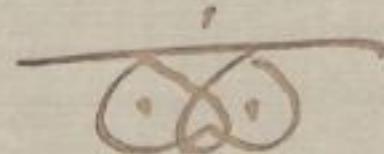
The Youth of the Cedars
is so glad that the Mother
of his soul is better, and
when she can sit up
he will not have any
more mysterious nightmares;
His eyes are better too,
yet so anxious to see
her well.



6 May
1903

The Youth of The Cedars
is dreaming of your recovery,
and he can see that you
are very much better to-
day, sitting up too, are you
not?

O, he is so anxious
to know how much
better you are, poor
youth.



11 May
1903

Since Friday I can
think of nothing but
your words, even the
unspoken words, for they
burn my heart like
fire, but what can I
do to make you little
happier and I am
nothing more than a
poor, wounded, tried youth.

We both are on the
same thorny paths for
a little while, and we
must make something
of it, and you must
try to create something of
my nothingness, or life
would mean death to
me

These are only words,

and you can surely make
more than words of me,
for I am ready to do
anything in my power.

When we meet again
we shall speak more,
and I have many things
to say, also many
questions to ask.

— C.P.

22 May
1902

I found a mail waiting
for ^{me} last night, and I
worked until half past
two, now I am so tired,
yet so glad that I have
given something to your
friends: Will you not
tell me about the
impression our drawings
made? also of that dear
consolation?

J.P.

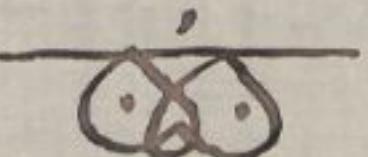
26 May
1903

Surely the wood, the
frogs, the stars, and the
Sad Shepherd will bring
me back to my self for
some time, the little
pond, too.

Tell me then, will
the 6.24 train be
alright? At any rate

you will send more
information.

Is Miss Müller
well? Will she believe
I wonder, that things are
not ugly in themselves,
but become or cease to
be so, according to the
way in which they are
presented?

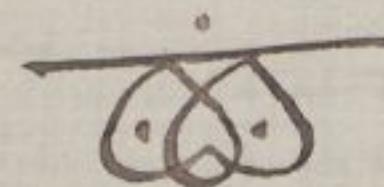


27 May
1903

Have I not always
sought the beauty in
things through you? Have
I not always said that
everything beautiful means
Love, and that you have
given birth to the Love
existing in me?

I have more faith in

yourself, beloved. Then you
will see that everything in
Wellesley will mean nothing
to me without you

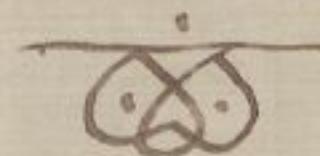


8 June
1903

Not even a word from
you to this dark den where
I am buried alive, to comfort
my poor tired soul.

Why?

Will you not write
to me, telling when I
can see you? For it
seems so long since we
met.



15 June
1903

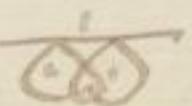
Beloved, I will learn to
be patient through-out the
week, yes I will learn
patience while everything
going wrong here, when
bitterness in the depth of
my soul.

Why must it be thus
beloved? yet sorrow meant
to teach us not to question.

I am not well to-day,
nor near any windows to
hear the sweet-sounds of
the rain.

Mother is suffering,
and so bitter it is to see
the eanding days of a loving
mother; Can you help
pitizing me?

Tears now in my
eyes, I am thirsty, and I
can write no more; Love
is greater than all.



26 June
1903

Mother is bidding us
farewell, soon she will
pass through the Golden-gate;
leaving us here in longing.

How and when I can
see? I can see no way
now, I will try hard.

I must see you, I must
take your wise messages,

I can see no way now, yet-

I must hear your divine words,
it will be bitter if I did not,
a month is a long time.

Poor Kahlil, he can not
hold his tears, yet he is
full of faith.

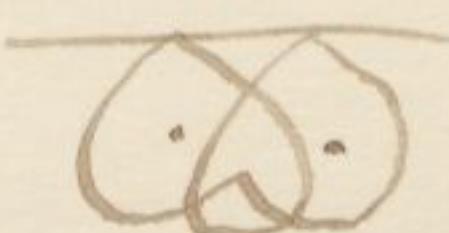
~~66~~

June? 1903

Mother suffer no longer,
but we poor children
suffering and longing for
our loving Mother.

Write to me, for
I am in need of your
consolation.

God be with you



67

BOSTON, MASS.
JUN 15
9 - P.M.
1903

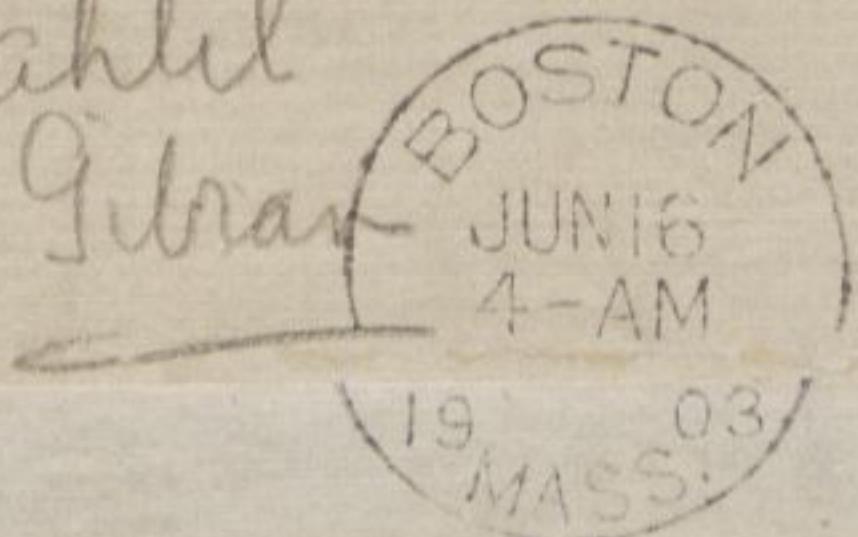


Miss Josephine P. Peabody,
36 Lincoln St.,
Cambridge,
Mass.,

II

(50)

Kahlil
Gibran



Friday Morning

[JUNE 1903]

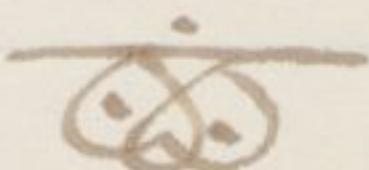
It is past two in the morning,
and here I am sitting, thinking and
thinking. Inspiration coming and
passing through my soul, leaving
no trace on paper; Books, papers,
pens, all around me, yet I can
do nothing but thinking.

The streets are so quiet, and
the thousands of people sleeping,
and dreaming, and still thinking;
Thinking of my poor mother,
how pale she stand between us
and eternity. Thinking of my
sister whom Death has taken
all happiness from her soul.
Thinking of my youth passing
as a nightmare.

All these things are passing

through my soul.

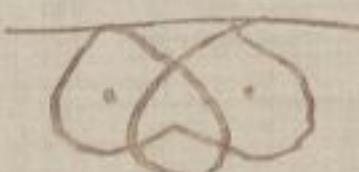
At last I seek Her, I
find Her. She is in me, so
sweet and calm, in Her I
find a compassionate mother,
a loving sister, a merciful
Goddess, a beloved: And in Her
I find my self not so wretched:
And I shall sleep, and dream,
not of death, but of life.



The singing brook listening
and listening, tell me
beloved, what does the brook
say?

Write and tell me
that you are joyful and
happy, that will satisfy
my thirsty heart.

A thousand Goodnight,
beloved,



3 July
1903

No doubt, there is some
unseen relation between
our spirits, for my soul
ligered yesterday afternoon
about you, and as you
said, I felt I was near
you, and I wondered and
wondered. But the
rushing people, the

crowded streets, the clashing
of wheels, awaken me and
brought me back from Mon-
sonboro, and make me see
again myself - a wounded
little thing in the midst
of struggling men.

Poor Khalil.

At the open field, the
blue hills, the wide sky,

The mountain brook, the flowers,
the moon, the stars, all
these beautiful things mean
true life, you can see
them, you can feel them,
I will try to see them too,
through you.

I can see you now
as a nymph in your
white gown, sitting near

Then I shall be my true self,
again fit for writing and draw-
ing.

I wrote to your mother
that I will try to see her
some evening this week, and
I surely shall, to-night.

Beloved, will the forget-
fulness of the fields influence
you? will it make you
forget your worldly troubles?

Beloved, will you tell, too,
why you are not happy? 

9 July
1903

I do not pretend, beloved,
to tell you all that is happening,
part of it may be indescribable,
and I fear it will disturb the
silence of your fields. But I
assure you that in the depths
of my heart ^{there} is a light, a little
light, yet sufficient that
you can see yourself. It is
hope, how narrow life seems.

without hope.

I and sister are looking
at our sorrows and losses through
the eyes of a philosopher -
otherwise - the poor soul will
lose herself, and I am trying
to preach consolation to her,
by making her believe that
our great losses and deep so-
rrows are but holy sacrifices,
dear to God and beneficial
to mankind. She understand,

and she feels, yet she keeps fresh
remembrance.

My eyes are not better,
but not worse, someday they
will be alright, you said
so, and ^I must trust much.

It is hot here, hotter of-
cours, for a business man
who work a good part of the
day without any interest at-
all. This will come to an
end in the autumn, and

15 July
1903

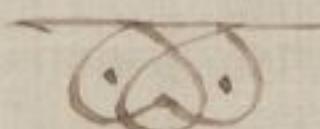
Why do you not write
to me, beloved? Indeed
I am anxious and already
lost-patient. I have
send a you a letter last-
Tuesday, since then I
am waiting for an answer,
but I waited and waited
and waited with a longing

heart; yet - not a word
came.

Is there any possibility
for letters to get lost?

Now, I beg you, write
to me one little word,

say, that you are well,
and that you have not
forget- the poor and the
longing Khalil.



17 July
1903

At last your letter
came after a long week
of expectation and anxious-
ness; I am glad that you
are well and that you
have not forgotten this
part of the world and
the little prisoners in
his cell. We shall talk

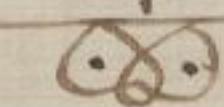
of griefs no more, nor of
brooks or leaves, if you do
not wish. We will talk
of what is happening: nor
of what is happening to
me, for we decided not
to talk of grief.

Mr. Day shall know
soon about the new
beautiful book and its

charming name, but I
wonder how can I make
him know of my need for
one of my portraits? Yet-
who knows? perhaps I can
get next week and send
it to you.

I shall see your dear
mother as soon as I can,
and I will write to them.

Good night, beloved.
Will you not to write to me?



21 July
1903

She came last night. She
came once again after the long
months of sorrows. Dressed in
white - purest of white - She
stood by my bed. She removed
the hair off my forehead. She
opened my eyes, but I saw Her
even before She opened them.

Then She led me downstairs.
She was before me, Her feet
never touched the ground. She

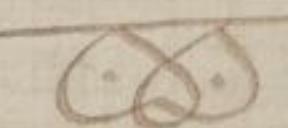
went out and I followed and sat on the steps watching her. All around me I saw the violet-shadows of the streets, even the atmosphere was light-violet, but She was in white; Then She disappeared, and as the little white cloud She passed before the morning zephyr.

The great-clock of the South Station struck three, it awakened me, and I was conscious but very cool. Again I get into

my bed and slept calmly. How strange, how mysterious, yet I know it all because I love, but I can not explain.

Last night before all these things happened I went and saw your dear mother, and for a long while we talked about arts and religions and travels

Beloved, write to me and tell me about yourself and nothing else. Godmother, I am living for thee.





BOSTON, MASS.
JUL 21st
2 - PM '02

To Miss Josephine P. Peabody.

C/o Mrs Mansfield,

Moultonboro

N. H.

my heart is not heavy. I
can smile a little.

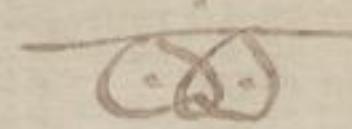
I will get well soon,
and write a long letter, too.

Tell me, beloved, why you
think I am unreasonable?
will you not?

Will it be long before
you come back? am I
going to see you soon?
I am not sad, beloved.

27 July
1903

I am not well, beloved,
weakness hangs over me
with heavy wings. I feel
pain in my chest every now
and then, and sleep very
little if any. But do not
be anxious for I wanted
to get well soon. I am
alone here, too, for I have
sent sister to Rockport.



poor girl, she need rest.

I unreasonable, beloved? I?
I have not known my self
to be so, perhaps I appear
to be, because I feel sometime
to draw a good likeness of my
true self. I unreasonable?
Perhaps I am, but I love
much, and Love shall forgive
me, Love is reasonable.

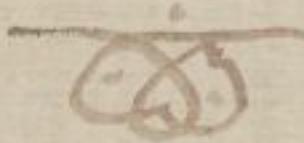
I am your shadow,

white cloud, on the hillside,
I will follow until I am
no more. The white cloud
goes not into nothingness, but-
descend, taking the shape of
tears, joyful tears, to be
kissed by every flower on
the hillside. The white
cloud descend to see where
her shadow wonderd.

I am very weak, and with
pains in my chest yet-

to-day, very sweet, too, — I have never seen anything so beautiful. Your hands are white, your fingers are very beautiful. They are not like others fingers, your fingers can see, they can hear, too.

I don't know why my hand should tremble so. I think my hands are full of love.



28 July
1903

I am weaker today, yet my spirit is very clear. How sharply I see things. How deeply I feel things. Everything seems to be beautiful; I can see every colour that composes the light around me. I hear every footstep in the street, I can hear

things in the far away land.
I seems to know every men,
I pity them all, I think they
are hungry. I can see that
they have no wings to fly, I
pity them because they don't
seek wings; It sadden me
because they can not see
that I love them all, and that
I pity them all.

I thinks of you every

moment, every little moment,
I feel that you are near,
sometime very near, you under-
stand every movement I make,
and you feel the thing as I
feel them, you pity the
hungers and those who can not
fly through the endless space;
Sometimes our two spirits
becomes one.

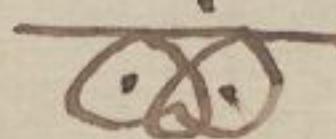
How clearly I can see
you, you are very beautiful

will try to be real well

then, not fail nor weak, and
I shall tell you many
many things - things that
can not be written: You
too, shall tell me things.
beloved.

I think it is fine
to take a medicine.

The only real medicine
is Love.



30 July
1903

I am very much better
this morning, only little
weak that is all, and I
do not feel pain in my
chest.

My doctor comes often,
sometimes, too often; I do
not like doctors that under-
stands only the flesh, I
believe in healing - some

what — but I think I am
more than earth, and earthly
things do me but little
good.

Illness is welcome if
it can make you believe
that Kahlil is not unreason-
able, even death is welcome,
if through death I can
be thoroughly understood.

There is a certain charm
in my weakness, it can
not be explain: I feel
myself as a prisoner who
is dreaming of freedom in-
side of frail walls, and
every things seems to be
sweet and lovable.

In few days we shall
meet again, and I we

5 August
1903

Yes - yes. I am so very
much better - not real
well yet - but you see
you are not so very far
now, and soon I shall -

I must - be strong.

I shall come to see
you to-morrow evening.

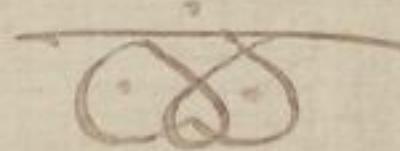
It seems so long

(62)

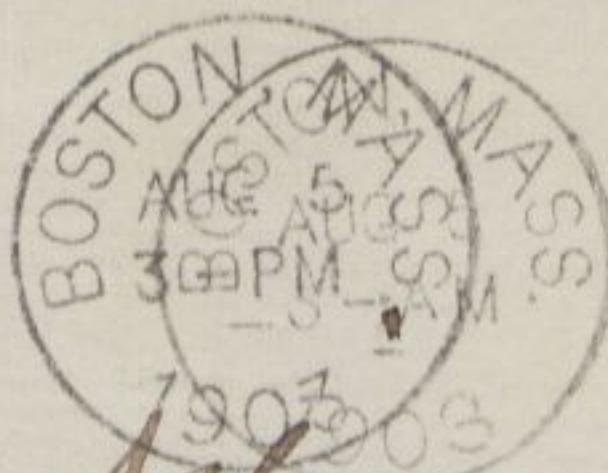
since we met - beloved - surely
we met in Monsonboro, in
Cambridge and in strange
regions but that is entirely
different

I am waiting for to-morrow
to come - I shall see you -
and you will tell me
many things.

How long will it take
To-morrow to come, beloved ?



to Miss Josephine P. Peabody,
23 Maple St
Arlington
Mass.



62

Miss Josephine P. Peabody

7 August
1903

I have faith in your-
self, beloved, and believe

that I am stronger to-day
than I have been for
two long weeks. I slept
last night very calmly
dreaming of your dear
brook. At last I

did get this portrait of 1898,
frame and all. It was given
to me this afternoon because
I was impatient of waiting
for the negative, and
because we will leave for
Maine on Tuesday - yes
Tuesday - and I must
see you before then.

Monday Evening?

160

12 August
1903

Tree line before
the blue sea, the
green woods, and the
gray rocks. Everything
is fresh and pure,
except the places
that men has
wasted.

I shall sleep all
night - to-night - dream-
ing of Love, and you
will send Her that She
may feel the atmosphere.

In the morning I
will visit all the places
and you will be with
me, sweet-blown.

CC

to Mr. Field.
Five Islands
Me.,

CC

67

Miss Josephine P. Peabody

23 Mapes St

Arlington

Mass^{ts}

(64)



G — , K —

a. N. n. (o —) to E —

P — P — ; [Five Islands,

Me. 12 Aug 1903. 22 p. (one
fold).

with envelope.

14 August
1903

Our cottage is situated
near a point - where
the pine trees stretches
there arms to the sea
below: The waves, too,
sighs and put out
there hands to caress
the pine trees. But
the rocks - the hard
hearted rocks - comes

between these two lovers.

The flowers open these
mouths inviting the
sunlight to kiss.

The breeze passed
carrying the sweet—
perfume of the flowers,
and the pure breath
of the pine. I bid
the breeze go to you

and kiss your hand,
for I have burdened
his wings with love.

I am sleeping and
dreaming and wondering
all day, and you
are with me all day
long, sweet beloved.

—
J.S.

607



Miss Josephine P. Peabody.
23 Maple Street
Arlington
Mass 115

(65)



to Miss Josephine

BOSTON, MASS.
2 AUG 18
X 83

P.J. Peabody

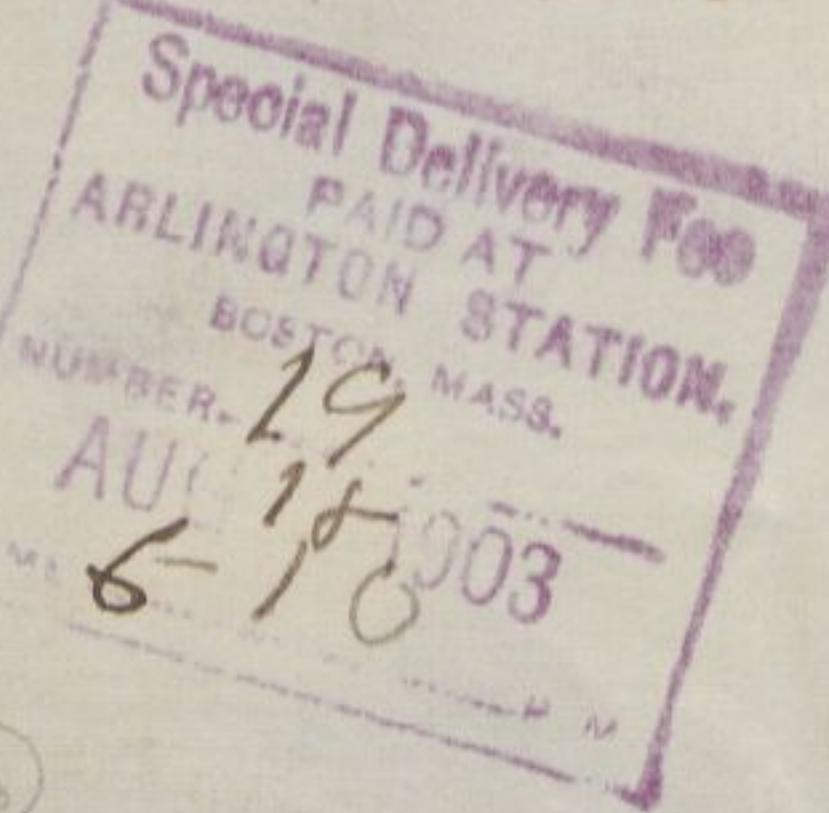
1903.

23 Maple Street.

Arlington

Moss 118

(66)



18 August
1903

I come again, and I
have many things to
say, too, beloved.

Shall I come
and see you tomorrow
evening?

Let me know
if it is inconvenient.
Will you not?



longing for that bread which
is to be given to me; wisely.

Give me the bread, beloved,
for I am in need. A
beggar shall not scatter the
bread of life. Have faith,
beloved, have faith.

—
OO

21 August
1903

What shall I say? Words
escapes me, even as in your
presence when uttered words
interrupt what is said in
silence.

I have faith — beloved —
have faith in your self,
judge me rightly, and
do not think that I am
wining my self journeying

so far for such a little while.
Believe, beloved, that I am -
willing ^{the} to go to end of the
world to see you, even for
one moment; and who on
earth would not go - even
father - to meet his other
better self? Have faith,
beloved, have faith.

I really do not know
for how long I am with

you - when I am with you.

I do not know the beginning
of my of visit - nor its end.
Surely our meeting does not
end with our good night.

Have faith, beloved, have faith.

You have always some -
thing to give, and I -
as the beggar before the door
of the temple — always
ready to receive, always



to Miss Josephine P. Peabody.
23 Maple Street,
Arlington,
Mass 115

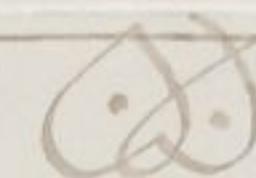
29 October
1903

Now I understand,
beloved, that to worship
my God, in my way,
is for "me" to do,-
alone. Forgive me
for using "we" in
my last letter when
I should of said "I".
Will you not forgive?

I shall come and

see you to-night, not
to make anything clear,
for it is quite clear
now.

Again I ask for -
giveness, beloved.



6 November
1903

These are the
pomegranates. A
pomegranate, to me
resemble the human
heart; open one
and see.

Are you still
sad, beloved? Does
your heart feel
heavy to-day? And
^{you} do, wants to take

it out and throw
it away? If so tell me
when and where, for
I will search and
find it. You see,
beloved, I never saw
a whole heart.

27 November
1903

Yes, beloved, I find
myself in the dear
little Book. Am I
there? Sometime
we dare not claim
our possession of
a very beautiful
thing. Am I there,
beloved? Tell me
I pray.

I am working

This is the only thing I find
in the Transcriber. Tuesday 17th

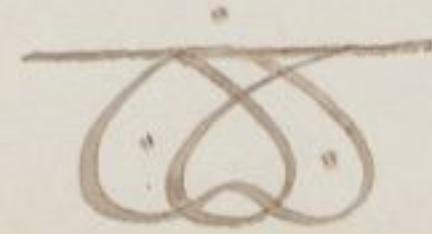
I will look for some more.



very hard in this
darkness; and when
the day's work is done.
I go home to think
and think. Why are
we born to think?

Last night I saw
Kahil the little god.
I suffered much,
for he is much better
than this "me"

God bless your
hands, beloved.



23 December
1903

I am asked to dine
with friends on Christmas
Eve "Unlucky Kabilil"; and
on Christmas day, most
of the Lyrian will come
and visit their friend
who lost his mother,
brother, and sister in one
year - it is the custom.

The firm of "P. Rumely
and Company" is no more.

I have placed it in the
hand of an assignee; so
you can see that I am
in a great trouble which
I hope will be the end of
troubles.

Really, I do not know
how late it is, it must
be after three in the morning,
and I am waiting for the
Star.

Bless me, beloved, I am
very wretched.

CD

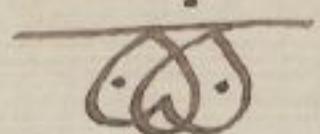
27 December
1903

May I come Tuesday
to see you? I have
so many things to tell,
so many wishes to —
offer; and beside, this
woondid heart must
be blessed before the
new year begins.

Belovd, I bless

your sweet hands that
blesses me. I bless your
beautiful eyes that sees
a sight in my eyes.

Since you gave me blessing
I have a blessing to give,
even to you, you beloved.



1 February
1904

When you are tired of
all other things — sometime
this week — say "come," for
I wish to see you very much.
I said, when you are tired
of all other things, because I
do not wish to rot Poetry like
others.

A thousand good night,
beloved. J

20 March
1904

Beloved, I am sharing the weight of your burdens; yet I am not helping you at all. And you can see that my share is heavy just because it is of no use whatever. Let us hope that some day Habilil will be more than "little"

True, beloved, I have praised myself very much last night. Perhaps that is why I don't feel just right to day. But you see, I say all these things to you only and that makes all the difference in the world. Do you not think so? Good night beloved

—
8

September 13—1904

I am praying for you, beloved; and in
The midst of my wordly bounties. But
will the humble prayers — of one who
is in need of much grace — be heard?

Yes, beloved, and not a word will go
into nothingness. For prayers are
the spirits of our wishes, the forms
of our innermost desires. Every word
will vibrate through the corners of
the universe. Not a whisper, not
a cry, not a sigh from the human
lips is lost. All is heard, all is
kept.

I am lost in a sea of trouble.
A good end will come soon, and
I shall come and see you and tell
you of many dreams.

May your mind be a fine harp
newly strung, beloved.

J

6 January
1906?

I was far away while
my primrose is withering
in the shade, but I did not
know it. Poor rose and
poor, unlucky Habil.

Yes, to-day is my birthday,
beloved godmother; every day
is my birthday, but to-day I
look backward to see the
shadows of passed years rising
as the breaths of flowers into
the immensurable sky. Now I
am twenty three years of age. I
am young yet, and that saddens
me sometimes, because the world
is always disbelieving a young
person.

Will you let me come and
^{you} see, next week, beloved godmother?
Will you let me come and
take my book of songs and
my primrose?
I kiss your hand, beloved.

30 May
1906

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmaments of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years. And let them be for lights in the firmaments of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so."

thus came you, my dear Godmother, and even as the lights you shall be everlasting.

—j—

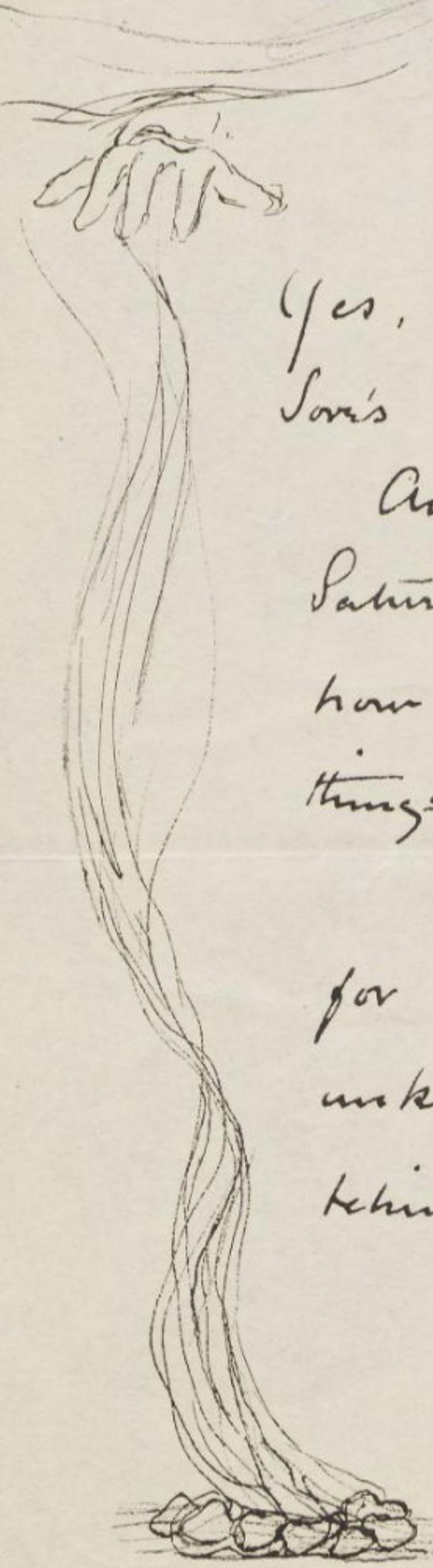
20 June
1906

Dear Godmother

Great is my regret for being
unable to come to-morrow to
witness the descend of the Spirit
upon you both. But be sure
that I shall think of you all
the day long as two beautiful
wings fastened to a single globe
of light, and sailing rhythmically
through the immensurable blue :
I shall think of you as two cedar-
trees standing on the hill top,
spreading their branches with gifts
to the wonderers of the plain.

May the morrow be a
golden link between the beautiful
past and the joyous future.
May it be the keynote to an
everlasting song.

Your good child
Kahlil Gibran

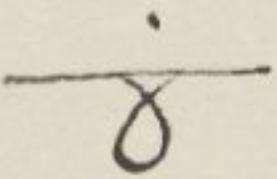


Monday

(Yes, beloved, the years of
Sore's labor are lost.

And you know: She came
Saturday night — and O —
how much of untold sad
things She tolde.

Do not be sad, beloved,
for there must be an —
unknown beautiful reason
behinde it all.



It was about four o'clock this morning when I found myself sitting on the front stairs gazing on the empty blue sky where She had disappeared. I only remember now that She came and followed. That is all.

Long time passed since the last visit. I longed and longed for that unearthly loneliness, yet it came not, and I wondered and wondered.

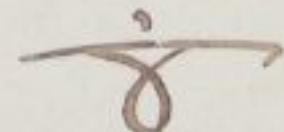
Yesterday I was sad, very sad; but it was that sweet sadness. Is that why She came?

To-day I am happy, beloved, but I don't seem to know or remember anything save the visit
Au revoir, beloved.

Tuesday

J

To the Never-silent and
ever-present Godmother,
who may or may not—
forget her godchild, greetings
and blessing, for these
blended seasons and the
seasons to come, from that
same godchild, who never
forgets and who is homeless.



6 January
1908

A quarter of a century! Think of it, dear Godmother. I have journeyed twenty-five times around the sun - and do not know how many times the moon has sailed around me - and I have not solved the mystery of Light yet.

A birth day is faint mirror in which we see the pale faces of dead years. A birth day is a sad thing sometimes.

I shall surely come and see you. But will you be angry with me if I say that I have been singing my thoughts "all this year" and not making shadows of them with lines and colours? Will you be angry with me, dear Godmother?

- J -

Dear Mr. Marks,

It is indeed most
gracious and kind of you
to want me to have the
ring which I gave to Mrs. Marks
more than twenty years ago.

I am deeply touched by your
thoughtful considerations.

If it is your desire that
I should have the ring, of course,
I would like to have it; not
only for early associations, but
also for the sweet and gentle

memory of Mrs. Marks herself.

I cannot tell you how
sorry I am not to have found
Mrs. Marks's letters. I have
been hunting for them ever
since I returned from Boston.
Yet I am quite sure they are
not lost. I have many trunks
and boxes, and in more than
one place, and things one stores
away for twenty years are
difficult to find. But I
assure you that I shall
send them to you as soon

as I find them. They were very
kind letters, and most encouraging
to me.

Yours faithfully and
affectionately,
Khalil Gibran

March 14 - 1924

O you unconsol'd, ~~not~~ take
Dinner with me you know how much
grief, but how to be consoled
within yourself. And if I care
how fully this is a few more
— I believe the greatest
creature born ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ your world.

I am nothing in the world
but a prism, ~~so~~^{all my} say that
chances, to catch the light
and shed colors on the wall
from you. But it is the light
that pleases, not ~~you~~:
(and) that light is always

Mom's always with you.
Do not ascribe to me forces
that are not mine. I shall
instead of thinking there is
you own soul, bringing back a
heavy load about.
And you seem to have a pale
much heavier of heart: yet
I never think of you without
some with a benediction.
(Ch h - West says of music)
It was Never getting you taught
me; But Never was it
all the time! & very soon.

Yester we came & always
had shut eyes.

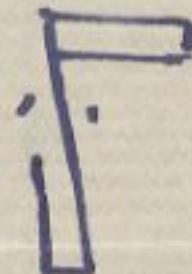
~~II~~ There are so many
ways ~~of~~ but I may
~~want~~ say this:
The place here — and it
things of the are not as in
some than them. But in
~~there~~ are.) That fact
must have some real
reason: that reason
must be right.
and think of this, the
spirit.

~~Perhaps this is like all
chance in all the world.~~

Most in these one han
I — on God when in cannot
see His face: I love God
by belief much, and then
in do not see him justified:
In love him ~~and~~ through
~~delusion~~ & disquiet and
distorted images; but left
in clinging to one knowledge
of a small Perfect, some
null, being, equal = in
the very great, of degenerate & decadent

We are here & let us lift
up our hearts above our
own heart's demand.

Other ways to other worlds.



b
a
e
c
d

|||

e
d
c
b

were about the tones of it. This place is full of unruffled quiet like the pool of Bethesda. Nothing ruffles it but the descent of some Angel that I half expect to see. I think I ought to draw new breath here aged from like an air-plant. And so may I. For there are a thousand things that I want to do.

This reminds me of something that I wanted to say to you. . .

That is, I hope you are working. The life you describe is so sweet and tranquil that I almost fear you may forget purposes and aims in it; and you know you must not. I am eager to hear of you someday as "as man who has achieved much, for the poor world of poorer peoples who were not born to see the beautiful in things as he sees it."

The artists of this world, and by artists I now mean, all workers in the beautiful ^{painted music}, must ~~the world~~ ^{themselves} be all the Eyes of ~~the world~~ and if they give themselves up to dreaming, merely, how shall ~~we~~ we see?

I should love to hear that you draw a good deal: that gift was so cruel given to you, and you must not bury it even ~~in~~ a

To Nabil Ebrahîm,

My dear Nabil:

Draft of Letter

(2 July, 1899)

Do you know why I waited all this time before answering your letter, when I was so very glad to hear from you? Just for this yellow label with your name address. But I hoped at least I might hear from you yet again even before I wrote. And let me tell you now, that the sense of your English is perfectly clear to me; very fair to me. This very delightful time to consider that we need not know a language perfectly to make our meaning clear....

I thank you for the little drawing first of all. It gave me great pleasure - I wish I knew how to return it back to my hands are not so blessed. About ~~thank~~ ~~now~~ Will you not draw some more for me someday? A post ~~france~~

Yours I can't give a ~~egg~~ ^{egg} ~~as~~ ^{as} I do not know what picture you referred him you letter. Could it have been one of those ~~absurd~~ ^{unusual} things that come out in the paper? There is ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the paper? ~~from~~ ^{from} a photograph made a few years ago - ~~it~~ ^{it} is a breath on a window-pane; ~~it~~ ^{it} perhaps the better for that; ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~my sister came out with~~ ^{she} ~~also~~ ^{she} below about ~~poetry~~ ^{poetry} which was ~~it~~ ^{it}. ~~was~~ ^{was} up ~~you~~ ^{you} think ~~what~~ ^{what} was ~~that~~ ^{that}?

I have news too. I do not know just now to how long. We have removed to Cambridge - and I am at present so pleased with my own rooms that I feel less alien to them. I have a nest of a room high up under the roof, among the tree-tops - & the west-winds & the stars. There was a delicious rain this other night and I remembered you

~~Answered~~
garden!

You remember the head that you left for me
when you went away: I have just had it framed
to hang on the wall where I can look at it now.
It has the soft, ~~true~~^{sure} smile of something
that has always lived and known that it
is to live forever. So it means very much.
Write soon, will you not?

~~It is as wrong for an ^{idle & forgetful} Prince to neglect his people. The rulers
of men were born to rule.~~

(address)

See also, ~~speaking about running water, is~~
~~somthing that I wrote once about a Brook that I loved,~~
~~(Dyffryn Brook, I think?) Perhaps the English word to
work for the Welsh word? One who loves running
water! That makes all the difference in the world.~~

F. Eihua Kahlil Eihua
Sent -
3 July 1899

.P.

O you unconsol'd, ~~not~~ ~~broken~~
I know not when you'll be consoled
grief, but how to be comforted
within yourself. And if I could,
how full this is a few more
— I believe the greatest
creature born ~~that~~ you not.

I am nothing in the world
but a prison, ~~and~~ ^{and my} say that
chances, ^{as} he catches the light
and shade colors on the wall
for you. But it is the light
that blesses, not the prison;
(and) that light is always

Moses & always will you.
Do not ascribe to me forces
that are not mine. I shall
~~instead~~ ^{Instead} of finding them in
you own soul, bring you back a
heavy load about.—
And you seem to me of late
much heavier of heart; yet
I never think of you without
some smile & benediction.—
As I went away of course
I was ~~thinking~~ ^{thinking} you taught
me; but Depardieu is
all the time! & very soon.

Yankee we cannot always
trust their eyes.

II There can be many
ways of this; but I may
~~not~~ think to say this:

The place here — and it
things of the are not as in
more than them. But in
~~them~~ in all. That fact
must have some real
reason: that reason
must be right.

And think of this, too
spirit.

~~Perhaps this is like all
chance in all the world~~

that in these one han
I — don't when in cause
see His face: I love God
by belief much, and then
in do not see him justified:
I love him ~~and~~ though
~~deceives~~ & disquises and
distorts images; ~~but~~ if I
believe to one knowledge
of a small Perfect, some
null, being, legal = in
the very great, & dignified & decent

We are here & I must lift
up our hearts above our
own temporal wants.

Other ways for other masters.

F

Lame b
||
C.Q.D.

words about the tones of it. This place is full of unruffled quiet, like the pool of Bethesda. Nothing sullies it but the descent of some Angel that I half expect to see. I think I ought to draw new breath here and grow like an air-plant. And so may I! For there are a thousand things that I want to do.

This reminds me of something that I wanted to say to you....

That is, I hope you are working.

The life you describe is so sweet and tranquil that I almost fear you may forget purposes and aims in it; and you know you must not.

I am eager to hear of you someday as "as man who has achieved much, for the poor world of poorer people who were not born to see the beautiful in things as he sees it,"

The artists of this world and by artists I mean, all workers in the Beautiful, ^{painters, musicians} must be the Eyes of ~~the world~~ ^{the human race} - and if they give themselves up to dreams, merey, how shall we see?

I shored low to hear that you draw a good deal; that gift was so cruel given to you, and you must not bury it even ~~in~~ a

Draft of Letter

[2 July, 1899]

To Nahil Elbra;

- My dear Nahil:

Do you know why I waited all this time before answering your letter, when I was so very glad to hear from you? Just for this yellow label with your pure address. But I hoped at least I might hear from you yet again even before I wrote. And let me tell you now, that, the sense of your English is perfectly clear to me; very far from mine. It is very delightful to me to consider that we need not leave a language perfect to make our meaning clear....

I thank you for the little drawing first of all. It gave me great pleasure - I wish I knew how to return it back. In my hands are not so blessed. About ~~thank~~ ~~you~~ Will you not draw some more for us someday? A post ~~from~~ ~~you~~ frame

Please I can't give a reply at ~~now~~ ~~you~~ I don't know what picture you referred to in your letter. Could it have been one of those ~~about~~ ~~unpublished~~ things that come out in the paper? There is ~~one~~ ~~and~~ ~~unpublished~~ ~~things~~ ~~funny~~ ~~from~~ ~~a~~ ~~photograph~~ made a few years ago - ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~breath~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~window~~ ~~pane~~; ~~The~~ ~~leaf~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~better~~ ~~for~~ ~~that~~; ~~so~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~sister~~ ~~came~~ ~~out~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~. ~~Here~~ ~~also~~ ~~see~~ ~~below~~ ~~about~~ ~~poetry~~ ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~it~~? ~~This~~ ~~one~~ ~~you~~ ~~think~~ ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~it~~?

I have news too. I do not like journeying so long any longer. We have removed to Cambridge - and I am at present so pleased with my own rooms that I feel less alien to them. I have a nest in a room high up under the roof, among the tree-tops - & the west-winds. The stars. There was a delicious rain this other night and I remembered you

~~Answering~~

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You remember the head that you left for me
then you sent away: I have just had it framed
to hang on the wall where I can look at it often.
It has the soft, serene smile of something
that has always lived and known that it
is to live forever. So it means very much.
Write soon, will you not?

~~This is as wrong in an ^{Artist} to h. idle & forgetful
as for a Prince to neglect his people. The rulers
of men were born to work.~~

(address)

See also, if along about January, Wales is
something that I made once, about Brolo ~~that I loved,~~
(Dyffryn Brolo, I think?) Perhaps the English would
wonder in the meantime if one who loves ~~never~~
Wales! That makes all the difference in the world.

F. Eihua Kahlil Eihua

Leut-

3 July 1899

.P.