

Private Mail Bag,  
Wynneburg  
Pa.

7/4/43

Dear Helen

It is always a pleasure to me to hear from you. We are 'Arcades Ambo' in a sense - in that we both attend to the essentials of social & pleasurable existence. There is always a sentence recurring in my mind, planted there a long long time ago, by some elder - "The Edificences of Gentleness must be observed" There is a lot in the little dictum - My mind goes back over 40 years when I first heard it. From the 'ground up'.

God bless you my friend & keep you on your quiet even day, making your own gentle mark as you go.

I am so interested in your new scheme, 'America & Canada', as I lay awake & the whole world seems holding its breath so quiet was it, I thought of that subject of yours - the America that we can love & respect. I enjoy, among all its delights (to me) are Washington Irving's, fine mind & words, James Whitcomb Riley's child poems, Rupert Kild's also & Canada's & America's great writers. I think of the pleasure the late John Buelton (one of the same breed as those men I remember, including Emerson) when first Tweeddale lived in Canada & contacted with like minds & their lovely prose, & their poems - like our Alan Carr's, J. A. M. Jones, Their love, British in descent, in thought & word - of child life & home life & the understanding

That went with those attributes. We three oceans  
 have their wants also those of Trade, America  
 Ambassador in the East - War. That is the America  
 & Canada. I love to think of, but never had a  
 series of visits - because of the restrictions that  
 come up again - no visiting America, or  
 Australia. But the America I love is the America  
 that we British - you & I see the rest of us - love  
 & esteem, & you can identify our America in  
 your project.

I am glad to see you the heart has I think  
 departed this worldly scene next December.  
 We have had 1170 the highest. Yet no more so  
 ones daily received & common talk! but I have  
 been greatly gifted by God - Who gave me cheer  
 fulness & courage, the gift of light heartedness is  
 a great one - & can pull me through "all sorts  
 & conditions of obstacles."

Do you know that lovely little American poem:  
 I think it is Eugene Field's.

"Upon a mountain height, far from the sea, I found a shell  
 & from and to my listening ear. The lonely strain  
 Over a range of ocean seemed to sing:  
 Over a tale of ocean seemed to tell.  
 How came the shell upon the mountain height?  
 Ah who can say  
 Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,  
 Whether there left when Ocean swept the land  
 Or the eternal hand ordained the day,  
 I know! Was it not far from its native deep,  
 One ship it sang  
 Sang of the mystery of that tide.  
 Sang of the old sea, profound & wide  
 And of the echoes of the ocean deep.  
 And as the shell upon the mountain height - Sang of the sea  
 So go you, leagues & leagues away, So do I ever wandering where I may,  
 Sing of the home I sing of in my home of thee."

Tell me how you  
 got on - I hope you  
 loves to have seen here  
 Scotland. Did you ever see  
 a Maenar gathering? The  
 the hills - the mountains  
 cover that part.

I am very sorry to hear of