

Letter 11.

P. O. Dept. Ottawa
25 Mch. 90

Dear May,

I was glad to get your letter in one sense though I was sorry to find that you were so depressed, and to know that you had suffered so bitterly. This physical illness is an awful calamity – the great calamity it seems to me, – and I cannot understand what quality of mind it is that enables a very few rare people to set at nought the misery of the body and maintain an utterly miraculous independence.

But you must endeavour to improve, both physically and mentally. Get hold of something, some object, even if it be not a world-shaking one, and keep pegging away at it. That is what I have done, and if I had not by good fortune taken that course years ago, I should be the most miserable creature alive. I had in my own nature abundant seeds both of happiness and misery. I have given myself to steady and persevering work, and by that means have got everything into the balance of happiness. Do so, you. – You are young and have plenty of time. Long years stretch before you. If one can get one's mind always into the habit of thinking grandly and can ever be seeing grand things with the soul's eye; life becomes a magnificent affair and one can see many visions in the space of a year.

I had forgotten about the money; however the expenses of my book are not all paid yet, and it will go nicely toward them. The book keeps on selling a little still; perhaps when I have another ready I shall be able to get it published at New York in better style.

Yours ever sincerely,
A. Lampman