

Elk Lake
Blue Ridge, Essex Co. N.Y.
July 23. 1929

My dear Sister Ellie,

For weeks - yet months, I have been intending to write you, but just haven't done it, though of course any letters I have sent to Mary and the others of my half-daughters, have been intended for you also.

You would delight in the place where I am just this minute, on a knoll near our cabin, sitting under a big pine tree, leaning against its trunk and listening to the song of the Creeper in its branches. I am reminded of a verse of Thoreau's (or is it Emerson? - Mary will know -)

As sunbeams fall through limitless space
and nothing possible nor displace;

So wavered the pine-tree into my thought
and fanned the dreams it never brought.

Why! I would like to have composed that!

Well, anyway I can sit here, look out over the lovely lake and great mountains beyond and feel that here in this solitude God is in His holy temple and very near to me.

And I like to think of Carrie who has often sat under this very tree with me - indeed every thing here reminds me of her, but in a softened, hallowed way; and maybe her spirit is not so far ^{distant} away. How a way I'm glad we don't know more definitely about our future

but I do rejoice in the knowledge that she is in the presence of her Lord, that she has a glorified body and that there shall not be any more pain: That is enough for any of us.

But I do so miss her, and while I expect to do my part so long as I remain here, I look forward to the time when she will come to me to go and be where she is.

It is a great comfort to have Mary and her family, all of whom are so congenial, especially as having lived so long together our home life will continue as it has been, though I hardly see how we are to get along without Carrie's directing hand and efficient hand, and loving care of us all.

Well, I've written about enough about my own affairs. I'm thinking of you with your loving daughters close by you, Belden not far away and Willie within reach. How happy this must make you after the wide separations for many years. And how delightful will be the little home which you and Mary are to have in Elmira; as I wrote her the other day, I really hope to see you both there some time before cold weather.

How, at times, our minds dwell upon our "early life". As I wrote Mary, I've been thinking a good deal about Ithaca, and I

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have also been recalling the days when I first went to live at Oxford - a long time ago, and yet how clear our memory of them is. And you were so good to me - just enough older to give me the kind of advice I often needed, and yet so nearly my own age as to appreciate and sympathize with my problems and difficulties. Those were great days - in some ways quite ideal, but not just the kind of atmosphere in which to train a young man for the affairs of life.

Do you remember Will Cooke, who was entry clerk in the State and afterwards went to Texas? When I see you I must tell you about a re-reunion dinner which he, Fred Fowler and I had at the Robert Treat Hotel in Newark last Fall. It was lots of fun, but would take too long to write about. We wanted Jim Loder to be with us, but he couldn't come over from Philadelphia. He and I meet quite frequently and always have a good time.

And so it goes! "We spend our days as a tale that is told" - soon the story will end and the places that now know us shall know us no more forever - but we look forward with confidence to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I'm not preaching - only thinking!

Dear love to you all
Your brother George

Faded handwritten text, possibly a return address or recipient name, including "Mrs. Ellen R. Belden".



Mrs. Ellen R. Belden
287 West College Street
Oberlin
Ohio

G. S. Humphrey
32 Liberty Street
New York

Medicine