

My Dear Lydia

You asked me today if I would write to you during the week that is to come. After reflection I have recollected that I had something in particular to say to you but forgot to say it today and so will write it to you now and leave it in the office for you.

I accidentally took part in a discussion last week with an Englishman (a teacher) in which the conversation turned upon the poems of Tupper. I charged the said poet with tameness and triteness and the teacher in order to rebut my charge wrote out for me a passage from him which I had in my pocket today to show you but forgot. Its truth beauty and genuine poetry are the points to be considered here it is

"If the love of the heart is blighted it buddeth not again"
"If that pleasant song is forgotten it is to be learnt no more"
"Yet often will the thought look back and weep o'er early affection"
"And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit"