

Letter 052
Paris, January 1876

Dear Theo,

Thanks for your letter, write to me often, for I long to hear from you in these days. Write me at length, speak to me of your daily life, you see that I am doing the same. What you told me about Boks was very interesting, how he arranged his studio, and that you go there often – keep me well informed about those things.

We feel lonely now and then and long for friends and think we should be quite different and happier if we found a friend of whom we might say: “He is the one.” But you, too, will begin to learn that there is much self-deception behind this longing; if we yielded too much to it, it would lead us from the road.

There is a phrase that haunts me these days – it is today’s text, “His children will seek to please the poor.” And now here is some news: my friend Gladwell is moving. One of the employees of the printing office convinced him to come and lodge with him; for quite a while he did everything he could to persuade him. I know that Gladwell made this decision without thinking about it, I regret his departure very much; it will be soon, probably towards the end of the month.

For several days we have had a mouse in our “cabin”, which is what we call our room. Every night, we put bread on the floor for it, and it knows already where to find it.

I have been reading the ads in the English newspapers, and I have already answered some of them. Let us hope for success.

Kind regards to Roos and others if they ask about me, and write soon. À Dieu. Tell me if Mr. Tersteeg mentions me to you; give him my kindest regards whenever I write to you. Always

Your loving brother, Vincent