

Letter 118
Amsterdam, 10 February 1878

Dear Theo,

It is Sunday night and I am going to write to you again, for I would so like to get another letter from you; write again soon, my thoughts are so often with you. I certainly hope you have had a pleasant Sunday. As you know, father has come to see me. That gave me a great pleasure. Together we went to see Mendes, to Uncle Stricker's, to Uncle Cor's and at the two Meyes families. The most agreeable part to remember of Father's visit is the morning we spent together in my bedroom correcting some of my work and a heap of other things. You can imagine how the days flew by. After having taken father to the station, after having watched the train until it disappeared and the smoke was no longer visible, I returned home; Father's chair was still near the table with the books and copybooks we had examined that day; and though I know that we shall see each other again pretty soon, I cried like a child.

This morning I was in the English Church, and met Wierda as I was leaving. We walked part of the way together, and he asked me if I would come to see his room – he lives on the Weeringstraat. I went home with him and stayed for lunch, until about three o'clock, and saw his books and heard various things about his life. Then home again, and translated a page or so from Caesar. This afternoon I was at Uncle Stricker's; I go there rather often now that Uncle Jan is out of town and the house is lonely again with Father gone.

It is foggy here today; luckily the weather was fine during Father's visit so that we could take many walks. Probably Uncle Jan will come back on Tuesday.

I suppose you are very busy at the beginning of the year, like most people; things are becoming more and more serious for me as the examination draws nearer; I shall be glad when it gets light earlier in the morning.

Has Father thought of giving you that photograph of that picture by Maris? The wood engraving after Van Goyen, "Dordrecht," is hanging in its place; the other day I went to see the picture again at the museum – it is very, very fine. When you come back here I should like to look through the etchings by Dürer at the museum with you, the way we did Rembrandt's last time. Scheveningen must be beautiful these grey days, do you go there often? Perhaps it is like the picture by Ruysdael in the museum at The Hague. Have you got the lithograph of it which appeared in the *Kunstkronyk* long ago? It is a very good one.

How is Mauve? I hope he is well; have you seen him lately?

I have lessons from Uncle Stricker twice a week now. I profit a great deal from it, as Uncle is very clever, and I am glad he has found time for it.

Well, boy, a warm handshake in thought; I must set to work, write soon and believe me always,
Your loving brother, Vincent

Remember me to Mauve when you see him. Good night, boy, I have been writing until twelve o'clock.