

Friday May 29 1914

(18)

My own dearest

What a lovely letter about Truth. I do understand a great deal of what you mean, although I have not thought of people like that exactly.

Do you know dear I'm afraid I am rather only half grown up. I haven't thought nearly enough. I have come to the conclusion that that is the biggest wickedness in my life. I have only realized it lately while I have been here, before I kept trying to think of the things I did which I should not do, instead of thinking of those ^{things} left undone which I should do.

Of course I know that really we go on growing all our lives, still I think I ought to have got farther at my age. ~~But~~ ^{But} I am glad there it a lot of growing to do with you. I would rather grow with you than any one in the world. I think you have made me grow a good lot already.

I spoke too soon when I said yesterday that on the whole I did not think I really liked The Brothers Karamazov. I do like it I have read a good bit since then, although I have now only got about $\frac{1}{3}$ through the book. I was enthralled by the part about the little boy Ilushka who threw stones at Alyosha, all that followed from that.

I have begun that Clutton Brock book on Morris. I have only read about twenty pages but I do like that so very much, He writes beautifully doesn't he?

The result of reading that has put in my mind even more firmly that before the desire to have Jinson & Baunsley furniture in our house, at any rate a little of it, I don't suppose we shall be able to afford much. But don't you think it is lovely & hopeful to have something that is being made well now.

My hand is much better but not yet well enough to row I don't mind that for myself but I am afraid Mildred is having rather a bout.

I went for a jolly walk with Majorie this morning along by the river then up on the moorland just among the low hills. The clouds a right down today covering the tops of all the higher hills, rather jolly, one can imagine them enormous heights.

I expect you ought to go to your sister's wedding, but I should hardly think I need. I am so glad you like her man so much. Have you a photograph of Mary I should like to see what she looks like, although I hardly think I can like her quite so much as you.

My love to you dear
your very loving
Ruth