

Wednesday May 27 1914.

Dearest Ruth, What can have happened to my letter written last Saturday? I can't bear to think you have been worried; I do hope you weren't seriously put out. Of course I imagined my Saturday letter would reach you on Monday as it did the previous week; I wrote the Friday scrap just that I might say what I had to say at that moment - with the dominant hope that it might get to you on Saturday evening (I posted 8:0 a.m). I meant to have quite a long letter on Monday. My dear I do hope you didn't feel reproachful. But how could you help it?

I am delighted to hear all about your walk; it was a very long day & shows you have plenty of staying power. I am glad you went; I feel you sought an adventure. Ten hours in this climate is equal to about 15 or more in the Alps, for most people; so I expect you would make nothing of an ordinary expedition there, and in time - well, who knows? Poor Mildred - I hope she was not very much exhausted? Which reminds me that I shall write to her if I can scrape some moments to-night - which I think I shall.

When I say that you are true I do not mean necessarily anything to do with telling the truth, though of course that comes into true-ness but merely being true. Some people are true, as it seems by nature, so that they see things clearly exactly as they are - not wrapped in a web of their own invention; they don't only see what they wish to see & avoid seeing what is unpleasant nor vice versa; the act of seeing with the mind ^{for them} is a simple act not controlled by any consideration except the desire of seeing; consequently they see straight and what they see is true. They also very often see a great deal. Things seem as they see when they perceive that they know quite certainly something about Men or about Nature - when in short they have a vision of the Truth - things seem even when they are sad, are full of joy. Consequently the desire to see in this manner increases - may even become a great passion.

What a waste of space!

