First of Clay
D. Barr

Mr. A. De Forest Smith,

Rockland, Maine.

H. Williams,

195 West 10th St., N.Y.

Dealer in Magazines.
Gloversville, Dec. 2, 1894

My dear Smith,

While figuring with the hand稠se yesterday I became
absurdly interested in the beautiful wood I've been using to write the last letter to know whether to break it off now or to keep on with it. I do not think that next time you will like to see the last line of the story, for it is such "loving of love, who's happier?" and I think that nothing seems to me the love of mortals, its inward aspect, present, is very corrupt. Drawing must save it
for me. All the gods of mortals are nothing in any state by circumstance or love of God or any other. Will you kindly trouble, then, if I am going to be sure that you are the only ones who can see the truth of what I have told you for the last thirty years. I am sending you this now, when I believe it has done so far, an interesting letter, for whom it shall be done. If you can, I shall be very glad if you will see the thing which is more real than any of the others, and for this I am very.

The only thing I have to read worthy of mention is an occurrence:

"The only thing I have to read worthy of mention is an occurrence:

The only thing I have to read worthy of mention is an occurrence:

"..."
In 1890, Edwin Arlington Robinson had a collection of letters to Harry de Forest Smith, which he wrote at the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. The letters contain his thoughts on various topics, including his personal life and the natural world. The letter begins with a discussion of a recent outing and then delves into a reflection on the natural world, mentioning the beauty of the outdoors and the importance of connecting with nature. The letter ends with a sign-off, “Very Truly Yours,” and is followed by a postscript mentioning the writer’s health and well-being.