TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

Gardiner,
3 November, 1895.

My dear Gledhill,

When I tell you that I have just spent nearly a fortnight in Boston without letting you know that I was there, you will perhaps think a little strange of it—and wonder what the deuce is the matter with me. About all I can tell you is that my trip took a different turn than I anticipated and all of my plans were so thoroughly stirred up that I had no courage to send for you; for I knew well enough that if you came, you could not possibly be satisfied with me, and I knew on the other hand that you would not feel in any way offended when you found it out from this letter. Before long I hope I may be in a condition—or rather position—to be a little more agreeable to my old friends, because friends are, as you know, more to me than most fellows. I may not be very explosive when I meet them, but I feel the worth of them all the same, and sometimes fall to wondering how long they will stand my apparent indifference. There is a day coming sometime, I trust, when all will be different, and when I shall find myself somewhere and feel that I am playing some part in the world. As long as I am travelling in the dark I cannot feel as I should
in the presence of the fellows who are done with all childish experiments and outlandish ideals. I know that such sentiment as this blows the bottom out of the whole scheme of friendship, but I cannot help that and I am in a way to give up trying.

Now, I think I see a possible chance to do something in a small way and I am making, I fear, altogether too much of that chance. I try not to let my expectations get the upper hand of me, but we are all children in a way and it does not take so very much to start us one way or the other. But I feel that I am nearing a time when I must do something or go to the wall—as far as all I care for is concerned, and for that reason am not much company for man or beast. If a volume of my verse reaches you sometime during the next twelve months, you may know that I have put out a feeler for some prose; but if [you] get nothing of the kind you may know that I am still pegging away at one thing or another and with the same blind hope that I may do some day the thing that I am trying for. God only knows what that is, but I have the same old feeling that it is among the things to come, and as long as I have such a feeling I am all right. Anticipation is more than nine tenths of everything, and as long as a man is given the need to anticipate, he is all right, according to my philosophy. There is no need of getting down in the mouth, and no excuse for getting discouraged, as long as
one is reasonably well in mind and body. So write me a letter when you feel like it, and I will make some acknowledgment more or less decent. Kindly do me the favor to say nothing to anyone about the possibilities I have mentioned, and believe me

Always Sincerely,

E. A. R.