

TO HARRY DE FOREST SMITH

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

June 11, '93

My dear Smith,

Here it is Sunday morning again, and hot enough to roast heretics. There is no such things as comfort on such days, and as for writing letters--well, you know a man can do almost anything if he sets his mind upon it. It know that if I do not write to-day, the probabilities are that I shall let it go until Wednesday or Thursday; and as for waiting until this afternoon--I have done that before. This afternoon it will be so hot that I shall simply sit in the darkest place I can find and be miserable until a change comes, which will probably be somewhere about 3.00 A. M.

I have two more examinations yet to take, French and English, and then my Harvard career will be at an end. I have no particular desire to come another year, but I would hate to part with the experience of the past two. I have lived, upon the whole, a very quiet life, but for all that have seen things that I could not possibly see at any other place, and have a different conception of what is good and bad in life. ^{from} ~~From~~ the standpoint of marks, my course here has been a failure, as I knew well enough it would be; but that

is the last thing in the world I came here for. Grinding for marks is does not command my admiration except in case of pecuniary necessity. Under those conditions, it often borders on the heroic. You have no idea of what some men go through here, unless that little book on "Students' Expenses" worked upon your imagination to a considerable extent.

I shall look for a letter from you to-morrow or Tuesday telling me whether you intend to come this way or not. If you are sure that you are not, I may come home before Class-day, but would rather not.

Sincerely

R.