

# **ROSEMARY'S LETTER BOOK**

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Rosemary's letter book by W. L. Courtney

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**W. L. COURTNEY**

**ROSEMARY'S  
LETTER BOOK**





THE WAYFARER'S LIBRARY

ROSEMARY'S  
LETTER BOOK

WILLIAM  
LEITCH  
W. L. Courtney

LONDON & TORONTO  
J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd.

TO  
ROSEMARY

THESE FEW THOUGHTS.

*How can we offer the Summer  
The heart of the wild rose blown ?  
How can we give to the meadow  
The wealth of the harvest mown ?  
Nay, but 'tis theirs already—  
The fruit of the seed they have sown.*

*Why should I offer the Thinker  
The thoughts that were her's alone ?  
Why should I give to the Giver  
That gift which was always her own ?  
Shall I not kneel as her debtor  
On the lowliest steps of her throne ?*

---

Πέλω σοι μέρος ἴδιον, μὴ γὰρ παρέχω χάριν, οὐ σοὶ  
αὐτὴ γὰρ μύθηται καὶ τὸ μέρος δύνουσαι.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

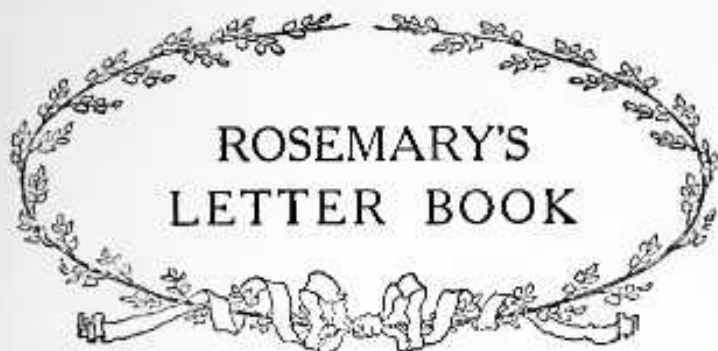
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I

*April 7th, 1908.*

So you have found a special niche for me in your life, a niche which I may occupy to your complete satisfaction, if not entirely to my own! I am to keep you conversant with the literature of the day, and with all the hundred and one things that interest you, so that you may not lose touch with them in your exile so far away. Do I reveal my ignorance when I ask if there are gorgeous sunsets in Burmah? For, of course, you remember—ah, forgive me, I mean I remember—the sunset from the cliffs of Cromer, when it came into our heads to talk of Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis, and all the efflorescence of our busy inquiring brains. So I should like to think that there were great sunsets in Burmah, purple and green and gold, like that strange mixture of sky and sea we saw from our Norfolk cliffs. You know how little I care for the Imperial laureate of our times, who gives all sorts of false rhymes to what he calls Empire; well, I caught myself the other day repeating "On the road to Mandalay," just because that seemed to bring me nearer to you. Pshaw! I can see your lips curl at what you

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dismiss as the unreality of sentiment. Sentiment is a very real thing, my dear lady, as I hope you will not one day discover to your cost.

And you want to share my interests too! Having blotted out the one great interest of my life, you want to work up the minor ones and so provide me with a *raison d'être*. Well, that is almost sentimental of you, although you have made me shrink from the term.

It all seems a little difficult at first, but you have always done as you wished with me, and I suppose you will to the end. There are times when my yoke galls me—bitterly—and yet I suppose I should miss its pressure on my neck. We are such creatures of habit.

But, oh, Nicolette ma mie—you have not forgotten our old readings of Aucassin—why, why did you not let me say good-bye? There was something, I forget what, which marred our last day of meeting, a trick of nerves possibly, a trifling defect of temper, and only a good-bye could have set it right. I think the want of that good-bye will stand between me and death; for these are human things after all, these good-morrows and good-byes! They give a gilt edge to the drab, dull clouds of our every day. And not to say them, not to whisper the last tender adieu, is to have a sense of an unfathomable void. It is not often, is it, dear child, that I lift a corner of my ordinary complacent mood and show you the rough and jarred edges of feeling below? I am not unhappy, as you know. But then I am never really happy, and "the little less and what worlds away!" Scold me, dear, when you answer, for this weakness. It shall not occur again, or at least not often—just once or twice—