

Letter 066
Ramsgate, 12 May 1876

Dear Theo,

Thanks for your letter; I am also fond of "Tell me the old, old story." I heard it sung for the first time one evening in Paris, in a little church where I often went. Number 12 is also very beautiful. I am sorry indeed that I did not hear Moody and Sankey when they were in London.

There is such a longing for religion among the people in the large cities. Many a worker in a factory or shop has had a strange, beautiful and pious youth. But city life sometimes removes "the early dew of morning." Even so, the longing for "the old, old story" remains. What is at the bottom of the heart stays at the bottom of the heart. In one of her books [George] Eliot describes the life of factory workers, etc., who have formed a little community and hold religious services in a chapel in Lantern Yard, and she says of it, "It is the kingdom of God on earth, no more and no less."

It is touching to see the thousands of people listening to the evangelists.

Your plan of giving Father and Mother "The Farewell" by Sadée is good, so that is settled. Willemien will be there on May 21. From your letter I see you also intend to go. By all means do so, boy, if it is possible. There is sometimes a special blessing in such an act. What a surprise it would be for them! Mother's last letter had a melancholy tone; in a word or two she touched upon the necessity of our being so far from home, and her eyes too are giving her trouble. Come, boy, brighten them once more by your presence on that day.

This afternoon Mr. Reid sent me a catalogue of the exhibition in London. A firm handshake and congratulations on the birthdays of Lies and Cor and also on May 21. Kind regards to Roos, in haste,
Your loving brother, Vincent