

Letter 087
Dordrecht, 28 February 1877

Dear Theo,

Write again soon when you have a moment; keep up your courage and be strong. I'm enclosing something which I copied for you.¹

Last night, after I had been at the office till one o'clock, I made a detour to the Grote Kerk [Great Church]; then, I went along the canal and past by the old gate, I finally arrived at the Nieuwe Kerk [New Church], then I returned home. It had snowed, a deep silence reigned over everything; I saw here and there little bright lights in the windows and, in the snow, the black silhouette of a night watchman. It was high tide, and beside the snow the canals and ships looked very dark. It was charming around the two churches. The sky, grey and foggy, only let the moonlight filter through.

I thought of you on this walk. Getting back home, I wrote you what you will find in this envelope. You have De Genestet's poems, haven't you? Read them as often as you can. Once when I was in Paris, Father sent me "When I Was a Boy" and "There Is No Priest Who Explains Him."

I am writing you hastily from work, à Dieu, a handshake from

Your loving brother, Vincent

1. A few psalms and religious verses.