

Letter 047
Paris, 9 December 1875

Dear Theo,

This morning I heard from home what had happened to you,¹ and I wanted to write you at once. I wish I could do something for you; one of these days a box will be sent to The Hague, I will put some chocolate in it for you. Gladwell calls that "consolation." I will also send you the book by Jules Breton – at least, if I can get it back, as I lent it to somebody. I am anxious to know how you are; write soon and please give me some details about how you spend your days.

How I should like to be with you, Theo, but what can we do? It cannot be helped, boy. In a fortnight I shall go home and then we will certainly see each other, and our meeting again will not be the less delightful for the accident that has befallen you.

If you see Uncle Jan, please remember me to him and thank him for his letter. You must try to become good friends with him. I don't know him well, but I know he is "pure gold."

It has been very cold. Fortunately, the thaw set in yesterday. I was very glad of it.

I am rather busy these days with the inventory and finishing things off before my departure.

And now, Theo, a warm handshake and wishing you a speedy recovery, always

Your loving brother, Vincent

1. Theo had fallen on the slippery street and seriously hurt his foot.