

Letter 048
Paris, 10 December 1875

Dear Theo,

Herewith I send you the things I promised. I am sure you will like the book by Jules Breton. One of his poems, titled "Illusions", struck me in particular. Happy are those whose hearts are so tuned, "All things work together for good to them that love God" is a beautiful sentence. It will be thus for you, and the aftertaste of these difficult days you will certainly find agreeable.

But write me how you are feeling soon, and tell me when the doctor says you will be well again – that is, if you have not done so already.

Two weeks from today I hope to be in Etten. You can imagine how I am looking forward to it. Did I you already tell that I have taken up smoking a pipe again? I have found in it an old faithful friend, I believe that we never more will separate. Uncle Vincent told me that you smoke too.

Give me very best love to the Roos family. Both of us have enjoyed many good things in their house, and they have proved faithful friends.

At the moment we have here Émile Breton's picture, "Sunday Morning." You know it, don't you? It is a village street of cottages and barns, and at the end is the church, surrounded by poplars. Everything is covered with snow, and little black figures are going to church. It tells us that winter is cold but that human hearts are warm.

Best wishes, boy, and believe me always

Your loving brother, Vincent

The packets of chocolate marked X are for you; the others are for Mrs. Roos. Smoke the cigarettes together with the rest of the family. Adieu.