

Letter 124
Etten, early August 1878

Dear Theo,

I enclose a note in Father's letter. I, too, am eager to hear from you again. I certainly hope that you are getting on as well as possible in Paris, and that you see and hear many interesting things.

I just received a postcard from the Reverend Mr. Pietersen; about the middle of August I shall have to go to Brussels. But as no date has been fixed and as Father and Mother think it better for me to stay until Anna's wedding, I shall wait until all that is over and then start for Brussels. The other day I made a little drawing after Émile Breton's "A Sunday Morning," in pen and ink and pencil. How I like his work! Has he made anything new this year? Do you see much of his work? Yesterday and today I wrote a composition on the parable of the mustard seed and it is 27 pages long; I hope there is some good in it. As you can imagine, Father and I walk about the parish a great deal, or to De Hoeve and De Leur, and I also take many a long walk across the heath with Cor.

Of course I am very curious to know how it will be in Brussels. I hope the work may prove successful and be blessed.

The fields here are so beautiful now; they are reaping the wheat, and the potatoes are getting ripe and their leaves beginning to wither, and the buckwheat is full of beautiful white blossoms.

Well, boy, I am writing to you by the light of a little lantern, and the candle is getting too short. À Dieu, have a good time, and if you can, tell me something about the painters whenever you hear something interesting about one of them; but best of all, I shall enjoy hearing any of your own impressions. Good night, a warm handshake in thought from

Your loving Vincent