

December 1913

Marguerite---

Your note and photograph were received this morning, with a pack of mail, consisting of cards, photos and, parcels that I could hardly manage up the stairs, and which contained several elaborate gifts from members of the family.

I had expected to hear from you yesterday, and in expectancy I lived all day - Gee! What a Merry? Christmas - Yet there was some consolation in hoping; and so, aside from hearing five Masses, two Benedictions (one in the evening), receiving the Sacraments; visiting with Bill for over an hour and enjoying a little feast all by myself, in commemoration of a _____ "friend". I spent the day in reading "Bought and Paid For", by Broadhurst and Hornblow, a book of three hundred and thirty-five pages. So you can see that I wasn't idle -

"He who thinks but reserves his opinion, who loves but yields not to his affection, is wiser in his generations than the fool who tells all he knows and waters a gushing revelation of all he feels".

The only thing that prevented my falling a victim to absolute dejection, was the fact that I received a Christmas letter yesterday morning from a dear old friend of mine -

How eagerly then, this morning, did my eyes seek out that familiar hand-writing which they could not mistake - how they feasted on that piece of card-board with 'her' likeness upon it, so animated, unflattering, with eyes as true as steel -

What a contrast between that and the note that enclosed it- those few words - what a crush when the truth finally dawned upon me - "I remain your friend", so unlike the original of the photograph, so out of keeping -

And, after all, it has come to that has it? - the inevitable -I can not believe until I hear it again. you seemed so sincere and yet all the time your actions toward me were forced - But no! I cannot reproach you - it is my false pride that caused me to impose on your generosity and lay ungrounded claim to your attentions. I

know I've been too presumptuous and I conjure forgiveness-
Marguerite, if I have caused any unpleasant feeling between you
and _____ him – I should have known better than to hope for your
affections, while you had naught but friendship to give---

I'm wearing you with all this but I would speak, and "Hunger
obeys no laws". The heart that loves truly is the most easily
(offended) wounded, and there's no use to mince words, "Lamour et
la (*French sentence*)" – Love and smoke are unable to conceal
themselves – and you know that I love you, unselfishly, with a love
promoted by sheer respect, not by sensual weakness-

I can forego everything for you, even your own precious love – and,
if you say "It is consummated", that my hopes are vain, I will resign
to my fate with alacrity, because I know you will it – (*latin or French
sentence*). Between hope and fear, I am always the same,

yours, with love- Henry



Henry Lorang c.1913

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Henry —