

Feb. 6th 1893

My dear Fannie:

It is ten o'clock, and I am at my old post in the laboratory, still at work on my mineral. The first analysis, although pretty good, was not exact, as two of my products were impure, and I have begun another. As it does not seem right to take ^{more} Sunday time for this work, I spend my evenings on it. Just at this moment there is a lull; one solution is boiling, and another is under the sulphide of hydrogen apparatus, so I have taken some of Mr. Shapless's paper, and by the dull light of these wretched burners shall try to give you at least a few lines in lieu of my weekly letter. Jim's and Baby's of last week arrived together, and were very welcome. Until my mind is freed from its present preoccupation I'm afraid I can't soar - down or up - to baby-talk, so Miss Chubb will have to wait a bit for the reply to her sweet missives. The thought that is next uppermost in my mind, is, of course, what shall I do about Dr. W's proposition. I don't think you have considered the matter in all its bearings, of which there are several. The events that preceded my call to Houghton were such that I should with great reluctance return to Cambridge permanently, unless it were to accept some position that would assure me at least a moderate income. You probably do not realize - I doubt if you could - what my position would be, and your generous suggestion that your income is enough for us all in no respect alters the

case morally. Again, I have now made a good beginning in my chosen profession. Were I to give up systematic work, I should probably find it impossible to take it up again, and compete successfully with others who keep at it steadily. My only hope now is to gain some reputation by original research, and show myself fitted for some position near you all. Furthermore, by familiarizing myself with the management of this School I may, some day, have an opportunity for advancement here. My present intention, therefore, is to make the best arrangement I can with Dr. W. for another year, at least, allowing myself time for study, and make myself useful in whatever way I can, consistently with my pursuit of a scientific career. I shall not discuss the matter with him, however, until I shall have heard from you again. It is unnecessary for me to say how much I realize what my separation from wife and children costs me, nor is it necessary for me to state to the world the reasons for that continued separation. I am face to face with a moral necessity, and while I have the strength and opportunity to earn a livelihood, I deem it my duty to do so, even at a great sacrifice.

The weather continues cold and stormy, and we have at times some difficulty in keeping the Clubhouse warm. I am again, this week, in charge of the furnace, and of course in daily receipt of protests about the heat or the cold. I hope and pray you may all be kept in good health, and not feel the severity of the winter. Six weeks more ought to bring you milder weather, we can not expect it until May. The death of Bishop Brooks was a great shock all over the country. I can not yet realize that he has been taken away, nor did I realize how universally he was beloved.

Kiss the bairns for me, and let me hear from you soon. With tenderest remembrances, ever your husband
Lucius.