

Essendon

23 April 1893

My dear Spencer,

You see the wisdom of the Didymus. I am enjoying his blessedness, & possessing my soul in patience. My obligation to you is no whit lessened by the lamentable error of the Ballarat folk which has brought upon them such grievous woes. I am full of a tender sympathy on their account.

Thou art the man! It was you who wrote that par. in the Argus. Thy speech bewrayeth thee. It was very kind of you, & I have written your name

164
on the fleshy tablets of my heart.

Not all the books, combined with all the crooks in the Universe could avail to take me to Oxford. It would be good for me in many ways, I know, & the delight of it would be unspeakable; but it is impossible. It is a question - a great many questions - of halfpence, & I am not going to send round the hat, or to have it sent round on my account. I would cheerfully spoil some bloated Philistine, if he were to be spoiled, but I am not going to buy my own friends.

Poor old Moses! There's the good land. Take a good look at it. Behold the whiteness of the flowing milk; sniff the fragrance of the abundant honey - & now come along, & get into your grave.

Yours sepulchrally,
Lorimer Fison