vent her spleen about the ministry issue as well[4]—that would be a commendable outcome. Your wife’s letters are masterpieces, by the way—no flattery intended.

Cordial greetings to both of you, yours,

Einstein.

[1]In the first two sentences the formal third-person is corrected to the familiar second-person singular.

139. To Zurich Physics Colloquium

[Berlin,] 16 October 1919

Dear Colloquium,

I thank you for the poetic congratulations[1] and awkwardly send back my own as follows:

Light and heat Mrs. Sun us tenders
Yet loves not he who broods and ponders.
So she contrives many a year[2]
How she may hide her secret dear!

Now came the lunar visitor kind;
For joy, she almost forgot to shine.
Her deepest secret too she lost—[3]
Eddington, you know, has snapped a shot.

So you friends of the colloquium party
When a weak hour strikes you, hark ye![4]
What she, our Sun, cannot vanquish[5]
How could mere mortal man accomplish?

With best regards, yours,

A. Einstein.

[2]Draft version: “She would not show the child of man.”
[4]Draft version: “You friends (thus of) of the wise colloquium / Oh, but take warning example from.”