

Sunday Evening.

My dear Emma.

I regret that it is not in my power to see you before I leave, as I go to Africa in the morning. The walking has been so bad, and I have had so many things to occupy me, that I have not been able to get on the hill. Should you be in Africa before I return, do let me know it, that I may see you.

You are going away, dear Emma and perhaps we may never meet again, but I shall always remember you with the warmest affection, for you have ever been a kind, and sincere friend to me. Do not although we are separated forget to advise me as you used to do, for you know all my faults, and

have often set them before me in an
affectionate manner, for which, I am
most sincerely thank you, and hope
you will continue to do so. Do write
to me soon because I shall prize
your letters very highly. I hope you
will not think that I intend to flatter
you, I only speak the real feelings of
my heart and whenever you may
be you will always retain the
affectionate wishes, and prayers
of

Your truly affectionate friend
Susan in black.

Do not let any body see this
it may be of great regret
but I hope you will
grant it.
M.

See

11
of.

Miss Emma. Chicago.



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