

Box 479, Ada, O. Mch. 10, 1895.

Miss Lambert,
Castlett, Ohio.

My Dear Bertha: - Once more by the light of the lamp the pen is obedient to the dictates of thoughts that have been surging in my mind during the past wk. Never has a wk. passed in which my thoughts have been so drawn to you, as this wk. & perhaps it was because of the news of your letter, that caused me to realize that you would appreciate sympathy in your lonely hours.

I have felt very uneasy lest your condition was more serious than you felt disposed to speak of in your letter and that you would not be able to get out so soon as you so cheerfully anticipated. A letter from home ^{this morning} written Thursday, stated that you were quite unwell, so as might be expected I feel sad this evening, but trust that when the next letter comes this sadness will vanish.

I might and should have written sooner but supposed it would simply lie in the P. O. that much longer. I fear that you have not the opportunity to take proper care of your health, since you have such an uncomfortable school-room and long

and disagreeable walks, besides your church services. Taking it all in all I wonder that you have been able to undergo all this so long as you have. Surely we cannot afford to disobey the great laws nature has laid down for the care and protection of our physical bodies, even though our work may seem to demand it, but I shall not scold, lest I should get sick and then you would turn the scale on me.

I'm noticing my diary today my mind rushed back to the fact that just one yr. ago yesterday the spires of Westerville dawned on my vision for the first time, and I met you again the first time for several months, and of course had a very enjoyable time. But somehow as I bade you farewell at the depot and jostled along the way to Col. I seemed to have been enshrouded in a mystical mood of thought.

I scarcely seemed to have noticed the passers-by as my steps led me to the Hotel. I retired, weary and exhausted, more perhaps in mind than body, but did not rest. My mind seemed to survey every phase of my past life; school-work, Detroit Convention and all those bonds of friendship yea one bond that to me seemed more than friendship, and then the probabilities of the events of the coming year seemed to come up, but I rejoice to know that right there a victory was gained and my soul seemed to rest secure in the promise of Ps. 37:5

One yr. tonight-found me at Athens, but I was just thinking of how very different was my departure from W. the last time, nor can I forget how you met a dumb-founded, surprised out of his wits young man at Athens last summer, but the thought comes that there is little time to think of those things since the present contains so much and the future offers such great inducements to press onward.

So will you please pardon this Anniversary recital? Another term is gone, soon another commences. This was the shortest term I ever witnessed, do not know what any of my grades are, but do not feel uneasy. Of course you are having to miss school, which will make you late in the Spring, yet you will not complain. How much I would have enjoyed spending this short vacation with you, but from Friday until Tuesday gives little time for travel and visit.

However, believe ^{me} my love, my sympathy and tenderest emotions go out to you in prayer and thought, for your protection, guidance and speedy restoration to your field of work.

My heart goes out tonight to those who are still seeking to know Christ. How hard yet how simple this step is.

Our Y.M.C.A. work seems to be starting off nicely. In one of our little prayer-meetings Thursday night two of the boys came out very bright. May the good work go on.

I hope you were not disappointed of getting your letter this wk. as I was stupid enough to send it to Plantsville. Although some difficulties are in my way, yet life contains a deep tint of sweetness.

How much broader seems the vision of God's great plan and all He has in store for us if we but simply live for Jesus, reproduce His life here among men. I do want simply to live a Christ-like life.

And now while I pray this may find you in good health yet should it not, and should it find you worse, please do not hesitate to let me know in some way just how you are, for of course I shall be uneasy.

"Friendship is sweet to those, Who know no purer gem,
But love outlines the flower
That friendship culled for me."

So a tender good-night - and I leave you to the care of the Good Shepherd.

"I'll remember you love in my prayer"

With love,

J. H. Harris.

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Miss Bertha E. Lambert,
Bartlett,
"Wash. Co." Ohio.