

Box 477, Ada, O. Jan. 1, 1874. +1.
Miss Lambert,
Bartlett, O.

Dear Bertha:

This evening finds
me at my post once more,
arrived here 4:30 this evening
amid the tumult and din
of solicitors etc. Pres. Strobell
has not come in yet so
I avail myself of this opportunity
instead of writing y. m. c. a. items.

As I lost view of you this
morning I seemed to realize
more fully what a grand
and exalted privilege I had
enjoyed since Sat. I sat
down and commenced to reflect
and I must confess seemed
oblivious of all about me.

I seemed to have descended
from the mount of transfigu-
ration to the solemn realities
of life, yet my mind seemed
willing to meet them, come as
they may. I thanked God for
all His tender mercies toward me
on this beautiful New Year morning
and especially that in His
great and wise providence
He had given me a friend
whose life ^{and ministry} seemed a part of my
own. That there is a divine
^{essence} which flows from soul to soul
even though separated by miles,
and "though we part today
in sorrow, yet my love,
will meet again."

I waited at Columbus
more than an hr.

when Leonard came in
and of course we had a very
pleasant and seemingly short
trip to Dunkirk where we proceeded
to unload the sachel of its
inviting viands, but even both
of us were not able to devour
all its contents so I finished the
last morsel this evening as a
second supper. It was an
excellent lunch, both in quality
and quantity. Leonard said
of course the quantity was
regulated by the amount I
had been eating while at
Westerville. How about it?
We had only four hrs to wait
at Dunkirk. my friend
Mr. Woods met us at the
station and welcomed us to
his home where we had an
excellent time, making the
time seem short.

I calculated to take Trig. Greek and Latin, but the three come in too late, so I shall have to make some change.

You are spending your last evening at home thinking of your departure tomorrow. You have my earnest and sincere wishes and prayers for your success during this yr. and may the Holy Spirit bless each of our lines to the good of the other, making us nobler and better.

As another day is soon to be ushered in, I leave these few hurried thoughts to partake of the refreshments of slumber.

I shall try to write again next Sunday.

Your true friend,

J. H. Harris.

10.



Miss Pessha Lambert,
Bartlett,
Washington Co. Ohio.