

New Lexington, Ohio

Oct. 15, 1896.

Miss Lambert,

Westerville, Ohio.

My Darling Bertha:
I really wonder what you
are doing this evening and
if you are well again. I have
thought so much of you
this wk. and wondered how
soon I would be able to see
you. I left Lancaster Wed. morn.
and stopped at Bremen until
this morning when I came to
Jc. City. where of course I met
J. W. Willis and family. Ida
as you may know is married.
Jessie, Louisa and Mary are.
(what kind of omen is this I commenced my
letter backwards)

at home. Mary seems just
the same as ever. I had not
seen any of the family ^{except J. W.} since
they left Harmon. I came
here this evening and the first
man I met was Mr Bineckley
an Adairite whom I knew
well. He took me to this room
and entertained me very highly.
I shall not be likely to stay
here long as I wish to get into
Athens for Sunday. Perhaps
you noticed that Miss Betty was
married at Lancaster one wk. ago
today. I didn't know it until

the next day or I should have been tempted to be present. Willis gave partial reports of conference and I fear that Mr Lambert is more favored in his work this yr than last and of ^{course} we are all glad to know that is true. I have that picture before me again and am talking to it but you seem a little selfish(?) tonight as you won't look at me at all. But I guess you did not care about looking at me much when that was taken at any rate, but that makes no difference now.

I hope you are situated so the hours are not too long for you. I am sorry you have to suffer and miss your much cherished work, but you are so patient you bear those things so differently from most people. As I received no note this evening I take it for granted that you are no worse. I may go direct to Athens tomorrow as this is mainly a Catholic town. I don't know what to say ^{as to} where you may address me. If you hear nothing ^{further} from me by Sat you might write to Box 219 Athens if you feel like so doing. (If you can't read the following wait till I come.)

This is so near your birth-day that I will presume to address you as though it was tomorrow. For several ~~years~~ I have ~~looked~~ looked upon Oct 16. as a day quite sacred to me. Had I known 24 yrs ago that on that day the "Joy" "Pride" and "Blessing" ^{of my life} yes the better part of my own real self came to light I might have yelled even louder than no doubt I did.

I have for some time been looking forward to this time and hoped I might be with you

tomorrow as I believe we never
spent a birthday together and
I am coming to realize more
than ever how much we have
been missing in different
ways. And as I look at those
features this evening an
overwhelming feeling of love
and admiration arises in
my mind at the thought
that she is mine now and
forever, what greater boon could
I ask. I cannot explain it
but how the water runs so
deep that very feebly expresses
the degree of love that comes from
an honest heart in thoughts
of you "sweet girl" and I shall
never be satisfied in that sense

until we are made one
in the holy bonds of wedlock.
I admire your intellectual
powers and the determination
you have to be up and doing
in that direction. That certainly
ought to be an inspiration to
any man and I shall be sadly
disappointed if we are not
privileged to feast together intellec-
tually to a great extent as well
as in other lines.
I admire ^{your} the manner of
reserve which puts me on
my dignity and makes me
feel that I must step up a
step or two to reach you
instead of ~~even~~ stepping
down. Your sweet disposition

has often reminded me That no
fear shall be tolerated in our home.
Your moral force, piety,
chastity and makes secure the
heart of the one trusting in you.

Your devotion to home life
makes one think of the blessings
of home and causes a longing
to see those same ideas developed
in a cottage of our own.

Your deep spirit of piety
insures the enthronement of
Christ in our household and
life. Your spirit of self sacrifice
sets me on guard all the time

for fear of imposing on you.
 I admire your address and
 I do not flatter when I say that
 I admire your physical beauty
 and form and those eyes which
 have been so painful to you
 have always seemed pretty and
 fascinating to me. Your habits
 of economy and thrift are
 certainly commendable, and
 your playful and cheerful
 disposition brings sunshine to
 the heart trusting in you.
 I would not forget the
 power of inspiring song

The fact that you hail from
the center of a loving and
refined home and that you
are esteemed as one of the
pillars of sunshine and strength
in that home has its weight

I might go on for pages
in this way, but it is not
necessary. The grandest feature
above all that I have mentioned
is unexplainable and that
is that if you had none
of these other traits mentioned
there is in you a certain
spirit entity which corroborates
my own and fills every avenue
of my nature clear to the fullest

I don't know how this is
but I know that I love you

truly and affectionately.

You perhaps have four faults
but I don't see them. I have
faults but I believe you
can mould them out and
thus be the means of
better preparing a soul
for eternity. I trust that
not many birthdays shall
roll around until we shall
walk hand in hand heart in
heart in all our deliberations
and plans. Be assured
that my highest joy is
realized only in your presence
and that the pulses of happiness
is regular only when tuned
to your love. I am very
thankful because you were

Born into the world and
that you were born for
my happiness and the glory
of God. I certainly feel a
debt of gratitude for to your
parents for having so kindly
cared for you and gave you the
opportunities of culture as best
they could. I don't know how
better to express my appreciation
of this day than simply to
send this letter expressing my
feelings more than anything
else can. May blessings rest
upon you ever is the wish
of your affectionate Lover,
J. H. Harris.

Box 219

Athens, Ohio.

See

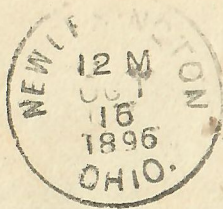
Hallowed day
Oct. 16, 1896.

Not for the money
value but for the
influence of the
beautiful life
flaming in
These words
recorded in this
little book.

May your life
be even more beautiful

A Sonnet taken
nobody but Joe. H.

126.



Miss Bertha Lambert,
Westerville,
Franklin Co. Ohio.