

Ada, O., Feb. 17, 1895.

Miss Lambert,
Bartlett, Ohio.

Dear Bertha: - This evening finds me in my accustomed place, endeavoring to bother you for a few moments, whether you wish to be bothered or not. Your sunshine has not yet arrived, but of course it is on the way, if not it is no fault of yours, so you will please pardon me for doing all the talking this wk., for I think this would be a dull wk. to me were it not my privilege to open my mind and heart to you in a few simple words.

This has been a pleasant wk. to me indeed. Time seems to pass so swiftly, and the language of my heart has been "Hear my God to Thee" by prayer and meditation my soul takes a firmer hold upon God, my earnest desire is for the filling of the Holy Spirit, which certainly is so essential to the performance of the work placed before me this yr. Would that tonight, love, instead of penning these thoughts I might enjoy the inspiration of your presence and pour out the senti-

ments of our hearts in one good general conversation. So many thoughts and topics come up, on which it would be much more pleasurable to converse ^{now} than in former yrs. I seemed to have been too much on the mountain top while at Westerville to think of anything much, especially the last day, but I guess you could hardly censure me for so being since you were the cause of it all.

We were highly entertained this afternoon by Rev. Campbell on the subj. "Divinity of Christ. Ten or twelve of the boys will attend the convention, but we shall go via Mansfield as we get our fare for \$3.35. Were we to go via Col. I had intended to stop there for the Collegiate State Oratorical Contest which will be held Thursday evening.

I very much dislike to miss my recitations but of course will have to make that kind of sacrifice quite frequently, but while good recitations has been and shall be my aim in my work, yet the highest aim in view for this yr. is to obtain specific directions for my life work. I see the general plan, but that is not sufficient. The specific directions must come, and of course that can come only by an entire consecration and giving up of self to Christ.

This shall be the highest object in view this yr, and may I ask you ^{to} take at least one moment per day in making this one special plea in my behalf!

I scarcely know what to say about school work here that would interest you, as everything seems to move along about as usual. I was pained to hear of Walter Embree's sickness, as I learned to admire him when he was in school here.

How do you manage to put in all the lonely hrs, when not in the school room? Busy though of course. Your voice in song seems to reach my ears; the inspiration of your prayer purges my life; the warm breath of love intensifies every emotion; the inspiration of your pure life, wafted on the breeze of divine love fills my waking hrs with joy serene and fits as an angel of light to guard in the hallowed hrs. of sleep.

Sweet inspiration, known only to those who rest secure in love's platonic bliss. It seems to me that were I placed on stranded wreck, or mountain's bare, or desert drear, the sweet and inspiring thought of love for you would calm my soul and cause the tender emotions of love to bound over every wave or obstacle to meet its intended one

As I can always write better after reading the inspiring
Mt. Hermon-sunshine, I defer finishing this until the
next mail; So a gushing ~~run~~ and good-night-love.

Tues. morning. I have been so busy that I neglected
to send this yesterday, so here it goes today. Please pardon
the delay. I went to the P. O. but "the letter that I longed for
never came" yet I bask in the sentiments, which I
know ^{it} will express when it does come.

This is such a beautiful morning everything seems
bright and pleasant. Hoping this may find you enjoying
yourself in the highest degree, I remain Very devotedly yours
J. H. Harris.

17



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