

Y. M. C. A. Building  
Cleveland O.

Feb. 23. '98.

My Darling Boy: - I will write  
again this evening and may  
not have a chance tomorrow.  
How I would love to spend  
an hour alone with you now  
and just revel in those luxurious  
affections. I hardly feel like  
myself up here alone. It  
just seems like a part of  
me is lacking. The convention  
is just getting better and  
better. It is quite cool here  
and it snows almost all  
the time. My cold does not  
get well but I am still  
doctoring it and hope it will  
soon be all right. We get  
dinner and supper near here  
and just go out home at  
night as we can get more  
rest in that way. Today at noon  
we took a long walk down by the  
lake. I thought of the last time

I saw Lake Erie.

I feel like I have learned a great many things about missions since I came here. Yesterday I thought I was fully convinced that it would be better for us to have more preparation before going to the field, but I feel today like just leaving it with God. I sent your father, Alva, & Ida papers containing account of Con. and Mr. Hendrickson insisted on sending it to you so I gave him permission.

Some of the people talk of staying until afternoon Mon, but I think I will come in the morning.

The old C. N. U. students are going to have a reunion tomorrow. I hope incl. Mr. Snook and many others. Geo. Hanson is here from a university in Mich,

Take good care of my boy  
and pray for me that  
I may be filled with the  
Holy Spirit and receive great  
grace from the convention.

Your own true one  
Bertha Lambert.