

Ada, O. Nov. 20, 1895.

Miss Lambert,
Westerville, O.

My Darling Butha: Your letter came to hand this wk. at the usual time as I suppose you feared the penalty spoken of. So far as being distant from you, of course you do have the advantage of me now but the penalty will be all the more severe when the opportunity is given to inflict the same, however I think you will be quite submissive. Ira may consider himself elected to pop as much corn as we both can eat unless he is absent on a trip similar to my own. I want to give Elsie a stick of candy for having locked that door. That certainly was a good one on you. You do not expect to run that way in our home do you? but I could not blame you for running if Mr Cornet stayed as long as when I ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ there. I hope Elsie will correct you in all your naughty acts and make you be a nice girl. I know my sweet-heart doesn't want to be naughty so I forgive her and love her as much - yes more - than ever. How much I would enjoy spending an hour with her just now!

We are having quite a little snow now.

Prof. Gehr wants me to build a stack (outside) at one of the school-buildings. It will take a wk. to do it, but the weather is not very favorable.

I recd. a letter from home this morning. They are preparing for a Thanksgiving entertainment at Hemmon. Mother Halls expects to give me a great dinner Thanksgiving.

Tomorrow night the ladies expect to entertain the boys in The Halls. I don't know what it is. Yet our long time will soon be up and we ~~shall~~ have the opportunity of celebrating our first anniversary. I notice your letter is not have quite the same tone they had one yr. ago. Although I enjoyed ~~them~~^{them} yet you didn't say just what I wanted you to say, but you seem to have caught the spirit since Dec. 30, 1894.

I hope to make you glad (perhaps twice glad) by my presence during holidays. Perhaps you desire to visit somewhere during holidays, if so, do not allow my date to conflict as I can come most any time. You spoke of one Sunday; I hardly supposed you would care to board me over two Sundays, however I can't conceive of how I would get tired of the boarding-house.

I am glad to know that you seem so very happy and contented in your work. You will scarcely want to quit school until you finish Harvard. Doubtless we will have a long list of subjects to discuss in our visit. I have commenced already to note the different topics that may suggest themselves as the time goes on.

The fellow I spoke of going to Otterburi after holidays was expelled from here Monday.

I am feeling well and so far this term have done better work than any previous term, and yet there is room for improvement.

In thinking over the past year I have been very much impressed at the manner in which (it seems to me) a providential hand has watched over and guided our way. Of course we know ^{not} what may result, but I feel more determined every day to let God's plan prevail in everything and daily I ask for specific directions as to what to do and how to do the same. I believe that God is pleased with

our plan and motive and shall we not
ask Him daily to so purify our lives that
we may be fit temples for the indwelling of
His Spirit. Every time I think of you there
is an impulse for good comes over me that
can be known only by the experienced. Whatever
failure I may make in life may I never
fail to cherish (ye almost adore) her whose love
God has so provided should be bestowed upon
me. It certainly shall be and is one of the
questions of daily concern as to how best turn
my life and love to your happiness and the
glory of God. I heard Rev. Campbell's sermon to
young ladies last Sat. evening and I must say
that I admire your idea of education etc more
than ever. What a wonderful thing it is to
exist (live rather) in just this time and age.

A feeling of pride naturally rises within me
when I call you my sweetheart, for indeed ^{never} ~~not~~ a
thought arises but that we are one, firmly bound and
sealed by a God-given tie and all that is required is
the outward manifestation to the world, but we choose
to keep this to ourselves. May God bless you Bertha
and keep us both very near Him.

Your devoted Lover,
J. H. Harris.

Nov. 20,

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Miss Bertha E. Lambert,
Westerville, Ohio.
"Franklin Co."