

Ada, Ohio.

Jan. 27th 1895.

1. Miss Lambert,
Barlett, Ohio.

Dear Bertha:

Once more the mighty wheels of Time usher us to this pleasant hour. The past wk. to me has been a short and pleasant one.

Scarcely does Monday seem to come until Sat. awakens us to its claims. Nothing of special importance has transpired since this morn. except quite a blizzard, which assuaged its rage Friday evening, continuing until last evening.

What I dreaded most was that in preparing for and in making a Y. M. C. A. canvass, I was compelled to be out in the storm more than was at all agreeable, causing me to feel what I suppose is my ^{natural} ~~proper~~ sphere [i.e.] stupid. The same feeling still clings to me this evening, and doubtless will pervade this pen-scratched letter.

We listened to a stirring address this afternoon by Rev. Price of Denison, O. The subject was "Opportunity". It was magnificent indeed. How I wish you might have heard it. Space forbids saying anything about it here. We have secured sixty new Y. M. C. A. members this term, the largest number they ever have gotten in one term since I have been here. Business at the head of it? you see! (over).

Your soul-inspiring missive came to hand in due season, and was it read? yes read read at least a dozen times and will be read until another takes its place. What a glorious thought wrought out in opportunity, that you being at so great a distance may so transcribe your thought as to breathe forth such an inspiration to my soul.

N. B. As this paper is so thin I guess two cents will carry enough of it without writing on both sides. It will be almost impossible for you to read it unless held in a ^{certain position}. Please pardon the blunder. See next sheet.

I was glad to know that you seemed more at home and that your tasks seem easier to bear. You spoke of your Literary Society. I'm passing allow me to say that some literary societies have not ambition enough to quarrel: some could not find anything to quarrel about even if they wanted to quarrel, others would not quarrel even if they could. Our societies have the ambition, can always find something to quarrel over and would quarrel even if there was nothing to quarrel about. To which class does yours belong?

A letter from father yesterday revealed the sad bereavement of Armstrongs. I can scarcely realize that it is true. Yet why need we be surprised? Is it not appointed to all once to die? and has He not said "Be ye also ready". My heart goes out in sympathy to those bereaved in a different sense ^{now} than eight years ago.

Some life may be changed in this instance as well.

It is now 7:30 and you are at church, if well. Leonard spoke just a moment ago saying he would like to be at Mt Hermon tonight. I expressed the same desire and he laughed at me. You tempt me and make me sad too by your artistic manner of reproving me of my negligence in ^{not} accompanying you home from church. You will have to take the bill for the deed. Ha' ha! what used to be ^{at times} an encumbrance is now

a luxury. Just draft some of those big boys into training ^{and} if they want ^{you} recommended, tell them to write to me. But enough of this.

Indeed just to engage in worship with you this evening would be a great inspiration, and to take one of those walking conversations would certainly yield exquisite pleasure, but O! for the expression of countenance and the tender emotion of those eyes, revealing, as they did in our last exchange of optical emotion at the Station at Westville, volumes of sacred inspiration to me.

But to return to your letter. Well I read it through carefully, being alone, for a few moments I seemed lost in reflection, The past seemed to flood my mind, the different ideas and thoughts seemed to call attention with irrepressible force. The whole curriculum of life seemed spread out before me on a different canvas from even before.

I looked to "The Rock of Ages" and thanked God that while life is real, yet so many of its sorrows are tinged with a halo of sweetness that far exceeds the elysian pleasures of a fairy land. I confess my weakness, for irrepressible tears gushed from their fountain. Some of course would say "silly", but I know you will excuse me.

That letter seemed you did breathe the thought that

breaks every barrier that might exist between our lives. Sweeter strains may not reach mortal ears. Yet O my love would that some angel hands had restrained your hand from writing, yea even your mind from thinking of ~~the~~ me asking pardon at my hand, for dear Bertha! assure your never before had such a thought entered my mind, for indeed if any apology is necessary I should ask pardon at your hand for reasons which I need not state here.

Please do not allow such a thought to mar your happiness, for while it may be that ~~if~~ you did not in the past look upon ^{me} with the same ~~of~~ emotion that characterized my thought toward you, yet my faith in your sincerity never wavered, however coolly my approaches may have been met.

Perhaps what you in your life considered as a pang to me was in you a great virtue which made me all the more idolize you and determine to win the prize, for long ago did I discover that he who would win such a prize, must not seem but must be, and that your love should never be bestowed only upon him in whom it ~~was~~ should abide and rest forever. While this same principle may at times while roving over Virginia's hills, Ohio's valleys or Indiana's plains ^{has} caused me to sink

within my own thought and wonder if I should be able to be successful, yet there was always a burning inspiration that seemed to impel me forward, I know not how, and caused me to admire even idolize the very virtue in you which had seemed to me in one sense faint, yet all the more glorious because of the reward beyond.

I have much to forget and as you know have in a measure asked you to forget on my own account, yet I say forgetting anything and everything that either of ^{us} may see in our own or in the life of the other which we may regret, and remembering the bright things let us press forward heart in heart, hand in hand, life in life. to make all out of life possible. The question comes everyday how can I best improve my time to make the results conducive to your happiness and the Master's work, for I owe so much to you. In the reciprocation of love I find in you ~~what~~ that which so satisfies and quiets the yearnings of my soul. And now my dear one I know that the good judgment and the many virtuous qualities which have so drawn me to you, will prompt you in what you may have to say in all our correspondence.

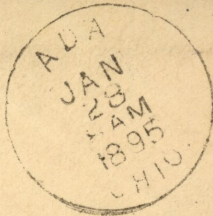
Love expresses itself in various ways and the way that is most natural to the individual I suppose that is the way it will be most expressed. (over)

6. may God bless you and use you as an instrument in winning souls for the Master.

If you become wearied with these long letters please make it known. Thanking you for this privilege and hoping the folks may continue to take good care of you as they have expressed they were trying to do, wishing you continued success in your work and bidding you a sweet good-night I close. (kiss "S")

Your love, J. H. Harris.

14.



Miss Bertha Lambert,
Partlett,
"Wash. Co." Ohio.