Westerville, O. July 25. '97.

Mr. J. A. Harris,
Athens O.

My Darling Joe:— We are blessed once more with a beautiful Sabbath. It is quite warm and I have been lazy enough to nap a little, the first napping I have done on Sun. for a long time. I rec'd your letter of the 21st inst— last evening. I know I was never as glad to get a letter. I had not heard from you— for over a week and was getting quite anxious. I knew the mail was slow but was a little afraid your felon would result in some— thing worse; so you must pardon me for the impatience I expressed in my letter of the 23rd.

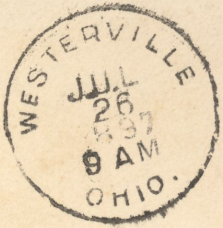
I am so glad to know you are better, but you must be careful in beginning work again. I think I've must have had something of the same feeling of loneliness the last week. But it seems that we must learn to be patient. I am glad you were where you could be at home while sick. I know your folks felt honored to be able to care for you, although you did feel lonely. Well, I hope to be able to care for you through your next illness. However I hope you may be well a long time. Some things must be very much changed in the old neighborhood. I can hardly bear the thoughts of seeing the old home go down and yet we can not expect it to remain the same.

Father and Mother left yesterday morning on the first car. They were going to Logan where they will stay until Aug. 15th and then go on down home. I do not know how long they will be gone, but I presume three or four weeks. Elsie and I are getting along fine keeping house but I expect the novelty of it will wear off before Mother gets back. I was at Church and S. S. today. Mr. Redding, Mr. Rusler, Miss Good and I constituted the choir. I understand that Mr. Rusler and his Mother are going away this week. I do not know how we can get along without Mr. Rusler. Perhaps some one will rise up to take his place.

Carrie and Elsie have been saying, "Why don't Joe come up." So you see we are all getting anxious to see you, therefore if you run out of work come up and see us. We still have some of that "midnight-oil" you brought out. The parlor is hushed in silence. We girls all think it is too sacred a place to use when alone, so we only enter it, cast a look at the various corners and close it up again until the "points" return. But will we not love each other more for the trials of separation we have endured? I would love to be with you this afternoon, and hope I may see you soon. I had another sweet dream the other night.—

"I'll remember you" Love in my prayers. Your Sweetheart—
Bertha E. Lambert.

117



Mr. J. A. Harris,
Athens,
Box 219. Ohio.