

near to you with it, but I
do feel better for having writ-
ten it, and I thank God that
he has given me, answer
dear, to whom I can thus
spend freely my heart's
sincerest thoughts. You
are indeed my good Earth
angel, and truly our Father
I trust that you may ever
be the guardian one
that you are now, may
I ever love and trust you
as now, may you ever
be trusted as counsel or
wife and ever be mine,
God's best blessing to our Father

Emma

Lockester N. Y.
Nov 20th - 1859

Evening

I really feel ashamed
to write to you tonight. Here I have
been all this blessed day - doing what
do you think? Did you ever see my face
flushed with shame Emma? Yes too
well I remember and you cannot
forget that you have. It was but a
year ago that I depended and obeyed
myself in your sight, and now I must
do it again - but not - thank God not
so deeply, not so entirely as then, but
yet it is a degradation. The fact
is Emma I have spent this holy day

Faths in reading one of Scott's
novels. My thoughts have scarcely ^{been}
directed Heavenward once today, but
bound like my eyes to that enchanti-
ing book they have swept over the
whole five hundred pages of that
~~enchanted book, and soon after~~
ried I as it were, woke from my day
dream to the fact that I have profaned
the Lord's day, and am no better for
it's holy light having shone, no nearer
Heaven, and no more anxious for
my fellows' eternal welfare, but con-
science smitten, heart-sick, and almost
despairing in regard to my own.

In very truth Emma I do forget
my God oft times. I am so sinful - God-
based, so worthless, so unfaithful to
our God that I wonder he permits me
still to disgrace His Earth. I am un-
worthy of your love, Emma, and I
know undeserving that of God! Some
times when I hold converse with my

own polluted heart I dare scarce
claim the name of Christian, &
then I dare not divorce, I dare
not give up my hope in Heaven
for I feel that I must or lose the
love which so little prize that few
would think that I should be lost
or - forever. Tremble, Emma, at my
own wickedness, my own unworthiness
and carelessness, my black hearted
ingratitude towards the Being who
has been so good to me. Oh you
remember Emma how I once told you
that I regarded you, as the old crimi-
nal did his fair child when he said
"I feel as if there were mercy for me in
Heaven yet while the prayers of innocents are
heard there," for I know that your warm
prayer is for me. Indeed Emma I
can well utter the prayer save me from
my own heart, "for my heart is deceit-
ful almost faithless, and I get
them to God - I do love Him - I do

not in, and when an weak heart gives out - it remembers half an
voluntarily. This weak heart - can scarce maintain its trust in Him
through any of its feelings that Death were welcome any hour, the All
Wise and All Good God might call, and tribulation to his dear
judgment seat. When I look back on life I cannot but thank God for
reproofs and punishments He has given me. When by my own
weakness I had degraded myself in your sight; and lost the
good place in your esteem, & reverence which I am fully conscious
I can never regain, I was sad - I almost wished that I had
never known light or love; now I feel that I am with all my
errors, wretched of your love than them. I do not fear Eternity, the life I long
to go with any fellow, or outward temptations of any kind, but
I do fear the strength, or weakness, rather of any poor poor heart.
I know not what I shall do - I long to give you its peace
needs, but it cannot be conveyed, and yet helping me to
shall be conveyed. I will not send this to you until I write

Monday Morning

I have first time to write a
few words, my love, but I wish
to send you a letter to day or I will
even write as many as I can and send
them. I feel much better for having writ
ten what I did to you last night. And
though it may not be very emphatically
worded I will send it to you just as
it is for it is true & dearer to me of
one side of my heart; a sketch drawn
by my spiritual hand. We were giving
our Paige Latin a few days since. It
is the L. Q. Book of Livy's Roman History.
I shall study it; not it is true with my
very definite hopes of getting the prize on
either of them - but surely for the benefit
of the thing, the knowledge of Latin, and
get thereby and to increase the chance
of its falling into the L. Q. Fraternity.
It is not probable that the best school

or even the best translator will get
the prize. The songs of Prize Committees
like those of Providence are entirely
inscrutable. Probably the best specimen
will stand the best chance, even this
however is uncertain. Four out of the
five L's boys in our class will try for
it and probably Tuttle or Patten will
get it if it comes into the society at all,
for they are much better specimens
than myself or Benjamin. There
will probably more apply for it than
ever before. There will be four L's
or five Alpha Deltas, two Omegas, & one
or two D. K. E's. I hope you like that little
poem of Benvenyze's which I sent you
the other day, for I think it exceeding
sweet. I am not studying French
now, but may possibly do so next
term again. I think not however for
I can now read any passages of
French that was ever written, I mean
of course with some aid from a lexicon

and I do not expect to get a com-
pletely familiar knowledge of it while
here in college. You remember what I
told you once about reading Pope
that I considered it my duty to send
such an excerpt on to you, if I am to be
any thing of a literary man. Well I guess
you would think I intended to do my
duty in this respect any how, if you
could see some of the letters I am read-
ing. Some of Horace was vulgar enough
but Juvenal is as much worse as
can be imagined. I verily believe
that if one should send some of his
poems to a white birch tree it would
blush! I don't know but I shall come
to consider Kitcher endurable at length
I went and pulled at his nose the
other day. I had quite a frequent
play with him. He likes
which he has of you is one that will
Edwin sometimes think like
I shall not stand it for all that

even the very best, I could not endure to have it in my
possession. I believe I would have it in a night's
words. I have the original done. But there's the break-
fast-hell and I must say it's call & then at my lessons
to have four of blessings with the same.

Bliss

DUPLICATE
DUE 3rd 1864

Miss O. L. Kilborn

Convent

P. S.