

Monday Morning

Albion,

Strange though it may seem to you, that I shall speak thus, but justice to myself and you demand it, and I venture to lay my own name, trusting to that confidence which has been due to this trusting to the higher and nobler impulses of your own Manly bosom, and (as a Sister) be candid.

The met as strangers met, there was nothing beautiful or pleasing in the exterior of either, but, as the soul peered from the windows of

The inner temple we felt the silver
chord of our hearts vibrate with ten-
derness and sympathy - You gave me
your confidence and I returned in
part.

You asked me to become your
sister one of the many to whom you
had promised a brother's love and
affection, in return for a sister's.
I cannot give this, this as you had
required it of me.

Albion this affection, the true
pure and abiding affection of a
sister grows & ripens but with years
It may seem firm, and brighten
as we point our Brother his faults
failings, his duties it may seem
strong and strengthen, when by
our influence the cloud is dissipat-
ed and the "rain bow" spans the dark-
est that may linger - but it does
require months & years before the

Love becomes strong, firm, lasting
I would know the long, before I loved
such as I give at home but Albion
I fear to give thee even this for
to do so I fear I should

Love you "Love you" with all that deep
and holy love, that remains with in my
bosom always and I would not be
it all true & bleeding glory but
never again to Love to accept but
but a small portion of my sincere
regards and let us be friends and
summer friends, but true and
confidential friends.

August 11.

Reply to June 29