

"Vassar"

Dearest Carrie,

Do not ever fail to pass one week when you do not send a letter to me me, dearest sweet. If you could not find the time first this once, I'll pardon you, If again there comes no line. I will something dreadful do. Oh how very wicked am I to sit here and write when I ought to, by and by, For Room L. recite with the other Sophomores to Prof. Ortons call, bores

who must think we are great for we announce not at all. Ver long this week has been. Send in passing on, seen for so much we've heard and which I'll tell you soon. Yesterday we felt great pleasure, joy and much delight. When we were wed the chorus treasure from our men so bright. Would before us lecture who but John B. Gough. Can you to yourself not picture, for a sound not enough, in our little chapel joyful heard throughout all his talk? Yet it is not very needful that I make you hark to his every word and story, If I could, I mean. Which it addeth to his glory, (This is plainly seen), alternate

That we laughed and cried. As he wished us to when he told us tales of hate, joy and pity too. It was of his life in London when he spent five years that he told us. How the sun so as me off hears. Hidden but he fog so heavy, from which easily one could cut a slice more fully than from bread. Then he told us of the little Arabs, poor and thinly class who become thieves, rogues night pads and since food can't be had. it, but this means they seem to find food and wretched clothes, but they fall into a pitt which the good man loathes. Today we [?] our service, read by Doctor Hall. with content and perfect bliss heard him through it all. Rector of a church in Brooklyn, Holy Trinity.

In the further he will who Golden fame, truly. And he was so earnest, noble and sincere. He must be among the best that in dwelt down here. Carrie dear, my page is nearly filled to its extent. And I must go to bed go early for 'tis my intend to get up and learn my lessons since I know not all, and we've been asked a string of questions by a from. not Hall. Show not, dear, this silly letter if you wish to keep my love for worse and better . of kisses a head I send. Will you please distribute them to the few who love me, and you will quite suit You find

Loving, Ju