

Hampstead May 14<sup>th</sup> /63

My darling,

what will you say if I write this with a pencil?

Say I am too lazy to write with a pen perhaps – and that shall be about the truth; or too tired – or both

I received a short letter from you last week – it did not contain much – scarcely more than to ~~as~~ prove to me that you were displeased with ~~and~~ me and almost discouraged. And I don't blame you either. I was almost ashamed to think I ever felt as I did then. But I do get very low-spirited some times. And when I am so, it seemes impossible that you can love me. But I have not been so for a long time. I have been very happy of late – all that troubles me now is the fear that something will happen to you before you can get home

It seemes as though I felt more worried now about you. than I ever did

Oh I wish I knew that you would come back to me safe once more.

But I am not going to ask the spiritualists – I am willing to trust in a higher power than [theirs\*], but the blessing seemes so near that I cannot help reaching out to grasp it.

I like our new minister (Mr. Tilton) very much. Hope you will get home to hear him preach. And you probably will as he will preach a year [with us\*]

He spoke to me to-day for a [long\*] time. He says And this is sister Harris I told him my name was Harris.

He laughed and said “and aint you sister?”

William told me to-day that all the N.H. infantry were going to be discharged [...] [as\*] to be [home\*] [on\*] the first of June. [Oh that the\*] [...] [So I am beginning to hope so at least.\*]

Reufus [More\*] played the organ to-day. He lives [...]\*

[letter is written in pencil and difficult to read throughout but from here on it is illegible]