

child  
My dear  
with mud  
love ever  
believe me  
you may  
truly  
Sophie  
A big time  
to know  
can come  
to wait  
be most  
to see you  
wordy you say

Nothing, absolutely  
nothing could have given  
me greater pleasure than  
your letter which I received  
last night, my dear I  
am perfectly delighted  
& think it the very best  
thing that could have  
happened to you. Do you  
remember when <sup>you</sup> Nina was  
out here she teased you with  
being in love with Dr. H. & you  
indignantly denied the  
charge

It is my belief that Nina  
was right & that she showed  
profound wisdom therein.  
Papa & mamma send you  
all sorts of love & good wishes  
& as for me you know how  
I hope & pray for your happiness  
& believe me Anne such  
affection as you have won  
is worth a thousand so-called  
loves of men who are in love  
with every pretty face they  
see & think any \$ to satisfy  
any girl with a few sops



words & tender looks. You have  
won a priceless treasure  
don't let it go, & his faith  
& trust in you is beyond  
all praise. I am sure that  
as the Americans say he  
will "wash well" & that you  
will grow fonder & fonder  
of him as time goes on. After  
all life is not all kisses  
& blandishments though  
as you know, I do not  
despise these occasionally.  
I am truly truly glad &

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Give the poor man a good  
long courting time when  
he has been so patient &  
let him have his fill of  
the sweets of betrothal  
before he plunges headlong  
into matrimony. I am  
dying to ~~to~~ see your rings  
& have a good talk. Writing  
after all is so unsatisfactory  
I am so glad your parents  
are pleased it is such a  
comfort & the boys all like  
him too do they not? And

then he has such a pretty  
name you must not call  
him "You." It is amusing  
to hear you call £500 a  
year poverty. I thought  
you had not grand ideas.  
I should say that was pretty  
well for two young people  
just-beginning life.  
If it is not bothers to put this  
at the end of a congratulatory  
letter will you tell Mrs Dawson  
from mamma that the woman  
from whom she got the last butter  
last year has some this autumn  
to dispose of if she would lift  
but perhaps she has laid in her  
winter stock. And now my dear