

a little sprinkling of snow  
some of the day.  
But I shall  
worry you if  
I haven't a book  
unless I know  
with certainty  
to ever  
Mayard.

Union Falls, N. P. Jan. 6.

Rev. H. Lyman.

Forest Grove, Oregon.

Dear Uncle.

I cannot acknowledge  
the receipt of any letter from you,  
since writing last; & perhaps it is  
foolish for me to write to you  
this week; but I have become so  
accustomed to writing to you, about  
this time in the week, that it seems  
almost like one of my duties to  
do so. There are so many chances  
in such a long journey, for letters  
to be delayed, on the route, or lost;  
that I thought you might have written  
about as you had for several weeks  
past; & I might not have rec'd it;  
though of course you are under no  
obligation to write so often.

You have given me such a free invitation to write to you, that I trust you will not consider that I am overstepping the bounds of propriety. This week of prayer is drawing near its close. <sup>Heaven,</sup> & earth seem nearer together, when so much prayer is ascending to God, from all parts of the world. I trust that your field of labor, in common with many others, may receive a rich spiritual blessing, in answer to prayers offered during this week.

Jan. 10th. Thus far, I had proceeded, when a sleep overpowered me; and being unable to finish it, in the morning, did not get it off, on Sat. as I intended. If you can excuse me for sending such a looking sheet, will write along.

Perhaps this looks no worse than others I have sent, but I have seen

I should not wish any one, unless it  
were yourself, to know how oftent  
read them. I think you must have  
become weary of writing so many  
times before you recd any thing  
from me. Suppose I cannot look  
for any thing from you, this week.

You may have recd. one in  
which I acknowledged receipt of  
that generous offer of yours, I mention  
some of the many things I must con-  
sider before giving a decided answer,

I still desire to do right in  
the matter. Oh! if we could always  
know what duty is! I recd an  
other letter from Harace with yours  
last Sat. Isn't it funny how  
his letters & yours always fall in  
company, before they reach me?

He seemed to be in good  
spirits. He kindly renews his in-  
vitation to me to visit Oregon. &  
The dear boy says (excuse me for call

ing him a boy when he is a min-  
ister) that he will write poetry  
for me by the yard, if I will go.

Perhaps his poetic ardor might  
somewhat abate should he think  
of me, as a "cruel step mother."

Another rec'd. a letter from <sup>that</sup>  
Jola last week. Castleton friends  
were in about their usual health.

She mentioned the death of  
Dea. Caswell whose widow is  
Mother's cousin. Perhaps you had  
heard of it before; but we had  
not been informed of it before.

Our weather is still very  
changeable. After being very mild  
most of Dec. it grew cold at  
the close, & some of the first days  
of the year, we had snug winter  
weather the mercury going down  
to 18° below 0, one morning; but  
it soon moderated again. We  
have no snowing, yet, though there is

it by daylight! I should beg your  
pardon, for inflicting upon you  
such nuisances.

Yours of 14<sup>th</sup> Dec. reached me Sat.  
evening — having been 2 weeks on  
the way. Many thanks, dear Uncle,  
for its contents; You need have  
no fear that I shall not prize  
your likeness. Think I shall not  
wish to give it away. We have <sup>an</sup> ~~an~~  
old photograph of you: at which  
I have often looked, since our  
correspondence commenced. But  
I like this late one, better; — think  
you look better, as you advance  
in years. Yours is a noble bro.  
But this is perhaps too much like  
praise to the face & I forbear. I stuck  
that little one of myself, (which you  
may have read, before this) into my  
letter, to hint to you, that I would  
like yours; but — you had kindly an-  
ticipated my wish, & sent yours to me



previously, I think; though I do not re-  
member <sup>I certainly</sup> the date of the one in which  
I sent - that. I enclose one, of which  
that small one, is a copy. <sup>has not</sup>  
sat - far one since this was taken, <sup>4</sup>  
years ago. Some of my friends called  
this very natural. One of my dear  
New Hampshire aunts, (my father's sis-  
ter) said she felt almost - as if  
she could have a visit - with me,  
when she looked at it. I send  
it to you not - because I consider  
that it will be any addition to  
your collection, to have this "horrid  
old maid" (unless for the curiosity);  
but in compliance with your request.

Of course I have not grown  
young, during these years since this  
was taken but - am somewhat - more  
horrid & haggard. As for this "con-  
tinued writing," of which you speak  
it is not, in my opinion, "too much  
of a good thing" & is indeed a good  
thing. I enjoy your letters ever so much.