My own darling little gell

I hope you did not feel very tired after the pleasant little lunch of Wednesday and it won't be very long now darling before you come to me. I hope it will be by Wednesday. By the way when you were in at Proctors the other day didn't you forget to say anything about those pens. I think he must have them as I sent the sample to him last Saturday. I never thought of them until yesterday. If you want me to do anything about them I shall be in town Monday afternoon and could see about them. If you are going to be in town any day and want to see me all you have to do is to send me word and I shall be there.

My own dear darling I do love you so much and I think that no one would wonder at my affection for you if it was known what a constant source of comfort and delight you have always been to me, a great deal of real strength comes from a faith in a friendship that has never faltered, and darling when I think of the depth and meaning of our love for one another it makes all life a very different thing, the tragic side of loneliness and worry will never be wholly known to us as long as we have each other.

Our quadruped is quite ill so I am afraid that John and I will have to forego the pleasure of driving over to see you. After we go in town Mrs. Atkinson and Miss--Mary Clark are coming to spend the winter with mother and I think she will find it very pleasant.

Good bye my own dear darling for the present and you know that I love you more and more and am always your own

Wags

This card came for you yesterday. I had a nice letter from Mary on Wednesday afternoon and the (-?-) was most satisfactory.

A Sonnet

I saw at even mid the starry train
One that made brighter the celestial main.
So gloriously fair it was to me,
So full of light, and love, and mystery,
Beloved, fancy said the star was thee.
Ah me! to look upon yet ne'er attain
Mingled my rapture with increase of pain:
But as entranced I softly breathed thy name
It clef the dazzling firmament: it came
As if at my fond call across the night,
Gleamed, and was lost, this meteor bright.
So did'st thou come to me and so depart:
Yet love whate'er betide, where' er thou art
Thy light enshrined is within my heart.

Sam'l Adams Drake
1861.