

Bolton Lake George

Sunday evening

My own Darling

Your sweet kind letter of Wednesday last reached me at Caldwell on Saturday. God bless you for it. It is just what your own dear good heart would suggest. I can scarcely yet realize my dearest Mary how much I have reason to be thankful to the Father above for giving me the love & affection of so dear a child of His as I know you are. I see my own many imperfections so clearly. I see how little there is really about me better than the humblest of my fellow men. How little worthy I am of the love of one so so pure & I would like to say so lovely but this word looks too much like those used in heartless flattery that I almost shrink from using it with you whom I love & respect so far too much to flatter. I thank you again & again my own dear Mamie for your sweet & affectionate letter, I carry it about with me for it seems like a talisman of good. Oh how long for the time when I can clasp you in my arms to be never again separated except when it is His good will who gave you to bless me. I can then show & prove to you how much I love you I can now only say it to you.

I am so happy dearest Mary to see by your letter that you are evidently well and, poor dear child may you always be so! As it is very near September I suppose you must be looking forward with regret to the time when your good friends the Ingrahams will leave you. Give my very kindest remembrances & thanks for her little inscript (to coin a word for the occasion) in your letter, I always liked her but since I have known her friendship for you she seems almost like a sister. You know I have never known the blessing of a real sister. I had one but the little bud was nipped by the frost of her second year & died a child. I was perfectly well dear Mary on that Sunday evening tho' a little tired, I am already stronger I think from inhaling the pure mountain & lake air & I hope to come home in good time for this winters duties & dissipations. Mamie! Mamie! how you would enjoy it here! but there is no use of me trying to describe it \_ it must be seen to feel. I do a great deal of rowing & walking every day. The lock of your precious hair you gave me is very dark as you supposed & does not fairly represent the sunny hue of your



tresses, but still it does to look at and kiss – for it is such a pleasant thought it is part of your dear self. Before I forget it you must never say “your” Lake George but pray say our for I know you will love it & with that assurance it will be all the brighter to me. Several friends & myself start to morrow morning at 6 oclock to spend the day fishing in the narrows among the thousand islands fishing – it is about 7 miles from here & we will be gone all day – I miss not having my steamboat terribly – it would be just the thing here & all my friends are so disappointed that I did not. I do not know how soon I will return; as I have not written or received any letters from home yet am I not slacking in correspondents -- at least Miss Lane must think so. I fear you cannot read this cross-scribble

God bless you & keep you in his holy care my darling girl—ever yours affectionate

J B Henry

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