

Dear Fk

June 18<sup>th</sup>/80

Yr let<sup>rs</sup> of 9<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup> & [word illegible] of 11<sup>th</sup>, I have been unable to give the attention I desired— you know I keep all let's until ans<sup>d</sup> & you also know how many I have to ans<sup>r</sup>. Miss Talmon invit<sup>d</sup> me to stay with her & I went to the City on the 7<sup>th</sup>, but it was so hot I return<sup>d</sup> to [P?] the same eve'g. In yrs of the 9<sup>th</sup> you write "I may venture to say, you will not meet anyone who will appreciate as much or be as grateful for yr gifts as I."

And again "I cannot explain the antipathy my words seem to have for my actions." —When actions—Fk prove entire selfishness & past kindnesses are endorsed by forgetfulness there is nothing — to be said.

It is not in promises of the future—which may never come to you or I but in performances of the present we show our feelings— our gritudes & our characteristics—Words give no trouble & take less time. Perfect trust, & confidence — makes permanent friends. The poem "Redemption" by Longfellow I can almost repeat to you— The day after Sophie<sup>s</sup> funeral, M<sup>r</sup> Solon Humphreys sent <sup>me</sup> the Poet's works & mark<sup>d</sup> that piece for me.

I had a beautiful let<sup>r</sup> from Mr Meottet wish<sup>g</sup> me to go with them to "Woodlawn" \_the anniversary of D<sup>r</sup> Lawrence<sup>s</sup> death to join in the Services at his grave, I fear<sup>d</sup> to go as the weather was like the day I took you to G-wood. I wrote Mr M & sent him the follow<sup>g</sup> lines & if I was not with them all in the flesh I was in spirit. M<sup>rs</sup> B. is still in bed & no better. I have just had a let<sup>r</sup> of six pages from M<sup>r</sup> M—I am glad to know you were too quickly alarm<sup>d</sup> about yr health with grateful returns to yr family & household—I send you prayers by this mail — as ever Jo.

Editor's note: This letter has darkened with age and is difficult to read.