Causen Sept 27 1165-Dear necei: -Jun letter of august 14th Come day begun gesterday, the Steamer dacean \ merete hang anniel in dan Francisco on Saturday, kringing the Quails. Ces I promier gun in any letter of bunday I surprove the opportunity to acknowledge its receipe. But I ame not attempt a regular litter, for this is me of & my working days, and falities and the Junters are Keeping my hands full. But aghe here I will enay I smeeting bende swing gan a techter receifs for gover Kund spelle. It lies before one; and arms the top of the fine lenge I see Runetty Which I have read bend fundend with no wi Considerable degree of Salufartin

It is altogether writty of June good frankener to arte que Do you Jung for gunnely!" To answer This and the deductions while follow is, Catagorically I wie say, find, I do not often Juay " in the common aceptance of the und. But we are too ape to give way to the conventioned meaning of that word. I belevie there one can hips his ful to God" ni devoutness of Spirit withour surpring employing the fet please of speech used in the Churches or low at the family allar. And when I lay my head upon very bellew, of often, - not always - in sinvard revenue for The Supreme Creator, mode his waschfull Come for me and There I love and while feeling rugself within the Devine presence, hope for

the continuance of life, health and all Earthy bleneigs for myself and Them. and Ju share in there devotimal thoughts of mine. Is this not prayer! I loope it is. nellie I mee put tell gru any lettle fibs: net gue, I deten deceit! Rod Knows there impunities have furthered themselves about me and factured themselfer upon my habits of thought and action. But I hope that I have lecaped that love stratum of deprovily, the practice of gleceit. But every hear who has learned his world wie lesson feels there there is weach of his Experience for soil that he ought to withheld from the food and pure. Petentin is deceit -I hope I do les practice it.

But I am unting a boundy -I not a letter - but with all the I have Raid, zur rung be cerlain Thre I am bad knowsh in all Concience. There is no little feb about ther. I den glad that you consen in my judgmene og Sur Justice Lewis fil tration. He is a food priend of come E & M and I shall tell live that a certain Jung lady who is a very find judge Ell of leterary productions, browners foundly Est alanned - I would tell him also that Olever dens glorible mar hellie. I feel very sail when I semetimes fear those Jun do nor allogether house my A buicevily. Believe me and pray for me; and when The food Time comes That Figure with full musion of confidence and love - abrudy full and perfect on my hand now. and to do I

Carson Baily Appeal. ROBINSON & MIGHELS. By Henner This nellie bendl nommy Village

Carson Sept 27th 1865

Dear Nellie:--

Your letter of August 16th came day before yesterday, the Steamer Sacramento having arrived in San Francisco on Saturday, bringing the mails. As I promised you in my letter of Sunday I impose the opportunity to acknowledge its receipt. But I must not attempt a regular letter, for this is one of my working days; and politics and the printers are keeping my hands full.

But right here I will essay something beside giving you a receipt for your kind epistle. It lies before me; and across the top of the first page I see something which I have read and pondered with no inconsiderable degree of satisfaction

[in Margin:]
I am just about making up a budget of appeals for you. Kiss Lue for me. Regards to Byron.

[page 2]

It is altogether mostly of your good frankness to ask me "Do you pray for yourself?" To answer this and the deductions which follow it, categorically, I will say, first, I do not often "pray" in the common acceptance of the word. But we are too apt to give way to the conventional meaning of that word. I believe that one can "lift his soul to God" in devoutness of spirit without employing the set phrase of speech used in the churches or even at the family altar. And when I lay my head upon my pillow, I often, -- not always -- in inward reverence for the Supreme Creator, invoke his watchfull care for me and those I love and while feeling myself within the Divine presence, hope for

[page 3]

the continuance of life, health and

all Earthy blessings for myself and them. And you share in these devotional thoughts of mine. Is this not prayer? I hope it is. Nellie I will not tell you any "little fibs". With you, I "detect deceit." God knows that impurities have fastened themselves about me and fastened themselves upon my habits of thought and action. But I hope that I have escaped that lower stratum of depravity, the practice of deceit. But every man who has learned his world will lesson feels that there is much of his experience for evil that he ought to withhold from the good and pure. Pretention is deceit --I hope I do not practice it.

[page 3]

But I am writing a homily -not a letter -- but with all that I have said, you may be certain that I am bad enough in all conscience. There is no "little fib" about that.

I am glad that you concur in my judgment of Mr Justice Lewis oration. He is a good friend of mine and I shall tell him that a certain young lady who is a very good judge of literary production, pronounces favorably upon his effort. Dont shrink nor be alarmed -- I wont tell him who that young lady is.

Please don't doubt me Nellie. I feel very sad when I sometimes fear that you do not altogether trust my sincerity. Believe me and pray for me; and when the good time comes that we shall meet again may our imperfect acquaintance ripen with full unison of confidence and love -- already full and perfect on my part now. And so do I

[left margin]

breathe a prayer when I say may God bless you and me. My kind remembrance to all. I should like to read your proposed poem in "New Milk". Style it "Lacteal Musings" and send me a copy. Affectionately and in haste Harry.

[See margin of page 1]

[envelope]

[letterhead envelope] Carson Daily Appeal. ROBINSON & MIGHELS.

By Steamer

Miss Nellie Verrill Norway Village Maine.