

Now, dear Bill, write me
 a good, long letter. don't
 blame me, but chide
 towards me kindly as ever
 I wish I could see
 to-day, I shall soon be
 gone. Mother & Gule are going
 for the steamer. Come
 and we'll sit down
 in our great family kitchen
 & chat away the
 hours; or we'll hie
 to the woods our favorite
 place, & talk over old
 times. To see &
 see us here soon
 as possible - your
 Father is well as usual
 I think, for I see him at
 church, write soon
 May 8th. 56

My friend
 in
 Australia.

Were it not
 for the forgiving spirit which I
 know you to possess, and the
 strong ties of friendship, which
 years ago bound our hearts, I
 should hardly dare write you
 after so long, long delay; but
 Bill I do believe you love me
 and will appreciate my apologies,
 and attribute my neglect in writing
 to limited ^{time}, and not to indifference
 towards you, my dearest friend.