

Dear Aurelia,

I received your truly welcome letter on the 9th and can readily pardon you for not previously writing and more readily since you assured me you had not forgotten me which I certainly began to think you had done and I said in my heart surely there exists no such thing on Earth as true friendship so you can imagine a little of the pleasure your kind letter gave me. It thrills my heart with joy to hear and know that you are happy but before proceeding further allow me to congratulate you on your happy union may peace and happiness be your lot and may the bonds which have joined two loving hearts together each day you live grow stronger. I know your love is sincere and that (your husband) is all you tell me or you would not love him. The news of your marriage did not much surprise me not as much as it affected me for I could not help from shedding tears when I read your letter yet some thing within said to me in silence that you were no longer Aurelia Burt. I fear you will think me superstitious when I tell you that I think there can no very remarkable event happen to an absent one that we sincerely love without some kind of presentiment previous to receiving real or written news and this fact was painfully illustrated to me in the case of my dear Father for sometime previous to receiving the fatal news of his death I was unable to rest at night for which I had a peculiar dread unlike anything I ever before experienced and when left alone sometime during the day I would find myself in tears my whole mind seemed disturbed and I could give no reason why I felt so at that time except that I was so great a sinner and was just arousing to a sense of how wicked I was. My friends talked much to me of the folly of indulging in such feelings consequently I endured much in silence until I received a letter from my Mother. You said you did not know but I had gone to California. What Oh what is there now to call me! Nothing. That bluster of all the fond hopes I cherished of once again beholding my Father's face how little I care for the shining dust embosomed there it will not it cannot give me back that loved and lost one. I never knew half the depth of my affection for him until I lost him nor realized how much the name of Father contains. But dear friend it is all for the best my trust is in Him who giveth and also taketh away. I am afraid that I will weary your patience with giving you such a detailed account of my sorrows contrasting as it does strongly from your happy joyous letter and it is the last time that I shall intrude that on you. I am no nearer getting married than I was one year ago when we were schoolmates (or more than a year). Nor do I judge one so harshly as you that does not love one but only as myself why they should. You know that I am not one to inspire the passion of love very easily. I am very sorry I was not in Akron when you visited it. It would have been so pleasant to stroll arm in arm to each familiar scene and converse about our past times as well as present one and future hopes. I fear we shall never meet more although I earnestly desire it and hope we may. I do not think at present of ever returning to Akron to live. I may return this fall and visit but Home is on the wide prairie evermore. I would like to know very much what has become of all the girls of our acquaintance and especially of Hellen Phelps & Abbey & Ann Miller. It was Fran[?] Causheir[?] you spoke of. She was a curious girl & one more scene I would like to recall to your memory that is of a young lady about your size absenting herself from the ever to be dreaded Arithmetic class to get their hair braided every moment that Mr. Olmsted would come to the door. Also of 12[?] who took great delight in painting their cheeks. Such were the follies of our school days but they have now given place to a life in earnest. I will

bring my somewhat lengthy and merry epistle to a close hoping soon to hear again from you.
Give my love to your husband and accept a good share for yourself.

Please excuse all mistakes for I have noticed quite a number and believe me ever

Your true friend and well wisher

Emeline S. McConnaughy

Aureldia M. Marsh