

Letter to

Sept 14th 65

"O could I love thee, love as thou art worthy to be
loved,
Thy deep, thy constant tenderness my purpose might
have moved.
I know, might I accept thy heart, a blissful bed
were mine;
Would we had earlier met but no! I never could
be thine

I love thee as a sister loves a brother-kind and dear,
And feel a sister's thrilling pride whenever thy
praise I hear.

And I have breathed a sister's prayer for thee at
Mercy's throne.

And never a truer, purer love might sister's bosom
own.

I knew this trial was in store, I felt it day by day
And oft in agony I prayed this cup might pass away,
And yet I lacked the power to tell, what thou too
late must hear—

To tell thee that another claims this heart, to thee so dear.