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Toronto C. W. Feb 28th 1865

My dear precious darling Husband

Do you know that since the good Father in Heaven let me be your happy loving wife, that you have never had one single letter from me; so this is why I have run up stairs three steps at a time, and sit sit down at my desk with the big tears in my eyes and the great love making the heart-beat more rapid to write a few words to you my darling one.

Henry when I think of all you are to me; when I look into my heart and see there the almost worship I have for you; I tremble with a strange fear that it is too much for one weak mortal to bear too much joy - too much of Heaven on earth.

I know I am not deserving it but with the help of our God I will try and be what I should be, a