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Envelope: Rufus M. Jones
Friend's School
Providence, R. Island

Ardonia, N.Y.
Feb 6 1888

Stamped on back: New York Feb 6 88, 8 M
Providence R.I. Feb 7 7

Ardonia Feb. 5th '88

My dear Rufus -

I know just how well thou has enjoyed this beautiful day. It seemed such a boon after the stern winter weather that we have lately experienced. It seemed almost springlike this morning and I did so enjoy the ride to meeting. It rained just enough last evening to freeze, and make a fine glassy crust. In the sunlight all things seemed cased in glittering mail. I almost felt the "gladness of the May", it was so warm and bright. The approach of spring is such a delightful time to me.

I cannot write a long letter to thee this time, for I have been so interrupted all day, and it is now after ten o'clock P.M. Last evening I went with Pa and Ma to Ardonia to prayer meeting. David Little was there, the Scotchman, and a young English gentleman Sydney Millington, from Po'keepsie, who is one of the YMCA officers. He is a very fine fellow. He came home with us, and went to the "Valley" with us this morning. He preached well, and came back with us to go to Ardonia this evening.

Of course writing was out of the question, during the little time between dinner and evening meeting. I waited until they started for the chape (sic) and before I had written a word, Mr. Schoonmaker and wife came to spend the evening. It devolved upon me to entertain them, which I was glad to do, as they are such nice people. They had been gone about fifteen minutes, and I had just commenced writing when the people came back from Mtg. bringing both Millington and Little with them, so thou sees how my time goes.

I just wish that I could talk to the(e) always, and never have to write. I never have been so glad that we loved each other and were hoping sometime to be always together, as I have this week. So many things make me glad. I felt as if I was all together at Christmas, no part missing but I never feel "entire" now, even when all is very bright and cheerful about me. I just "yearn to be understood and loved". Dost like that poem of Lowell's, "True love is but a humble etc!?" I like this little scrap, and I trust that our love will be like this.

"A love that shall be fresh and new each hour
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star
Alike and yet most unlike every day
And seeming ever best and fairest now."

My school has been small this week, the deep snow has prevented some, and there has been a great deal of

sickness in the district, but seven weeks more, and they will go very quickly I know.

I have been troubled ~~this~~ lately in school by most unmistakable symptoms of an amorous nature. There are six young people who are very vulnerable to Cupid's shafts. I dislike very much to nip the tender passion in the bud, but when I find that it is becoming a formidable hindrance to their ascent of the hill of knowledge, I feel that it is my duty to "sit on it", and use my authority to prevent it, and give them "Sutthin combinin' morrill truth, with phrases sech ez strikes".

I have gotten a little more time for reading this week, and have done considerable writing. I am now studying the Pelopenesian war. I tell thee I expect to know considerable about History, if I live. I like it better than I can tell. I have purchased a nice blank book, and am making a summary of English History, one that will help me greatly and be a compact and easy for reference. I am getting so that I can read and write in an understanding manner when the noise at noon rivals a "hull rigiment's firin" or the "war dance". The weather lately has made prisoners of the little people, and I shall be glad when they can go out once more.

We have cards for the Normal School Commencement on Tuesday evening. I think that we will go. I had a letter from Emma Mekeel yesterday, she reports that all is going on nicely at Union Springs. My dear friend Carrie Anthony has a little daughter, over whose small head, but three days have rolled. She is the first mother in our little "Society".

I am glad that thou enjoyed thy birthday and that such pleasant things were done. We had contemporary accounts from Aunt Gussie. I think that "pig", peeg, albums are great fun. There is one in circulation somewhere, in which a "porker" of my blind creation floninishes with his curly tail and all other appurtenances.

I am astonished at thee Rufus Jones to think that thou would so demolish furniture and person. I am glad if thou will be so boyish that Miss Cobb is so good to thee. In what way should she be different that Walter Meader might seek her for his wife?

Now I must close, for it is very late, and the morrow calls for strength and a clear head. I hope that thy eyes are better, do not be imprudent with them. Now with a prayer to God to bless and keep thee, and fit us more and more for each other

Thy loving

Sallie

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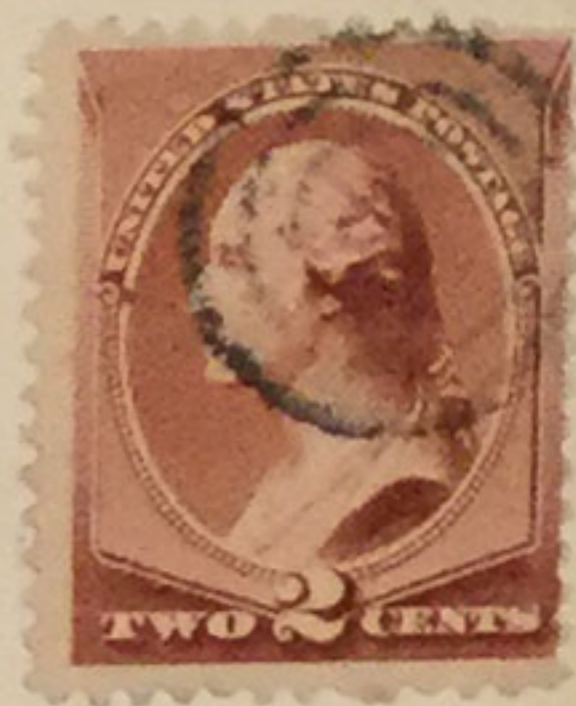
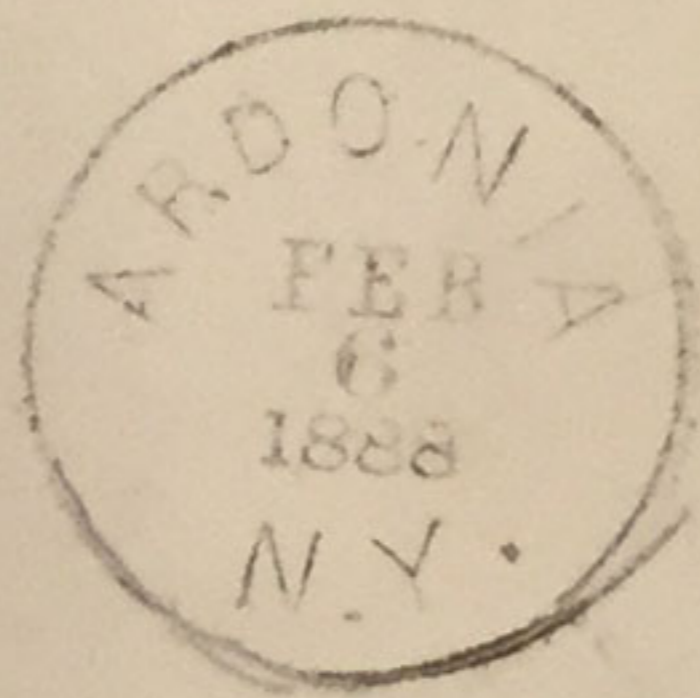
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PHILADELPHIA
FEB 7
1877

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FEB 6
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