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Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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My dear Major,

This mail will bring you a little memento of me in the form of a horseshoe pin, which will I trust recall to your memory the very pleasant rides we had together. I only wish it were something more worthy of your acceptance; but the heart of the giver is large & filled to the brim with so much love, that I trust the knowledge of that fact will in a measure compensate for the trivial gift. I wrote last Tuesday, & I can scarcely realize that the letters have not as yet been welcomed as

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I hope they will be, when they have reached their destination – how long time seems when one is on the qui vive for a letters!! I was so disappointed that today's mail failed to bring me the one I trust you wrote on Sunday last: however, the next one may be more friendly, & I may have the pleasure of reading your first letter on Monday. I have been home but a few days & still it seems like weeks. I sometimes fear my trip to the West will prove but a dream: then when I stop my wayward thoughts &

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remember, it comforts me to think of the good, true heart, I was fortunate enough to win. I only hope now that we have parted, that time will not lessen your affection to such a small degree; that in the end my fear will not be only too true, & that you will awaken to the fact that the love was not sufficiently strong, or else the object sufficiently attractive to stand the different tests one is always put to. Rest assured of one thing, I am unalterable & if I have a few doubts that cause you any unhappiness when told of them, attribute it to the amount of love I feel, & the uncertainty of human things: for you know,

“Man trust in God. He is eternal.

Woman trusts in man, and he is shifting sand.”

Enough of this, for you will be weary of me, if I continue in this strain. I wish

you a very Merry Xmas, but not merry to such a degree but that the next one will be more so, for both You & I. Write to me soon please. May God bless & keep my --- is the sincere prayer of,

Your own loving

Maye.

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