

From Mrs Sara Beckwith;

at Longm. C. N.

Addressed to me on the eve of my  
departure to the United States for the  
purpose of investigating a revolution  
in the North West. J. Henry White

Queen's Hotel [1864]  
Toronto, N. Y.

"No 16" Thursday evening  
Aug. 4<sup>th</sup>

My dear friend,

Feeling as I do that  
I owe you so much - so much more than  
you know of - or I can express - will  
you pardon me - an old married woman  
for "writing first" - and let me try to  
tell you how much I love and how  
fervently I pray for you.

To you I owe the few happy (comparatively)  
hours I have enjoyed during the past  
sad month - the saddest of my life:  
you have some times made me forget  
the sorrowful past - and cease to think  
of the dark and trying future - need  
I tell you that for it all I am deeply  
grateful!

The first evening I met you here - my  
heart went out in love to you for the