

Una made a bonnet for Ann in S.M. of very white and low
 and in evening and for me a pair of
 Mrs. Emerson.
 I had
 a red's bonnet
 whole Una
 would see
 E. Mayon
 Montaigne
 When Una
 to sit for
 'The most
 I send to
 Ann (who
 was sewing
 for Una)
 the first
 Chaplin's
 of Matthew
 I am to
 read her all
 the New Testament

My darling: I dare say you will
 write to me (today), and I must write
 to you. I am getting behindhand in
 my story. I wish very much to hear how
 you got through with your first
 music lessons at Russell's shop -
 besides how you succeeded with your
 first week of school. And whether
 you liked the new trimming of your
 jacket, and of your new hat and
 new jacket.

You will not know all our life here
 unless I tell you about Una's transac-
 tions and heavenly charities with Mrs
 Willard. Una went there one day,
 in the first place, to see for Mrs
 Cook about her going away and
 cleaning the house. Una had previously
 been at Mrs Cook's for an hour and
 a half visit, reading to her out of
 divine books, and trying to persuade her
 to be merciful to Mrs Willard, who
 had no place to put her head into. Mrs
 Cook seemed to become very placable
 under this scrutiny of Una, to practice
 her religion, and so she left her
 and proceeded to Mrs Willard. When
 she entered, Mrs Willard looked very
 defiant and fierce, but finding that

fine weather for his departure
for England. I had written him
a letter in this week to lament
my not seeing him once more -
which I directed to O'ped. It
probably went in the steamer
aboard which he was.

I felt pretty well that good day, and
sewed the breadth of your grey
dress - while Ann bound the
"wiggins" of my shawl thibet - and
repacked some clothes for me.
Ann went to the dressmaker's
and had her walking dress cut
out, and brought home all your
goods in her arms, and took
out of the library for me
Lazard's Nineveh. We expected
Mrs Cook after dinner, and
Ann meant to tell her how
pleasable Mrs Willard was,
and that she need not fear to
go. But behold she came after
seeing Mrs Willard, confiding
in Ann's mediations. And she
had spent the whole afternoon
with her knitting, in the very jaws
of her former enemy, in most
social, amicable talk and
offices. For Mrs Willard made some
nice tea for her, and they had a

Qua. did not come to scold but to
express pity for her wretchedness, she
soon began to cry. I can fancy the
tones of Qua's voice acting like Moses
rod on the rock. She discovered that
both the woman and her baby were
ill, and that there was a little dress
cut out for the baby which the woman
had no chance to make, because
the baby was fractious and she herself
poorly. So Qua brought home the
little dress to make for her. This was
on 16th April. Have I told you that on
that day Mrs Bull made me a long visit
bringing me a superb bouquet of
different colored verbenas, scarlet
geranium, heliotrope and
rose geranium. She has altered
exceedingly and looked wildly
unhappy. Nearly all her front teeth
have gone since I saw her, and
she has left off coloring her hair
as if she did not care how she looks.
Her face was also much flushed.
As usual she confided to me a great
deal of misery, chiefly about the
intellectual starvation of her
children, and Ephraim's deep
dejection thereat. I had a letter
that day from Mrs May, saying she
had heard of Mrs Vandervoort's
illness only through me.

Today, Sunday, I went to noon meal to
Church Hill after morning meeting.

On 17th Una went to Mrs Willard's as soon
as she was dressed. She said she saw
that the woman was of a fierce and
reprehensible temper and character,
but she was much impressed with
her gentleness to her, and her gratitude,
which also was not fulsomely expressed.
She said she wished very much to
get some place for her little boy of
nine, for her husband would take
care of her and the baby, if the boy
could be taken care of. Una observed
that Mrs Willard was very fond of
these children, and that they were
of her. Yet names were frequent
between them, and the boy tried
to amuse the baby, (whose name is
Lily Florence.) So that there seemed
love in the midst of wrong and
violence. When Una went for
the mail at night, she bought
some scarlet-braid to adorn the
little boy. I thanked Heaven for so
good a diversion of Una's thoughts
and attention, and I felt sure she
could get no harm (being surrounded
by "angels serviceable") and that
the poor, sinful woman would
probably have her first taste of
heaven from Una's ministrations.
18th was Saturday, and I thought of
my darling's joy at the sight of
and the music lesson. I was glad
too that Frank Channing had so

Una or not at all strong, but I hope so. I
nearly better when we go to Braith. She needs strong

he is going to New York to live
with Thom and his wife.

I sent your Bundle that day.
Una went for mail, and on way
fetching the biggest carpet bag
from the saddle, when Mr Sanborn
stepped up and took it from
her and escorted her all the
way home, as pleasant as
votes, and gay as a lark.
I am forever indebted to her for
making Una laugh so merrily
as I heard her, coming into the
gate. The Sanborns are going
away the mid of June.

In the evening she read aloud
to me a magnificent lecture
of Mr Emerson's upon Plato.
Friday 24. A very cool cast day.
Soggy drove Lily up here in her
carriage, and came in to
stay with me while Una went
for the buggy. As to Ann
she went up the tower to
clean the study and accomplished
it all by herself. A letter came
from Clara Holmes, with
love in it but no terms.
Also from Mrs Fields to me, asking
me to go and spend two days
with her. She does not know how
I cannot do such things yet.

2^d Street

real symposium. Was not that
glorious? So much for St Paul's
Charity, as expounded and enacted
by the "heavenly Una" with "the milk
white lamb" [her innocency]

I had a letter from Dr Cousad-
in which he said - I must
take drives and als! In the
evening, I was very happy in the
bowels of the earth beneath
the sod that had heaped over
Niveck.

On Sunday Una went to church,
and heard that Edward Emerson
was at home, and ill. - I wrote
to Mr Walcott about a home
for the poor little boy, and
to Aunt E.P. And for the first
time I descended the stairs
on that day.

On Monday it rained, and the
only light we had was a letter
from you, darling. I was not
very well, and lay abed till
noon, at times reading
Niveck.

Tuesday dawned pleasantly, and
Una resolved I should have
my first drive. By the time
she had the carriage, it clouded
a little, but we went, and it
was good to break bounds and

breathes fresh air... It did me
good...

Ed. Wednesday was the finest
promile day. Una went for
a buggy, and while she was
gone, Lily Chase, and some
others arrived - from
Lexington to see her and you.
Una drove up just as they were
going away. So they came in
a while. Then we had a
delightful egyptian drive,
for the air was ambrosial.
We took Raphael's angel
and went to Mrs Edward
Hoar's with it at last. She
saw Mrs Hoar, but Florence
was at school. Of course, I did
not get out.

In the PM, I resumed your
jacket. Oh, I called to
look at Aunt Linnia Nat
on our return from Lincoln.
She could not see me
enough with only two eyes,
she said.

Mr. St. Bernard sent me a present

of some a le, which I found, by
that means, Una had sent for
on her own account. I found
also that she is to present me
with these drives!! I can do
nothing but submit to her
divine aids. The Lord will
bless her.

We were much cheered by a
happy note from Julia
by that evening's mail -
nearly the bag - at last arrived
20! - A letter came from kind
Mr Waterston, telling about an
admirable home for the
boy. So he will be saved. Also
a note from Mr Jeffries, saying
he would come up to see the
place before he advertised it.
We went to drive at eleven in
a wild, south wind. We went
over the unsacked bridges and
saw a nurseries, and called
at the Old Manse, but could
see no one. We met Charles
Emerson, driving out his father,
who looked deathly on
Saturday they telegraphed
for Haven, thinking he was
fatally ill. But he is revived,
and as soon as Haven is married,