

Saturday noon

My dear friend

I am in such gloom

& general discouragement
that the withdrawal of your
countenance seems but one
more disaster, in place of
seeming to be (what it is) a
capital misfortune.

I dreamed the other
night that we were together &
happy as gold & your dear
face was transfigured
with your charm & goodness.
Yours as always
S S McClure

I suppose it is useless to ask you
to come out to Andsley tomorrow. If you
could it would be a day of heaven.