



Fork. Augt 28<sup>th</sup> /73.

My dear Friend,

I think it is  
 you now, who will tire of these  
 so frequent letters, but always  
 there is something in yours  
 I want to answer, or something  
 I must thank you for. On  
 Sunday, frontius, yesterday  
 Ordine and Linthum, today  
 that exquisite little grey  
 book, which tomorrow morning  
 I will use for the first time  
 when I go to the Minister and  
 kneel in our own stall. I  
 think you are very good to me.  
 I do not like the dream of  
 frontius. It filled me with  
 a most dreary sense of peril  
 and uncertainty. I was