They were. He is a grand preacher and his wife a lovely woman. It made us all feel very sad to hear of the death of Dr. Little. I can't really realize that he is gone—we had him here so many times.

Everybody is busy gathering cotton and doing lots of trouble to get it picked and ginned. The crop is abundant and we are thankful that it does not rain although it is very warm.

Father sends regards to you both and my sister too. We often speak of you. To much love now hoping to hear a letter from you sometime.
Intercussions.

I cannot tell why there should come to me a thought of some one miles and years away. In hourly insistence on the scrapbook. Unless there is a need that I should pray. Perhaps just now, my friend had Jesus fight a more appalling weakness, a decay of courage, a darkness, some lost sense of right. And as, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.

Dear, to he came for me! To him, tender, unasked upon you, no home crowdedly. Into me a moment's prayer, an interlude. Be very sure I need it. Therefore pray.

M. Farrington

I like this, won't you do this for me?

Remember me to Mr. Well.

Sincerely your friend.

Lena M.

Sigh, 2-1906

Cape 22

February 12
Rev. J. Will Harris,
San German, PUERTO RICO.