



Dearest One,

The reason you are receiving a letter from me is because I have something that involves my future happiness, something that dims my eyes when I think of it. I hate to write this for fear of annoying you, but you should know the worst for sincerity.

It may mean life or even death to me. I can tell you and assure you that many, many lives have been upset and made sorrowful by similar trouble. So, now, after many nights of unrest, the temptation of asking you this great question has grown so strong that I cannot delay my asking it.

I realize that I am asking a great thing of you, but hope you will lay aside all joys and devote your time to the proper consideration of this thing that is about to be put before you. I know you love me to some extent and that you will willingly, or at least obligingly, consider what I am about to ask.

I dare not sign my name to this for fear others may see it, but, since it is you, I trust no other will. Neither can I tell the state of my mind to my friends for fear that they will laugh at me. But, dear, I know that you will not laugh at me, but will think seriously of my question and answer it to the best of your ability. So, once more, with fullness of my heart, I ask you this question:

Love,