Amsterdam Aug. 16, 1880

My dearest friend.

There attended to some final business here and have no time to write, and so I sit down in the lunch room of the busy station to pen a few jibbl words of farewell. How bitter the word! I tried to write in Dutch, but I can not. My mind is full of work this morning, and in but one channel and that is the English one. I cannot say what I told you yesterday. I do not know what I think about it when she pressed me to take her advice. My mind was full of but one thought - "I was to bid you goodbye to you, and, in many ways, the cold, miserable substitute of paper, was again to take the place of the warm heart that beat into the creature between you and I.

I have bid you goodbye and
desiring to be found in
that who is the Righteous
and before God?
This will, dearest, I
trust that only a few of
these I make you from the
last words.
In thought I embrace you,
love now I see the tears
of love in your eyes, love
now I say Good-Bye and
so
For ever yours in
hands more tender than
those of the love of
women.

Henry L. Driskill

Give my fond adieux also
to Bernard, Drum & John
and tell the latter to make
an early profession of the
Savior.

Grubstake salut.

Milled in under dog eyes.

For He who has promised is
faithful, who will also do it,
give my kinesthesis regard to
all the brethren, withal especially
who sit with you at the table
and to Mr. Jones, Benner, but
and our dear father.
Tell them that I was long
that I could not speak those
in a more formal way.
If possible write to me the
Rotterdam p.o. Stroon-
shipo, Amsterdam, Neth.
Air. Stonebank Manhahoff.
I will reach me there before
Saturday 11 a.m.

I am happy to know what
you resolved as regards Union.

to-day I will send you a
copy of father's book.

It is mine as much as his
I have traveled all the way from Aspen to Mungo, where I arrived at 9:15, as in a dream. Shall we ever meet again? At least—yes! But how? And why? I have felt that, were I clear in this world, I too am at fault, might stay and become once more a complete Hollander. And of the question in whether this would be possible, I doubt. It doubt it very seriously. Ingredients have been mixed in my mental and social make-up which hardly hold the surroundings and claims of Holland. And above all—there is one, dear Anna, who knows the better and juster claims than you have. They are true, wise, and her little ones, and little ones. And so, painful as it is in having a dense forest written in a song, and the forest resolved by setting my face toward the setting sun. We have our aims, one purpose, one final tendency.

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I miss you. My dear Herman, how true it has been to me to feel that time and distance have not broken the ties between us. May I have felt that we are known in kind in tastes, in convictions, in tendencies, in judgments even 9 years ago. And it is easy to explain the reason for the apparent anomaly. Then your course of education and mine so widely divergent, and exerted their fullest influence. I have too much students, too little men of ripe judgments. But since then we have learned the truth of the old truth—how Scholastic led to this error. This vita, this life of calculations has exerted its influence, our natural tend-encies, in a measure even in later studies have filled us, our parallel lives. How shall I ever efface this glad surprise, my joy at this important discovery? It has given me faith
The introduction and notes with the postscript are mine. It was written in a popular style, and lays no claim to scientific value. If you can, please notice it in the "Barmin." Send me another copy, the debt to you, give it to Victoria. This is mine. From me to you personally, I will try to send them five from Rotterdam, if not from there, then from America. I will let you know when I have received it. Pray for me, that the Lord may lead me, in a straight path. And her brother, Jarewlel.

Jarewlel. The last thing the Lord brings me, the world this sun will shine upon them and the hour of one, his Countenance; to give them peace.

Pray for me, on the sick, waters; pray for me on the home journey. Pray for me, as I shall return to a God appointed field of labor.

Though I never teach the other side, there you may tell my wife, that I lay last thoughts of her and you, that my heart was you from all bitterness, that I will not have an enemy in this world, and still I have claims, resting on Christ, Jarewlel in myself.
Lynden der Chr. Ger. Kirk

Heer Wel Eerw. Hooggel. Heer

Prof. Dr. H. Baucke

Asperen

in 1808. Hyeney die Lynden

ein €ossen

Afscheidsgest.

AMSTERDAM