

Hulton, Penn., January 17, 1894.

My dear Miss Gillett,

Your dear father came in just a few minutes ago, and gave us a most delightful surprise. I was more glad to see him than words can express. I had not the least idea that he was coming here, so I was greatly surprised when I saw him.

I have thought of you often, very often, during the long months which have passed since I last met you, and of my visit to the beautiful White City. The days have gone like the blossoms of the summer; but they have left in our hearts the fragrance of many precious memories. And now I am very busy with my lessons. I study Arithmetic, Latin, History and Literature. I enjoy my studies very much, especially History and Literature. I like Latin too, though I must say the Romans had a rather odd way of expressing their ideas sometimes. I hope I shall begin French very soon.

Now, dear friend, I must say good-bye for the present. My teacher sends you her love.

Affectionately your friend,

Helen Keller.

Written in Dr. G's presence

Copy of Helen Keller's letter accompanying a photo of her "lip-reading from her teacher.

"In my deepest, tenderest thought, I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year; and, as a little token of my loving remembrance, I send you, with this note, a picture of my teacher and myself, which was taken a few days ago in Pittsburgh. In it my teacher is reading to me and I am catching (when they do not fly too fast) the words as they escape from the wonderful language-box in her throat, and taking hold of them with my finger-tips as a magnet picks out the iron fillings. And what curious things they are!" One hardly knows what to do with them at first; but when we examine them closely we find they are as wonderful as they are curious --strange -transparent things, shaped and colored by the thoughts and feelings of those who send them forth. They are gay or sad, tender or harsh, humble or proud, despairing or hopeful, according to circumstances. Sometimes they are bent and twisted to express the evil that has somehow crept into the hearts of God's children. Occasionally they are radiant and beautiful, like splendid tropical birds. These are the gifts of the Great and Wise to the world of thought, and happy we if any of them find a sheltered nest in our hearts, for some day we shall find that our beautiful birds have laid golden eggs, from which, in due time, shall come Love and Wisdom and Happiness."

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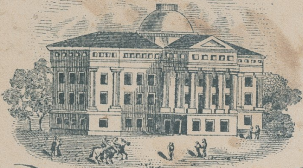
The above was written by Helen while I was sitting close to her, and I know that she had no suggestions from anybody.

(Signed) W. Wade.

Hulton, Pa. Jan. 1, 1893.

If not delivered in 10 days return to this office.

State of North Carolina



Executive Department.

Walter Raleigh Smith

