

Dear Lady.

Oct. 3^d 1871.

The most intense desire of
my life (save that of being a Christian)
is to be gratified to night.

I am to see you play. I am to
hear your magical voice for the
first time. God be thanked!

And may he open some avenue
to your heart. That I may come
and sit in the vestibule thereof.

Will you not see me, if I promise to be very good and not come again unless you invite me?

Do not fear me, I am simply a teacher and a sincere lover of art. Bid me come some ^{very soon} time, and I shall be ever grateful

Respectfully —

{ Helen L. D. Potter
26 W. 51st St