

Vassar College, Nov. 22./66.

My Darling Brother,

I have been reading over a letter you wrote to me, last year, for want of one of a later date, and I feel as though I must write to you this evening, although I have but a few moments to spare from my studies. Why do you not write to me, my dear brother? Are you very busy? Can't you find time to write me a line or two once in a while. You don't know how I want letters from you. I feel tonight that I want to see you so much. You have always been such a dear good brother to me, I can never repay you for it. I sometimes fear you almost think I am indifferent; at least I used to think so last summer. For I never can find words to express my-self when I feel very deeply on any subject. But, believe me, there is an earnest love for you and appreciation of all your goodness to me deep-seated in my heart, though I may not always be able to express the same to you in words.

I have been reading over a letter you wrote to me about a year ago; probably you have forgotten it. It gave me a full account of how to conduct my-self, to bring about the most good to my-self, and to fulfill the ends for which my Maker has placed me here. It is an excellent letter. I have read it many times this term, and at each perusal it grows better. I heard from Carlos a week or so ago; he said he was very busy, and wrote but a short letter. Mary's letter containing a picture of Robbie has been answered, and I am awaiting her reply. I can well imagine how busy she is with the care of Nov. 22 1866 - ?,

Robbie, now he is walking. I suppose. How I should like to walk in upon you tonight. Wouldn't you be surprised? Agreeably so I hope?

John, will you excuse the impoliteness of sending you this letter so awfully blotted, for once? I promise it shall not occur again, I really haven't time to rewrite it.

What are you doing with yourself this winter? Do you still keep up the "Base Ball"? We had our first snowstorm this year here today. The snow all melted as it fell. It is now only a few weeks until Christmas. I don't know yet whether I shall stay here or not.

Tomorrow evening we are to have a lecture from a Mr. Plerson of Waterbury, Conn., N.Y. We are to have a course this winter of some seven or eight lectures. I think that will be nice, don't you? I think among the lecturers will be Gough, Curtiss, Anna Dickinson, Wendall Phillips on "The Liberal Arts" and I forget the others. Our gymnasium-hall is complete now and we have practiced in it several times. It is as pleasant as can be, and it's a pretty sight to see so many young-girls dressed in the pretty costume, practicing the movements. There are four classes averaging about ninety in a class; and we have such a pleasant teacher. I think she is one of the loveliest women I ever saw. I should like to write longer to you, but the study-bell has rung, and if I do write more my lessons will suffer. I know you wouldn't like that, so I will bid you good-night. Give much love and many kisses to Mary and
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Robbie. Remember me to Mr. Bell's family. Write soon, won't you please ?

Your sister with love,
Aruii'J.

(Annie (Glidden) Houts, '69,