

V.C. Oct. 25, 1868.

My dear Brother,

I have just been writing to Mary, and must give you a few lines, although I have not heard from you for quite a while. Do not let us get into our old careless habits of writing. I want to hear from you often, If only a few lines. I think of you so much and so often, think of you with faith, and hope that you will succeed in establishing yourself, since I believe you are founding upon the Higher Rock. I wish I could see you today. X am having a very quiet Sunday. My room-mate is away, so I am all alone, and my thoughts turn on the loved ones far away. John, do you know X have such a strong belief that you are going to be firm in the right, X feel that you can not fail. X feel that God will not let my prayers go unanswered, and though I can not understand His ways, I believe I will yet see my wish accomplished, via: see you a loving, earnest, living child of God, laboring for His cause. X put not much confidence in outward appearance, attendance regularly upon the services of His people – although that is, of course, desirable and an excellent things but the heart is that which should be clean. God's love in our hearts should move us to open our lips and love to meet with those who love Him: and thus observances of the ceremonies should follow from the love in the heart, and because that love is there, not from mere decency's sake, as is too often the case, and is better than that they should not be observed at all, just as "half a loaf is better than no bread."

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There is more sickness in the College than has been, at any one time since it first opened. There is a tendency to fever which makes the usual amount of colds, looked for at this season, more formidable. However, it is passing off now. The sick ones are most of them betters and the well are in better spirits. I feel quite well and am very thankful that my strength is coming back so nicely. From all appearances, I have a very pleasant and profitable year before me, and as I suppose it is my last school-year I shall endeavor to make the most of it in every way, and shall see it go with a mixture of joy and pain in about equal proportions.

Write to me soon, dear Brother, and, believe me,

Your loving sister,

Annie.

(Annie (Glidden) Houts, '69,

I did not send your letter, today, so will add a few lines. We are going to begin to analyse soon In Chemistry, fc after a while I should like to analyse some-thing that there is some curiosity fc interest about, fc if you can conveniently send me on a specimen that you brought from Virginia, I should like to have it-

Yours, Annie.