

V.C. Nov. 22, 1868.

My dear Brother,

Yours of the 17th is at hand, and I hasten to answer it. I am very sorry indeed that your health is so miserable and most sincerely hope your fears may not be grounded. I could not bear to lose you, now, my brother, and I want you to have many peaceful, if not happy years left. I wish I could be with you to help you, cheer you and comfort you. I know you must need the tenderest, best of care. I know you must feel your life is very empty at times. I know how you must miss the dear little prattlers and that you may some times think there is nothing left to live for; but do not give way to those feelings. God may give you many happy years yet; and we must be grateful for those wfc which he gives us, and seek to live them well. We, of course, know not how soon we may be called hence. The best prayer we can make is "Thy will be done", in the world and in our hearts. We cannot pray for life or death, for we know not which is for our good.

Do take good care of yourself, for my sake, my dear Brother, and do not, if you can help it, let that hacking cough gain the mastery over you. I have time to write but very little this evening, as it is almost my bed-time. Enclosed you will find some-thing that I have written, and which I send you, not through any egotism over any supposed or conjectured merit it may have, but because the writing of it has done me good, and I thought perhaps the reading might benefit you. There is no sham about it. I have
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felt every bit of it. I will be obliged if you will return it, after reading it. We have a few days Holidays this week, in honor of Thanksgiving.

At my room-mates invitation I shall spend the time with her, at her home in N. York. I must say good-night, my darling Brother. May the Good Father guide, guard and ever protect thee is the prayer of

Your loving sister,

Annie.

(Annie (Glidden) Houts, '69,