In Grief, from her Mother.

I would that I could always shield
Thy heart from grief and care.
But life its sorrows will not yield,
And those must flow thy share.

It may be that thou wilt bravely stand
Before the coming blast,
And sheltered wilt in a conquering hand,
As all the crown at last.

But ah! along the path of years
On which thy feet must tread,
Thou'st find that joy is mixed with tears
The hopeful eyes have shed.

And it seemeth long and drear
Thou'llt want a place of rest;
Oh, darling if thy mother's near,
That place will be her breast.

Jan. 1st, 1872
Dear Friend,

I write to you with a heavy heart and mind. I have been praying and thinking about this matter for some time. It is clear that the will of God is to yield to the will of others in matters of great importance. I believe that what you desire is what I think is best for you. You should go ahead with your plans, as they are in accordance with His wishes. He has chosen proper advice for you.

I hope this letter finds you well. May God bless you.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]