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and blessed be his name forever. He knoweth them that are his. What a comfort it is to know this for ourselves.

O, my dear One, in thy moments of loneliness, retire into the secret chambers of thy own heart, wait on Him, and he will there meet with thee, & show thee wonderful things. He will give thee a crown of rejoicing, & make thee happy even here, in the land of thy pilgrimage.

To Him I commend thee, with ourselves, remember, we need thy sympathy and prayers, that we may be strong in the Lord & the power of his might - now, & ever.

The girls & Philip, love thee dearly. The little ones do not forget thee. Mary calls her last doll 'the precious One'.

With love to any of our friends who may be at home - to thy dear self & Bettie in which all unite, I remain thy attached
Cousin, R. H. of Rins.