

that concerns thy welfare and comfort. I do think thou art highly favored, as well as myself, dear Cousin. - Our Heavenly Father has been our morning light; and I believe He will be our evening song of rejoicing, as we continue to put our entire confidence in Him the remainder of ^{our} days, be they few or many, of whom we can say,

"Better than life itself thy love,
Dearest than all beside to me;
For who have I in heaven above,

Or what on earth compared with Thee?"
Our cousins at Franklin St. have truly been passing through deep waters. Yes, it is far better to have their irresponsible one in the Asylum, where they have all needful appliances in ^{the} cases, and good medical attention also. But dear Cousin Lizzie, who has loved, and petted her so much - how she is to be felt for! Now, at her time of life when she needs tender care, and loving companionship herself, what agonizing afflictions have fallen to her lot!

It is extremely dry and warm, with us. Fruit scarce. Vegetables drying up in the garden. - We have grape vines in the yard and garden; there was a fine prospect of grapes, would have had bushels on them, but the nice clusters are drying for want of moisture. A great disappointment.

What poor, dependent creatures we are! When thou and I were children at home, at dear old South River, we never thought of failure of that kind. Indeed, I never remember a time when we had not enough ^{fruit in its season.} Cherries, peaches, pears, apples, all grew in abundance. Chestnuts, Chinquapins, Hickory, and Walnuts, Huckleberries, and wild grapes, awaited as it were, our gathering. - How our thoughts will turn back, and blessings, and comforts, with looks of love, and sweet companionships, come up from memory's fountain, fresh and unfading. The garden walks sparkling with dew, the trees, the evening sun sets, the green yard - the grand old moon