

One has gone to St. Louis. I promised it to Margaret when she was here. She gathered a book of Photographs while here as a New Year's present for her husband. One I put in a package I sent to "our pastor", & you have a place with the P'son: D. D. &c - One I sent to Bloomfield in one of your last letters. They think so much of hearing from you. This you see leaves only one for home & this we cannot spare. I wish you had sent at least as many more & the first opportunity, I want you to have more from the same plate, for several say they must have them. Don't forget, for I shall expect them, if you don't come yourself. I don't like to write about this for I fear you may be lead to do what you might regret. It would be sad for you to wish yourself back as some do. But that's hard bed & pillow. Try to think you are more comfortable now. Shona will indeed be surprised if it is ever ours again. I find it is getting late & will leave this open for Sunday notes.

So on this anniversary night of our separation I go to my lonely room. Yet not alone for our precious trio are with me, & for the long year One who watches over, has been mindful of us. To Him we will commit us all, & may He direct us in all our way. Yours E.

Sabbath evening. Oh what a good sermon we had today a real Shanks giving sermon better far than Dr. Boardman's. His subject was "the times, the glorious, stirring times in which we live. When all may find enough of labor & sacrifice & of self-denial. Matt. 13th 16-17th." You know what he could say in his earnest way. He spoke of the past as only the boyhood of the world, of its

present as its full strength & manhood & its future as still
brighter. Today he says, I thank God for war & for its mighty
results now working out. Who he says would have lived
in any other day show noble the type of Christianity
that must meet these demands. Oh we know & feel
it all, God grant we may be fitted for our work.

It is a cold, muddy, rainy time, just as you remember
one year ago today Nov. 30th when you began this long &
weary year. But the first day of our second year has
passed, we will not ask of the future. But will pray
that in its close this dreadful work will be done & peace
be in all the land. Do you know how much we think of your
picture? One of them Lizzie has before us on the table as we
finish our letters. Do not forget to send us more from the
same plates. I have already promised two. George went to Mr.
Fitch's Thanksgiving & then returned that you called on the Northern
ladies. I am glad you did for I think they will have alone
time without their husbands. I saw Mrs. Lansing today.
I asked her how soon her husband was going back.
She said just as soon as he was ordered. She said she
was dreading the time. So it seems they expect it. I told
her I was glad I had not to be tested again. I have not seen Sayre.
I presume he waits for his mother. I have seen or heard nothing
from Horace Sibley since he returned. I forgot to tell you Mr. Dwyer
was at Mrs. Fitch's & John B. Gough who was to lecture that night.
George is not feeling well tonight. I think he feels bad at the
thought of leaving. I cannot send him away. The time may
come when our boy will long for a home. I will let him stay &
do the best I can. I was almost sorry I showed him your letter,
but it is better for him to know. No if he goes it must be from
choice I shall not send him away. I perhaps am doing
more good so than in any other way. He says Aunt do you
believe Uncle was in earnest? Of course I told him you was
now promise to help me & when I get tired out write some
times tell you all & feel better. You too must keep nothing
back & so we will share & bear one another's burdens.
I will send you what each has written tho' they are not finished
Lizzie has written quite a letter. Our jolly Annie is always ready & if
our boy had time he could write something I think. But I must say good night. You & E.