Dear Bird,

You were in good spirits when you wrote your last letter, full of your resolve to change from the student chaplaincy and flatter your wings as an artist. I quite agree with you that it is time for the transformation, and trust that the other you have found to be the proper one. The change, and that the inner impulse was not the best part of your old self.

But whether the impulse is strong enough to accomplish this action. Your letter showed that you were better, and that you were making progress; and, most probably, that you were sleeping better. For me, my dear, and make the best of your time. Perhaps the best condition that you be to the solitude of the life school, and if...
that there will not therefore be any occasion to be down-hearted. It is not at all improbable that they may see what you were in fact trying to do, that they deliberately keep you in the present, to save

for you, to the very lettering in the proclamation. I am not advanced at present, and my proclamation is one of the 56th. It is not the difficulty of making both ends

meet the sad fact that with all the stretching they could meet, she could have to the same more.

Cutting down, unless the law brings up the other end, and add something considerable on this basis on the income of 6000. I had hoped to make a delivery in a few

by halves, but at present it is a lot the other way. Serves me right for meddling with the

wretched shares. I ought to have known better.

Howshemderer, it's worth

wringing over child-nell, and

perhaps after all things, may
turn out better than they look. Just now, the flowers in those are so many young solicitors starting, that competition is getting very tough.

I had all the children here today. They looked florid and healthy, though poor Hilda has not yet got rid of that hideous cold. Poor child! It is very rough on her to have no bundle of her childhood about. Nevertheless, she was in high spirits, still so nice as usual and cheerful as ever. Each of our Work is done. In fact, she is the only one of the family that does not kick, though Kitty does flounce us sometimes. Think Hilda has improved a good deal. But has been very quiet, but is better. The cold chills the weather, and frightens him. The other day we had the benefit of about the Yankee call by cold enough.

Yesterday was down below the

Springs. This was very cold, so much snow on the last three to three days have been pretty chilly. Today I cut the school, they had a special service and went up the river with Mr. Mayfield and three others in the Virginia. It was a pleasant Sunday, mostly between the Cold and the Sun. It's a building good place, haven on the sand, on the River Road. I walked down. He came back when yesterday. It is a splendid late. The trees perfect, down the river and up for a mile. Only the foundations are ice, still when finished. I expect it will be free of the snow delight houses in the neighborhood of the Hobart. I was quite surprised at the view, although of course. Alice the Browns have moved. I believe it will cost them fell $7,000 when all finished.
Elihu told you about the Clarke marriage—about her going to the Church on Friday. Mr. Clarke marriage began ten minutes quite the shortest time on record. He was going off by the train at 11:30. If it is as well that no friends been consulted, I think Poppy has succeeded, after her way, in reaching all right. Perhaps, the Elihu thing has persuaded herself into being really pleased. His advantage, to me, got from the marriage, decided, is that the girls won't have to endure long hunts for 6 months at a stretch. I think we shall have them all at least house all the year round and that is the main advantage. Such will have told you about how old Miss Edith is. She is very tires, and it seems odd.
A question of days or at most weeks fell out. We are hardly
with her to live. The last
waiting is down to see her. For
a long time of her yesterday as
the disease had in Bailey's days.
I think it was some
not trouble. She has been
head of the sick. So many
years, much a Captain or
that the well all feel it very
much. Last night I went
up to see poor little little
for. His condition had left
able, but he was had Cushing
at the house. For some time he
suffered a great deal.
He called last night to see,
but is wonderful, collected,
and talk of his health great,
Cushing. Poor little man, I think
he is too worn out that he took,