



is quite sick, with a cold. Ma
and Pa were up with him nearly
all night; he was delirious at times.

I just now picked up a little
book - a dictionary - on opening it
found my name on the fly-leaf,
written by you, this night one
year ago - do you recollect - it was
Sunday - and we were sitting in
the dining room: is it not a
singular coincidence - that in
writing to you this evening, I should
see that which recalls so vividly to
mind, this time last year?

I thought perhaps, you
would walk down here this morning
at recess, but alas! you were held in
"surance vile."