

For Ophie, from her Mother.

I would that I could always shield  
Thy heart from grief and care,  
But life its sorrows will not yield,  
And thou must have thy share.

It may be that thou'lt bravely stand  
Before the coming blast,  
And hold within a quivering hand,  
A doctor's crown at last.

But ah! along the path of years  
O'er which thy feet must tread,  
Thou'lt find that joys are mixed with tears  
The lonely eyes have shed.

Thou'lt want a place of rest,  
Ah darling if thy mother's near,  
That place will be her breast.

July 1<sup>st</sup> 1872

1871

Dear Mother  
 I have written you by Sister today and  
 overtop my pen and ink I have prayed  
 and thought this project yours ever to Texas  
 is at best an duty to yield  
 to the best and judgment of your Husband  
 if we go forward in the path of duty and pray  
 God to direct us as to what we should perform  
 in that state of life which we want  
 He will overrule all things for our good  
 if it is the wish of your Husband he thinks  
 it best you should go, you are right to yield to  
 his wishes he is your chosen proper adviser, as for  
 it is a bitter pang to part but you leave me  
 among friends and I have no more long to live  
 in this world of trouble