



If we make at all our
 troubles,
 They will surely take
 away,
 No matter the time or
 number,
 Through the sun's bright
 rays.

Dear
 Mother
 You are never so long of thought
 when you are so busy as I am
 your letters do not come as
 often as I would like
 I am well and hope you
 are the same
 I have not much news
 to write at present
 I am your affectionate
 son
 John

Miss Anna Smith

Dear
 Mother

