

Adas your health -

X
 Concordale. Ind.
 April 6th 1864 -

My dearest Mary -

Your precious letter has just arrived & so I am more in the spirit of carrying out the plan I had formed before, of commencing a letter to you tonight -

Oh, Mary, I am thankful with you - Would that I could write of three dear ones, born again in our circle. I had been thinking so much of them all, your three, in connection with Mr. H's work, & hoping & praying they might find Jesus. Jennie, particularly - and I do agree with Dr. Parker. I've always thought much of her tenacity & earnestness & force, & even a seriousness she did not dare to let appear.

What a great pillar of strength
 it will be to have such a working
 spirit brought into our churches.
 I think it would build dear Mr.
 Drumming up, to feel that there was
 an earnestness of co-working with
 him. I fear sometimes he will
 be clear discouraged.

How much I wd love to hear Mr.
 H. Indeed Molly I think if I heard
 any body, even make a prayer,
 it would help me along.

I had just rec^d the S. S. Times &
 we particularly noticed that & I
 wondered if E. had not writ it.

You have been so good to write
 me these three times since I failed
 you. If you ever have a back, & I
 don't, I'll see that the bread comes
 back. Indeed letters are only
 empty vanity. I am proscribed
 knitting, crocheting or anything
 useful or fanciful. Reading is

almost proscribed from my head being so utterly weak & empty that much of the time I don't even think. Some days I don't look in my Bible & all I can remember is "Let not your heart be troubled" & a few ^{other} fragmentary sentences.

Writing is quite wearisome too & is forbidden so far as it produces that anytime. I have to give the good Dr. an occasional bulletin but accomplish little else except as I take several days for it.

So here you have my present state - For weak to walk straight, but only that. I am quite well except my back. That Dr. Mayer assures me is not diseased, but rather worn out under high pressure & some pride, I fear, not one being strong you know, but only needing time & patience - I'dious, he says it must be, but not hopeless.

I am awaiting May, respecting the
 strength then - This confinement is
 of course weakening - its too muddy
 to ride, I'm too shaky to walk, & so in
 doors & sometimes in bed a week at a
 time. I've had five Histers - & am resting
 now to get real strong before the next
 three which I hope will draw out all
 the string in it - They are a benefit, but
 such requisite little tortures - I was heroic
 at first - stood up by the glass & paper
 intended the durnings - but at the
 5th fainted & am not quite nursed
 up yet - Tho as to nerves, the "Portland"
 was not "the one" - I have none of that
 style of nervousness - Simply, for a
 while in the winter, when I didn't sleep,
 a feeling as if every inch of my person
 was alive with a different, indescribably
 restless pain - But that's gone now
 & I am as bright as anyone in
 my inclination, tho limited in the
 expression - Talk, laugh, eat & sleep -
 & expect to ride on horseback & use
 dumbbells to make me strong & muscular -