

the City Council, this P. M., "postponed indefinitely" a resolution offered, which required the contractor to proceed with the work on our Alley.

If I dared leave home now, how quickly I would be with you - for a few days. There are but few places, in the world, I so dearly love to visit as your Cousin Ann's. Tell the Major so.

Kiss our boys for me, & remember me very kindly to all. I hope Val has entirely recovered.

God bless & keep you, my dear Mary.

Ever yours,
Rich^d. H. Collins.

51113

Cincinnati, Aug. 7, 1868,
Friday night, 8 1/2 o'clock.

My Dear Wife:

All alone, - in our bed-room, & at the table where I have been weeping & wearing myself out for weeks past, in the cause of the best family and ~~humanity~~ justice - I begin again my epistolary conference with my absent wife. "Do they miss you at home," to-night, Mary of the dimpled cheeks and chin no longer, but of the crows' feet and loving heart still? A wee-little, says "Old Richard" of the cheery heart, whose lack-luster eyes and grey hairs contrast so strangely with the bright eyes and black hair that helped to win a maiden's heart & hand, a "long time ago." We are no longer young, my dear wife, as the world calls "young;" but is it our love for each other still fresh and vigorous as of yore! And may not our love for God and his works, for God and his Church, for God and our duty, still strengthen and grow - till, full of years and of labors, faithful among the faithless, we shall be "gathered in," and go out hence no more forever. Sometimes I doubt if we shall ever have a home of our own here; but "there's a mansion above, a mansion of love, a home in the skies" for us!