

Dear Luella,

"So live, that when the mighty caravan
Which halts one night-time in the vale of ^{death}
shall strike its white tent for morning march
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle for the upward flight.

Your Friend,

Mac Candill.

Winnonsville, Feb. 24, 1892.