long to bless both Father and Mother. Let her keep this letter and the "Three cent piece" as long as she lives as a memory of her loving parents.

H.B.

Dayton, O., May 3rd, 1864

Dear Little Mary,

Received a letter today from Papa, dated 21st of April, enclosing a three cent piece of 1862. He says: "Enclosed I send a three cent piece which I think you had better give to Little Mary, as I have never given anything to her yet."

By the way I want you to get her picture taken and send one or two, my family collection being incomplete. She is about as old as our other children, and when they were first daguerreotyp'd Papa is now in camp at Winchester, Virginia, but the army is on the run of a great battle, under Gen. Grant's direction. — Frequent letters come to me.
and each one bears evidence of deep love for the wife and little ones left at home.

She avoids the impending struggle with anxiety, and thus, yet is one cheerful.

God grant a great victory, and the safe return of our dear husband and father!

Chances in coming years, my little girl will wonder at so small a present to be sent as far, but in those dark days, silver or metal coins are scarce, and we look at one as at a curiosity. Then too, her father is in the field and nothing can be bought.

I trust she will learn to value the heart's intention above the money value of any gift. To show her how to estimate things by her dear father's standard, I quote another passage from the same letter.

"When I came into the field last fall, I had there cents in my pockets. I carried them until a short time before I went home, when I lost two of them."

While there, Robbi, one day she play-
ing with fours, when I showed him mine, telling him that was all I had. He immediately proposed to give me all he had, but I suggested that he should give me and one to Frank, she also had one, and we should all have two. This he did immediately and seemed very much pleased with the arrangement. I intended giving mine to him before I came away, but forgot to do it, and they are still in my pocket. You may imagine from two cents are considerably above par in my estimation."

The generous spirit of his little boy sanctifies the small gift of one cent.

Little Mary must ever remember to let her intention be pure in either giving or receiving; let the thing be great or small. Remembering this, the little "Thou cent piece," may prove a treasure of incalculable value.

Little Mary, two months old, plays on the floor, as her mother writes these words, shaping the little one may live.
and each one bears evidence of deep love for the wife and little ones left at home. He awaits the impending struggle with anxiety, doubtless, yet is not fearful. God grant a great victory, and the safe return of our dear Husband and Father!

Inhance in coming years, my little girl will wonder at so small a present to be sent so far, but in their dark days, silver or metal coins are rare, and we look at one as it a curiosity. Then too, the Father is in the field, where nothing can be bought.

I trust she will learn to value the heart's intention above the monetary value of any gift. To show her how to estimate things by her own Father's standard, I quote another passage from the same letter.

"When I came into the field last Fall, I had these cents in my pockets. I feared them until a short time before I went home, when I lost two of them.

While those, Robbie, one day was play-
ing with your, when I showed him mine, telling him that was all I had.

The immediately proposed to give me all he had, but I suggested that he should give me and one to Christina, she has also had one, and we should all have two. This he did immediately and seemed very much pleased with the arrangement. I intended giving him mine before I came away, but forgot to do it, and they are still in my pocket. You may imagine these two cents so considerably above par in my estimation.

The generous spirit of his little boy sanctifies the small gift of one cent.

Little Mary must ever remember to let her intention be pure in either giving or receiving, let the thing be great or small. Remembering this the little "Thre cent piece" may prove a treasure of incalculable value.

Little Mary, two months old, plays on the floor, as her Mother writes these words, hoping the little one may live
Mary Howard Brown
Dayton
Ohio