My Dear Daughter:

I am going to write you another letter today; it will perhaps be a long time before I can write you again, and it may be that this will be the last you shall ever receive from me. This might, indeed, be said of every letter one writes, but we do not often write with so strong a probability of soon being in very dangerous places. I hope therefore you will think the move of the letter, and any advice it may contain, if I should live to see you grown up. I should be very glad to believe you to be one of the best girls I ever saw; but if I should not, I hope you will always have some one who will feel towards you as I do, and that you never cease trying to become what I wish you to be.

Few persons have so good a mother as you have, and if you should live to be a hundred years old, it would never cease to be a great comfort to you to remember that you always loved her dearly, and showed your love by always trying to please her, never wilfully offending or disobeying her.
If you can really try to please her, you will never be disobedient, but you always try to do so not only what
she wants, but what she wishes you to do. I think
I suggested in one of my letters, that you showed the same
self-restraint on the Pain of doing anything about which
you feel doubtful, whether mother would like you to do
it. If you think she would not, then you may be
very certain that it will be best for you not to do it.
She is thinking all the time how she can best
promote your real happiness, and when she at
ttempts to please you, you must accustom your
self to acknowledge within your own mind that she
is right and submit yourself without grumbling to
the greater wisdom and fuller experience. When once
you acquire the habit of doing this, you will get along
very smoothly and happily with her, and time will
become its place, and then you will not care to leave
it, and will always be very glad to go back to it.

Of one thing you are quite certain, that is,
that quarrelling with your little brothers is very much
desisted by mother, and at the same time unpleasant
to yourself and every one else here. One
thing which you have to learn then is to play with
them without quarrelling. They are younger than you
and they sometimes will be rude and unreasonable,
but you do not need matter, by getting angry and
fighting with them. If you never begin yourself to get
out of temper, or at least to show it, you will find
that it will not be so difficult to get along with them,
for I do not think either has a bad disposition, also
like yourself they are passionate and head strong and
often do what they choose not.

It is the pleasantest thing in the world to have a
little family of children living together without quarrelling or fighting. It is not to exasperate so it should
be, but it must make one very happy, to know that
I had one of that kind. Now, you are the oldest, and
I shall expect you to take the lead in avoiding it, for
your example will have a great influence on Frank
and Bobby and Mary and I think that example to
be an excellent one. Will you try to please your mother
in and me, by setting them back on examples?

The tongue is called the avenue between us and
its often in rights to called. It is too easy to say ugly
and bitter things which wound the feelings and to dif-
fiend to find other words to heal the wounds they
have made. Try to remember this, and check yourself when
about to say anything for the purpose of making another.
feel badly. Home above all is the place where such things should never be said, and if you are careful not to say them there, you will soon lose the inclination to say them anywhere. Some persons are foolish enough to think it brave to make ugly speeches, but generally fail to be the authors when the words are spoken of themselves. When you feel tempted to make them, remember that your fortune will not be pleased, if you do, that you would feel hurt if others should make them to you, and try to subdue the spirit that prompts them. You will think much better of yourself when you have thoroughly absorbed it, and will be saved many painful reflections and unwavering regrets.

My letter is growing too long, but I hope my dear The time may not soon come when you will wish it were still longer, and that you will never have cause to reproach yourself for disregarding the kind advice, I have given you in these letters. They were written in the hope that they might help my dear little girl in her effort to become a good and noble woman and I trust that they will not altogether disappoint my hopes.

Now, the last charge I give you is, always trust your mother; have no secrets from her, as long as you live; never promise not to tell her anything; never do anything which you are ashamed to tell her fully and frankly, and you will keep yourself out of much trouble and never do anything very wrong.

God be my dear daughter
Your loving father

L. YB. Summers

Since I finished my letter I have gone into woods and gathered the wild flowers, which I enclose.