

Setp 23d 1879

Mrs J F Evans
Sherman Tex

Precious baby girl, Your loving letter of the 20th to hand today, & I need not tell you how very much it was appreciated. Watch or you may make me think you are in love with me & you know it might affect my vanity. A dangerous thing it is to excite the vanity of a husband - better keep him at the cool distance to which matrimony naturally assigns him, Or other friends may feel that he is given preference & it may chill thos who would otherwis become warm admireres. Wives occasionally neglect this precaution & invariably before they are aware of the injury resulting, they are assigned the position of dignified matrons, cutting them off from the warm proffessions of admiration & profuse compliments of which others are the recipients.

Oh! for some power the gift to give us,
To see ourselves as others see us. &c

Well darling I trust you are safely with ma, in the old home, to which my hart turned so ooften in gone by hears, and which will ever be dear in memory for the treasure it yielded me, but affections than bright as sunbeams are today strong as cords of gold & warmer & brighter by the friction of time, and the future grows radiant as I contemplate the happy years of connubial bliss in store. When I am permitted with my own precious chosen darling to labor to make home happe & from my wanderings

Lord(?)

Welcomed by her.

To rest in rosy nuptial bowers,
Of rarest buds, & sweetest flowers,
Where only purest blossoms bloom,
To burthen air with rich perfume,
where Cupid never woos in vain,
and where his arrows give no paid.

While love supreme but rules the bower
Ah! bright will be the passing hour,
Love is the cord binds God to man,
Break not the sacred, golden stran,
For love alone must from the bands
That holds secure both heart & hands.

But baby we must het fall in love, it is dangerous to trust us on the ould ground where you caught your husband. Stirring the ashes of extinguished fires may fan slumbering sparks to life & your mamma should not again be afflicted with a love sick girl. Or am I presumptuous to think I can attract your thought from surroundings of home to the stale realities of double bliss or has it grown to quatruple.

But god bless our darlings & I almost feel that I would not care if they were an hundred in number, if as sweet.

But baby gass is lit store is closing & I must be away and finish when I can command the time. So Love to all Kiss babies & I am always your most precious husband

J F Evans