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Bruce Collection
Box 5, Folder 136

[end of year retrospect by Henrietta Bruce]

This is the last day of the year, how many dear friends have passed away. and how many hearts, made desolate. may we spend the last moments of this year, in prayer to the great and good Gøod [God] who has kept [kept] us safely and form [from] danger. O how thankful we should be for his kindness.

To morrow [Tomorrow] we shall enter uppon [upon] a new year. The bells! O yes they are singing to welcome thy year which is fast approaching-- O how we hate to part with ./64, but I must bid you adieu.

Henrietta Bruce

December 31st/64 [December 31, 1864]

Happy New Year to all and to all good night--