My Dear Son, 

It is now seven months since your Brother John died, and we have not written to you; but you have heard of the fact. We love you more than we did before he took away our son. We think about our dear sonous every day. We thank God that he has had pity on us and on our family. Sometimes we feel great comfort when we think our son is happy in Heaven. We do not know what we should have done if we had not thought he was happy. We feel that you are very old and have not long to live in this world. Your mother has two sons whom she hopes to see in this world. We pray for all our children that God would make them his children. We do not love any thing in this world more than we do God. We pray every day that God would help us to love him and believe he hears our prayers.

We have heard that all the Cherokee youths in Cornwall are coming home next Fall, and hope you will come; but you know better than we do what is best. We will not advise you what to do; you have heard from us and must do just as you please.

You are now grown a great deal since you left us; and that you leave fast, you must have written to Walter before this time about your brother John, and perhaps he has written to you; and you have talked together about it. We want you and Walter to be agreed about us, whether it is best for us to go to the Arkansas or stay here. Your Mother has written to Walter, but has not received an answer. We wish to hear from him very much; have felt uneasy about him on account of the war. We know you love each other and are very thankful that you have always been good to us, and have never given us any trouble. Catherine's health is not good, and she is going to Huntsville to stay a few months and she will return, Susan is still with us, but expect she will go to the Arkansas next Fall as we heard that Edward was coming after her.
Our daughter-in-law, Susan, has gone to live with her son. She comes to our house often; she loves to come to look at your brothers' grove. We love her as we do our own children. We are all very well.

Your mother has grown very feeble, and it makes her very tired to walk about, though she feels able to ride on horseback to meeting two miles and goes every Sabbath. We love Mr. and Mrs. Baker. They call us Father and Mother, and we are glad to have them call us so. We know you will love the Missionaries when you come home. We think they would be glad to have you to assist them when you return.

From your affectionate parents,

John and Sarah Brown