

23rd Dec., 1916.

(in bed - pen &amp; pad).

Dear Jacobs:-

I am laid up with a heavy cold, the worst indeed I have had for years. I have coughed my Pacchionian bodies loose! very little fever. I am better now and sitting up part of the day. I have been doing too much and worried over the C. A. Medical Corps business, but thank God, we got rid of that awful boulder, Sam Hughes.

The Brown Miscellanie is a great treasure - thank you so much. It is the very copy on which I bid some years ago. I now lack only the 1688 Dutch edition to complete my set. A missing 1644 Latin - one of the three of that date came in the other day.

Thanks for your lovely Christmas card. Bad time over here for the Dove of Peace. I wish Wilson's nt., arrived this A.M., had been shot on the way. Peace now would mean another big war within ten years. We have got to go through with this now to the bitter end & either come out on top or go under & leave the future of Democracy with the U.S. I think we can hold out another  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years or even longer. The Country is at last alive to the business, & all this shortage will do good.

Revere is in splendid form and evidently with a set of fine fellows. If you have a war map, look just about Alibert, along the Ancre, a famous farm is marked. That is where his Battery is stationed. They hammer away night and day - the expenditure of shells must be prodigious. I am so glad he is in the artillery - so much better in every way.

Sue Chapin is with us and Archie Malloch, and we expect some of the Wrights tomorrow.

Love to Mrs. Jacobs. With best wishes for 1917.

Ever Yours,

P.S. our treasure William, the butler, died in a military hospital last week of pneumonia! such a loss.

Wm. Osler.