

Milford, Dec 7. 1837

My Dear Friends, Abby.

Abby has ^{one} eyes, and again, how my light, so indifferent, Anna has grown about ^{my} eyes. But I assure you it is not so, it has been only for want of time, but it is with great pleasure that I have a few moments to devote in writing to my Dear friend. My time has been wholly occupied for many weeks, I have been very much hurried with work, this fall, and am so yet, it seems sometimes as though they would pull me in pieces, I love work, and another wants me, we take work to the house, and I have been out to work some. I should not have thought one year ago that I could have done it, but I find that I have to do many things about at the first I thought would ~~thought~~ seem almost impossible. I have often thought could we foresee what we are to pass through, we should be very miserable indeed. No doubt it is from very wise purposes that it is concealed from us.

Our kind heavenly parent, has assured us that our strength shall be made equal to our days every of him we see this promise verified, to weak, and faint, this thanksgiving my has been rather a touch one to us, we seem to have enough to make us happy, and much to be grateful for, but our Dear Mother is not with us, this is what casts a gloom upon every thing around us. But then why should it? We feel too very easily, more and more, from day to day.

and very much do we feel the need of the society again but we know it cannot be, we shall however again withhold her smiling countenance, nor hear her hoarse voice, But then I think again she is far happier than she could be here, this is all that consoles me. She left an evidence that her departure was with peace, and this is indeed cheering to us all. She has given me, and all the rest of us a great deal of instruction and good counsel. I hope and trust it will not all be in vain. I know for one I can never forget it.

She has been a Dear and kind Mother to us all, and could we have her again I think I should prize her more highly than ever. But God saw fit in his wise Providence to remove her from us, and I hope I can say from the heart, and feel that it is perfectly right and just, and it is no mercy that he has done it.

I know we need chastenments, and we have reason to expect that of his visitings, and mercies, do not lead us to repentance he will come with his rod, to correct us, his unfeeling children. How prone am I to wander from him the best of friends and the only true friends, one who has promised near to leave us forsake us if we will but trust in him. I have thought he may have very different the company with of my Dear Mother from what it ever was on such days before, to-day we trust she is praising God in heaven and not in the earthly temple. Who of us before the return of another day like this will be in the silent grove it may be may we it may be your God only knows, we were sternly admonished to be also ready. He has come every year to you so well as to me, and left these tokens with you warning us to be also ready. We have now our little sister back, at home. we find it a great care, but we think it is a little Mother's creature, I feel willing to do any thing for it, I remember that I had a dear Mother who watched over me in my infancy.

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in the silent graves it may be ours it may be yours God
only knows, we are slowly admonished to be also ready. Be too
come very near. Be yours as well as to me, and let these tender
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Milford N.H.
Dec 8

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Mrs. Thos. H. H. H. H.
Lowell, Mass.