

to them would be glad to get letters  
if I do not return them or write  
me tell them I do not forget any  
remember me to all that look after  
not to feel like I do  
of how full they are of love  
from any one than

San Bernardino June 16<sup>th</sup> 1878

My own dear friend and sister  
need I say I was glad to get  
your dear good letter No glad  
is not the word I was hungering  
for it had been looking for it  
for a number of days felt I could  
not wait much longer. O I do so  
love to get letters from the loved  
ones here in our far away home  
and yours are so full of interest  
and so full of comfort to me  
I dont wonder sister Wilcox  
says you are a comfort to her  
when I was with you your  
loving words of counsel and  
cheer were so comforting and  
encouraging to my poor feeble  
faith and now though so  
many long miles lay between  
us your precious words of love

and friends with their love to you  
love to you my own loved ones  
all your family and ever so much  
my kind regards to my friends  
and count on my too my  
presents blessings I know I am  
not thankful enough for present  
& blessings when I think of my  
present home and sometimes  
almost want to murmur I  
think of the Blessed one who  
had not where to lay his  
head and an earnest Prayer  
cry goes up for patience and  
I am able to say "Lord I would  
place my hand in thine  
for ever murmur or refine  
content whatever my lot may be  
since 'tis thy hand that leadeth me  
yes I think if I could spend  
a week with you it would  
do me more good than  
all the meetings I have  
attended since I left Canton  
although I would not have  
you think I have not had

once they by their Mount the content  
of our good you have such a  
judges should like again  
the gods send love during days  
and friendship are so dear  
to me yes I too am glad we  
ever met glad we were led  
to Canton (even though we  
lost our worldly goods) for there  
I received such spiritual help  
there the Saffier days of my  
life were spent and as I think  
of it my heart says glory be  
to thy Holy name for the sweet  
rest and blessings thou didst  
bestow upon me there but I  
am so weak I can't think of  
the precious Communion  
we enjoyed together there when  
our heart burned within us  
because of the loving presence  
of the Master without my  
heart aching and my eyes  
filling with tears and I often  
try to stop thinking stop compar  
ing the past with the present

some good meetings here  
and some precious privileges  
last month the South  
Methodists held a series of meetings  
and I was able to attend some  
of them and my heart was  
made to rejoice in seeing  
wandering ones coming to  
Jesus among others my own  
dear Clara I know your  
heart will rejoice with me  
she is not yet in the clear  
light does not feel satisfied  
but has united with our  
Church as a seeker and pro-  
bationer I feel so anxious for  
her that she may get in to  
the light and not be discour-  
aged dear sister pray for her  
that she may have just the  
needed blessing. Sinna seemed  
to take a new start in the way and  
I thought if my boy were a Christian  
and my husband back again  
at the foot of the Cross I should

almost feel that my work  
was done and it would  
be <sup>so</sup> sweet to lie down and  
rest. But I am willing to  
travel on want to do all there  
is for me to do I feel when I  
look over my past life that I  
have done so little my life has  
been so imperfect it seems some  
times that it has been almost a fail  
ure dear friends still keep  
praying for us for we need  
your prayers. My dear sister  
bear with me for when I get  
to telling you all my heart I  
dont know where to stop how  
I wish I could see you I could  
say more than I can write  
yet am thankful for even this  
privilege I am sorry your health  
and boy I is so poor my  
general health is much better  
than when I left Canton but  
have my afflictions my foot

is troubling me again now  
so that it is painful far more  
to get around. We have  
moved again since I last told  
to just a little ways. Mr B cannot  
make up his mind to try and  
get another home here in this  
valley but is working very hard  
to make something so we can  
go up north somewhere and  
get a home. perhaps we shall  
never have another home  
here on Earth but I do pray  
that you my dear friend and  
I and all our loved ones  
my share a home in our  
Father's house where are many  
mansions. We went to Church  
to day our Minister preached a  
very plain practical sermon  
his text was the third Chap of  
Revelation from the 14 to the 19  
our membership is very small  
not over 25 all told. and our

Congregations still smaller  
16 there to day all told it is so  
discouraging that some think  
it best to give up trying to have  
a minister at all about twenty  
scholars in the Sunday school  
Lima has the infant class,  
the M. E. Church South have  
a membership of nearly a  
quite a hundred have a full  
school and a good congrega-  
tion there are a great many  
southern people here a great  
many spiritualists and  
Mormons and Catholics a  
hard element to work in  
get the who rules can work  
and none can hinder no  
we dont have any prayer meetings  
and I could not attend if they did  
I can sympathise with you in  
not having your noon class I  
should miss it so much and  
I should miss Bro. Byler as our  
leader too how often I think of

him and dear Eva how I  
wish I could see them love  
to them tell dear sister Eva  
I take comfort in singing in  
that little Book she gave me and  
often think how glad I would  
be to hear her and her father  
sing some of those good old songs  
I am sorry sister Wright has  
been so afflicted I will write to  
her and not longer wait for her  
I think the Ladies aid has done  
well for the Church I should be so  
glad to hear that the Church was  
all clear I think it too bad that  
Bro. Thrice should suffer on Mr  
Nails account I think it just as  
well for the Community that  
he did not stay there his former  
history is known here. Mr. Gleason  
and family are well. I get letters  
from sister and Clara W. often  
they are about the same as usual  
Mother writes once in a while

was well the last of the