Dear Father,

You remember, father, that I told you in my last letter, by yours last received, that I was going to see you the next spring. You know how this letter is just arrived, and I must write to you. Come here and I will introduce you to one of the best men in the whole of Alexandria. He has few equals that I have ever been. Be sure to write to me a long letter. Give me the advice, the counsel I must so much need. May the Lord God Almighty bless you, my dear father, and reward you a hundredfold for all your goodness to me.

Mother... It seems to me there is no word of cheer before that word, for it includes within itself all of evidence that we can conceive. I have just left room enough to tell you that my health is good, my situation agreeable. And as for progress in my Studies, you know that I should not be judged to the latter of these two, if I did not make good progress in them (This will go to the mother) Where was I? I do not hear from him at all. bow. Owen is now at home. Tell him to love the Lord Christ.

Your affectionate son

E. P. Lennox
Bongor March 1, 1832.

My dear Parents,

We were of course very glad to hear from Brother Parish in any form, but much more grateful to know the interest of his friend. He is now forgotten in the sphere of progress of his brother, and I shall read a part of the letter next Monday evening and request prayers in his behalf. This need must have been like drought, sweet mingling of mercy with judgment. More than this, we may not expect in this world. Job had a long series of sad terrors, without interruption, till all but his integrity and his God were gone. A long, sad night cast down upon the remainder of his life, no dawn of hope in ujummin pressed on the clouds. But with you, my dear Parents, God has not thus dealt. If your life has not been all sunshine, it has not been all clouds. Let us sit down together and count up all the mercies which we as a family have received.
Time would fail to tell the joys that you experienced when our "man-child" was born. And then you are permitted to see your seeds
and a majority of those who have arrived at years of understanding here and also help in
the breeder of God Thaddeus Christ. Would it not be just to believe, all those children
rise up and call them blessed to renew their
strength and mount up as on eagle wings
towards heaven. But - and I say that

treasure is not in memory. Making his
wings of war, approaching the very heart of the sun
they met and the fell - now long father
if they had been made of lead he would
never have even left the earth - or in other
words if he had folded, hands, and heart besides
come familiar upon us full of want, attacked
to him his flight must have been slow and the
hush dissonance of loving eliciting and
neighing, would have afforded the social
inhabitants. I have thought much, however
of your cares of later and am sensible
with you that something must be done
immediately. We expect to see father
without fail a week from Tuesday
next and then we will take counsel
and do some thing.
We three, S. S. and I, with our tutor, tea last evening, carried little Sarah and the second week coming home frightened Aunt and Mother. Owen appears finely situated and all things look very promising than he sent for them immediately on receiving C. P. S. Letter. Sibyl was playing when I began my letter, heart and soul with love and love very much and take much to the care of her. The babe is very good natured and grows well. Love to Elizabeth, Sarah and Sibyl write intending love to Father, mother and Elizabeth. Three there is all.

John is out. Give your affectionate evening well out. For God's loving love.
At Union March 15th 1832

My dear Sir,

you can't much en-

Putting in the winter and going some much less
When you know that I was called the last week to the
Funeral of your dear Aunt Higgin and was caught there
in the storm. The street was suddenly lit by a different tie
The belief lasts for years in connection with a bit
of anything. The saw the evening Approaching and went to
with his usual Potatoes. Our arrived yesterday
and designs leaving this morning. My health
and only to say I would firmly hope it is improving it has
been not enough since I saw you. As to my affairs I
will probably be equally freelike to check as you are
Wishing what can you do? I just I see nothing to
and these there in the view of one all contrary to
the divine Providence. It would be very pleasing to
see your Sympathies offer themselves would be a blessing some way.
As to the churches there is an understanding that they will endeavor
way to raise how and to be paid next coming meeting if it.
This may be certain that your name it will not be certain
it is in the army. I am gratified in hearing that your concerns go on well. I hope your health is in good and all your cases will be cast away. Keep faith and hope and your faith the like the faith shining more and more unto the perfect day. Give much love to Mr. and Mrs. Jeff for me to Abbie. T. E. Your ever affectionate father.

I found the trip by the change of train
is an interesting way.

My dear Daughter: Edy, I know you will be
instructed in getting home, but you will believe the impossibility of it. If my coming over as you intended they are waiting and it is impossible that I would write some letters here from you soon - and the
My Dear Children Joseph, Sarah, Selby and John

I am pretty well all but a little lameness have been very busy this morning as Elizabeth has a cold and was quite forlorn with the journey again further her informant your Poor Aunt Hopping is gone she died very suddenly although she knew she was going soon all her children told Bunnexton (who was at home) she had come home to see his brother die her children were all at home My Dear children I hope these loudly repeated calls will reach us so to remember our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom and keep the world and all its concerns under our feet live to God and live upon him There is a strong foundation worth nothing upon but a house lasting and all things below the stars—Selby we miss you very much but don’t fret how you will get home at present glad you enjoy your journey to subtle give table I know I hope for me but yourself to subtle give table I know I hope for me but your absent was intended last I tell you to make an effort as that sweet Babe is all ready I must close your affectionate brother

By Love

Your absent was intended last I tell you to make an effort as that sweet Babe is all ready
My dear, for these long absent ones,

Your first letter

better concerns than I can express, the long time your
left letters have produced in my mind, your last came
me in a state of deep dejection and anxiety to think of
and pray for you. I have not been more or less affected but the letter new to me,
your letter has contributed much. There is no attorney
by which you could have contributed to much to ours,
comfort or your own done by the intent given you
your situation and expectations. It is just what could
have might if it had been left to us to dictate in
every particular, but all the force and glory belong
to God through you Christ. Have you made him
the object of your commands? If you have
made hope to help the commandments, have you
made more credit than our thanks are deserved and
has been covering and our defenses for our court
they should have been, and our attachment to the kindle
they should have been at the cost of your
occupation for God this should be done as yet no
courant for God when you have been forgotten at the
clay has left when your have been forgotten at the

The whole account really seems very like the
any help. The whole account really seems very like the

I know that it is
in all things but by the help of God it may be my pleasure from this time daily that we may be in the full and sweet joy of revery as the world can sustain our souls to have joy. Do not think of removing it a moment longer than you must. My heart is turned from Washington and I read your letters when a generous thought finally comes to me and I read it and read it and think of the dear young life taken from your mother united in the long and then are occasions to have her here the Most High God also resides in the Kingdoms of men and doth all his pleasure in the eye of the Son new and among the shepherds. When you and I have 
he will know mercy, that you might with one eye and one voice call you a grateful blessing that the Lord has here brought our dear child to the arms of your care authority and freely freed him from the wrath to come and make him the king of God and all the family and no one can reprove me more harmfully among you. Your Mother regards the situation of the family. All are well of this twice for we 
are insured. Your another sister to feel the demands and want. I conclude as ever your affectionate father

Parish, your aunt Mussey is dead and very suddenly. She was well at nine o'clock and at eleven she entered the eternal world.舟new she was obeying her rigid all her children applied calm and composed
My Dear Son,

I wrote you an answer to your last letter, giving you a particular account of our health and circumstances, which I suspect you received before you left St. Louis.

I cannot say that the contents of your last letter was more than I expected, for I did really believe that God had given you a broken and contrite heart and that is where the Holy Ghost delights to dwell—whether any I say it is more than I have desired or thought. For if what I have prayed for, or what I have ever thought with all my heart, but I can say it is more than I have ever thought.

The Death of yonder, the Death of yonder, above our thought, the Death of yonder, above our thought. The Death of yonder, above our thought, above our thought. The Death of yonder, above our thought.

I never had a clear view of the evil nature of sin and the glorious mercy of salvation, but I never had a clear view of the evil nature of sin and the glorious mercy of salvation. I always felt that it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against him and that his way is equal. And now my dear child, I do hope you will follow on to know the Lord that you may find your going forth prepared as the morning as the latter and former rain unto the earth with a spring as the rain on the latticed earth, to know your Rejoicing apostolal.
My dear Sirs,

I am once more seated before the blazoned sign in the "Halls of Science," as they are termed, although there is quite as much of something else I suspect, down within them as there is of any thing relating to science.

This is a day beginning; you will say, it is so, and in order to be more entertaining I must recite it to the usual topic of all letters—I arrived here Friday noon all safe and sound, and our vessel except I feel the ill effects of a bad cold which was somewhat increased by exposure on the way. The state of religion here at present is of rather a low class. I think found Hebrew thus I understand concluding to divide his affections between heaven and a mistress, or in other words he is "cooking up a river." Gen. Laclede delivered a lecture here on Friday evening upon of course his favorite subject, his mother was somewhat severely his address instructive exhibiting a large fund of knowledge, and evening
extensive observation, his illustrations originary
and pointed, he was in fine head with attention
and without weakness, which is what common
he said of his very fine public speaking.

There have been three cases of suspension this
time—case of intimation and reliving of the
23d of last month Washington's birthday.

All things go on the better as if we had a
President. It is said that old Gal has em-
ployed Webster, Sargent, and Bushy as ad-
voeats, and intends to be President at all
hazards, and there certainly will be some change
if ever he piercing the Presidential chair.

Our studies are most how. Get some time for read-
ing although the day is so cut up that it
flies away quickly. I have taken 100 yards
d each morning of road to swim, which will answer very
well for exercise. I shall expect to hear
from home soon, as I feel anxious to hear
the state of Rob's health. Yours affectionately

Owen Lovejoy

To Elizabeth,

Dear Sis:

I sent up a bundle
which you have probably received of cloth for
some shirts. There is also a pair of trousers, the
fins of which I wear all
made into collars, and wish you to get weight
If there is not enough of the other kind of linen for bosoms and waistbands make some of the finest cloth with bosoms of the same. Forget the top and buttons, but if you put away warm and have the right kind, I don't know as it is any matter about sending them closer, I think unless you hear from me again, so that you need must do these up till near the close of the term, Mother may acre any one of sending small things, but, 'Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well,' said a wise uncle and so I think of nothing more to say so good night. Your loving

Adon E P Loujoy

Owen Loujoy
Princeton, Theol Seminary
April 23, 1852.

My dear Edward Darcey,

Your printed letter of the 19th ult. has this day been received. The letter to which you allude as written by mother has never come to hand. I left it in order to have it forwarded here and it may come yet, but the mails are so irregular that it is now probably numbered among the lost things of this earth.

Through the great and most undeserved goodness of God unto me, I arrived here on the 24th ult. in good health, and on the same day was admitted as a member of this Institution. This to me and here preferring to be come a minister of the everlasting gospel! Then I review my past life. I am astonished and confounded and hardly know which most to wonder at, my own stupidity and blindness and guilt or the long suffering and compassion of God. That the Lord should have blessed me with such opportunities of becoming acquainted with his holy word—should have given me parents who, in the arms of their faith, dedicated me to him according to his gracious covenant—and who early, and continue faithfully, one with many tears...
wound and entreat me to embrace the offer
of salvation, through Jesus Christ; and not
withstanding all this, when he saw me harden-
ing my heart, resisting the prayers of my pa-
rents and friends, grieving his Holy Spirit, in
counting the blood of the Covenant into which
I had been baptised an unholy thing, that
He should have still borne with me, should have
suffered me to live, and at last given mani-
testation to hope that I have by his grace been
able to return to my Father's house; all this seems
to me a miracle of goodness such as a God alone
could perform. And for too wonderful for me to
comprehend. I can only bow down my head
and adore. How often do I ask myself: Why have
I been thus favoured, why was I made to hear
the invitation of the Blessed Spirit: Return
unto the Lord, and he will have mercy on you?
Oh, love in time and wisdom united in a de-
gree beyond our highest conceptions. I
think I said in my last that no part of the or-
cration will of God appeared more precious to me
those that which reveals to man the gracious cov-
enant which Jesus Christ made with those
law. To fulfill the stipulations of which on his
part, in process of time he came into the world
uplifted our sins in his own body on the tree.
The more I reflect upon the subject, the more
sovereign declare for thankfulness and gratitude to
God for his Incarnation in entering into such a
covenant, and for his sovereign mercy in giv-
ing me parents who acknowledged its obligations, and in the arms of faith brought me by the
altar and conserved me to God. I think I can see plainly that the Holy Ghost has made this a means of keeping the truth before my mind, whereas everything else was insensible. Only dear Parent, join with me in adoring and magnifying the name of the Lord, God of our fathers. 

Your affectionate, 
Elijah P. Dowey

Dear Aunt Constan, she is gone. Yet it is a source for lamentations of the departure. I hope, and yet I should like to have seen her again on earth for she loved me well. Exit the answer to my former letter to your kindred members of the family. Give to them all. tell Miss Elizabeth, I will be free. I am sure, dear brothers are any of them yet out of Christ? Oh will they not come to him and receive pardon and forgiveness. I have long to see them, to entreat them that they delay no longer the great work of repentance. If my life is spared I hope to be in Belgium during the coming summer, and join with my dear Father and Mother and brother and sister, in ser, and offering thanks to Almighty God for having dealt so lovingly with us.

Where is Owen and where is John and where is Sybil? Is Owen in College? I hope to prepare to become a minister. I have not yet written to brother Joseph, but will do it in a day or two.

Your affectionate Son,
Elijah P. Dowey
To Mr. David Bridgman, Clerk.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Elijah P. Lovejoy.

Previous to my leaving, 66 persons had been added to the church during the revival, and 80 or 100 more were rejoicing in hope. E. Lovejoy.
April 12, 1832

by the King's Majesty and the people of this State are

requested to spend the day in fasting, humiliation, and prayer. We

may feel that we are called upon by a great God to obey magistrates, for the Lord's sake and may we be very

meek and humble, that the Blessed God may put it into

the hearts of our rulers to call upon us in this way and

regard that the pious examples of ancestors are not

all forgotten nor neglected and that it might be a day

of real humiliation, fasting and prayer, that we might

be humbled as individuals and as a state. That God would

be pleased to pour out a spirit of prayer and supplications on

all his people that God would bless us even as a state

as a nation through an earnest repentance humble in the very dust before

his throne and that we be enabled to come near and

plead long before his throne not that we would be

pleased to give us wise and good men to rule over us

sineerly to give us wise and good men to rule over us

men that rule in the fear of God and those terrors up

be that our rulers might all keep a fast unto the Lord

such a fast as he hath chosen to loose the bands of wicked

enemies under the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free

and that ye break every yoke, and that the Blessed God

would show unto his mercies to all grades and condition

of men that they to whom he has given enough and

do spare might deal their bread to the hungry and bring

the poor that are cast out to thy home and clothe them and

that none of us might hide ourSELVES.
Baron, April 14, 1838

My Dear Dear wife and daughter: I cannot
delay writing for a moment, your prayers and
teacher and Sarahs limbs and prayers now gone
with & I am sensible of a memorial of you for
and time prevailed, all was darkness, the day of death until I arrived within a mile of York, the last
stage from Leaman and pulled on horse
wheels in the stage from Leaman and pulled on horse
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This is to certify, that the Rev. Daniel Savory, of Albion, Me., by a donation from the Orphan Missionary Society in Maine, was constituted an Honorary Member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Boston, Mass. June 1st, 1832.

Henry Hill, Treasurer.
Theology Seminary
Princeton, N.J. Feb. 24, 1832

My dear sister, Lily,

Your letter gave me

both pleasure and pain. I was very glad

to hear from you, directly, to see your

hand writing, but it grieved me much to hear

of the state of our dear Father's health. It is the

more distressing to me that it is altogether

unexpected. I had thought that he had, at

last, succeeded in banishing from his mind

those fits of morbid melancholy which so en-
tirely consumed however they take possession of.

Too well, do I know, by experience, that there is

no remedy for a state of mind like this; nor

at least to be found on earth—neither my

staying away or coming home will have

the least effect. But there is One who can

minister to a mind diseased. One in whom

hence are all the issues of life and death.

How strange, then, my dear sister, that I,

who had so often read and so deeply felt the

insufficiency of all created help, should to day

have neglected not only my duty but my most

privilege, I applying to that great Physician!

How defective must be that understanding.

one who permitted that intellect, which thus

knows its disease yet seeks not, nay, refuses to

be healed. I hope I shall never again be

so foolish. Your sister, 

N
let what may betide. I am sure I ought not to be, but I have great reason to tremble, but Satan and my own wicked heart get the better of me. It is no easy matter to fight such enemies as these, but with Christ near and thus my conqueror. I know I shall come off more than conqueror.

How does our dear mother do? You say in your letter, that the enjoy good health. For this, the Lord be thanked! She is a wonderful woman. You know this already, but you do not know it so well as I do—I hope never seen her equal. Take all her qualities together, so pure, so interestingly benevolent, a heart seldom lodges in a house of clay, and never seen in the bosom of a mother so great. I doubt not will be her reward in heaven, for there is nothing here which can compensate for such love.

I have written both to Queen and to Tom since I came here—having had a letter from John last week from Queen. It is of these that I think more those of any of the rest of the family. I love, sometimes, enjoy great confidence in the mercies and faithfulness of God, in relation to their case. If He had done mercy on one, the glories are most guilty sinners of your all. If you should despise of ever doubt of His willingness to receive them also. I love them for I made it a rule to pray especially for them, every night and morning, and
I will try to continue this practice, until my prayers shall have been answered and my voice shall have been heard in death. It seems to me as if they could not remain insensible, could I but see them and tell them how unutterably precious is this to the penitent soul.

Your affectionate Brother,

Elijah R. Lovejoy.

As to my coming home, I would advise you not to be too forgiving or easy in any of the calculations which you may make about it. If you do not much expect me, your colonists may be much disappointed. In any event, I believe this summer it will probably be very clear or fair. I shall return from the west of Illinois and I wish to see my dear home, as much least, as any other man wish to see me, but I find it necessary to prefer my duties, and subordinate these to my duty, and so I doubt not, do you.

My health is usually pretty good. Though of that I will tell you more when I see you, if I ever do, and I trust it will be soon. As to admiring brother E's wife, I never expect to admire any woman. Reform, I am afraid, publicly. My mother if I find her as well as my listing if it will be well. Give cheat us, and what my love to the family.

Some me very low for me and when you pass, forget not to thank a gracious Providence for both through many changes. Remain my life, and now enables with every satisfaction and affectionate brother

Elijah Lovejoy.
My dear Sister,

I am here situated in a school house surrounded by a swarm of little scholars not the most interesting either—but I have begun and must press forward. I am well accommodated as to a boarding place in some respects Home which Father told me to forget is the cause of the greatest anxiety. The situation of my dear father is ever before me I know it is all right and he is in the hands of Infinite Love who does not willingly affect nor grive the children of men but who delight he'll can do no more than what He pleases where I feel I ought to leave it and trust it to my dearest Babying. Thank in the right time He shall be delivered and thought into a large place. The people here were very glad to see me because they wanted school to begin I suppose.
answered safely but very much fatigued but have got rested
and very well but it takes all
my patience to get along four
months with a long drive something
I think I cannot stand it but it
will soon slide away. Have now
been examined yet  don’t know but
they will let me home. Have
been Mrs. Boyd they are very anxious
to see Father if he will believe it
down with me. How and when
with them want it. How is Mother
and Father you will of course
tell me. I want you to come
down as soon as week after next and
bring my clothes and some stocking
yarn and 1 book. Write soonest.
and tell every particular about your visit to Hallowell. It is now about school-time and I must say give my love to Father, Mother, John Polly, and all who care for me. and take care of little yourself. Your friend, Lily.
Princeton, (N.J.) July 13, 1832

Theological Seminary.

My dear Parents,

I arrived in town yesterday, after a passage by sea to New York of seven days. I did not leave Boston until the 11th inst. One week after passage was in consequence of not being able to get passage. At your house, doubtless, are the latest news of the Cholera being in New York. This I add to your anxiety for my welfare. I would say that my health is good and by the blessing of God I hope will continue so.

I am not, in the least, afraid of the Choler.

We do not consider that Princeton is more affected than if the Cholera were still in New York. As to tell the truth, I am more those house inclined to suspect that after all the alarm and outcry in N.York and which will doubtless reach your ears, are mostly founded on imaginary danger. Every disorder, of whatever name or nature, is now magnified into the Cholera, and as this is the season of green fruits, so in the city. It is the most
unhealthy seasons. But very few persons respectable have died out of these. I suspect one self died of some fright, and another quarter of other diseases beside the Cholera. But be it as it may, the alarm is subsiding and so is the disease. The cases reported are fewer every day and by the time this letter reaches you the disease will have entirely subsided. I trust that you will, therefore, have no alarm on my account. I feel perfectly safe as much as is if there was no word about the Cholera. All things are well here and I am now to begin my study again.

And now, how is my dear Father? I hope he is well by this time. I hope God has removed his afflictions and given him against the consolation of his presence. If when this letter reaches him, he is no better than when I left, it is no use for me to say much by way of endeavoring to persuade him to put off his garment of heavy men; and if he is well, I am sure I need not ask him to let me know it. I hope yet to see him here in New Jersey before my seven years are over.

My dear father has a heavy burden to carry, but they knows where to go for relief, the know who can and should be his nurse— who will support
her and make all things subservient to God. We have a great promise in that which declares that all things shall work together for good to them that believe. This is a grand reason for a Christian to despair or even despond. May God bless my dear Parents, and may they yet live to see many good days and do much good in the world.

I will write to Symble before my journey. Let her know from me, I am here alive and well, and remember her with much affection.

My next letter home will be written to you, Sister Elizabeth, and may tell me how you have managed to get old Dick home? Without difficulty, I hope. Live much in prayer, my dear Sister E. it is the life of a Christian. Pray for yourself, pray for me, and pray for our dear brothers. She, we have reason to fear, do not pray for themselves.

Brother John I suppose is still at home. I hope, that you will be a good boy, obeying your parents, and fearing God. You will be doing good work here. John, and you know not how soon. Remember the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Give my love to Aunt B. and family and to all other friends. Do not fail to write immediately.

Your affectionate love

Elija P. Longin
Theological Seminary
Pleasantville, (N.Y.) Aug 28, 1832

My dear & honored Father,

I have this day received a letter from Mother containing news for which I trust, I do in some measure feel thankful to God. I dare hardly allow myself to credit it, yet it is no more than I have prayed for daily since I left home, and I am more than I have, in a good measure, believed would take place.

Mother says your health is “almost perfectly established.” I have tried to thank a merciful God for suffering my heart to be gladnessed with such blessed news; but I am sure that I am thankful to him but not as I ought. Oh. Father is he not a God that the earth mediates and the heavens covenant? Of all sins, it seems to me, that the sin of unbelief is the most dishonoring to God. What abundant reason have we as a family to praise and adore the riches of our foreign land and money? The what reason have all the children. Our labour all the rest. to humble ourselves because your kindness of hearts. our blindness of mind. so that
all the goodness of God could not lead us to repentance. I see that well do I know it can only be by sovereign love alone.

I have reason to bless God who gave me parents and faithfully instructed me in the knowledge of his holy word from my earliest years, who prayed for me with many tears and strong cries unto heaven, and who gave me away in covenant to God. All these things are blessings too great to be referred to the name and to the love of God; do I feel that I owe all my hopes of salvation.

I do at my dear Father enjoy that lively sense of forgiveness, love, and communion with God, that I come with. Sin has got dominion over me, and its power is terrible. I need to think that when the heat was one removed, it no longer was subject to the temptations of sin; and that it was as easy then to keep the commandments of God than to disobey them. But as often I was mistaken thus, so do I deceive myself now; for so far from finding it easier matter to keep the law I cannot, or at least I do not do it at all. It seems almost impossible to break away from my old habit of sin, and one temptation returns upon another, until sometimes I give up in despair. My heart appears an inexhaustible fountain of evil for no sooner is one temptation taken another takes its place, no sooner is one train of evil thoughts
After all another succeeds, for every day and a hundred times a day do I think that I am growing worse and worse instead of increasing in holiness. It is at such times that I am] detached with an unbelief, seeing my sins so great and numerous, I doubt that the blood of Christ is sufficient to cleanse me from them. Yet, this fails me, and all is gone. And this I have hoping, doubting, fearing, allowing myself out of my own unworthiness, and yet not willing to trust unhesitatingly in the merits of Christ. Do write me, my dear father, a long letter and deal faithfully with me. You know the trials that await the Christian; and you know me and my weak points and those where Satan will be most likely to assault me. Where else could I look for such faithful, disinterested counsel from a father?

I spent nearly a week in Boston at the Ellingwood's. He loves very kind and friendly. This seemed to me, especially interested in your case. He spoke of the missionary meeting at Fryeburg, remarks at the administration of the sacrament, your affectionate son, Elliott P. Longley.

I have nothing especial to say respecting my situation here. It is of course a very Rebecca among the ladies. The President is, but not strong enough to prevent the seeds of a corrupt spirit from sprouting.
Pride, envy, and jealousy may be found even in the School of those professed to engage who wound in the work of the Lord with in every sect and tribe. You will of course, give yourself wholly to it, as at the dead being there dead.

I hope your dear Father, you will be enabled to engage who wound in the work of the Lord with in every sect and tribe. You will of course, give yourself wholly to it, as at the dead being there dead.

Mr. Powell.

R. Samuel Powell.

July 1822.

If I could see your now, how delightful it would be but I will not murmur. And then the Lord that I can hear that you are again in the engagement of your ministry. Perhaps you may come to New York, next Summer. If the chance you come then I shall see you. But be that as it may, you will not deny me the satisfaction of hearing from you in a long. Very latter in answer to this. Yours respectfully, Ednah P. Boyce.
My dear Forrest,

The reception of your letter from Litchfield was acknowledged in a letter to Adelaide if I recollect right. I wish she might be informed that the last letter so well backed the many lectures that she has to goodness to give me on writing that is prepossessing. That if I do not profit by them as I will not be owing most assuredly to any wish of consistency in my example and precept, which is the cause that so much advice is like water spilled upon the ground. I have my decided those things left at China; though by the way my dear Mother, it was not owing to any want of care or any part as I directed them to the place where I wish all them to go, and besides gave the Boston or Senior, Louden them even back Stevens even gone to be sure and give them to Adeline.
I should like very much to be at home
there the Monday. House is dedicated but
not to there is to be an exhibition to
morrow in which I have a part and so
cannot conveniently leave till it is too
time to return in the evening. I shall prob-
able leave here a week from today. This
it will be Monday the 29th if I return
right and shall reach home Tuesday.

Thanksgiving I shall probably spend
there I do not intend however I shall have
no objection to eating a cooked chicken in
passing I believe you poultry good is om-
ously tough.

There is no local news that
I know of which will interest you. The
Adams is preaching a course of sermons on
the attributes of the Deity some of them very
fine. Sir Wll Scott as you probably
know is no more. Although every man
he has written is estimated to be worth 250$,
and every draft of the pen 885 no yet he
died insolvent! He has left one unmar-
ned daughter, a te of course has inheri-
ted only his great name, a noble position
up and yet it won't prevent him from
being hungry. The celebrated Doctor Spula-
thiam, also has lately deceased in Boston.
Andrew Jackson is, or will be understandedly elected President of the United States by a majority greater even than before. The result, seems to have disappointed the calculating politicians on both sides.

I suppose that Breckinridge, and Col. Wise are pretty well stained by this time. I have heard nothing from Paish. And from John, in which he says 'father' about to return for Halloween.' I suppose he is going to

New York, by this time and that you have heard from me of a call, at least if there was not end with too much baggage. Love to

and Hannah, and her the most the morning. I am at home if she can, she don't mind the fellows. I guess. Love to all her the girls this time. I guess. I shall answer both these letters if Heaven I shall answer both these letters. If Heaven

wishes my bodily presence; I should have answered earlier. But then I have been so occupied, so busy, so engrossed, so much in haste, that really I cannot put pen to paper.

Ever your affectionate Son

Queen Lovejoy
Over the river, the village, the fields. of the wood. And river, field, village, of wood. And thou great bright
As unconcerns they gone & offered delight.

From the bow of Christ's atonement bent in this
Those great at creation. The Universe down
Down the presence of God in a symboled word
His row from the flood to the exit of thing.

Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he fled
When storms are his chariot & lightning his steed.
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled and
Themselves his voice to a guilt shrinken world.
In the breath of his presence where thousands appear,
And sees boil with fury and rocks burn with flame.
And the sword and plague shot, with death, stern its
And vulture & who are the graves of the flamin.

Not such was that Rainbow—That beautiful one!
Whose cheek was retraction. By the lightning that his
A pavilion it seemed, with a Deity graced.
And justice & mercy met there, & embraced.

Michelle of it sweetly bent over the gloom
Like love on a death couch of hope in the
Then left the aught where cowered.
To Elizabeth

I do not think, whoever, these wise
These heart forgot me.
And I, perhaps, may with this heart
I'm thinking, too of them.
Yet there was round then, such a dawn
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can return!

To Harry

China May 19, 1837.

To Thought on Death.

When life at opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet.
That! How hard it is to see!
When source it forges some valued joy
And destined press, a tender tie,
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die.

When, one by one, those ties are torn
And friend from friend's packed in
And man is left alone to mourn
Oh! then how easy, it's to die!
When trembling limbs refuse their weight
And films, straggling, dim the sight
And sounds obscure the mental light
It's nature's peace, born to die!

When faith is strong as conscience alwary
And words of peace the spirit cheer
And visions of glory, half appear
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die!
Mrs. carbuncle
The beauty of the flower is lost in the beauty of the text.
Hymn to the Stars.

Ay! there ye shine, and there have shone
In one eternal hour of peace,
All rolling, burningly alone,
Through boundless space & countless time.
Ay! there ye shine the golden stars.
That pave the realms by seraph's trod;
There, through your coloring souls, diffuse
The song of those worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits: bright as elder
Young edens birthright son ye shine
On all her flowers & fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine.
Ye bright as when ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high, immortal watch
And guard your Gods pavilion there,
Gold facts to dust yet there ye are!
 Join not the oblong roll, there ye roll!
I am now learning the Manual of School.

Men and women are the most beautiful creation of all.

The sun sets, the stars come out.

Her beauty will never decay.

I am learning the Manual of School.

She is the most beautiful creation of all.
Bounding Billows.

Bounding billow cease thy motion, 

Bear me not so swiftly over;

Came thy rowing, rowing o'er,

I will tempt thy rage no more.

As within this bosom healing

Furiously passions wildly reign,

Love with proud resentment unceasing,

Throes by turns of joy and pain

Joy that for from fear I wander

When their limits can reach no more

Dole that women's heart grows fonder

When her dream of bliss is o'er,

Love by fickle fancy vanished,

Shamefaced by hope indignant flies

Yet when love and hope are vanished

Hence my memory never dies.

Perverse has been my fatal passion

Perverse my injured heart shall be

While each thought and inclination
When with thee what ills could harm me?
Then couldst every paining assuage,
But when absent thought could charm
Every moment seem'd an age.
For thee well ungrateful ever
Woe, come Goddis's hostile shore,
How the breezes mock me ever,
there are none to meet me more.

Written by Mrs. Robertson
while crossing the Straits of Dover
October 3, 1832.

Transcribed by Elizabeth G. Loughey