Jef [illegible] Jan 6th 1879

Dear Bette, would you like a birthday letter.

I send it for want of something better

From the Rocky Mts that far from land

Where the air is so pure & mountain so grand.

Where the sun is so bright as to dazzle your eyes

And the moon makes daylight in the beams from the trees.

Now shall I tell you what we are all do.

The story is old for we have not much that is new.

Aunt Sarah is busy from morning till night

For in keeping house nicely she takes great delight.

She sweeps & she dusts, she cooks & she makes them

Clothes, chickens, makes beds & then wood then

And some of the times she is writing in me.

As good and as kind as the best canoe.

But how many tears of good friends I better

She would eat in a day my lips could not.

Uncle Chubby, big with saws & splits wood

Smokes 2 dollars 2 dimes what he should
When the snow is not deep and the weather is
soft the squirrel goes up the mountains to look after the pine.
Thomas the cat lies asleep by the fire.
But if much disturbed it crosses his ears.
The chickens go out to feed but one up in the snow,
and always seem ready to pick up the even.
The magpies are wanted, so is the blue jay.
But from Grandpa's gush they would fly away.
He wanted to shoot one as proof of his skill.
But it is wanting, I wish to wait still.
As for me I'm the drone in the hive.
I only exist can not truly alive.
But am hoping and praying I soon may be well.
And go home with glad heart the Lord's goodness to tell.
Wish Bessie's health is given please another.
Your paper I take that great little brother.
Whose coming was hailed with delight. I even
That precious little baby whom I have not seen.
Hope he'll grow up a very good man.
And Comfort his parents all that he can.
You and Albert Hope are still in school.
Learning to write both by plummet & rule.
Trying to climb the hard hill of knowledge

Hope very long to be gained for college

I trust you'll be trained to do good in the world, forth

That when the end comes you be found true

You may have a sweet voice in accents of praise,

Saying "Tell them faithful servant come to

My mansion above"

I will write a Bible a feast in your name and you can learn the verse

If you choose.

Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good

Every good gift comes from above

Let a watch upon the close of my life

That I sin not with my tongue when I am old

Show me thy ways O Lord

I have been young and now am old

Yet have not seen the righteous

Forsaken nor his seed begging bread

Even a child is known by his doings

Isaiah 3:3-4
Bash and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

I said: I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue.
Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness.

Wait on the Lord be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart as cold water to a thirsty soul.

So is good news from a far country set love be without discrimination like as a father piteth his children, so the Lord piteth them that fear Him.

Grandma
Chicago, July 29, 1879.

Dear Aunt Ezzie:

You may perhaps remember something about the saying that "Still waters run deep," and also another very much like it relative to the "quick piece," and will either of the above afford an excuse for my long silence to you? Hardly, but I have tried to content myself with sending you tender messages through other channels until now my overcharged heart refuses to be comforted any way but the direct way, and so here am I.
You will rejoice with me in the fact that I have once more opened communication with dear Mother, and the old story of the Prodigal return, as her letters to me are filled with loving kindness, and I havn't any doubt of her pacification to offer several fattest Calves of the occasion. Judging from the appearance of Mother's letters no one could suppose that she is even old much more showing any symptoms of decay, but she seems to think the lamp has been trimmed nearly the last time, and that the oil is getting low. I trust not however a drop she may live many years yet to gladden the heart of her children who all right to love so good a
Mother. You have your ups and downs I know, dear Aunt, but don’t strike your colors or give up to the enemy. I think he is a hard fighter, and I believe you will conquer. Gambling on the green is rather quid pro quo maneuver for you now but there may be health in it for all that. The weather here as far this summer has not been good for people with any little ailment. But there has a wasp dance been enough to tell me so, but a little hard coaxing from Mr. Peter Lynn I don’t know how to tell the organ business puts new life into the laborer servant, and he attends to work quite well for a while. That great organ requires more blowing, or causes more clean from the great one in the Boston Music Hall.
Dear Mattrie keep up wonderfully well though times are rough. She will do more than she should do though we try to keep a little check on her inclination to work. But what can a man do with a woman will attach them to their little finger and for me I rather enjoy it. Sarah is full of life and fun and lets sunshine into our hearts everyday of the week and no family should be without such a sense of joyfulness when possible to do ornament their home. It will be very very pleasant when you are here again Aunt Peggie and I hope so much that you will be well enough so as to enjoy life little. I have a little young mother tucked away out there somewhere just hug kiss her a little for her orphan boy and say that I love her still the most tender regards upon Charles. Accept my dear husband very grateful love and believe me always affectionate yours, John.
Boston Sep't 2, 1879.

My dear Hattie,

I thank you most sincerely for your letter of Aug 25th. Nothing would give more pleasure than a visit to your dear home, again see your dear Mother, Mr. Hammond, the dear William, your own darling girl, the long lost precious bond your own dear self. What a weight of gratitude I owe! It is the greatest kindness and affection that ever were shown to any human being can make me happy, I shall be so.

It is not possible for dear Sam to learn his host of business, then an but two left. Sam does the best work! Mr. Coates the out side. I think, if you will give it.
His family are, indeed, hardly willing to have him gone a night. I presume he has answered your letter to Hattie for it deserved a good one. I do want to see your precious mother, how she has suffered! I do hope she will remain better. I have the enjoyment of her family.

I hope Hattie your health is better.

I did not know you had been so sick. You are an important spoke in the wheel to keep things moving.

Would it not be wise for your dear Mother to come this way. How glad we should be to do something to benefit her. I will write to her soon. A Postal has just come in from Mr. He saying the family will return tomorrow morning from Hotel Belleley, where they have been for several weeks. Hannie still keeps better. We have interesting amusing letters from the boys. How I wish you could read them. How John
would laugh over them. I wish he could see them or some of their descriptions of the places & people they see. Fred is 22 & feels his dignity somewhat. Frank is the balance-wheel—keeps watch over the younger boys who are full of Demont fan. Frank has chosen that good part which will not be taken from him. He is a member of Dr. Hobbs church.

Tell dear John I had a visit yesterday from Emma & my namesake Sarah Moody, now five years old. Sam's youngest, a darling little girl with a bright mind. Their Father teaches his little girls at two years old. Oh! if his two boys could have lived God's will be done.

Thus far I wrote dear Heather when Mary's little girls came home the mother somewhat weakened, still coughs, is thin, but good spirits & a strong resolution which gives courage she may outgrow her trouble.
Daisy Maud is well & smart—loves music. I will expect to see her continue the practice. Mrs. Hadley sends love to all & says she shall write. Mr. Hadley is well & as ever absorbed in his business. You ask if I do not remember William Hammond's sister? I surely do. I have their photographs in my book, I often look at them—many others dear ones gone. Have you told your dear Mother that Cato & I think Daisy looks like Jeff. I hope you trust up. Mother is keeping comfortable & able to enjoy the open air. That your souls all prosper—that you have often such times as Jacob had at Shiloh—

I thank you dear Hattie for all your kind love I wishes but am too old to think of such a journey much as I long to see you all. Thy heart is often with you. Say to dear John I thank him for his last letter & will reply soon. The Lord feed you sweetly, as he feeds the flowers by silent drops of dew.

Uncle Sarah.
Boston Col. Cir. Sep. 19th. 79

My dear sister Lizzie,

I was very sorry to learn from Cambridge just as I was adjusting paper to write to you that you were absent from home. I am delighted to hear you at home and in better health. I have been greatly pleased to learn of your suffering and hope the Lord may restore you to comfortable health, and enrich you with the unsearchable riches in Christ. I hope all your dear family are well. How can I be grateful enough for your great kindness to my dear dear John. My heart is full of gratitude—dear Hattie has been so good to write to us. I
my dear John. You can understand with what joy and thankfulness I learned he was in your family. To write to one dear friend I tell one of your health and wish at Colorado. From report it must be a fine healthy region. Friends and neighbors of Sam and1 Amel's Mr. and Mrs. Cross start for Colorado next month. Please tell John his brother Sam was here at tea last etc. looking finely and in good spirits.

You have heard I presume. My four boys are in Europe just now in Paris very much delighted. They start for home the 25th of this month. Father and Mother go to New York to meet them. They will have much to tell that will be interesting.

John and Cora are still in New Hampshire, after spending four weeks at the beach. Jim Cora writes we are at Eaton Grange. This is an old house built in 1760. and the win-
dows, door trimmings, doors etc. are just as they were then, although there has been
some alterations of walls & additions to the rear.

Out-of-doors, they have the old crockery that swung in the great fireplace, a hundred years ago, painted red & hung by its chains to three poles, gypsy fashion. These crockeries are a large family curiosity of George & Helen. Another item of interest is the great-grandmother's name was Sarah Slover; the name of my own dear grandmother.

My visit with Anna was nothing this time. Her health very good—a pleasant situation. Main St. the cars passing every few minutes. I wish you old came to see us all round. Almanac is in the Grammar School. Robert Lovejoy, just spelling Cat.

Willie Lee, grandmother's great-grandson as he can be, two years old. Two little ones in Heaven.

Dear sister Anna often reminds me of our dear mother Lovejoy, her form & her loving disposition, & her thousands of friends.

Her husband kind & indulgent always.
I must tell you of our dear little Mary's here, who has been so long a suffering child, a heart trouble which produced cough & difficult treatment. She is now recovering from a second attack; is very quick and bright, & of good courage—expects to be well & we all hope. I trust she may cut out the trouble.

Daisy made just nine this week; is going to make a good player on Piano, already plays duets with her sister.

Miss Thompson of Princeton is just now with us for a few days, thinker of teaching Education in New York. She is a pleasing young lady. How much I should like to see you dear sister. I long to see you & all the family and a beloved friend returned for one of the number. My heart is full of gratitude & love to every one who had shown him kindness.

My love to Katie who has been very kind in writing. I hope her health will be restored—she is too far inactive & reliable & good.

Give love to John (a mother's love) to your fine Husband, dear William & Katie's darling, is her name Sarah? Many thanks for yr. kind wishes. My informally makes me timid fearful. I am deaf & awkward, & only to give my children, who are about me, write John soon. By sister Sarah.