

Chas. has gone - The clouds why the
very clouds reproach me for long looking
at them. They are just such as I've seen
so many many times with the same words
& feeling - same hunger of knowledge - the
same famine of mind. How can it be that
nothing is gained but patience waiting that
the soul is not quit of thirsting - give up
& finish by despair. There's something keeps
it besides itself or it would have some
change - not always the same dear child.
But don't wish me a happy year -
tho' you do wish it. But you don't
write me so aptly that I need caution.
The best has been so full of endurance that
I almost shudder for the first time to enter
another journey of the staid men. "Come what
may" God comes too. May He bring some
new blessing on thy young head and I
will call it a good year - come yet - come

power to do good more than heretofore.
Something that will be needed & that your
guardian Angel will welcome you with when
you are C.E. no longer. We you have done
well by the last year - hope to visit you
so much attention again. Your visits at
Coner St. have a sweet remembrance
then you are all another & I don't find
you.

I that I could have said a
word but I don't why a bit of de-
pendency has caused it.

Adieu
yours as we are close
M.M.

? I don't explain of not seeing
you more as it is good of you
to come so much & entirely right
that you come no more. Prudence
Waldy is here

M. M. E.
Jan. 2. 1835.