

Sister Sarah



My dear sister Lizzie,

I thank you for

your letter of love & sympathy. I have not felt I could write but to John, who is still at Washington. You have lost a dear son - in our hearts a chord is touched which vibrates with a kindred sound.

God, in His inscrutable Providence, but I
knew in infinite wisdom has laid a
great affliction upon us - so sudden &
crushing a blow, as almost to over-
whelm us. Wave after wave rolls over us,

"In the bitterness of our souls we draw near to God." "Be still, I know that I am God." The Lord answers - "The Lord can, the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." "If need be."

Effect, dear sister, that there is not a drop
in all this bitter cup but what a God of love
has to be absolutely necessary. I wish to trust
Him, even tho' I cannot trace the mystery of
His dealings. "His judgments are a great deep".

I know, dear Lavinia you have had judgments mingled with mercies.
"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." This precious promise is done
I steadfast. "Blessed is the man ~~AND~~ that endureth." "He that endureth
unto the end, the same shall be saved."

Our dear Joseph, almost unknown to you, has been at home
nearly 28 out of the 29 years of his life. One year at Newbern. He often
reminded me of our beloved brother Owen - his peculiar expressions -
a tenderness of manner which cannot be described. With a mind well
informed, considerable wit & humor, sensitive & refined - always
pleasant & uniformly polite - you will not wonder that we miss
& mourn his loss from the family circle - it is a sorrow that will
ever be deep. The vacant places, at the table - in the parlor, at the
Piano - every thing about us to keep him before the mind - his gifts,
his musick - the last Sat. evening, he spent alone with  Caro
& Anna singing his favorite psalm tunes, among the rest, that
touching voice from the grave, "Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb."
The mournful thrills will long be remembered.

To dash with you? Dear give me my love.

When all we learn, I think I ought could not
have felt well for some time - I have much
but not constant attendance on business, but
uniform cheerfulness at home did not lead
as to thank him with.

I need not say dear sister, how
glad we should be to have a visit
from you & husband. I have longed to
see my sweetest relations. Mr. Thompson
must be good & worthy of your love & you
all I hear. I hope your daughter & sons are
all well. When you write to dear Mother,
give her my love & tell her I shall always
feel an interest in her welfare. Remember her
one to brother & day I rejoice to hear her
strong may receive her blessing. We hope
some to please. that season. I am to Charlotte.
So we die with you? I hear from Clarkson
by way of John & Ellen. How is he?
John? He is forgetting me I have been so
remiss in writing. Will you ask
write again dear sister? I am so glad
to hear from you all. Love, & much love.
Anna is in Boston. I pray cordially that
this great sorrow may be sanctified to our
whole family. Ever yr. affectionate sister Sarah.

Scotch Grove Dec 23, 1867,

Dear Sister Lizzy:

Your letter

came while I was away at Court, and I answer it at the earliest opportunity. I was glad to hear of your better health, as I had heard nothing from any of the family since the receipt of Mr Hammond's letter, and I did not know whether you had followed Enock and Elijah, or whether like me, you were still a pilgrim and sojourner in this vale of tears.

I should have liked to be with you in your visit to the land of our nativity and share the "sensations" which such a company would naturally

produce, and of life, health
and prosperity are continued
to me I hope yet to revisit those
well remembered scenes of
my childhood.

"The orchard, the meadow, the
deep tangled wildwood,"
the cold spring, the brook from
which we, assisted by Star and
Brood, have drawn many
a cask of water; the pastures
to and from which I so often
drove the cows; the fields in
which I passed many weary
days in picking up stones;
and the classic grounds over
which the Loucasters won-
dered in their profound
meditations. All these mem-
ories, besides those of the Shaws
the Palmers, the Jagueths, the
Bracketts, the Stevens, the
Bakers, especially Aunt Olive,

Sister Hammond who ex-
horted so eloquently in meeting
and Deacon Fall who entertained
the brethren with an account
of his first wife, and Wentworth
Fall who passed through lines
and muscins after marrying
Mary Washburne, and last, but
not least good old Dr. Stoccas, who
preached upon Joseph and Potephors
wife and Elder Webber who
spoke comfortably to the people
in the Shaw School house
But you will think that I am
growing sentimental, and so
we will pass on. Speaking
of preaching, I will inform you
that I resumed my ministerial
labors this fall. Father McKeau
an Old School Presbyterian who
has a church some three or four
miles from here, invited me
to speak to his congregation

on Thanksgiving day, and
I did so. I only had two days
notice, but did the best I could.
I presume Mr. Hammond would
open his eyes to hear the doctrine
wider than he did when he found
us playing Euchre

As to Joseph's family, I pre-
sume they thought it a matter
of courtesy to inquire after me
and that will be the end of it. They
never think it worth while to write
did not send me a line even
when Joseph died. Under my
present feelings I should not care
to see them were I as near as Boston
Jo's former to his idols, and
I shall let him alone

As to the interest, you need not
bother your head about it. I
should not have asked for the
principal if I had not been in
a strait just at that time.
I have been disappointed
in getting money that I ought
to have had, and had invested
most of my money where I

could not get it at once,
but I hope to get it the
coming year (Deo volente)

I have a good farm and a
good lot of stock, but it takes
a good deal to run the thing

Margaret has been better
this fall than usual, but the
cold weather affects her a
good deal. The rest of us
are in usual health

I think of nothing more
at present

All I send love

Yr aff Bro
John E. Looney