

as wing on each side In the east wing is the parlor
and parlour bedroom and closet parlor and bedroom
both open out of the hall which goes through the house the
old parlor taken away The west wing divided in the same way
a large bedroom for ourselves and small one for the children
both open out of the sitting room the old parlor it passes
on the west side of the old sitting room an outside door
and gate which you know will shorten the road to see
Mrs. Pate. I cannot spend time to tell you any more about it for
I do not expect it will interest you as
it does me how dear Mary do find time to write me a long letter
Dear Sister. Mary

I have long been wishing to write to
you and especially since the death of our dearest Willy
have I desired to pour into your bosom the sorrows of
my own desolate heart Your very kind and sympathizing
letter I received this afternoon and cannot let the evening
pass without saying something in return You wish
me to write particulars both of myself and Willy of
the life and death of our dear dear Willy I can say
much but the anguish of a Mothers heart bereft of such
a child cannot be told I could not think he
would be unwell he was nearly gone and
then it seemed like taking my own life Not
a thought now passes but what is in some way connected
with his life and death I love to think of him
as he was and as he is. - As he was beautiful lovely
promising and interesting all that fond and
devoted Parents could wish or desire but as he is
Oh who can describe the glory with which he is
surrounded free from the ills of him no longer
subject to sickness or pain Oh blessed happy
spirit we would not call thee from thy peaceful
abode we would not desire that thy pure spirit should

My last love to dear father and mother will they not
should again mingle with the sorrows of earth Nothing
more calculated to touch every tender feeling of the heart
than the death of such a child and yet no death could
be more full of consolation I trust we do not murmur
but my dear sister we do feel smitten and we can
only say have pity upon us have pity upon us for
the hand of God hath touched us Dear Willy had
many very dear friends All that knew him loved him
Mrs Drury and Caro came to attend his funeral but
did not arrive until after his burial They spent the
day and night with us Willy was very much attached to
them and to Mary Benfield We all left the next
Monday Francis for New York the children and myself
for Ann Arbor We had our arrangements all made to
have that day before Willy died expecting to take him
as we thought it would be the best thing we could do for him
It sad visit it was to me I expected to remain until Francis
returned but Henry Post called on his return and I gladly
improved the opportunity and came with him My friends
were all very much gratified to see me and did
every thing in their power to make my visit pleasant
but no effort of theirs could relieve the anguish of my
heart I longed to get back to the spot where
the spirit of our dearest Willy took its flight I spent a
number of days with Emily and now you will be
very much surprised to hear that Emily John Sturba
and Charles are living in Onego nearly opposite Kothu
They did not think of it when I left Kothu wrote to John

the children send their love but we fear they will not
be send them a good teacher for their school John wrote
back that if they would give 25 dollars a month and his
board he would offer his humble self it meeting was
called and the unanimous feeling was to have him
come last Friday they came on board here until Monday
then left for Oregon they have a fine daughter which they
call Caroline Lucinda Emily is in fine spirits very happy
with John but the history of things connected with their
living on the farm you would laugh to hear

How many times I said to Emily which there and hearing
about things Oh I wish I could tell Mary Old Mrs C
told Emily that you was a perfect being at the best
William did not want you and I and I did not
want you so in the course of my stay I took occasion
to say to the Old lady that you would have returned
six months before you did had it not been for
Francis I told her likewise that I could not think
more of an own sister than I thought of you How
much I should tell you could I see you I have
now written you too much and really hope you
will destroy this letter Let me know that I have Frank
Muller was married when I was there in a ship name
of Amie Arbor He preaches at the Baptist Church has a
child They say she does not like with all the Mullers
Our dear Mrs Hatch was taken spitting blood
the week before last died They thought she raised a
great for a number of days they shot not she her
still and now she cannot speak a word but
son to Edward Soren and the children

is able to sit up and walk about They hope she will
recover. Omer is now very sick they consider him dangerous
Mrs Hatch was not able even to see me after Willys death
but sent me a note enclosed in a beautiful envelope with
an Angels visit printed in gold on the seal It is so good
that I must send the copy. --- Dear Sister

What shall I say
I will not speak but only breathe Our Willy is at rest. The little
innocent we loved so well is not here his earthly career was short
his eyes like dew drops new fallen on flowers exhaled by the rays of the
sun so pure and so lovely were those I think earth works as speedily
done None he has begun a new existence of pure and uninterrupted
joy the gentle voice which has been music to us is now heard
amid the redeemed Do we wish the little one back Oh no
Our Father callot him in his own time and sent his Angel
to take him home Yes I trust we can say of him
gone home youthful pilgrim gone home thy spirit in Heaven
grows bright we mourn thee yet mourning would say even
in judgment our Father does right with the deepest sympathy
yours affectionately

It is now more than a week since I commenced Sarahs
this letter since that time we have had nothing but one
continued stream of company and I have found it hard
for writing I have a very good girl but she cannot do all
when I have company Omer is better yesterday I called to
see Miss B and very much to my surprise she speaks about
O I do hope she will get well Miss Shaws and her brother
came in on the cars the next day after I returned and spent
a number of days with me Miss Shaws spent about three months
travelling first to Chicago then East she is in fine spirits
has improved in looks grown fleshy we talked much
about you Mrs Hatch says I have happy we should be to
enjoy Marys society over more than many things I wish to
say to you but probably shall never have an opportunity
for some reason I shall think more of you than ever
this winter as I wish I had your company and
apart from the Post has been with it considerable for a
few weeks Post report says he corresponds with a young
lady somewhere but I have forgotten in what part of the
world she resides Mrs Parsons has recently returned with
his wife who was Mary Holt Mrs Russes Clarks sister
they seem very happy of course I have heard many
new things about some things I wonder if you can
understand Our house is in progress when it is
done will be very pleasant and convenient I will send
me but I cannot begin to imagine that it will be
the Model house we have built all around it except
the west side of the porch It is fifty four feet in front