

Nov. 9, 1856.

Dear Uncle, I have sat down
one more, after a great while to write a
few words to you, I have of late, thought a great
deal about you and your family and thought how
negligent I had been, when I received your kind
letter I thought I would write often to you,
but cares, and neglect has kept me from doing so
of late, I have been determined to write, and see
if I could get another good letter from you, I
have not heard a word from you this long time
whenever I think of my dear Father, I always think
of you there has been a good many changes with
us since I wrote to you, as concerning this world
affairs, but as concerning our spiritual affairs
I believe we all retain that good hope that
remains for the people of God, which I think
is far better ^{than} the things of this world, If I had
a great share of this world, I should consider
it ~~idleness~~ compared with an interest in the
Saviour, I have been in hopes that we should
see you in this country before this time but have
been disappointed, I must now tell you something
about our affairs, last spring we sold our land
where we lived and bought a farm one hundred
and fifty miles from Detroit, 18 miles from
Palamaseo we have got a pleasant place

for a new Country but our improvements
are small about 30, acres we have young fruit
trees out we have a number of peach trees that
bear we have got into a good Country we live
7 miles from Matawan station, 8 miles from
Pawpaw station we have got into a good neighbor
hood when the most of the people are trying
to serve God, I do hope if you ever come to
Michigan, you will not go back without visiting
us six hours ride from Detroit, will fetch you
within seven miles of us, I have not told you
all, son James, sold out and came here with us
and bought him a beautiful farm adjoining
ours and in August his wife ^{departed} leaving him with
a family of little children to take care of
he has his trials but he feels in a measure to
put his trust in God although it was hard for
him to give her up, a uncle, what would be
our lives here, if we had nothing to lean on, but
this world, but I feel this night, to rejoice in the
hope that is before us, we got a letter from
Captional last evening, we heard from our parents
there they were well, our children that are there
we have left five girls that were missioners, two
of them have been to visit us lately, one of them
lives in Detroit.

I heard that Lorenzo was on the circuit
where we live, this year Rev. ^{Frederick} has been
home this fall, he is on the same circuit that
he was last year; I heard that Forsythe had
sold the old home stool @ Uncle what a expense
world this is for my part, I never had much
of this world, nor never expect to. I feel that I
am getting old, all my desire is to have a
comfortable living, while I live here, if the Lord sees
fit to give it, and my desire is that I may be
wholly reconciled to him in all things
and have a treasure laid up in heaven where
neither moth nor rust doth corrupt,
now dear uncle Ezra when you get these few
broken lines do sit down and answer them
and write all about ^{your} family I want to ^{know} about
Aunt whether she ever regained her health
I guess you will think same enough, I am
getting old when you see so many mistakes

I will now stop writing after telling you
where to direct your letters to Waverly Post
Panburen County
Michigan
I shall expect one as soon
as you get this I will try
to write often
Sarah P. Stoughton

E. Warren,

Warrens Corners.

Niagara Co.,

N.Y.



*Mumford & Co.
New York*