I want my Redeemer call—with a perfect confidence in his blest promises—that he will not cast me off, but receive me as one that was lost, but is found again. I feel that it will give joy to your heart to know that my Abby has presented himself before the altar of mercy—his early dedication—brightens every prospect before me—and is blessed with an exemplary daughter that has never caused the tear of sorrow to flow from my eyes—and a son—whose sequel I have never met with—Thus I am situated—with every comfort—the latter end of next month my Abby expects to be confided—he has never had a sick moment—and my health has been uninterrupted even since I have been here—and with all the love that one sister can feel for another.

Give my love to Retsy—Yours tenderly—

Abigail

May, and John

My Sister—what are we without religion—without a standard—we are lost forever—exposed to every evil and liable to every temptation—here we have a shield from every storm—that may assail us in this vale of tears.