

My love to Papa, Becky, Sara. Unkled. & Aunt to & Cora & totally Coker.

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The long expected bag with its precious contents
came safely to hand on Friday and I know not
how to speak my thanks to you and the dear girls for
your beautiful presents. the bonnet is a perfect little
love, and the socks do the greatest credit to my Cyprian
friends. it is the prettiest knitting I ever saw. then
my dear Susan's elegantly neat work, & her pretty
French China bottles. she is indeed too, too liberal to me.
then what shall I say of Becky's stylish little robe
& Sarah's beautifully braided cloak. they are each
perfect in their kind and then Sara's pretty
slippers which were not less acceptable in my
eyes than any of the other gifts, because they were
so unexpected, and afforded so much gratification
to "her brother." My heart overflowed with grati-
tude to each and all of you as I gazed on
these mementos of your love, while a feeling
of sadness came over me as I thought of the
disappointment which I had been doomed to suffer
& which you too must experience, for where was
the precious one for whom so many gifts were
prepared, but there was one 'who watched my changings'
and with his soothing tenderness makes me never
forget that "hope deferred," or that anguish is necessary
but his presence to "my content most absolute" and

anguish ill. The last not least let me thank you for
your two beautiful reports. The Hebrew one I had not
before seen and the Paphan's I could read over & over again
without ceasing to admire. I am delighted to hear such
favourable accounts of your Sunday school. Cecilia bids
me ask you to offer her congratulations to Sally, and
begs Bucky to inquire the price of the best Blanket Throws.

his devotion to his "Abundant Provision." He
is my constant companion & is at this
moment hovering around me with such
affectionate solicitude that I could not possibly
bring him a place here. I have scarcely left room
for my husband's love, which he had me
and you & to assure you of that of your own
Provision.

Dear:

Philadelphia

No 2 Boston Row

Miss Gutz

25.



1838

Mr. G. Colver

heavy & warm like ours. & to let her know when next
she writes me. I suppose dear Sara is under great anxiety
for her friend Mary. I trust that she may not be
so unfortunate as to lose her little Melina. I was very
to hear that Uncle Hyman was a sufferer with that
most painful disorder. I have not yet introduced you
to my little lover Joseph Lopez. he is a sweet boy of seven years
old, who is a great pet of his uncles. & he in gratitude lavishes all