

Now it is nearly time to retire - and with much love to thy dear sister & her family - and the rest of the cousins - thanking cousin Miles for his kindness in writing when now cannot - I remain my own dear Cousin, thy very affec- tionately friend by Catharine R. H. Hopkins

"The Lord bless thee; and keep thee" and -
 Thine
 My dear One.

Sending thee those lines recited a long time ago, in London Yearly Meeting by Jonathan Grubb -

"Sow, though the rock repel thee,
 In its cold & sterile pride,
 Some cleft there may be given
 Where the little seed may hide.
 Fear not, for some will flourish,
 And though the tares abound,
 Like the willows by the waters,
 Will the scattered grain be found.

She recited those lines as she laid them, and finding I admired them, said 'I will copy them myself for thee tomorrow if I am well enough' and so she did & sent them to Sister Lizzy the next day.

Work, while the daylight lasteth -
 Ere the shades of night come on,
 Ere the Lord of the harvest coming,
 Finds the laborer's work undone.
 Watch not the clouds above thee,
 Let the mild winds round thee sweep -
 God may give to thee the seed time,
 But another's hand may reap.
 Have faith - tho' n'er beholding
 The seed burst from its tomb -
 Thou knowest not which may perish,
 Or what be sowed to bloom.
 Room on the narrowest edges,
 The ripened grain may find -
 That the Lord of the harvest coming,
 In the harvest sheaves may bind."

I hope I shall not tire thee writing so much, but thee & my cousin Sally seemed so near & dear to me to night, that it seemed next to conversing by word of mouth. We miss dear Lizzy very much - & hope she is nearly ready to come home.