

15 B.
without writing to Henry I amney, & not get a
scolding. But I do not like always ^{to work} in
such tight harness - will do as I please
sometimes & let the time pass over.

Cousin Margaret, dear - the world around
me is very beautiful! The hills around clothed
with verdure to their summits - the fields
of green waving grain - such great prospect
of abundant harvest - the sweet flowers,
birds songs, &c. &c. I say, it is beautiful -
but I do not love it as I once did. I was very
imaginative & very happy - if disappointed
in any way, I did ^{not} suffer myself to dwell on
the disappointment, but turned to something
else for comfort, & I believe few have been happier
taking it altogether than myself - for I loved to look
toward the mansions prepared for the followers
of the dear Savior ^{every when} from a child - but I cannot
love the world as I once did - Canst thou dear?

Unsatisfying are all things here below. Then let
us "plume our wings, as Henry Kirke White says,
for Heaven. What a blessed home it must be, cousin,
how joyful to meet our loved ones! Only a little longer -
not just now. - Not yet my friend, - a little more rough tossing,

A little longer on life's billowy foam -

A few more journeys in the desert darkness,

And then the sunshine of our Father's home.

Now with much love to dear cousin Sally, Maggie and
Joseph - to Jane Francis & Children! Cousin Fizzie
& her family - all dear relatives & friends with you
a kind remembrance to poor William - if he is
still living - to Priscilla & Sarah. Not forgetting Chloe -