Dear Augustus,

I came home last Thursday, and found all well. Howard was quite ill in my absence, but was well when I came.

I had a very sad visit with Mary, everything else was pleasant. More so than most journeys are.

Poor Mary is quite crushed. The Dr. too is a truereason. He was proud of Howard Bland, and Mary loved him tenderly and was proud of him too. I would have been glad to bring her home with me, but she would not think of it, for the present.

I wrote to her yesterday, and sent the sermon she mentioned. I hope my boy will see with her were of some use and comfort, she said so, indeed. That she did not know how she would have got along if I had not been with her. Howard knew me when I returned, but there was no con-
sensation with him. He was not able to converse with any one after the first evening, but grew weaker constantly till death. I am glad I went, though it seemed to me that I was of very little use or comfort. I tried to find the last letter thinking there might be something to answer in it, but it is mislaid, and the will have to ask again if there is anything the wishes to know. The first thing to everything and you all, was seeing John and Ely, and hearing what they had to tell of you. I suppose that Mary could not go with them, but I did not know anything about her going till Father wrote me they would go that night. And if I had known I would not have thought it right to leave Mary at that time, with Howard so long. She still hopes to see you, but is much worse. And when her work is done there may not be a proper opportunity. But we will hope for the best. She had been making two flowers, and gave them very well. Then she has some pictures to finish, two at least that she ought to do before she leaves, I do want her to breathe the sea air during the rest of summer. I was sorry to hear of your flight, but glad it passed off as well. And hope you will not be tried soon again. Our friends give a glowing account of you all. And we are most anxious to see you, but cannot pray very earnestly for it for fear we might be heard, knowing as we do that Luther must leave before we can have you with us. Dear little ones, I suppose they have grown so much that we will scarce know them when they come home. I thought from a very full account of Howard, written by his father, and thought I had enough from them, I can find only once and will send it for them to read if they will return it to Mary, to whom it belongs. If I can find another I will send it them to keep. I think the other letters are only mislaid.