

Friday Morning July 3rd 1845

My much loved Friend

It is with much pleasure I can assure you my dearest Margaret that I am able to write you a few words, though I am scarcely able to do so, yet as you request to hear from me, and as it is a great happiness to me to be able to accord to your wishes, I have put all ills aside and yielded to my inward feelings. I presume you have heard ere this that I have been very ill with bilious fever it is now four weeks since I was first taken, yet the Lord has in His loving kindness dealt very gently with me, and preserved my unprofitable life for a little longer, oh dearest friend I feel totally unworthy of so much kindness then pray you for me that "all that I meet may work for my good". I purpose going to Glen Cove to-morrow if well enough to spend a week or so to gain a little strength. I have not as yet hardly left my room, how much I should love to see your dear face there amongst those strange faces, Anna leaves of course with me she is not well, I suppose it arises from fatigue and anxiety attending on me. I shall be at the first Hotel from the landing kept by a Mr. Jones I think if you do not come let me hear from you.

I need not say to you my dear very dear friend how much pleasure your dear letter gave me, I was then confined to my bed, and I had it with me and held

it in my hand nearly all night for I did not go to sleep until
1/2 6 o'clock and was awake by 6. I was sorry to hear you were getting
so thin, but I hope you will mean dear little Emma when fall comes
and then you will get a nice plump girl again. I am very glad
the baby is still well, the Lord bless you both, and may you have
much of his Spirit to be enabled to train this little one for Heaven,
much rest with the mother.

I think as well as your dear Margaret that
the Country of all places is calculated to lead the mind to serious thought
some may and do call it sentimentalism, but it is not so, for it is
the privilege of every Christian (indeed of every enlightened mind)
to walk with God among his works, to see his faces in everything, to
hear his voice in every murmuring breeze, in every thunderburst, to
read his promises in the very clouds, and to trace the goodness the loving
kindness in every leaf and flower.

I would love to write more, but
do not feel able, I have had several letters from Pittsfield since you
left but shall reserve all news till I meet you, or till I spend
that delightful visit in anticipation at your own home which I hope
if all is well to pass with you in September.

I shall write Emily the
first opportunity, I should have done so before but have not been
able, remember me kindly to her when you write.

You say dearest charge
let us pray for each other, indeed you are often remembered by me
oh that you may walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called
that your dear Husband seeing your good works may glorify you

Father which is in Heaven.

And now dearest farewell I would love to
write more but my hand trembles so that I must close, remember
me to Richard

from your fondly attached friend

Caroline



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Miss Richard Sturdy, Junr.

Buck & Rogers' Hotel

Washington

Long Island

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