

to pray for me, and all God's people to pray for me, a poor slave at this time. My dear wife, since I wrote last, I have seen much of the goodness of the Lord. Pray for me, that I may see more, and that I may trust in Him. My dear wife, I want you should pray for me day and night, till you see me. For, by the help of God, I will see you all soon. I do think now it will be but a few days. Do give my love to my children, and tell them that I want to kiss them all. Good night, my dear, I must go to bed, it is one o'clock at night, and I have a pain in my head at this time. Do tell Brother Cousins that I say he must look out for me, on John street, in a few days. Nothing more, but I remain your husband till death,

THOMAS JONES.

Letter from my wife.

Brooklyn, August 23, 1849.

MY DEAR HUSBAND—It is with the affectionate feelings of a wife I received your letter of the 19th inst. It found me and the children well, and we were glad to hear that you was well. But I feel very sorry you have not sold out yet; I was in hopes you would have sold by the time you promised, before I got home. Your letter found Mr. Cousins and his wife very sick. Mr. C. has not been out of the house going on two weeks. He was taken by this sickness, so common, which carries so many people off, but, by the help of God and good attendance, he is much on the mend, and his wife also. You ask how much I pay for board. It is three dollars a week for myself and children. In all the letters you have written to me, you don't say a word of mother or Edward. It makes me feel bad not to hear from them. Husband, I have not paid Mr. Cousins any board, and am waiting for you to send me on some money. I will pray for you hourly, publicly and privately, and beseech the Almighty God, till I see you again. I shall trust in God; He will do all things for the best. I am yours till death do us part,

RYNAR JONES.