

to your kind letter, received the second day of this month, I have wrote these few lines. I hope you will pray for me, your dear husband,

THOMAS JONES.

P. S.—To BROTHER COUSINS.—My dear Brother— I hope you will not think hard of me for not writing to you, for you know how it is with me out here. God knows that I would write to you at any time, if it was not for some things. You know the white people don't like for us to write to New York. Now, let me ask your prayers, and the prayers of all the Church, and God's children, that I may see you all soon. I know that God is my friend, for He doth my burden bear. Though I am but dust and ashes, I bless God, and often feel the power of God. Oh, my brother, pray for me, who loves you all, for I have found of late much comfort in the word of God's love. When I come where you are, in the work of the Lord, and I hope the time will soon come, when the Gospel will be preached to the whole world of mankind. Then go on, dear brother, and do all you can for the Lord. I hope the Lord will help me to get where you are at work soon. Nothing more, but I remain your brother in the Lord,

THOMAS JONES.

The next is from my wife.

Brooklyn, Aug. 10, 1849.

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I got your kind letter of the 23d July, and rejoiced to hear that you was well. I have been very sick myself, and so has Alexander; but, thanks to the Lord, these lines leave me and the children right well. I hope in God they may find you and my son and my mother, and all enquiring friends, enjoying the same blessings. My dear, you requested me and Mrs. Chavis to stay together; but she has taken other people's advice, beside mine and Mr. Cousin's, and has gone away. She started for home before we knew a word of it. She left me on the 8th of this month. Do give my love to Betsey Webb and to her husband. Tell her I am sorry she has not come on before now. I am waiting to see her before I start