

Sunday  
Wesley May 15<sup>th</sup> - 5-9

My Dear Aunt,

It is with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure, that I now take my pen in hand, to inform you of my health, and that of all of our family; which is good at present: and hope that these few lines, if they reach you, will find you, enjoying the same blessing. This is the first time, that I have ever presumed, to take a pen in my hand, to write to you; and for this reason, I hope that you will bear with me, should I be considered an intruder. Years have flown to that borne from whence, none can return, since last we were permitted to behold each other, and since God took me, to your home, to live with you, <sup>and</sup> took all the care of me, that of which a kind aunt is capable. I was then in my childhood; but alas! how was that kindness repaid? by causing still more anxiety, and trouble. Years have passed away, and yet those scenes are as fresh to my mind, as the deeds of yesterday: Young though I was, I knew those actions to be wrong, and time cannot efface them from my memory. Since I have grown to years of more understanding, sorrow has been my constant companion, whenever my mind reverts to the scenes of my childhood days (I mean the two years of my life in which I lived, with Esquire Fletcher & with you and Uncle A.) in Vermont.