

Brooklyn March 7<sup>th</sup> 1853

My dear Parents,

It is my twenty-sixth birthday, and my thoughts turn to the home where cluster the height visions of life, and to the Parent's whose kindness has made life so much a gleam of sunshine. My heavenly Father has been very kind to his Child in giving her such a home & such Parents. Could I know that thus it would remain to the ends of my life I think I would never leave you, would never seek another home in this life, but I know that changes must come. I have been led to thoughts of this kind during the last week by a letter which I enclose to you from Dr. Williams, which if I answer will probably bring a renewal of an offer made nearly three years since. Feeling as I did three years ago, & under the same circumstances, I should act again in the same way, I feel that I acted rightly, and do not repent the course, I took. But if as I believe his affection for me as outlined so many reverses, I can't but respect the man most highly. Eight-years is long enough to test friendship, and such fidelity is seldom met with in this world, as is sufficient to cause me some serious thought.

There are but things that thought of now dislike in the man his owning slaves. I cannot make it seem right yet perhaps there may be my sphere and there is his not being a Christian.

Will you both give me your candid opinion in regard to him? I shall not answer it till I hear from you, & please return his letter in yours.

The Baby is growing firmly & for ought I see doing as well as if his mother were here. Louise & John have both been very good children. We miss Lucie & Lizzie very much & shall be right-glad to see them safely home.

I have nothing of interest to write you. Do write very soon. We are all well with the exception that I have one of my old colds. Love to all and believe me yours dutifully.

Sarah