

Oakland December 31st 1850

A happy New Year to you my dearest daughter – You have I suppose spent your Christmas in all the hilarity & joyousness which generally attends that festive season – in the east – Whilst I have been immured in the gloom of a sick chamber – watching beside the sick bed – administering dose after dose & soothing the pains & sorrows of a suffering friend –

Your cousin Mary Cromwell has been ill – of typhoid fever - & thought if I would go in she would get well. I complied and spent 11 days with her, during the time it was thought she could not survive 24 hours – but I left her on Sabbath convalescent - & with care she will I hope recover – Your sister intends writing & so I will not say much lest she will not have enough to fill out her letter – Miss Kate Keach is dead – She died unexpectedly tho' she had been sick some weeks & was thought to be improving – I have not heard if she made a profession of religion - & am told her mother is almost deranged

What a trial my dear Henri[etta] it must be, thus to deposit in the cold earth our beloved ones, without the Christians hope, the Christians faith – the Christians support!

My dear Henri will I hope lay this matter to heart will remember her Creator in the days of her youth will seek the precious Saviour early that she may find him - & then you will have a support that will never fail you a hope that shall never fade away

Your brother's open – steady profession of religion gives me great comfort - & I cannot find words to express what I would feel – could I but hear that you, my beloved child had been born again – had been enabled by the Spirit to make Christ your trust for time & for eternity.

I weep as I think of the possibility of such a thing – God has been good to me and mine I often ask of him this great favor – the conversion of all my children I think I have unreservedly committed all of you to Him & why should I doubt his promise or distrust his power – I will I will hope that He may yet spare my life to see each of my beloved children – the true & devoted servants of the Lowly Jesus - & made partakers of that bless'd hope of life & immortality, which is brought to light in the gospel

Without religion all knowledge is but as sounding brass – all accomplishments as a tinkling cymbal – I would not depreciate such things my dear Henri but I would have them all tend to the promotion of His glory Who has given you time talents & opportunity to improve See that will resemble not the unprofitable servant who hid his Lords money in the earth – It would be useless to say how I yearn for your return how impatient I am to see you – How often I pray for gratitude & patience – how hard it is thus to be separated from you both – I strive for resignation for submission to His will who knows what is best for me and mine – trust in God – and the knowledge that it is for the improvement of you both alone enable me to bear it Ellen is standing by the table begging me to tell Miss Netta she must come home – All send love – no news from your grandma since I last wrote Your grand-pa Cromwell is only in tolerable health – he always asks after you very particularly – I was there a few days ago – for a few hours – on a visit – to your Aunt Ruth – who started home on Saturday last – for fear I may crowd Mary out I will stop – Fare well God bless you my child – Your own Mother E.A.Adair

Transcribed by Christopher A. Baker, University of Florida, 2008.