

Plymouth Ct.
Nov. 12th
1883

Dear Millie,

If you knew how many ^{letters in imagination} imaginary letters I have written to you during the last two weeks you would laugh.

But as I have a great deal to do, & hard work and a very troublesome baby, with absolutely no one to take a step for me I can only write when the baby is asleep and then I generally wish to sleep also.

Acting upon yours

suggestion. Mr. James
has written to Harwinton
and Salisbury,
suggesting your name
as a candidate for
their vacant pulpit.

I have no hopes that
anything will come
of it. It would be
too good to be true to
have you as near
as Harwinton, seven
miles. Still we have
done the best we knew.

I see Kent has called
a man. If you are
visiting, (Rabbie says
^{or were coming}
you have been there)
come & see me if you
think you can stand
it.

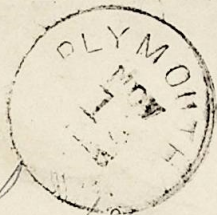
I am glad you are
so happy in your home

and your wife and
your children. I
would love dearly to
see you all together
but I probably never
shall. You little guess
how often I think of
you - How long ago
it seems since we
were young & together
so much, and how we
miss Auntie. I think she
had more force of character
than all of our other aunts
put together or perhaps
it was because she
had the sense not
to get married. However
it was I miss her more
& more as the days go on.
I hope you see Pa
as often as you can
He loves you dearly

If you only would
get a call from where
near me - Well I'll
try to hope - but I am
not Pandora's box; and
hope does not sit at
the bottom of my box,

So write again, I
love to hear from you
and as I said before
come & see me if you
think you can stand
it. My love to your
wife & children to whom
I am a stranger; think
of it! & believe me to be
as ever your affectionate
Cousin Susan

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