

Bridgeton, New-Jersey, March 2, 1885.

Dear Aunt Ellen,

Mother & Ellie
tell me that today is your birthday.
It is not very grateful in me,
who owe so much to you, to
write to you so seldom as I do; but
but I am come to that condition
of life where each thing that I do,
whatever it is, duty or pleasure, has
to be done generally by pushing
some other thing out of the
way first; and personal letters
are very hard to write in that
way. Ellen & I both felt very
gratefully your kind loving letter

to her, & I thought certainly I should write you then in a day or two. I am glad now that your Moravian birthday customs have got so much of a hold upon me.

— Ellie has been having a very much prospered time since our fourth baby came; and both it & she are thriving very nicely. Ellie has to bear her share of the anxiety attendant upon our being without a permanent home — you know we are going to have to move again by the end of this month or it may be somewhat later, as our lease expires & our people have apparently given over

even all pretence toward finding us a house while — if at all — this much-talked-of parsonage shall be building. We are as yet wholly unable to guess where we shall move to; but believe that God Who has so graciously provided everything necessary for us hitherto, will not fail us now. I have a pretty hardheaded parish, full of old-family feeling, which you know is not very humble nor considerate; but my work has not been altogether unattended with success. I have put a very thorough plan of organization of all our church-work into operation, & it has met with what is regarded in Bridgeton as rather a remarkable

ably enthusiastic reception, causing what an exceedingly conservative & aristocratic society the West church is. As to direct spiritual results, I do not see very much; not, however, none. We have had one very gratifying accession to our working force in a long backslidden young man, one of our most capable & valuable men; perhaps I have mentioned him to you before. Just at this writing I am feeling considerable anxiety concerning the temperance question. My leading families are not in sympathy with the temperance cause; one prominent man

(Chas. E. Elmer, ⁵ of the great Elmer family) is ~~brought to~~ the license-candidate for the third-party Republican nomination for councilman; & the issue is very close between the license men & the prohibitionists. The election occurs here next week. A scandalous case of probable bribery, certainty of unblushing betrayal of trust, by a councilman (S. Cox, jr.) elected by the prohibitionists last year, who has just joined the non-party in the city common-council & ~~lost~~ ^{ruined} the cause, ^{for which he was elected,} has within a few weeks past stirred

up an unusual ⁶ intensity of feeling throughout the city. I do not see but that I must preach on the temperance sub-
ject next Sunday; & altho' I have hitherto managed, while being perfectly outspoken & posi-
tive in what I have regarded as the line of my duty in some trying instances, to keep my people fairly with me, I can't say that I think it child's play to have to preach straight Bible doctrine to a church full of wealthy friends of the liquor interest. But I shall speak from manuscript only, & try to be judicious; & the rest I must leave with God. I am

glad that 7 this letter is going to you in time to bespeak your prayers for us.

— Mother's visit has been a Godsend to Ellie. It has relieved her of much anxiety about our household matters, which I did feel were almost too much for Ellie to be carrying at just that time; and besides, mother's society has considerably relieved the intense solemnity of Mrs. Emory's official presence. All the three children, too, have profited by mother's care. We are loth enough to part with her; but I am going to see her as far as

Philadelphia ⁸ tomorrow morn-
ing on her way to Chester.

— We have felt very sorry for
uncle Fellen in his long sick-
ness this winter — tho' I am
almost ashamed to say so, having
not written to him. I wish he
would come down and visit us
in our next dwelling. He would
find that we really do think &
talk of him a good deal more
than we may now seem to.

— Do write us often as you
can, dear aunt Eliza, & come if
you ever can. Your letters are
like a breath from the rosefields
over a desert plain.

Your affectionate Nephew
William.

Mrs. S. T. Sexantons
Oxford N. S.