



Mrs. William H. Kelden,

Bristol,

Conn.

Lily -

BRISTOL
JAN 27 1860

Sunny Hill,
Wyoming, Pa.

Dec. 11th 1891

*Do you think
you will ever
agree to write
to me again?
Please, do,
when you are
not too busy.*

dearest Ellie.

Your letter of Dec. 8th was received yesterday, and added a few shades more to the already deep longing to see you and your family. I do wish it were possible for us to accept your warm and loving invitation but I fear we must deny ourselves that delight just now, at any rate. I cannot give up the hope, however, that some time during the months between now and

^{Spring}
1 Scott and I may be able
to slip off for a few days
if you are still in Bristol,
and so situated that a visit
will not inconvenience you.
Let me tell you a few of the
things that prevent our
going now. For one thing,
Scott is just in the midst
of a series of meetings
in his church, and we
have every evidence that
the Holy Spirit is working
mightily among the people.
Over twenty persons have
already appeared before
the session and will be
received into membership
on Dec. 20 - our communion
Sunday. Scott feels sure

that there are half as
many more who will come
before the session between
now and the 20th, so we
expect quite a large addi-
tion. An unusually large
proportion of these converts
are men and women of
mature years. In two cases
there will be a father, mother
^{and} grown son and daughter -
in another, a father, mother
and daughter. I have never
seen Scott so thoroughly
happy in his work as he
is now, when the Master
is giving him the priv-
ilege of gathering fruits.
Another reason for my
being at home is that my
dear mother is very poorly

just now, and needs me if
ever she does. She is having
"Grip" severely. She is never very
strong and this dreadful
disease has taken her little
strength sadly. Of course she
is cheerful and bright and
when any one comes to see
her tries to talk in her usual
way, but suffers for it after-
ward. It is about a week
since it came on, and I
do hope has passed the
worst, but, of course, can
not tell. The cough is very
troublesome, and she is ex-
-tremely hoarse. My great
effort is to keep the disease
from settling upon her
lungs, for you know the
African lungs are notably
weak.

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With all the other things I
am trying to prepare a little
for the delightful season of
Christmas. Our home celebra-
tion will be very simple,
but Mel expects to have an
elaborate affair, — Christmas
tree, family dinner, and a
little (very little!) drama,
given by the children. Louis
Henry and Melno (short for
Melaine, the second daughter,
and third child) — two of
Will Parker's children, and
our Harriet and Lydia, are
to be the actors, and Sara
and the piano will com-
pose the orchestra on the
occasion. It is a pretty
little thing published a
few years ago in St. Nicholas.

Mel has written inviting
all the dear ones at Oxford
to spend Christmas in the
valley, and I hope they will
all come. It just occurs to me
you may think "the doings"
will not be of a character
that Sister Ellen would en-
joy, but I am sure there
will be nothing which will
hurt her. Her unselfish
heart would simply enjoy
seeing the children merry
and happy. There will be no
one there but those who are
dear to her, for I know she
loves Mr. & Mrs. Parke, and
they, ^{and their children} will be the only ones
besides our own family. I
hope all will come. I am
going to ask Mary to let
Evangeline and Esthara

make our girls a visit between
Christmas and New Year, or
at any rate, during the hol-
idays, and if only we could
have the twins - the dear old
Turke - what a jolly party
it would be! Can't you
manage some way to let
them come - send them
by express to Oxford and
from there Mary will bring
(or send) them. I do so want
to have them all together.
Try and manage it, dear
Ellie, won't you?

I missed you at dear
Bro. Selde's funeral, but
of course did not expect
to see you there. It was
just a beautiful funeral.
Tom and I were talking of it
during his visit home then

afternoon, and agreed that there was nothing which filled one with horror, and dread of death as some funerals do. All who were there seemed to enter into dear Sister Ellen's spirit, and while tears would start at the thought that we would see the dear face and form no more on earth, still the chief feeling was joy in his joy - triumph in his victory. Sister Ellen was wonderfully quiet and self-contained. Scott has said more than once since, "Sister Ellen is a woman of ten thousand." I do think she is positively the most absolutely unselfish woman I ever saw, - Even at such a time as this she never seemed to think of herself. - Perhaps since writing to me you have heard from Oxford full accounts of the funeral, but lest you may not I will tell you

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a little about it. There was a very large representation, I think, of family friends, among whom I remember, Mr. & Mrs. Aug. Fuller, Frank Platt, Arthur Seranton, James Seranton, wife and daughter, Blanche and Ed. Waller, Rob, Lophie and Clara Henry, - Helen Bell, - Besides these there were the Wilsons from the Water Gap, Mr. Littlefield from N. Y. Mr. Jas. Dickson, and a host of others, all of whom took lunch in that ever-hospital home. A little after one o'clock prayer was offered by Mr. Parke, and then the bears took up the dear form to go to the church, where the funeral was held. The pulpit and platform were beautifully decorated, and upon the casket lay a sheaf of ripe wheat, two calla lilies, and a quantity of fine white flowers whose name I do not know. (I forget to say that Bro. Selden's expression was very lifelike, looking as if he were sleeping, as little Charles Humphrey said he was.) The

principal address was made by Mr. Maxwell, and he was followed by Mr. Clive and Mr. Parke. Several hymns were sung, one of which was "Jesus, lover" & another "Sweet bye and bye" - prayer was offered by a minister whom I did not know, and then the cortege took its way to the cemetery. At the grave every thing was beautiful. There was not one thing which could leave an unpleasant impression. Just before lowering the casket the cover was raised and I shall never forget the last glimpse of that that peaceful face. Then the casket went down into a tower of arbor-vitae, Mr. Clive said a few words, and we all turned to go our various ways. That sweet, precious woman was still quite calm, and said a loving good bye to us all, as we left her. We, with the Phelps, Bethun, & Bolton cousins, went to the Belvidere station, took trains, and reached home about ten o'clock. I have not heard from Oxford since

and feel anxious to know if there was no reaction for Sister Ellen after all the strangers were gone and she was alone with her great sorrow. What a blessing it is that your dear mother can be with her. I do not see but that the daughters must yield to her claim, tho' I know you all want your mother.

Tell! This is the longest letter I have written in years and I need to read it over for I fear it is miserably stupid, and no doubt full of mistakes, for I have a dreadful cold, and my head feels as if it were filled with lead! - But even tho' the letter is long yet I have not told you all I wanted to. One thing I wished to tell you was that one of the Long Branch girls of whom I was especially fond, has gone to China as a missionary under our Board. Her name is Annie Morton. I can not remember whether you met her or not, but I know she was at prayer-meeting the evening William led for Scott.

I have never been as much interested
in Foreign Missions as now, and I do
enjoy the work intensely. We had a
delightful District meeting on our lawn
on Sep. 19 - addressed by two missionaries.
There were over two hundred people present,
including five pastors of churches. I had
not dreamed of taking the liberty of
asking any man but as these came
of their own accord I was more than
pleased. Now I am beginning to think
of and prepare for the Spring meeting, to
be held in the 1st. ch. of W. B. - If you
have any suggestions I shall be thank-
ful to receive them. ("You" includes Tom.
you know!) I hope to have the new Secre-
tary to address the meeting - Mr. Robt.
E. Speer, I mean. I have heard him
and believe he is a "power".

There, dear! not another word!
Good night, and a heart full of
love to you all. Your own Sily.

P.S. Yes, one word more, just to tell
William (altho' he will know with-
out being told,) that I fully in-
tended writing to him but his whole
mind, heart, and body have been
taken up with his meetings. I know
William will understand.



City Island N.Y.
Aug 5/79

Dear Cousin

Your surprising
letter of the 30th at t is
rec^d. While we should
very much like to visit you
before you leave I cannot
well go away just at present

Now I can suggest something
better by far. Come here
and see us if only for a
day or two. You might not
to go abroad without seeing
my place. We will go
to Hoboken and meet you
with our Steam Yacht at
any time after Thursday
of this week that you may
appoint by Telegraph

I think you really ought
to come here if only to see
what one of the Belders
family has accomplished

We promise you a good
time - Try and persuade
Uncle Rich^d & Aunt Mary
to come along. Hoping to
get your affirmative answer
and wishing you every success
in your new field I

Remain with kindest regards
to your wife

Affectionately
Your Cousin

William Belden

Why cant we get the Scotts
and Susan here at the same
time and have a sort of
family gathering to bid you
adieu We've lots of room.