Lancaster May 24th 1851

My Dear Mother

You know that I am not in the habit of writing on Sabbath more than you yourself but I cannot believe it is wrong in this case. I do not know that it is wrong to write a letter to a very dear one on God's day but I feel that I now the time for devotional exercise whether at home or in church the day is alike precious to me in either place. I often say on my heart and feel it to be a truth.

Sweet day those hours too soon will pass yet while they gently roll
Breath, Heavenly Spirit source of peace
The Sabbath to my soul.

It is so sweet to know that one day in seven at least you can hide the world with all its perplexing cares stand aside no matter how hard it may press through the week and let man commune with his Maker.
Oh I pity those who fail to see a wonderful day or merely a day to rest the body. In my heart I pity those who have no God to go to and to whom the Bible is as a sealed book.

I can pity them more because I know from experience how sad it is. When death seems the most terrible thing upon earth and the grave as surely the burying place of all our hopes and love and joy as it is of the body. But the thought of meeting my Creator only as an angry God was fearful beyond description and the future nothing but loss, gloom and sorrow and despair.

But how changed death is in itself to become terrible yet the very entrance to hope and immortality to be with our Saviour and Redeemer freed from sin. And although the body is laid in the grave yet it is only as sad and torn in the ground which in God’s own time will rise again. And in my flesh shall I see God.” Yes, my God my Saviour, my Redeemer, my All. How then to be gone and even with that God.

No more sorrow, no pain now, the shadow of death. Oh it is sweet to contemplate that Sabbath which knows no end. When I think or speak of or write of these things I never know where to begin or when to end. God’s plans and ways are so wonderful and so mysterious and so kind and so lovingly to soulful and gracious to sinful and rebellious Man.” But one thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.

I don’t know but you will think of this letter so often I refer to myself. I have nothing to experience telling and do not the to do as they say tell my feelings but to you.

I say much that I would not to another. And then there is such a change in my view and feelings. For a while I feared that it was not real and would soon pass of but instead of that I have a snow from an already

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confessed in God than ever. Things are yet unfolding gradually to my mind, and I know that it is not from any outward circumstance. It is not from an over-excitement state of the mind or from the influence of persons for that reason so much rather to an internal advent, that is the Spirit of Truth. It works in me even as the thing can look for me to continue to open and hold open communication with you. As you know, I have never felt myself satisfied with planting in some respects, but the longer I stay the more I can do, if life and health are given to me, and if some way I can be of service, I live to do with and advantage for my own personal improvement but I find more of the poor and disconsolate and forsaken by others who are in need and I would rather encourage and help those who have not the blessings I enjoy than seek much for my own advantage if it is intellectual.
Ypsilanti Dec 3rd 1853

My Dear Mother

Your kind letter has just reached us and as you request, I answer it immediately.

We are well with the exception of the baby who has taken a very severe cold. He has a good deal of cough. The Dr. has been to see him and from what he said, he feared it might be the croup. We think however, that it is only a severe cold; I take the best care I know how of our dear little one but I cannot keep him well. It would be well for me could I feel about these things as you do but I can't. It rather grieves and troubles me than leads me to my Heavenly Father. It is exceedingly trying to see a dear little babe sick so much. But he grows and is a happy, smart little fellow. You can't think how much he has improved since we were with you.

About the money my dear Mother we
I send our sincere thanks and as you say it is a gift shall say nothing more about it although I had always supposed that giving that amount it should be considered as a part of my fortune. Mr. Scoville says, "I trust you will have the Lords helping with what is left." We think it will be safe enough coming by mail at least Lewis has sent large sums of money to New York in that way for the Lena, and it has always been safe. I mean the check and Lewis will go in to Detroit to draw the money on it.

Lewis tells me to say that he will have his money insured immediately and wishes to know if I shall assign the policy to you or have it taken in my name.

I hope your health will be improved and that you may not be taken sick as others are around you. What is James doing? Have they all attending school who are your teacher? When Thomas wrote to me he told me all about his reasons for purchasing the piano and then asked me what I thought of it. I think that it may be of great value yet for Julia to become a music teacher. Should she ever live long life be left to take care of herself it is the same way in which that can be done besides being a very great accomplishment. What do you think of coming to Ann Arbor? Nettie told me when she was here that he did not think considering your circumstances and having so much curly to attend to that it would be best for you to remain in Oberlin. But I must close as Lewis has had to walk the room until late and I have been writing. You may send the check immediately on the receipt of this if convenient. Much love from us both to all the family.

Yours affectionately,

Elizabeth
May 27th.

Dear Mother,

My letter has lain this long unopened. It is a long time since I have had a letter from home and I feel more anxious because James told me that Dornan's health was still very poor. I hope you will write immediately and let me know all about it.

He has so much poor health. I feel very anxious about him. I wish he could come out here and spend some time perhaps it would do him good to ramble in the woods. If we were living up at the College I believe it would. I wish he would come any way. I will do all I can to make him happy and well.

We are all very well except that I have a headache today and feel unfit to write or do anything.

They are well and do enjoy the pleasant days so much. We have been trying to clear the land.
across the road and the men were so fast that we had to let him cut down some beautiful little red trees. She would soon learn to read if I could give him all the attention he ought to have. Harry is growing much and I think he is going pretty well.

Logie is well and all the trouble I have with her is that she is not just the kind of help I need. I have to plan and organize and think so much for her. It is all I can do to do that for my own family. I feel as though it would wear me out and then I have to deny myself the pleasure of reading and writing so much that it seems hard. I ought to have a girl in the kitchen all the time for whom I would have nothing to do but pay her wages. I was actually so driven this spring and that I told Emily I believed she had better go and let me get a big stone servant girl but she could not feel so bad that it helped me. But I must stop. Our love to all. So let us hear from you soon. This is the third letter I have written since I have had one.
My Dear Mother

I am sorry that you have not received an answer to Adam's kind letter sooner but we have been so situated that I could not get any moments to write until today and would not now on the Sabbath did I not know that it will be impossible to do so tomorrow and I cannot delay it any longer.

Monday Noon

You see dear Mother that I still can't commence my letter yesterday about as I always do when I attempt to write home on the Sabbath.

Our term closed last Wednesday Examination and Exhibition continuing from Saturday previous.
We are now keeping house; eat at our own table and although as would be expected we have had to work hard these few days and shall during vacation we are not shall be to nice and snug that we feel perfectly happy and contented. We would however like very much to visit you this vacation but cannot. Everything must be arranged in these few weeks and you know it is no small thing to get furniture and all the little necessities either in consigning the labor and expense. I did not mean to convey the impression in my last letter that we were waiting for an invitation to come and see you but only did it for fun.

We believe you would be as glad to see us as we to see you and you know we are not quite so formal as to wait for an invitation to go home. We indeed we will go when ever we can but shall have to forego the pleasure at present. I would like my dear mother to see you very much and if I could be of assistance to you in getting clothing prepared for the family
I would be glad. We want you to visit us this summer; we would pay your expenses here and back again if you could come and spend two or three weeks here at your visit. Shall be made as pleasant as we can make it. Tell me what you think about it. We feel anxious about your health in regard to the small pox. I do hope you will not be in danger of all diseases that I think is the most dreadful. Do then anything more said about it? How is your own health? I wish you would write me particularly about it. You must have to work to keep the house in order. This letter is short and written in great haste as I have left my work and I also have some headache. Give much kind love to all the family from me. Lewis I think is some better than when I last wrote, but he has so much to do that it troubles me exceedingly. I have rather be sick or work hard myself than to have him. I do think it makes me feel worse to have my dear friends in trouble of any kind than to have it myself. I get to thinking of you at some time.
night I am very nervous. I received a very long letter from Mrs. Lichle last week. Have some of the family write as soon as they can. I am affectionate to daughter.

Elizabeth Fish