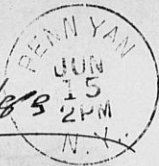


Marquet.

June 16/83



F. W. Evans,

Mt. Lebanon,

Col. Co.,

N. Y.

Penn Can, Yates Co., N. Y. June 13, 1853.

My Dear, Good Father.

How kind, and tender the feeling that prompted you, amid all your burdens, and mental taxation, to hold in remembrance one so small, and unworthy. I thank you for the Manifesto, should think it was quite a good number, but am not as well pleased with it, as when edited in our home. I claim a perfect right to love that which is nearest, and dearest to me, it is so natural; and yet the love that is dwelling in my heart for Gospel kindred, has I hope, to a good extent become so spiritualized, that nothing natural can ever supplant it.

No one can be away from the influence, and spiritual ministration of our Zion home, if they have but a small degree of faith, without suffering of spirit. A young, and tender plant is sensitive to climatic changes, and when transplanted from its native soil withers, and dies.

As so in the natural, how much more is this the rule, and not the exception, in the spiritual kingdom of God. Children that have been privileged to live with Believers; thereby wholly escaping the corruption, and wickedness of a worldly life, cannot appreciate too highly, the sweetness of innocence, when compared with the mysteries of iniquity.

I thank you dear Father for being so largely instrumental, in sowing the seed of faith in my soul. Many times while listening to the Gospel testimony as it fell from your lips like peals of thunder, have I been led to enter into a spirit of self-examination, thus bringing me into closer union with my female lead.

How different the relationship between male, and female in Zion, and Babylon.

I am strongly reminded, on this delightful day, of a song commencing, "If our home is so beautiful here, What must be our final home? The earth is wrapp'd in loveliness.

Every thing in nature bespeaks the care of an over-ruling Providence

The babbling brook sings a merry song as it  
glides o'er hill, and dale.

The sweet songsters of the feathered tribe  
sing their early matin, and evening lay.

And e'en the beautiful green carpet that covers  
the earth, feels as soft as velvet to the tread.

Then should I withhold my voice? nay, I  
acknowledge God's infinite goodness and power.  
I have much to be grateful for, but what  
seems the richest treasure to me now, is the love  
of tried, and true souls, that are sacrificing their  
lives on the altar for each other; may I be found  
with that number, willing to pay the whole price,  
for the pearl of salvation.

You mentioned in your letter that you were  
seventy five, I hope that you may tarry with  
us many years, that you may measurably realize  
the fruition of your hopes.

Please give my love to good Bro' Daniel,  
faithful servant of the Lord.

Also to kind Bro' Emil for his beautiful  
letter, it is pleasant, when absent from home  
to be fondly remembered.

And lastly, but above all others, give more love, than I can write on paper, to my own dear Mothers, Eldess Antoinette, and Sister Anna, "to whom, do I owe my gratitude" if not to those angels in the form.

I handed the last sheet of your letter to Stafford, and Obedie to read, the part in which you spoke of them so kindly, their eyes moistened, and they thanked me for it. Stafford remarking, "the Elder is a good man I believe". They think highly of the Shakers. I am happy to state, that my health is some-what improved. I sleep a little better. Please pray, and love me as your gospel daughter.

Margaret Cleveland,

P.S. Be so kind as to thank Sisters Martha, Mary, and Lydia, for their pretty letters. No wonder I cried for joy, when I received five letters, and a pamphlet from my sweet home. Will write to the Martha Sabbath day.

Stafford, and Obedie, send their respects.