

Letter From Elizabeth Kenney to Mrs. Simeon Williams

Burton, Oromocto, N.B. Feb. 23, 1840

Dear Absent Daughter:

Through the goodness and mercy of God I am permitted to write to you once more on the shores of time. Hoping this will find you as they leave me and the rest of the family all well. I embrace this opportunity of writing to you by Mr. Arnold as he has promised if nothing happens to leave it with you. Dear child, I hear that you are in a poor state of health which news I am very sorry to hear. I hope that you will cast your case on the Almighty arm of God who is able to support you in this world and give you strength equal to your day. Look to Jesus for strength to support you through this vale of sorrow. He has promised to carry the lambs in his bosom. Dear Child have you not often found the Saviour to be a present help in time of need? I know that He will comfort you though distance forbids the privilege of conversing face to face with other. Yet I give you up on the hands of a good parent one who is able to do for you more than all earthly parents can do for their children. Although it seems hard to be parted so long from each other yet glory to His name I trust that we shall meet one day when time shall be no more. I hope that then we shall be so unspeakably happy as to hail each other in the realms of glory wherer parting shall be no more. If we are not permitted to meet in this world any more let us rely on the promise of the Savior I go to prepare a place for those that love Me, that where I am there shall they be also.

O, Dear Child this world is but a bubble, tis but short, tis momentary, and if we but make our escape out of it how happy shall we be. Look to the Lord to comfort you and protect you in the present evil world, knowing that some day we must lay our bodies down to sleep in the dust from whence we came till the trump of God shall awake our sleeping dust. Then parents and children shall all meet and if we are to so unspeakably happy as to hear the joyful sound of Come ye blessed of My Father, and receive the crown of life and glory which has been prepared for you from the foundation of the world. O, what a glorious meeting will that be. Glory to His great name that He has seen fit to look upon us poor needy creatures not worthy of his notice.

I received your letter which gave me to understand that you have some glorious refreshings from the presence of the Lord in your land. I hear that some of your children has set out with you to be pilgrims. O, may they all set out that they may not one be left, feeling there is room enough and to spare, warn them to flee from the wrath to come. Tell them of the dangers of delay. Dear Child, I long to see you. I wonder that some of you do not come over to see us. Where is James and Thomas? Tell them that they must come over and see their old grandmother. Your father is well. He gave up his farm to Asa and he has sold it and removed up the river twenty miles beyond where Richard and Fanny Kimball lives, and your father went with them. I have not gone up yet but I expect to go up in the course of a fortnight. Your father and Asa's family went last fall. I understand in a letter from them that they are all well.