Eau Claire, May 22/60

Dear Sister.

I have delayed writing you longer than I ought, but have not been very well for a weeks past, & have not had ambition enough to set myself about it. I am now feeling some better & will try to pen a few lines.

It seems sad & lonely when I think of Erastus. He has been almost like a Father to me, & now to know he is dead & that I can never see him is indeed a deep sorrow. He owned a lot here & I had flattered myself he would be out here again. I would have been glad to have had him lived with us & if he had not been married probably would not have left us long as he lived. I have always been afraid that he felt hard towards me, because I did feel as though I could undertake to do as he wanted us too. I tried hard to have him get into some business in this village & either build or live in the house with us, just as he thought best. But no, he would do nothing unless we would go to farming or something that we could all live together. Sometimes I think I wish he had never come out here, for I feel as though he had never felt towards us as he did before. But I do not know, it seems he has not left a parting word for me. Did he never enquire or say anything about us or our affairs? Oh how I wish I could have been with him as you & Addison was. You cannot think how I miss his letters, he generally wrote often. I believe I have all the letters he has written since we came west. The last one he sent us he only wrote a little & Carrie had to finish it.

Do you know who will be the Administrator on his estate? Did he say anything about a note he held against Smead given
when we lived at Oxford? He told us we need not ever pay it unless he asked for it & that Carrie knew nothing of it, & if he was taken away it would be destroyed, we should not have it to pay. I did not know but he might have said something to you or Addison, but he wrote me immediately after Erastus died, but did not say E left a word for me. There are some other things I should say to you were you present but dare not trust it on paper.

I wrote Carrie some three or four weeks since, but have not received an answer. I wrote just as good a letter as I could & hope she will answer it. I am glad E was carried to Greenfield to be buried; it seems pleasant to think he will lay by the side of Father. Oh how would I love to visit their grave & shed my tears there instead of shedding them over this paper, but there is a long distance between us & probably I shall never be there, yet we do not what may be. But one thing we do know, death is certain sooner or later. Oh let us try to live prepared for it.

You speak of the hardness of your heart. Did you ever think who gave you to feel its stupidity & hardness? & it is for just such as you & I that Christ came into the world for Sinners not the righteous. Jesus came to call, you remember the hymn, "Come ye sinners poor & needy." Read it & ponder well its meaning. As to Erastus Christianity, I do not know as it is right to say any thing about it. I think his mind has been at times much exercised, but that for a number of years past it has been settled into a fixed state. It seems he talked with you about the same as when here; I often felt
bad to hear him talk, & yet, he had some excellant views & he was always so kind & generous, etc. I can but feel at ease about him, we know he is in the hands of a Holy & just God, & there I am willing to leave him.

I have not had a letter from Almira or Lysander since last fall. I wrote las to them & now I have written again to A, hope to hear soon. Sarah I wish you could find a book called Memoir of Carvosso. If you cannot find it at the book store, you may find it among the sabbath school books in the Methodist Church. If you are as much struck as I was with the resemblance of his likeness to Fathers, you will wish to get the book for that if nothing more. I did, & found the reading also very interesting, it may do you good.

We received the paper containing the news of Nahums death. It seemed very striking, he possessed such a strong constitution & was so well. Just think how much I have been sick & how may I have outlived of our relatives & acquaintances. & for what am I spared? Poor, unworthy me, what goodness & mercy are shown me. My letter is full of mistakes; I have written in a hurry. Love to all our friends, write soon. Love & kiss from L A & D S Hastings.