May 17

Dear Sarah,

With fear of missing grief and joy received your letter from you. It fell Friday. I don't know how long it had been in coming. It had been
three messages. But I sought on Friday, dear Sarah, I'm very well at this time. And my mother gives her love to you, and sister, dear Sarah,
I'm sorry to say that Tamar left home again. On this should have come this summer. But I intended to come at Christmas. Please
you. I'm very sorry that you had to write first. I intended to send the message. Dear but I had Wright again before Christmas. It let you know when shall come
Dear Sarah, give my love to your mother, Ann, Helen, and John, and Ann and Ann. The Torringtons, dear Sarah.

When you see me remember me to Mary White, who is now distant, I see Ann Spoggy, her eldest, at that new cliff. And Francis Spoggy was expected to be married this Spring. I forgot to tell you before that Edward Myrell was at Wilbrahame the week after Christmas. A freight train before Mary lives. Elizabeth times. She is a friend to the friendly at the door to the helpful. A husband to the widow. The Smith, with my kind love to the Smith. The best wishes. May the Lord be merciful to you.

And Mary have expected them both to Wright. Poor me. Before I write I would know when Mary would come. Would you meet them?

Mary long desires her kind love to you.

I am your ever dear friend, Elizabeth. Gough.

Dear Sarah, there is a friend that Elizabeth boards them. Another she loves the lot, all.

Freight train before. Mary lives. Elizabeth times. She is a friend to the friendly. A helper to the helpful. A husband to the widow. The Smith, with my kind love to the Smith. The best wishes. May the Lord be merciful to you. The ways of thy love. Be merciful to me to understand.