

Mrs. Mather,
Sun Street,
Bishopgate,
London.

Newtown, Sep^r 15th, 1822

My very dear Sister,

Knowing that you would wish to hear as soon as possible of our safe arrival at this place; with great pleasure, I take up my pen, to inform you how we proceeded.

There was a Lady and Gentleman in the coach with us, who were remarkably pleasant and agreeable, and, as far as I could judge, truly pious. After travelling a few miles, the Gentleman took from his pocket, Clarke's Scripture-promises, which we read alternately till the evening came on.

When we had got about thirty miles, it began to rain, and continued without scarcely any intermission till we arrived here.

We stopped at Oxford, and took tea about twelve o'clock, but, afterwards I wished, that in preference, I had taken supper. For after fasting so many hours, tea was not sufficiently substantial, and also prevented me from sleeping.

The night was very tedious, as I did not sleep at all. My Brother slept a little. Towards morning I began

to feel faint and sickly, but I got better after taking some breakfast.

About seven o'clock, we washed ourselves a little, with which, we were much refreshed. We arrived at Atcham about one, where the coach left us. We dined there, when my Brother's cart came to take the luggage. My Brother and I walked to his house, which was about two miles and a half; but such a walk I never had in all my life.

The roads were so bad, owing to the continued wet weather, I really thought I should never get through, but, must certainly stick fast in the mire. We got to my Brother's house about five. The house is most delightfully situated. The scenery is beyond description. There is only another house opposite for some distance. Mrs B. received me very kindly.

John is much grown. William and Joseph are the finest and most healthy looking children I ever saw. As far as I can judge I shall be very comfortable: at least, as much so, as the feelings of my own mind, under present circumstances, will admit.

I assure you, my dear sister, that I keenly feel the separation, and at times I think I must certainly sink under it, but however, God is able to support us, even under this, if we look to him.

I hope you will write to us, before you leave England. Give the children a kiss for me. Give my kindest love

to Mr. M., Isabella, Mr. W., Joseph, and Lucy,
Samuel and Miss M. — tell Samuel to
write often to me, and tell me how you
all go on. Excuse haste, as they are
waiting to take the letter, or it will miss
the post.

With kind love I am your ever
affectionate sister,

Sarah Benson.

May the Lord bless you Adieu —