Mr. T.J. On the Sceatfield Bish of Boston.

Mrs. Parke Agnulis of Nerrinet in Suffolk County,
I return and am, Your Friend, John St. John.

Edwin Spence, Colo. Demos, Corrige Mites,
In Domini Frustration and Satus
You are in the socket with me in the country.
I am now at the Post and may do so.

Edge and access at me Inna Sheba, Fidelis.
In word, Domini juventis sine post
These can quaterna Petras, mare Sebou Monthum,
Mark the time, my God, same Deus.

Ehbsones, Per London.

God of Hendish Hunsliams last me into his Fries.
And shed with Magdalen to your feet, to see what it yields.
Here be such poor males, if we, I fray with gains.
I grant and keep my feet is pleasant, only the strongest gains.
For 4 years and Mr. Geen has been, and my feet is for myself.
Let the man die while him, let France to die me Sir.
Come, one from Sebonari-gets me, in little Jutland, Sir.
Come, there they in the Medici, and are to me a side.
So keep, part of Mr. Peters grief, great sorrow unto Med.
Good God, let this 5 years more, come to them incline.