

Swarthmore, Pa., Jan. 9, 1907.

My dear Annie:-

If I had written you as often as I have thought of you since I received your cards announcing the coming of young Robert, you would have heard from me very many times, but day after day I have put you off simply because I could, in order to do the work I had to do. We have been trying to keep things pretty straight here, so that if it were necessary either Lucy or I could go to Aunt Mary at any time. Of course, you know that Lucy is there now and from what she writes me, I judge she will remain until she is no longer needed by dear Aunt Mary.

I do hope that your little man is well and that he may be as great a comfort to you as you were for so long to both dear Aunt Susan and Aunt Mary. I hope that when I come to Rochester, I shall be able to see you and the babies. I suppose your little lady is no longer a baby and that she feels quite set up over her little brother. I can't realize that you are the mother of two children and I certainly hope you will keep well so as to be able to give them the care and attention, which I know you will bestow upon them if you possibly can. I suppose Gilbert feels quite proud over his son and now that he is getting to be a man of such a large family, he will begin to realize what marriage really is.

I saw by the paper only a short time ago the announcement of the death of your dear old friend. I suppose her going away could not really be mourned, because she had suffered so much that it would be really wicked to want her to remain longer. Sometimes we wonder that such beautiful lives as hers, lives so useful and

helpful to so many people, should pass out so soon when there is so much work left to be done. So many of our good friends in Rochester seem to be going at this time and now when Aunt Mary goes and 17 Madison Street is no longer the centre toward which we all turn, life will seem very lonely for some of us.

I do hope, dear girl, you will keep well and that you may have great joy and peace in your little family. Please remember me in love to your husband and sister. I hope the latter is getting on well with her school work; she must be pretty nearly through, I suppose.

With sincere affection,

Faithfully yours,

*Aunt H. Shaw*