

Send to Ellen excuse my
not seeing Oberlin, Ohio,
I thought
March 26, 1905
You'd be home & not with Willie
My dearest Pally! - to send.

Yesterday's mail

brought a letter from Ellen with your
dear letter enclosed. You poor dear
child, you are going through deep
waters indeed! Or are you cherie
now - in yourself if not in your sit-
uation - so that life seems less
hopeless? Well, "into each life
some rain must fall," but it
does it fall all the time, that
is one comfort. Keep hold of the
Bible promises, through the rain
and the dark, and the sunshine
is bound to come. I know, because
I have been through it all, and
the hard things of life "if we are

exercised thereby," are what make
us strong.

I have not heard from Coz. Anna
and I presume my letter is following
her around the world. And Coz.
Carrie has not come yet, nor has
she written again. She was to have
been here before this, and I was
waiting to get from her all she
knew about the Yale fellowship.
I will try all likely Belden relations
first, and as a last resort I can
write to New Haven myself. There is
^{nothing} against such a course.

I really think, Mary, that you and
Ellen are wrong about Evangelene's
attitude. I enclose a letter from
Auntie to Grandma in which you can
see what she says. Now not a soul
of us as far as I know has ever in any

way intimated that you girls had
that of bridesmaids in one way or
another. I do believe that you are
imagining the whole ^{you} business that
Evang. does not want. As soon as I
answer you letter I will burn it
up, for I should not want anyone
to find out what a mountain your
imagination had created! Polly,
you ought to be a novelist! Evang.
& Aunt M. have both made a blunder
in this: not giving you the chance
to refuse. But they are both too
cautious & unsociety like, to have
even considered asking you when
they knew you could not come.
It is really Aunt Mary's truthfulness
(and you know how truthful she
always is, even sometimes to rudeness)

that has kept her from offering you
a place you could not accept. A
better way would have been - but
it is not her way - to have written
you frankly that you were first
choice. I don't suppose it occur-
red to her, & it seems to me that Ev.
is quite dependent on her Mother's
judgment - don't you? On an
occasion like this, I think Uncle
Edmund would swallow his pre-
judices and be polite to every
one, and be his best self. But
I really do not believe that the
Lukenses are ashamed of us (as
you think) because we are poor.
Every letter or note from Aunt M.
has regretted that none of us could
be at the wedding. She simply accepts
it as the inevitable. It is precisely