

Oxford Sep. 13th 1887

My dearest Ellie

I have come up
to the "office" to write a line to
you to tell you that the
children are all well and
thriving. I asked Er, what I
should say to you. "Tell her
Widdie is a dood boy; and
that she don't cry (Cry) night,
so she says she is no baby
but a big girl, she is quite
devoted to Grandpapa. The
other night he did not come
in at the usual time & she
would not go to bed till G. P.
come 'cause I want to kiss his
dood night, but he arrived
just as she had concluded
to go to bed. much to her
satisfaction, Willie is at

Mary's. He and Marguerite
are like little boys - some
days ago he was at Aunt Ellen
& when night came he wanted
to stay - but was pleasant
After we got home I told
him how badly I felt that
he did not want to come
to Essex paper - He made very
plausible excuses, which were
very satisfactory - but I could
not resist saying to him
some time after, well, I feel
very sad - Such a straight
ring up - look of importance
he said - "Well, I'm not, I'm
happy" his manner was
unmistakable - The Twins want
to study, but really they are
so untrained that poor
teacher or disciplinarian can't

as I am
accomplish much in that
way - Luke is or has been
at Aunt Ellen's for a few
days - working quite industri-
ously - she is without a
servant - & I am very glad
of it. it is a great relief
to me, & Aunt E. says a
help to her. I think however
she is now in her room.
When I saw Dr. Foster
yesterday I said to father, altho
I have felt that going to
Clyde was of no account
for he I do believe this may
be the way God is going
to answer our prayers. Oh
if it only could be. Aunt
E. has much faith in it
we must pray earnestly
for direction.

This is a dull rainy
morning - our work day,
Father is ready to go
off Mother

The shoes came on
Saturday