

man he has come lately  
to me to try and help them  
but you know that to interfere  
between man and wife  
is a thankless task, his  
troubles begin only end in  
death. After all when  
one thinks rightly death  
is not a trouble at all, living  
troubles are far harder  
to bear. Now because we  
are so far from each  
other, it is no reason why  
we should be dead to one  
another, I have always  
looked upon you as a  
brother, and should be only  
pleased to hear from you  
therefore whenever you are  
at leisure think on Alice  
Bobell, and send her a  
few lines for the sake of old  
times, and ever

Believe me to be  
y<sup>r</sup> aff<sup>l</sup> friend  
Alice

1028/68/9

Alice Bobell born 1872  
Res. Dr. Johnson

104. St. Patrick's St.  
September 17<sup>th</sup>  
CUST 17/68.9

My dear Ester

I am ashamed  
of myself for not answering your  
kind letter long ago, but I have  
been terribly busy lately, putting  
of doing this from day to day  
and in fact treating all my  
kindest friends in the most  
manner, but for the sake  
of "Auld lang syne" forgive  
and forget my negligence  
I tried to write to you, and  
I believe he did so, but I fear he  
did not address it properly, as he  
could not remember the name of  
the street the University is on  
however I hope it had reached you  
safely. My dear little Boy's  
death was a bitter blow to us, but  
try and remember that "God

tooth a cheerful face." He is his plans, in his last letter he  
now far happier than I ever could speak about returning to Canada  
have made him, I was too much but now there is no putting what  
wrapped up in him, so he does he will do. Things are going  
taken from me. And since his poor bad to horse at Weston  
death I have lost my eldest and Mrs. Johnson has been three  
favourite sister, she died on the 9th month with Arthur, and  
6<sup>th</sup> August. I cannot tell you how does not seem in the least  
greatly I was shocked at hearing of her hurry to return to Weston  
death, she had written me a long between ourselves I think she  
cheerful letter about a fortnight wishes to leave the old man  
before her death, I could scarcely but is half afraid of Mrs.  
believe the news of her death grandy. I can't make her  
she died of a premature con but, when she first went to  
finement, the baby lived for stay with Arthur it was to  
only two days. I can't imagine be a short visit, and yet she  
what will become of her four had nearly all the furniture  
little children, but no doubt in the house brought into  
someone will be found to care for them, she actually left  
for them, they surely will not leave with one piece of stuff  
be utterly forsaken. Papa and a bed that everyone  
did not write to me by last — in the house had refused  
mail, he was in a terrible to sleep over. My heart bleeds  
state of mind about poor Inha for him; and what comfort  
I fancy her death will ever one give him? poor old