

My Dear Granddaughter.

Your brief epistle I received
And sure was pleased to hear,
So glad to know you think of me
As I do you, my dear.

There was one shot that gave me pain
Among the things you told,
To know that you "Had need of me,"
And also, "Had a cold".

Just now you see I could not come,
I'm sure that's what you mean:
To hold your head, and wash your face
And keep your kerchiefs clean.
Please do not let yourself infer
I do not wish to do,
That in itself would grieve me much
And add more care to you.

You say "You need some blessed sleep"
That "Studying" takes your time,
You find your classes interesting
But "Liesome" for this kind.