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Correspondence

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**Box 3_1 (Correspondence- Poole, Mary A. W to Reed Mary,
1886-1906)**

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INDEPENDENCE HALL CHAPTER
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

1725 Arch St. Philad'a,
January 21st, 1901.

My dearest Friend & Sister
Over & over again for
a week have I been with
you, thinking of you,
longing to ride you, &
so today; & lo! this evening
comes your announcement
of your dear Mary's mar-
riage. Did I feel it coming?
Or has your heart,
full of old associations,
been flitting around old
Philad'a, & a sweep of
your wing touched me?

What a drama life is! The curtain up, down, up! It makes all seem but a drama at times — even less — a dream.

I hope Mary has found her "other soul" & will be as happy as mortals ever can be. I long to ask questions; will her home be in Florence? Shall you keep the children; & is her husband not a Swede? But your circular letter will tell us all no doubt & I hope for one soon. Mrs. Wilmarth has at last sent me one in a long time & I must ask her why. I do trust that this marriage will be

to thee too a happy one after all the sorrows thee has carried for all the years. And I do hope thee is well & no more rheumatic, as thee was when thee wrote me last.

How I long to hear from thee. I wrote thee last I think from Mich. in the summer. Then I was called to Miss Bomey & she lived four days, & then slipped away as gently as one ever did.

Then I had off Eng. work, & the Holbrook Ind. Conference, & reached here the last of Oct., & the fall campaign came on. I sent thee the program of our 21st anniversary there, & hope thee rec'd it. It was a lovely convention, & I'll send thee its report

now, in our paper, I will
get & send three or
two Phila. papers on it.
They all ~~with~~ ^{no}
solicitation gave us good
notices; & I was again
unanimously elected
president — Had to take
it — & am in my 14th
year in that office.
And we have fresh hopes
in the work. But the
"mills" do grind "slowly".

How full of great
events the air is; & I see,
can't help seeing, how
God's messages are sinking
into hearts the world over.
Think of strong drink
kept out of Africa; &
now the ban is abolished;
the drawing nearer &
closer of all X^r bodies, &
such actually beginning
to think of duty in
moral matters — of really
being X^r citizens! A. A. H.



INDEPENDENCE HALL CHAPTER
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

write the good old
Queen is dying, &
England will doubtless
have King Edw. VIIth.
before this reaches you.
"God save the King"
indeed, & make him
at last a good, true
man, & one to lift
society as he ruled
the empire. These
days are thrilling with
great events, & wars,
& all will surely
hasten the Kingdom
of God. The signs of
it thrill me day by
day & make life more

worth the living than
ever before, while
things earthly seem
as they are but chaff
& bubbles. How solid
they seemed when
we were young!

I don't feel old
— I tire sooner &
that is about all
the difference, — yet
it seems to me as
if I've lived 150 years
sometimes. Now more
than ever since so
many whom I've
known are crossing
over the River.

Do you get our
papers still? I suppose
so, as I've told my
assist. not to let
it lapse. She helps
but I yet have to do

most of it. I am in
the same house as
last winter at Mrs.
Casper Wistar's, & am
to be, on & on. I may
take a western trip
this spring. Not sure
yet. But this address
is safe wherever I am.

My son is on my
place, not married, but
I can't go there to
stay till it pays its
expenses, as it has
never yet half done.
He hopes it may
next year. Ever "next
year" still. Well if
it does as it may
mean that I'll not be
here on earth to need
it. Do beloved let me
hear from thee if thee
can write, even if but
a little letter to

thine everlasting
loving sister friend
Amelia S. Quinton.

1725 Arch St. Phila. Feb. 2^d.

Belovedest,

This is but a
line to wish you
a million "happy
returns" of this
your birthday to
be on Feb'y 7th, as
I know there are
to be blissful cent-
uries before you.

All these days
it gives me a
lift of heart to know
that your agonies

over those dear
children have rest
& that your loved
Mary is happy in
an equal & congen-
ial love.

God does give us
some sweet earthly
joy by the way. But
I've been full of real
sympathy for the
Queen's Children all
these days, & as I
write, the funeral
cortege is no doubt
beginning to move,

3
bar, being 9.30 A.M.
here it is 1.30 there,
& I can almost hear
the booming, the toll
of the great bell, &
— the sobs of her
children! Royal, but
children all the same, &
as yours would mourn
for you! (Alas —
have none so to weep
for me; but I hope some
dusky sons of the West
will know I loved their
wellfare.) How the heart
loves to be remembered!

But here is a crowded
day & I must into it.

Lots of loving thanks
that ~~this~~ dear circular
letters have begun again.

Long be they ours, dearest,
& long may you be with
us & get atable in the flesh.
Pray your lovingest,
Amy S. Dainton.

I know this Dr. of his scores & I believe without days &
with the end of it.