Buffalo, Sept. 19th/65

My Dear Miss Weston,

Your very kind letter of May 25th, elicited by my Report, was very gratifying to me, and I intended to write, at once, and thank you for it. I have nothing to say, in excuse for what must appear as shameful neglect, except that the burden of care and responsibility which devolved upon me in consequence of my father's death, has made me neglect all my correspondents during the past year. But none the less, nay, all the more, have I appreciated their kind missives of friendship which have blessed me in my grief, & relieved the loneliness of my heart. It was & is an especial pleasure to me to know that my Report received your approbation; it is quite an encouragement to me to attempt another,

which, judging from present appearances, ~~it seems adapted~~ I shall be called upon to write, though, a year ago, we did hope that our work would be done, by this time, and that our Anti-Slavery organizations might be permitted to expire in a blaze of glory, amid ~~a~~ shouts of thanksgiving. But the end is not quite yet. I heartily agree with you that this a time for gladness & praise on the part of abolitionists, who are, surely, reaping a rich, if not a full, harvest for their sowing. Verily, a new song hath God put into our mouths. Woe unto us if we do not sing it.

I half promised myself the pleasure of a call upon you, this summer. Half an hour's talk would be so much better than writing to you. I made a hurried visit to Boston, this summer, but, to my disappointment, I found

I could not accomplish my purpose of a trip to Weymouth. My plans were much too extensive for one summer.

But I am looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you in Phil.a, in December. Our third Decade Meeting will surely attract you thither. Many friends will joyfully greet you there.

I am later than usual in returning from my summer wanderings, but Gen. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania made me much later than usual in commencing them. I expect to return home very soon, however. I am very sorry for the affliction which has befallen your eyes, and trust that it will be only temporary.

Please give my love to your sisters, and believe me, always,

Most cordially,
Your friend
Mary Grew.