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166 Albany St, London, N.W.
Thursday evening.

My dear Mrs Gilchrist

Thank you for such a delightfully kind letter received this morning. Please give my love to your three young people: I am truly pleased if they remember me, but suspect Grace's reminiscence of being somewhat shadowy. You do not tell me how your house alterations have prospered: well, I hope, they looked so promising in theory. Thank you very much for regretting the long while which has elapsed since we met. I have become such a dread^{ful} old fidget (by comparison) over my own health, as to preclude the possibility of my running down for a glimpse of you and your pleasant belongings. One main object with us at present is, ^{my} not ~~to~~ running rash risks of catching cold, which might end in my banishment for the winter; this happily has not yet been so much as mentioned: indeed I am