

1011 ½ Washington St.,
Oakland, Oct 13, '95.

Dear Lily,

It is pleasant to learn that you are feeling so much better. I should like to go to you, but last evening my own illness took a sudden bad turn, and today I'm unable (after a night of suffering) to rise from my chair. I shall have to go back to Los Gatos the moment I can be moved. I've been here now for more than two weeks, and growing worse all the time. No day have I felt well enough even to cross the bay to San Francisco, where I have urgent business.

Before I go your brother will be with you—I have not felt like leaving you entirely alone among strangers, for although I could do nothing for you, it seemed as if it must be pleasant for you to know that I was near by in case anything should happen to you—I mean if you should get worse. But now you will be all right. Of course I should like to see your brother if he will call. Maybe I shall not be able to talk much to him, but if he does not mind that please ask him to call. I shall try to see you again before going away.

You must not hesitate to let me know, dear child, when I can serve you in any way, no matter where I am. And please let me hear from you—how you are and all about you. Address me as usual—"Box 73."

Be brave—"with a heart for any fate." And if the need of all your courage should come, remember that I confidently count upon your having it. Whatever may seem, remember that God, Nature—whatever it is that orders things, if things are ordered at all—is not going to be hard upon poor little harmless you.

A.B.