

Los Gatos,  
Friday evening.

Dear Mr. Walsh,

You are being hit pretty hard, truly, and I'm right sorry for you. But there's nothing to be said—we must “take our medicine” in any shape that pleases the Physician of Souls. I only wish it were possible to think it good for us always. As to the suicide phase of it, I'd not let that bother me if I were you. The lad had an indisputable right to quit the game of life whenever he pleased: all the sophistries of all the priesthoods cannot cloud one's life to one's heritage of sleep whenever one chooses to claim it. If we were religious—not church-religious—it might be permitted us to hope that matters were so ordered that Lily might have some stronger soul to welcome her on the other side.

What you tell me of Lily's wish to be buried near me is—well, I am rather sorry to know about it now. If you had told me when I saw you I should certainly have begged you to permit me to have the wish carried into effect. It is not for me to inquire into your reasons for not granting it—I can only say that I am sorry there were any circumstances that prevented.

I shall be glad to see you on Monday. Please give my regards to your uncle and aunt, and believe me most sincerely yours,

Ambrose Bierce.