

Dearest, Susie

I am so sorry the illness
is not yet abating - it was the weary
winter-time and you let yourself be
so much fatigued - and you must feel the
shortening of the light - but I cannot think
of you except - as cheerful and conquering all
menon suffering - in all sympathy love your
grateful and loving Mamma

THE LAST LETTER

(TO MISS SUSAN BEEVER, OCTOBER 1893)