Dear Friend,

It was good to hear your brave voice last night, and hard that we could send you only our words, though they bore the love and hope and courage of so many of your devoted companions.

If only we could give you of our health and
strength—if only we could enter the battle with you and divide those undoubted chances which the doctors find in their auspicous fears. Dear friend, do not let go of hope and trust: they have a power even in the uttermost! Trust not in the un-trusting. Trust unflinchingly to Shy, unswervingly to the Hope that has been your stay so long, and so splendidly. Know and feel that others—and my many—are with you in heart and spirit, and pray for you the strength that will not fail.

When at times meet, but do not admit the End. That is not in The Hands of Man, but in stronger and more loving hands. Believe in the first, ask the worst, and fear not. Yours affectionately,

Edgar A. Barneope