

Apr 23, S. 70

Dearest friend!

Your kind lines have been sent to me here, where I was obliged to stop because little Fredy is seriously ill in consequence of that horribly bad weather, which persecutes me since three weeks. Sunny hours alternating every day with rain and cold winds like in April. We are consolated only with "la chute d'un d'emon", in France.



Yesterday aunt Sofy and Louisa
came here from Amstetten with
Dr Felger, they bid me to
send many compliments
to you and Anderson; they
will return after a fortnight.

I hope to see you on Friday
or Saturday.

It is unjust to call "weakness"
what is truth. We are never in
the error, when we are sincere
with our friends. If I am
not wrong, but sometimes
in low spirits, my illness
may be accused for it. Indeed
it makes me unhappy. But
never mind, I shall not submit
my soul entirely.

God bless you and Yours

Lewis

