

Berkeley, Christmas Day, 1905.

Mr. Muir, Miss Wanda & Helen Muir:-

Dear Friends:-

On this glad day of friendship and of auspicious  
my thoughts turn instinctively to you in your exile and  
loneliness, and I cannot forbear sending you my  
greeting - too late indeed to be of avail in brightening  
this day, ~~too~~ mournful and lonely as it is, I fear, - but  
a greeting warm and sincere in its goodwill, which will not come  
anvies, I hope, on any day. I greatly appreciated Mr.  
Muir's letter of Nov. 8, and rejoiced in its more hopeful  
news of Helen's state, - and its indirect indication that  
his own spirit was gradually recovering its normal tone,  
and that his thoughts were turning again to that  
best medicine and solace of aching hearts - if only they  
can take it! - work. - And Wanda, - loving and efficient,  
the prop and support the other two, as I picture her, and  
ministering to either according to his special need; - how  
glad we all are that her firm strength and steadfast heart  
are there to help you through! - We want to know more  
about you all from time to time, as any one of you can  
find time and heart to write us a few lines.

Mrs. Bradley is really much better; - she went to  
church for the second time yesterday, and was not the worse

Prof Bradley

for it. — To-day we have two old friends to sit down with us to a quiet dinner. But we have to be very careful to avoid for her all excitement and overdoing. — Oddly enough, her greatest delight and distraction now, and a thing that seems to do her most good, — is an automobile ride. Think of that for simple-hearted folks like us! — Ruth is well, and is being rapidly put out of commission by her mother's rapid encroachment on the duties and cares which she assumed last summer. As for me, I seem to be sucked ever deeper and deeper into the vortex of work, which seems to shut out more and more my view of things elsewhere. While the work grows in amount, I have a sickening feeling that the scope of it, and the efficiency of it in my little world is not growing equally with it; and I know not how to mend the matter. Just now, for example, I can not hope to get any refreshment out of this holiday season, as I need to do, or any chance for quiet thought to orient myself. — This wretched concourse of five thousand teachers here, and the preparation of a Berkeley Club paper for January, will consume all my time and strength until work begins again. — I wish I might have a whiff of mountain air with you three! — Physically I am well, but spiritually a little overworn with the endless struggle which seems to bring me into no place of quiet pastures and still waters. — But never mind. It is much to be able to work at all. — Good bye, dear friends. — God keep ye! — Sometime "we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet. — For Auld Lang Syne!" — Sincerely yours,  
Leonard B. Bradley.