

Letter T27  
Paris, 31 January 1890

My dear Vincent,

Dr. Peyron wrote to tell me that you had had a paroxysm of your malady once again. My poor brother, I am infinitely sorry that things do not go with you as they ought to. Fortunately it did not last long the last time, and we hope ardently that you will recover quickly this time too. This is the only cloud in the sky of our happiness, for, my dear brother, the bad moment for Jo is past. She has brought into the world a beautiful boy, who cries a good deal, but who looks healthy. My poor little wife suffered a lot, because the waters came too soon, but fortunately we had an excellent doctor, who had extraordinary patience, for anyone else in his place would certainly have used forceps. Jo is very well, and has not had any fever, but it might come on yet. The child has started crying already.

How happy I should be if after some time, when Jo has recovered, you could come to see her and our little fellow. As we told you at the time, we are going to name him after you, and I devoutly hope that he will be able to be as persevering and as courageous as you. Please write to me as soon as you can to tell me how you are, and whether there have been occurrences which may have provoked the new crisis.

We speak of you frequently and we think of you still more frequently. I hope with all my heart that you will get better in the near future.

Be of good heart!

Sincerely yours, Theo