FEBRUARY 3, 1842.

A LETTER of LOVE and SORROW
from LINCOLN to JOSHUA SPEED,
LINCOLN'S most intimate FRIEND.
Springfield, Ill., Feb' 3, 1843

Dear Mr. S.

Your letter of the 25th you came to hand to-day. You well know that I do not feel my own sorrow much more keenly than I did yours when I knew of it; and yet I can see you greatly must have been feeling at the time you wrote—Not that I can help having sympathy with you now more than ever, not that I am less your friend than ever, but because I hope the believing that your present anxiety and cares about her health and her life, must and will forever banish that kind doubt, which I know you sometimes feel as to the truth of your affection for her. If they can be once and forever removed, (and I almost feel a premonition that the Almighty has let your present affliction express, by for that object) barely, nothing can come in their stead, to fill their immeasurable measure of misery—The death, scene, of that we buy the empty change, but these we are prepared to, and expect to see. They happen to all, and all know they must happen. Temple, they are not as unlooked for. Some should not, as you fear, be destined to an early grave; it is indeed a great consolation to know that...
she is so well prepared to meet it—Her religion
which you may dislike so much, I will venture
you now judge most highly—

But I hope your melancholy growing
to the early death & not well founded.
I even hope, that ere the winter, you will
have returned with improved and still
improving health, and that you will have met
her under better the support of the past, in
the enjoyment of the present.

I would say more if I could, but it
seems I have said enough. I really appear
to me, that you yourself ought to rejoice and
not mourn at the unhappy events of your
mother’s affections for her. My dear, if you and
I have not love her, although you might not wish her
death, you would not Calmly be resigned to it.

Perhaps this point is no longer a question with you,
and my submission dwelling upon it, is a mere
interruption upon your feelings. To do you must for
your own sake you know the whole I have differen
to that point, and that tende I am sure to.

You know I do not mean wrong.
I have been quite clear of hope since you
left me even better than I was looking at all.
I have been dear friend but one— She seems
very cheerful, and I don’t believe
of that at what we spoke of.
Ode uncle Billy themselves is clean and
it is said the evening that uncle burnt
Ferguson will not live. I believe gone
the next, and enough at that relief it
were better.

Write me immediately on the receipt
of the, -

Your sister's,

[Signature]