Chicago - April 9th.

Miss Lucy W. Little,
My dear Paul,

Your kind and Neal
touching little letter had been
received. I believe me in the midst
of my latest bereavement came
at account of Lamballe. In my
sight I may add that your
word is welcome. Our Heavenly
Father, had afflicted you, in the
discernment of your light yet
you are surrounded by loving
friends, whose lost are naked
the contributive to your comfort.
My dearly beloved husband, and
the height of our end - we were
left, notwithstanding the great
love for him, so good and great
as he was,
that we could love him sufficiently.
As you saw, truly, in the midst of his happiness I expressing, he was called hence to the eternal home, prepared for all those who loved, lost and learned him here, on earth. Whilst we sleep so broken hearted, he is resting before the throne of God. The ground for ornaments. So me, at you, my dearest, you will believe. Life is all darkness, the sun it's a mockery to me in my great sorrow. My dearest young friend, although unknown to me, I love you, for being able to thoroughly appreciate the noble character of my beloved husband. I pray that your days may be filled with happiness and peace, whilst I remain always, your deeply afflicted friend, [Signature]
MRS. LINCOLN, Accepting Condolence from a Blind Girl, Writes:

“My dearly beloved husband was the light of our eyes... We never felt, notwithstanding our great love for him, so good and great as he was, that we could love him sufficiently.”

(April 9th, 1866)
Free - 2nd Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs Lucy A. Little
West Milton
Wisconsin
Free - Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

Miss Lucy. A. Little
West Milton
Wisconsin.
Chicago, April 9, '66.

My dear Child:

Your kind and most touching little letter, had been received & believe me in the midst of my trying bereavement, your expressions of sympathy for my mother & my afflicted self, were most welcome. Our Heavenly Father, has afflicted you, in the deprivation of your sight, yet you are surrounded by loving friends, whose love are passed on contributing to your comfort. My dearly beloved husband, was the light of our only one we were so well, notwithstanding our great love for him, so good and great in all was, that we could love him sufficiently.
As you say, truly, in the midst of his happiness & rejoicing, he was called hence to the glorious home prepared for all those who truly love and love him. Hear, O earth. Whilst we sleep, so broken hearted, he is rejoicing before the throne of God. The Lord is good, for evermore—So me as you now well believe, life is all darkness, the end of a mockery to me, in my great sorrow. My dear young friend, although unknown to me, I love you, for being able, so thoroughly to appreciate the noble character of my beloved husband. I pray that your days may be filled with happiness and peace, whilst I remain always your deeply affected friend.

Mary Lincoln
Chicago, April 9, 66

Mrs. Lucy A. Little:

My dear Mrs. Little,

Your kind and most touching little letter has been received. I believe me, in the midst of my terrible bereavement your expressions of sympathy for my self and my afflicted son, most welcome. Our Heavenly Father has afflicted you, in the deprivation of your sight, yet you are surrounded by loving friends, whose love we partake in contributing to your comfort. My dearly beloved husband, had the heart of one ever we knew felt, notwithstanding our great loss for him, so good and great a man, that we could love him sufficiently.
As you say, truly, in the midst of his hour of fasting and praying, he was called hence. To the ground home, prepared for all those who truly love and leave him here.

Earth. Whilst we weep, so broken hearted, he is rejoicing before the Throne of God. He stands in the Lord for evermore. So, as you may well believe, life is all darkness. The sun is a mockery to me, in my great sorrow.

My dear young friend, although unknown to me, I love you, for being able to thoroughly appreciate the noble character of my idolized husband. I pray, that your heart may be called to happiness and peace, whilst I remain always
your deeply affectionate friend,

Mary Lincoln.