Cambridge, April 17th, 1867

My dear Sister Lucie,

I thank you for your letter of love and sympathy. I have not yet I could write back to you, little is left of Washington. You have lost a dear son—"in our hearts a chord is touched which vibrates with a hundred sound. God, in his inexpressible Providence, has laid a dear affection upon us—sudden a blow as almost to overwhelm us. Leave often are those courses, in the bitterness of our souls we were ever near to God." Be still, I know that He is God." The Lord answered—"The Lord saith, the Lord hath taken away, to bless the name of the Lord." "I need be." Heed not sister, that there is such a drop in all our bitter cup, back as a God of love saw. To be absolute necessary. I wish to rest. Here, can Christ's cross make even the mystery of His dealings, "thy judgements are a great deal".
I know dear Susan, you have been judgments. Remember with S. S. "As this day is so shall thy strength be."
This precious promise is slain. I repeat, "Blessed is the man that endureth." The text spoken to this end, the same shall be said.

Our dear Joseph, almost unmentioned to you has been at Rome nearly 85 out of the 79 years of his life. One year at St. Louis. He often reminded me of our beloved brother Aton. His personal expression - a lusterous of man which cannot be described. With a mind well informed, considerable wit, humor, sensitive feelings - always pleasant. I uniformly wrote one note and wonder that we might be known but lost from the family circle. it is a sorrow that we ever be lost. The records place of the table - in the pastor of the churches - larger thing about us to keep them before the mind - his life, his music. - the last sad evening, hard year, alone with Caro. I am at the place of our lives among the men taking blessing music from the star. "Unseen they become faithful friends."

The thoughtfull thinker will long to remember. 

If God is willing, I will come home.
Scotch Grove Dec 23, 1864

Dear Sister Lizzie,

Your letter came while I was away at court, and I answer it at the earliest opportunity. I was glad to hear of your better health, as I had heard nothing from any of the family since the receipt of Mr. [illegible] luncheon letter, but I did not know whether you had followed Enoch and Elijah, or whether like me, you were still a pilgrim and sojourner in this vale of tears.

I should have liked to be with you in your visit to the land of our nativity and shared the security which such a company would restorably
produce and if life, health and prosperity are continued to me I hope yet to revisit those well remembered scenes of my childhood.

"the orchard, the meadows, the deep tangled wildwood," the cold spring, the brook from which we, assisted by Stephen Broad, drew water, the pastures to and from which I so often drove the cows; the fields in which I passed many long days, picking up stakes; and the elastic grasses over which the Locusters were driven in their profound meditations. All these memories, besides those of the Shaws, the Polinners, the Jaffettis, the Brackettts, the Stevens, the Bakers, especially Aunt Olive.
Sister Harmon and I set to eloquently in meeting and Deacon Hall who entertained the brethren with an account of his first wife, and Wentworth Hall who passed through Scenes and scenes after marrying Mary Washburn, and list of but not least good old Dr. Stevens, who preached upon Joseph Bell Thompson's wife and Elder Webster who spoke comfortably to the people in the Shaw School house.

But you will think that I am growing sentimental, well so will I pass on. Speaking of preaching, I will inform you that I received my ministerial labor this fall, Flossie McKeen an Old School Presbyterian who has a church down three or four miles from here, invited me to speak to his congregation.
On Thanksgiving day, and all I did. I only had two days notice, but did the best I could. I presume the homeless would open his eyes to hear the doctrine under the tree he died when he found us playing euchre.

As to Joseph's family, I presume they thought it a matter of curiosity. I inquired after me and they left the end of it. They never think it worth while to write and not send me a line even when Joseph died. Under mine present feelings I should not like to see them here. As near as Boston is for me to his cedars, and I should like him alone.

And the interest. You need not bother your head about it. I should not have asked for the principal if I had not been in a strait just at that time. I have been disappointed in getting money that I ought to have lent and had invested most of my money to here.
Could not get at it at once, but I hope to get started the coming year (Deo volente) I have a good farm and a good lot of stock, but it takes a good deal to run the thing. Margaret has been better this fall than usual, but the cold weather affects her a good deal. The rest of us are in tolerable health. I think I am nothing more at present.
All well to you.

Yr Aff Bro

John E. Lovjoy