

Letter T26 <sup>1</sup>  
Paris, 29 January 1890

Dear Vincent,

Every since Christmas it has been my intention, day after day, to write to you – there is even a half-finished letter to you in my writing case – and even now, if I should not make haste to write you this letter, you would get the news sooner that your little namesake had arrived. Before this moment, however, I want to say good night to you. It is precisely midnight – the doctor has gone to sleep for a while, for tonight he prefers to stay in the house – Theo, Mother and Wil are sitting around the table with me – awaiting future events – it is such a strange feeling – over and over again that question, Will the baby be here by tomorrow morning? I cannot write much, but I so dearly wanted to have a chat with you – Theo brought along the article from the *Mercure* this morning, and after we had read it, Wil and I talked about you for a long time – I am eager for your next letter, which Theo is anxiously awaiting too – shall I read it? So far all has gone well – I must try to be of good heart. Tonight – and all through these days for that matter – I have been wondering so much whether I have really been able to do something to make Theo happy in his marriage – he certainly has me. He has been so good to me, so good – if things should not turn out well – if I should have to leave him – then you must tell him – for there is nobody on earth he loves so much – that he must never regret that he married me, for he has made me, oh, so happy. It is true that such a message sounds sentimental – but I cannot tell him now – for half of my company has fallen asleep, he too, for he is so very tired. Oh, if I could give him a healthy sweet little boy, wouldn't that make him happy! I think I shall stop now, for I have attacks of pain every now and then which prevent me from thinking or writing in an orderly way. When you receive this all will be over. Believe me,

Yours affectionately, Jo

1. Written in Dutch.