

Camp. Pickett.

Hills Point

Washington. N.C. Oct. 12<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear Mother

I received your letter of the twenty  
third and was very glad to hear  
from you and to hear that you were  
all well but Father I am sorry to hear  
that he is sick but it is the common  
lot of man here below and I think  
the more we suffer in sickness and  
affliction will better fit us for that  
world to which we are all hastening  
if we only make the right use of it.

Life is short at the longest and  
we ought so to live as to be prepared  
for death at any time for we know  
not what a day may bring forth we  
are admonished of the uncertainty  
of life every day one after another  
of our friends pass away and their  
places are left vacant never more to

700  
378  
210  
392

filled on earth we miss their kindly greeting and if they lived the life of a christian and died in the faith we can look forward to the time when we shall meet them again never more to part.

You dear Mother have had your share of afflictions you have been called to follow to the grave several of your children and they are now happy with their Father in heaven and if we so live as we shall wish we had when we come to lie on our beds of sickness and death we shall meet those little ones in that land where partings are never known that that may be the lot of each one of us is my most earnest prayer God help us to be faithfull that we may receive a crown of glory.

You have probably received my

letter informing you of the death of Abira she was taken sick the twenty seventh of augs<sup>t</sup> and died the 23<sup>d</sup> of Sept<sup>r</sup> she was taken very ~~weak~~ violently at first and did not sit up any after the first day her Mother was with her all the time and they wrote me she seemed reconciled to the will of God and expressed her willingness to die if it was His will.

It is now about three weeks since she died and I cant realize that I shall see her no more but if I should live to get home and see the vacant chair and the three little Motherless children I shall then realize my great loss you know how to sympathise with me in a measure I have met with a great loss one that time will never efface but while I mourn her loss I believe that what is my loss is her unspeakable