

North Manchester Indiana
Oct. 31st 1861

Dear Sister,

Having lately been up to Mother Wood's house, and their showing me a letter from you, which, when ^{I was} reading, caused my eyes to fill with tears, and my heart to swell with emotion; seeing now that the fell monster 'death' had entered your blessed little family circle, and with his cold iron grasp, had snatched from your side, your nearest and dearest — your companion, and that you now had learned how to sympathize with me, I was constrained to say 'How shall I reciprocate the kindness, and how shall I mourn enough for you.' Did I say he was taken from your side? ah! would that, he had been by your side, that you could have had the opportunity of administering to his last wants, but alas, he was far from you to go down to death in solemn silence. Your next conversation will be in the

spirit world, if at all; therefore we must strive to enter in at the straight gate, Luke 13, 24.

After I had read your letter, I thought over the death-bed scene of my departed companion, and my heart was filled with sadness at its remembrance. O how my heart did yearn to do something that would save her life, but it seemed that I could not; but I have the blessed comfort now of knowing that I had the privilege of doing all that I could for her before she closed her eyes in death.

You, Anna, had not that privilege, and therefore I mourn for you; I can apprehend the deep sorrow of your heart in your unwelcome estrangement from him, whose sole comfort, in the hour of his final departure. May God bless you, — Edward is gone — gone forever from you in this world, — May God bless you and your little children. May the blessing of high heaven attend you, amen.

As the Lord drove Adam out of the garden so will the angel death drive us out of our garden here. We must learn all who

are near and dear to us in this world and go down to the grave. Ah! we ~~we~~ must go out of this garden, but strange to say, by pressing hard from the earthly, we find the heavenly, the glorious Paradise above; into which Jesus Christ will introduce us, and to those loved ones who have gone on before us, who will welcome us at the heavenly gates. Say not then that death will be a dreaded monster, No! we will rejoice at death — it will be sweet. It is the road our companions have gone, we will gladly start along that road, and cry out 'Lord help us' — speed us along when we come down to the entrance of that road.

May I not tell you how Sarepta lived. Her closet was her daily resort, and she received answers to her prayers. I was often the object of her prayer, but her prayers for me are ended, Sarepta is gone, and now I have to kneel down alone night and morning when I pray. She left me an infant son, two days old, at her death, and O how my heart dotes upon the precious babe; it is the only portion of her life that is left me. It is smart and doing well now.

But perhaps I am writing too much
and will weary you in reading, but
before I quit, let me ask a few
questions, are you determined to live
for Christ? Do you belong to
any church? Have you preaching
every sabbath close enough for you to go?
Have you dedicated your children to
God in prayer? If so, let me ask
your prayers also.

Give my love to Mary, and the
children, and also to Correll when he
comes home. If I have a right
to ask an answer, you will not
forget to write soon.

Yours in the Lord Jesus Christ

G. W. Wilson,
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