

was painfully illustrated to me in the case of my dear Father for sometime previous to
receiving the fatal news of his death I was unable to rest at night for which I had
a peculiar dread unlike anything I ever before experienced and when left alone
some time during the day I would find myself in tears my whole mind seemed dis-
turbed and I could give no reason why I felt so at that time except that I was so
great a sinner and was just arising to a sense of how wicked I was My friends
talked much to me of the folly of indulging in such feelings consequently I endured
much in silence until I received a letter from my Mother You said you did not
know him I had gone to California What Oh what is there now to call me anything
that blaster of all the fond hopes & cherished of once again beholding my Father's
face how little I care for the shining dust embosomed there it will not it cannot
give me back that loved and lost one I never knew half the depth of my affection
for him until I lost him now realize how much the name of Father contains
but dear friend it is all for the best my trust is in Him who giveth and also taketh away
I am afraid that I will weary your patience with giving you such a detailed
account of my sorrows contrasting as it does strongly from your happy joyous
letter and it is the last time that I shall intrude them on you I am in-
deed getting married then I was one year ago when we were schoolmates
or over then a year