

Columbia, Mo.,

July 19, 1891.

Mrs. M. M. Gaymore,

Mt. Airy,

N.C.

My dear sister:—

I have just received your letter of July 5th, which told the sad story of your sorrow.

Notwithstanding I had not seen sweet little Cora, I fancied I saw her bright blue eyes beaming from beneath those golden curls, while the sweet prattle of her baby tongue rang in my ears. Though I confess my eyes had long been dry, tears flowed as when a child.

It was perhaps not simply the fact that your babe had fallen asleep; but, the creating a new in my memory the scenes of former days.

It brought back to my memory
 the days of my childhood, and
 which shrouded a thousand little by-
 paths that have long been lost from
 view.

It brought back to my mind the
 dear old mother, with all her affection
 and smile, yet tender and noble
 of cheer to her by who longed about
 her name.

And no less mind are the in-
 fluences of a dear mother's ministrations
 & need to state and please the
 young first from off the hillside
 on the rocks in the vale.
 though these feelings linger in
 our memory, thence to form
 that make us high, we feel assured
 that they have gone to that land where
 we suffer never end.

As to sweet little Lora we can have no doubt but that, she, has gone to that glory world to sing the sweet song of redemption forever with the redeemed.

O! If it were not for the hope of immortality and a home beyond the grave, by what would our sorrows be alleviated? With me I confess all would be darkness and misery. Were it not for this hope, what the horrors of death would be one can not conceive.

But alas! A sweet, consoling dream springs up in our brain and we dream of a place where all the righteous shall meet their God and live forever.

In my vision I see heaven with all its splendor. Upon the throne is the King of Glory, surrounded by the innumerable hosts of redeemed.

Among them I see, or had seen
why had I ever the more, surrounded
by the infinite glow of heaven.

O! how vainly I sometimes long to look
into the future, and see you drop,
myself and all I cherish, into forms
a part of that thing whose wither
one family throughout the sides of
eternity. Much of my time however
I am far from being happy. I grow
old, indignant, and the way seems
dark and uncertain.

But aside from various and things
of a pure spiritual nature, the
great duties and responsibilities of life
are like vast mountains in the
distance of which it is hard to
face them, we fail to be true to
ourselves, to humanity and the best
that made us.

to
I sense & care you not grow on
the line of your life. I don't see how

O.S. I will go to Hornsburg in about a week where
I will continue for the coming year.

b.

left a home of hardship and trouble
and gone where sorrow never come.

I think it sometimes beneficial
and right to lose ones self in the re-
collection of the past, or even contemplate
the mistiness of the future, but to
indulge ourselves in sorrow or to be
ever grieving over lost friends, I think
very wrong.

It is true your sorrow can never
be obliterated (nor should they be). but I
hope you may put your mind on
Mr. Baymore, your little ones and
other friends and get live a happy life

To be true to ourselves and honest with
all mankind; labor for the upbuilding of our
country and the uplifting of humanity; worship
God and strive to meet him in eternity; are
what I consider the great duties of life.

Hoping to be remembered in your prayers
I am

Your affectionate brother,
S. G. Whitaker.