

Eric Runn: Nov 22nd. 1863

Sunday P. M.

My dear Husband:

I did not write you yesterday and to-day I have longing for you so much that it really pained me to think of writing. Communing with out the loved presence, when I so wished to look upon your face and be pressed to your bosom. I thought I could not. But I am out of the shadows now I think, and am very sure that it would pain me more to know you had expected a letter and it did not come than to use any pen to talk to you when all desires had merged into one, to hear ^{you} speak one once again. Shall not be near each other, darling while I write you, my heart wandering away southward, and yours coming to meet it. Oh! it is sweet to think so.

This morning there was a stranger preached at the Baptist Church. I was so well pleased with his discourse on the love of God for us and His gift of His only begotten Son. I know you would have been pleased with it too. He said, just that there might have been other gifts made. God might have collected all the ^{silver} ~~wishes~~ ^{which} we had made and numbered, and given them as an atonement for a leak and ruined world. This gift would have been great. He might have collected all

The seraphs and angels in heaven together and sent them on missions through the earth, to suffer and die. This gift would have ^{been} greater. He, then, enlarged upon the parental relation. How every child that came to nestle in its parents bosom, enlarged their hearts and that none ever left them for a heavenly home, with out their being a void left. God had but one son, one only begotten Son, who and He gave Him to us. It was so beautiful, and though I knew it all before it was new to me.

Since I came home I have been reading in Prashy-tom Living. His idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare I liked. I remember reading a long time ago of his early love and affection. That passage undoubtedly refers to it. "These are departed beings whom I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; - who have loved me as I never again shall be loved. - If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres, the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor con-cepts of transient mortality - and are permitted to hold com-munion with those whom they have loved on earth. I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night in this silence and solitude. I could receive their visitations with the most generous but ^{un}alloyed delight"

We have such a sweet little girl here. Just now she learned her read upon my arm, around about its halo of golden curls, upon my arm, and as I had an

I told her that I was writing a letter to my husband what husband means, if it knows the same as father. She thought it was too bad to have a husband so far away and not have any little girl to love him. Our family is a very pleasant one -

Angie had a letter from Hattie Barnes yesterday written on her bridal eve. She was married about two weeks to Mr Barnard of Bainville N. Y. He knows nothing of the intimacy at all, as they had been but two weeks engaged. Angie knew the gentleman slightly and is very much grieved at her choice. Poor Hattie. I fear greatly for her. She has lived long she says though both family and birthdays had come to her. I would like so much to see her in her new home. Her husband is just well off in worldly goods and has a beautiful little home of his which she will appreciate I think as I have so often heard her long for one. Hattie is so impulsive, weak and full and if she has not a strong, firm arm to lean on, and a broad heart to guide her through life she is shipwrecked. How rapidly the school girls of 60 in G. ville have been settled in life. What Ellen Gooden was with one fact in her we counted over twenty girls, who had left gillivords farm-land, who ease every maidens with us there. Besides that nearly half of them that we knew nothing about.

I am so sleepy, Darling. I will leave the last page to be filled in the morning -
Good night my dear, dear husband -
Wif.

Monday Morning -

Darling -

I have been getting my German lesson this morning and I have but little time left for you. Thanksgiving this week isn't it? - But there will be none for you, poor soldiers, I fear. I would like very much to send you a Christmas box if I suspected there was any probability of its reaching you. We have a vacation from Christmas day until the day after New Year's. We will go home and stay the week. How I wish you would come home then. It would it not be fine as it is a thing possible Albin? - A note from home Saturday explained the mystery of your letter being mislaid at N. by saying that Mr Wright had returned home. How delighted his family will be to have him with them again. Mr Gale is a New England man, and of course we will have no school Thanksgiving. I am sure I shall not regret it. There are to be dinners sent to every ^{solider} family in the city under directions of the Aid Society. A very good arrangement I am sure. It is cold and frosty this morning. Our Indian Summer has departed for this year. The bell is ringing me away.

Erasmus

A. Honchar Surgeon
The County Co. 185 " " " "
2nd " Big " 2nd " Div. H. A. C
Chattanooga Tenn

No 22-63

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