

Lewisburg June 16th 1849.

My Dear Brother.

Indeed I was waiting anxiously to receive a letter from you or some one of our family.

But I expected it not as the bearer of peace and good news; but the announcer of heartrending intelligence.

I had heard that the grim monster death, had entered our once peaceful and happy garden, and cropped one of its choicest flowers. Our joy has been turned into sorrow and our laughter into mourning. But another sweet flower was about to wither and die by his cruel touch.

It had felt something of the same shock by which its mate, growing on the same stem, imbruing the same num. instrument, had been snatched away.

Yes brother, I had heard of the delicate situation of our sister and had been waiting in dreadful suspense, knowing that the next letter would either announce her free from danger or announce her death. It was with fear and trembling that I opened your letter, fearful that the latter announcement would be made. I was much relieved therefore when I read your letter.

Brother, the death of our much lamented brother, but teaches us, that all must die. *Mors vincit omnia*.

"The eternal fiat has gone forth, 'Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return'." All are of the dust.

"All go to one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to

dust again". But does the grave close over us and then we are no more? Is death an eternal sleep? No! Thanks be to God, who has taught us there must be a resurrection.

He has spoken this truth and confirmed it by the death of his son. Christ has sealed it with his blood.

Yes there is an immortal spark in man, breathed into him, by the Omnipotent Power, which must live forever. It is the soul; and it will be eternally happy or eternally miserable. Our bodies will return to dust their native element, but our spirits to God who gave them. And then to be judged for the deeds done in the body. If then our bodies must die, and our souls live forever happy or miserable, ought we not then to prepare for death while living? "If on there is no device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge in the grave, whether we are all fast perishing". Should we not rather live with God, with angels and holy men, than with devils and the damned in hell? Every thing around us is ^{with} the fleetingness of all things earthly.

That life is but a vapour, a dream, as a tale that is told it will vanish away; and loudly proclaim, "Prepare to meet Thy God". Then oh! dear brother prepare.

Spend not Gods holy day in work. Remember the Sabbath day. To keep it holy. I now beseech you by the prayers of a dying mother, and by the glories and felicity of heaven, and warn you by the torments and horrors of an eternal hell, to consider your danger and fly to the refuge. Look to the interests of your soul.

Stay not another moment; This moment maybe your last.

Time belongs to God. I pray God that he will seal conviction upon your heart; that he will send his holy Spirit to show you your danger, and the way of escape.

I pray, he will bring you to bow humbly at the feet of Christ Jesus. Brother think of this matter prayerfully and seriously. Ask yourself this question, am I prepared to die? To this I pray you, if not for your own interest, for the sake of a brother who feels deeply concerned for your future welfare.

Use all your endeavours to persuade father from going to California. He is too old to undertake such a wild adventure.

Aunt and Cousin have returned from Richmond I was very much rejoiced to see them return. I will not feel so lonesome now.

Aunt and Cousin send their best love to you, and say they wish you would pay them a visit and bring your wife also. Could you not come to Virginia shortly? I am somewhat alarmed, because father wrote me, the Cholera was at home. Anthony had it and was not expected to live. I heard that it was raging fearfully in San Antonio. It is a dreadful disease. Its march is constantly onward, nothing can check its mad career.

I must close my letter or I shall not be able to get it in the mail.

Give my love to sister Ann, and all father's family when you see them, and except the best love of your affectionate brother, A. M. Crookings

Alexander M. Eastman
Co } Letter

Arthur M. Eastman

Letter, June 16/1879

Recd July 23/1879

Answered Sept 16/1879-

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Mr. Andrew D. Eastman

Legation Guadelupe City

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6/16/1879