

STATE HOSPITAL,

DR. J. F. MILLER,
SUPERINTENDENT.

Goldsboro, N. C., 12. 24. 1903.

Dear Mrs. Stahl;

Yesterday's Raleigh Post brought me the sad news of the death of my good friend & your dear father, Dr. W. P. Andrews, & I write to assure you & others of the family of my sincere sympathy in your sad bereavement. Your father was one of the few old landmarks of Shelby, & my acquaintance dates back fifty four years, when I was a school boy & he was a student of medicine under the late Dr. John Williams. This more than half a century embraces much the largest part of the existence of Shelby in its comparative life, there being then probably not more than three hundred people in the village, & all that part of town between the College Hotel & the home of your grand father Love was in woods. In the young the years that span the chasm

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are many, but to those who occupy its western
border the year seems not so long. And
thus it is that time bears us down the
stream, & on we are ever on into the great
ocean of eternity. I remember the children of
my dear old friends when they were small boys
& girls; & then a long & bloody war rolled between
me & most of my youthful acquaintances, & afterward
my marriage & locating in Eastern Carolina,
thus being cut off ^{from} my old home friends, so
that now I am comparatively a stranger in the
home of my boyhood & young manhood. But I
have not forgotten my old acquaintances, & I always
enjoy seeing them during my occasional visits
to Shelby & the Springs. I remember most pleasantly
meeting your father & your husband's father at your
home, on the piazza, last summer. Your father
seemed in good health & looked well for one of his years
& remarked then that he was near eighty years

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old. He labored long & faithfully to relieve human
ills & has left to his children & friends the heritage
of an honorable life & an honored name; &
~~having~~ having borne the heat & burden of a long &
toilsome day he has been gathered as a well
suffered sheep into the garner of the skies,
& I doubt not soon rest from his labors.
I have, of recent years, been drinking out of the
cup of human sorrow, & I know full well how
bitter it is. The hopes of the resurrection & the
healing balm which Time brings ~~to~~
~~hearts~~ alone will heal bruised & bleeding hearts.
I doubt not you will be surprised to receive this
letter written by a very nervous hand, but inspired by
a heart whose friendship for your father has been
steady for half a century.

Sincerely & in sympathy,

J. F. Miller.