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

Dear Mr. Süß:

Yesterday's Raleigh Post brought me the sad news of the death of my good friend, Dr. W. O. Andrews. I write to assure you, as one of the family, of my sincere sympathy in your sad bereavement. Your father was one of the firm old landmarks of a city, very engaging. I met him back fifty-five 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 embraced much of the deepest part of his existence. Shelley in his consummate life, there being there, probably would not have been hundreds of people in the village to all the south town between the College Hill and the home of your great grandfather, and in any of the young the grace that upon the chosen...
Goldsboro, N. C.

One month, but to those who occupy the position
concerning the year, seem not so long. And
then it is that time bears us down the
stream, on and on we are driven by the great
forces of destiny. I remember the children of
my dear old friends whom they soon small boys
and girls; then a long, bloody war rolled between
me and most of my gentleman acquaintances; afterward
my marriage, residing in Eastern Carolina,
thus being cut off from my old home, so
that now I am considering a stranger in the
home of my boyhood and young manhood. But I
have not forgotten my other acquaintances, I always
remember them among my occasional visits
to Hillsville. I remember one man especially
mentioning your father to your husband's father at your
house, on the street, last summer. Your father
seemed in great health and looked well for one of his
years. I remember then that he was near eighty. you
old. He labored long, faithfully to relieve human ills. He left to his child none to find in the heritage of an honorable life & of honest memory.

Hearing from the best he burden of a long, toilsome day he has been gathered as a moth to the flame. The grave of the skin, I am not sure from his labor.

I know, if scant again, been drinking out the cup of human sorrow, I know full well how bitter it is. The hope of the resurrection, the healing blood which time brings.

Let alone, still heal bruised & bleeding hearts. I doubt not you will be surprised to receive this letter written by a very warm friend, but inspired by a hand whose friendship for your father has been steady for half a century.

Sincerely in sympathy,

J. F. Miller.