

Waioli, Sand Island,
July 29, 1865

Dear Bro & Sister -

Your very welcome letter was received the 26th of May; and on the 9th of June, and while at Honolulu, I received a like welcome letter from Franklin. It was my hope to answer yours before I left there; but my stay was brief and my time occupied. And so it has been since I came home. I have had much to do, and with somewhat diminished strength I find it harder than I once did to write all the letters which it seems desirable.

Now, while I think of it, I will thank you for your photographs. I am truly glad of them, and prize them much. Sister Flora does not seem to me to have grown old very much since I saw her; but in regard to Elias, I must say I was struck with what seemed to me a great change. Alas! we all do fade as a leaf - and the words in Job - "How changest his countenance and sendest him away;" apply to all of us.

How many things I ought to speak about! I was glad to hear from you in relation to the brothers and sisters. Charles in poor health, and his only son at sea! Lois too in poor health, and an only son killed in battle, and buried by strangers on rebel soil, and the place of his grave unknown! How many and deep are the sorrows and afflictions of this present evil world! So great to be borne, but for the sustaining grace of God promised to be sufficient for all his people. But they will not last forever -

And even while they do last, a merciful God is parrying off as many of them as his infinite wisdom sees to consist with his glory and the safety of his children. He seems to study retrenchment and practice it so far as safety will warrant it. So Paul writes of one that had been very sick — But God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow

Well, I rejoice that the war seems to be over, and that it has brought about the freedom of the slaves. And now, Dear Bro. you must permit me to explain myself and my position in regard to the war; for I think I have failed to be understood by you and Franklin in my letter to Olive. I have always felt, since I have known any thing about southern slavery, and the way the colored people and northern advocates of freedom were treated at the South, the utmost indignation towards slave holders and the abettors of slavery. My feelings have at times been wrought up to such a pitch of utter indignation and abhorrence that I have called on God in a storm of passion to come down and break in pieces the oppressors. At the same time, I in some measure marked out the way for Heaven to do this. I set it down as a kind of axiom that in the building up of his Kingdom, he had a strong repugnance to gun powder and the like. I knew Christ was called the Prince of Peace, and that Paul had said the weapons of our warfare are not carnal. I considered that to be a rule for all

Christians. I expected God in some way to put down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree - I expected him to overturn, overturn, overturn it, and set judgment in the earth. I did not suppose that under any circumstances, under the New Test dispensation, he would call on his people to shed blood. As the scent of fire had not passed on the three holy children, so I always expected his Kingdom was not to have the smell of powder about it. I remembered how David was objected to for building a house for the Lord, because he had shed blood, and I thought Mahomet was to be shown a more excellent way. But, poor, mistaken soul, that I was! I now feel prepared to adopt, with some slight variation, the words of Paul - "What then? notwithstanding, every way, whether by the gospel or gun powder and Minnie rifles, the South is whipped; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

No, no; - Don't intimate again that I am a Copperhead. Copperhead! yes! I would almost consent to be one, and fastened on to a long pole, and then wielded like a mighty hammer till I had battered and smashed that proud and haughty and cruel spirit of the South! But God has accomplished it, and I am content. May the murderers of our President receive a righteous recompense. The brutal treatment too of northern prisoners at the south calls for severe punishment on all the ringleaders of the rebellion.

I have not spoken of your affliction in the death of your Sarah; tho' I have I believe in former letters. From what little I saw of her I formed a very favorable opinion of her. What is your loss is her gain. Who has the care of the child? I hope Lois will be supported under her affliction. If our nephew gave evidence of piety and preparation for heaven, why then the affliction will be the easier to bear. Did the parents receive any information from any chaplain or any one else in relation to any of the circumstances of his death and burial? I am so sorry that his grave could not be identified so that the remains could be conveyed to his friends for burial. I would willingly have contributed something towards defraying the expense.

George is living 30 miles from us, and cultivating a sugar plantation which he leases for 5 years. He is not married.

I should like to see you and all the brothers and sisters. Dear old Connecticut how I should like to visit it! But my circumstances are such that I have not much hope of ever being able to.

We all send love

And now, Dear Bro, and Sister
farewell with our love to all the brothers
and sisters

Yours truly

A. Wilcox