My dear son Frees

the sad news of the loss of your arm, and another wound, and I thank God that your life was spared, and that you are still left to serve him, do not forget to thank him that he saved you from the rebels and that you are once more with friends.

Perhaps the loss of your arm may prove a blessing, yet some good may grow out of it, but it is hard for you and I to think so now. Ask God my son to give you patience and strength to bear it. Resolve my son that the rest of your life shall be a life of usefulness, and that you will improve every opportunity to learn something of use if you get home safe and get well. I want you to go to school and get an education.
sufficient to enable you to earn an honorable living. Many have lost and gain and still have done well in the world. Have won a name and likewise a comforter besides and you my son can do something my son. I know you can keep up good courage. Mother will help you all she can and her mother's love will go a good way and edit a great deal for one of her own children but you must do something for your self. You are a good bright boy and you can study and your time and you can be a scholar and perhaps keep school if you can be a doctor and help these that suffer in and in doing good you will do yourself good for a life of usefulness is the life to live and then if you live to an old man, you can look back on a life well spent.
Sunday evening to night A Regt of soldiers passed through this place from Bangor & cars. I hope we shall not need many more but do not as this war will ever cease but hope it will soon keep up good courage dear son and hope for the best you will not have to fight any more. Mother hopes you did not kill anyone and she is very glad that you did not get killed yourself I am glad your father is with you to see you little Charlie feels very bad for you we all want to see you very much People are some of them very much afraid the shell have to go to war I do not believe you can find 20 more men that will be willing to go it's growing late and I am going tired so I must bid you good night. Receive this from your loving mother Mollie Wright