Dear Homejocks,

Yes, no doubt imagine that I have forgotten you or that the Yanks have gotten me, but neither is the case. I have just returned from an eight-day furlough on the Rapid Anvil where it was impossible to write. I thought I felt some what tired will endeavor to write tonight for the mail tomorrow. I have received two letters since my arrival in camp one from Ann written at the Vatter, which as it was first on the dock I will answer first. As to your instructions of my hiring McClelland to bring for me, I have only to say that he left two weeks after I got here or perhaps I would have done so. And I would like to know how you know that it is all right so Mr. Wickey could not stand it I asked to see me and instead of being sorry that I was not there I am truly glad that I was in a different climate, for I know that I would have gotten a severe cold. Blessing that I do not like to deal in left-handed compliments, there might have been a blow up I so my tobacco interest would have gone up. You ask me how I like this? What would you give to know? I am sorry to hear of Col. Jordan's death. It will no doubt be a great affliction to them all especially as he committed suicide. May God comfort them all.
The other letter was from mother, which I have just finished reading. I am very thankful to you for your excellent advice. Do you think that I could for one moment think of returning to the degenerate elements of this world after enjoying the sweets of a Christian life? I do from my heart believe that I have been brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ and though I am exposed to great temptations still His grace is sufficient for me. I never cease to pray that He will keep me in the straight narrow path that leads to heaven. I think I believe that you never lift up your heart to the mercy seat of God without remembering your absent son. And has the not promised to hear our prayers. Oh do not for one instant believe that I could be induced to forsake the cause of Christ; it is the only thing that sheds any light upon this dark cloud of war, the only thing that smooths my rugged pathway. I will ever endeavor to fix my eye upon the cross of Christ as the mariner to his needle until I shall safely arrive at last in heaven. The life of a Christian must be clear to every one, but how clearly does it is to a soldier! How sweet it is to feel that I am a Christian when all is dark and gloomy around me, the light which emanates from the cross of Christ drives away this gloom.
And makes my heart as light and happy. What perfect happiness we sometimes feel, but the devil tempts us, and we do not always feel so. Oh that we were all Christians! Then this cloud of war would soon pass away, and the bright morning of peace would soon burst across our political sky, but our people seem to be all gone asking riches seem to be their only thought, so they are not exposed to the fury of war; they care very little for the poor soldier. But think, think there are some who think of us! Some who rightly pray for us! Some whose thoughts are turned to the absent one far far away. From hence I ask how dear is the thought that they think of us. Even now your thoughts may be with me, your prayers as answering to heaven and myself. I think and pray there kind friends and loving friends, I think repeated far from them. Our imaginations can call up their loved forms and faces. I have just had another mortification of my own, towards me in being so far removed through the battle of the other day, though it was with a severe fight, it requires very our blood to send our lives and many a one passed mercilessly by. What is the time to feel how sweet it is to be a Christian. When the bullets are flying thick around you and dealing death to mankind.
To commit yourself into his care, knowing that he has power to hunt by harmless means of death. As an old Christian morrius once said "every bullet has its bullet" I think is eminently true.

But as I am sleepy I tried I will close you have no doubt seen a better description of the late fight than I can give. May give you my official report in my next. Excuse this scrawl & believe I am getting more care less about my writing every day, but I console myself by saying that all great men write badly. Give my love to all friends.

Yours affectionately
A. H. 3