## Rorrefponbeng aus Loeban.

Brebau, Ter., 22. 3an. 1912.

Am 20. Jamuer ftarb allbier ELHO ERBET Ruth Tochtere lein unferes werten Binners, Berrn Ernft Mietfole und Gattin. Die tieine Entichlafene brachte ibr irdides Bilgerleben auf eine Boche weniger als ein Jahr, und wurde beute; am 22. Januar, burch Berrn Baftor Durow driftlich beerdigt. Unter Augrundelegung ber Schrifts worte, Befaigh 40, Rers 11, fpene bete unfer Seelforger burch eine gebiegeneanfprache ber tieftrauernben gamilie Eroft. Gin anfebnliches Gefolge bon Bermanbten, Freunben und Befannten gab ber fo freb Dahingefchiebenen bas Geleite gur letten Rubeftatte. Der Unterzeichnete widmet feinem Bathenfinbe. ben folgenden Radruf:

Gute Redt, gute Radt! Meine Babfahrt if vollbradt. Ju ber Erbe Sollummerbette hab' id nun bic Aufeftatte, Die fein Leib mehr folaffos madt. Gute Radt, Gute Radt!

himmelspradt, himmelspradt Lendt' um mid, mein herze ladt. Bater, Mutter, weint nicht wieber, Etillt Eutelranen, Schweftern, Brüber, Gott but's mit mir wohl gemadt? Gute Radt, gute Rodt!

Rlaget nicht, jaget nicht. 36 feb' Gettes Angeficht; Denn id hab in Sefn Bunben G'nab' unb Brieb unb beil gefunben Rad ber bangen Tobelnacht. Gute Racht, gute Racht!

Må wie foon, ad wie foon 3k es bier in himmelshohn; Rurge Beit war mir befdieben. Dod nun bab' id himmelsfrieben. Bieberfeb'n, fa wieberfeb'n — Bill id Eud in himmelsbob'n! Correspondence from Loebau.

Loebau, Tex., Jan 22, 1912.

Dear Volkblatt!

The baby daughter, Erna Ester Ruth, of our worthy *Ginner* Mr. Ernst Mitschke and wife, died here on January 20<sup>th</sup>. The deceased little girl took her earthly pilgrimage to a week less than one year and received a Christian burial by Pastor Durow on January 22. On the basis of Scripture, Isaiah 40, Verse 11, our Pastor provided comfort, in an appropriate address, to the deeply aggrieved family. A respectable entourage of relatives, friends and acquaintances provided escort to the final place of rest. The undersigned dedicates the following obituary for his godchild:

Good night, good night!
My pilgrimage has been accomplished.
In earth's slumber bed
I now have my resting place
Where there are no sleepless nights from pain.
Good night! Good night!

Heaven's splendor! Heaven's splendor! Shine upon me, my heart is full of joy. Father, mother, do not cry again, Hold back the tears, sisters and brothers God has treated me well; Good night! Good night!

Don't complain, don't hesitate. I can see God's face; Because I have in Jesus' wounds Found grace and peace and healing After a long night of death. Good night! Good night!

Oh, how beautiful, oh, how beautiful It is here in heaven's heights.
Only a modest amount of time was granted. But now I have peace in heaven.
I will meet you again; yes, meet you again – In heaven's heights!

M. Sohns

Translated by John Buerfeind

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