



James C. Christie and Family Papers

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At the end of three years I came home
and found my dear father what the Lord has
to do for you. I will be all of you, I hope
The old folks are well & happy
only this day - nothing to
worry about. All we are to
do is to be good & wait
for each other.
Waterstown, July 23, 1868.

My dear father:

I have more time for
writing in the vacation season, and shall
improve it for your benefit at least.

I think I wrote to Sandy after having been
down to the Scotch Settlement below Beirut.

After that I went out & work 3 days in the
rye and winter wheat harvest near where
I have my \$8. at 2 dollars per day. Worked
pretty hard, & it was tremendous hot, so that
after I had quit & come into B. I was very
near being sick with the reaction.

Having recd. the letter from Mr. Boynton for
which I had been waiting I came up here
on Saturday. Saw the Treasurer of the
Bible Society - Mr. Fountain - & made my
arrangements with him. I am to canvass
this city & if possible the town of Emmett,
supply those destitute of the Scriptures, selling
and giving away, and making collections
for the American Bible Society. Salary
\$50 per month & expenses. On Sunday Sarah
and Willie came in, & I went out in the afternoon.
Grandmother is much failed since last
winter. I had a good deal of talk with her
on religious subjects, and am quite hopeful
of her. Talked very earnestly with Uncle
till half past 11 at night, and found a great
deal in his manner to be thankful for.
What an awful thing this life time distorting
and cramping is! It makes me more earnest
for Sunday School work than ever to have a

talk with such as Uncle William.

On Monday came in again with Sarah, who stayed till yesterday morning. It rained hard all Tuesday, so that I could not go to work till yesterday. I have now been at the Colporteur business two days, and have worked hard. Begun in the First Ward, South of Main St. on this East side the river. Have thoroughly canvassed five streets, from Main down to the R.R. Visited 126 families, found 3 destitute; sold 10 Bibles and Testaments and raised by subscription for the Society \$16.⁰⁰ In the course of my work I have dived into saloons, climbed stairs, rapped at doors till my knuckles ache, poked around to back doors when I couldn't make them hear at the front, confronted fine gentlemen in their offices and grumpy men in the mills & machine shops, aristocratic ladies in their parlors & Riddies over the wash tub, & stout German women hoing cabbages in the garden, and hugged 30 pounds of books around till one shoulder is getting lower than the other. But my most interesting recollections are of the queer characters I have met & talked with. German Infidels, American ~~little~~ Catholics, Universalists, Spiritualists, Moravians, Lutherans, and American Christians of all denominations.

One German in a saloon, his eyes blue and savage with drink, tells me he worships his own god, not at all the God of the Bible, that when he dies his soul is to pass into some other form of existence & still stay on Earth, that if he had time & I could understand him he would convince me of the truth of his theory; that all his people in Prussia are well educated, many of them ministers, but that not one of them believes what he professes to, and

that he himself knows too much to be imposed on by the silly stories of Christianity. God have mercy on him, for he was far gone towards delirium tremens.

Another in a mill, when asked the usual question laughed bitterly and said, "Bible, what do I want of a Bible! I'm not a Christian; I'm a Copperhead." - a pretty good distinction, I thought. Said Old Abe was keeping a Bible for him in heaven; and went on to rave so about Christianity and the Republican party together that I thought best to beat a safe retreat while I could.

An old Irish woman brought me out her Prayer book with the boast that it was worth more than a phatak of Bibles, & when I showed her some quotations from the Bible in it - she stoutly maintained that those passages must have been copied from the Prayer Book into the Bible, as the former was the older book of the two. It would have made Dave laugh to hear her tell how an Orangeman in Ireland was fixed off by the bishop for laughing at him as he went by, and how he died a good Catholic in consequence. "Who's that laughin' s'iz the Bishop?" when they told him it was Peter Wilson, the Orangeman; "Throth s'iz the Bishop, but he'll be glad to open his mouth that wide agin; and glory be to God, my dear, but he was struck with the lockjaw that blessed minute, and was fed with a spoon like a baby till he died, which he did a good Catholic as I hope ye will some day."

Thanking her for her good wishes & went on my way, rejoicing that there was no bishop going by me at the time, for I was convulsed with laughter at thinking of poor Peter Wilson for the length of a bloke.

I fell in today with a Mrs. Hudson from
Preston, Chenango Co. Knows Mother well &
all the family. Used to keep a woollen
factory on the line between Preston & Oxford,
and Uncle Hershorn used to allow bring
his wool there. "Harry" Hoyer, as she calls
him, is now living near Owego, & still at
his old trade of shoemaking. The old lady
says he has considerable property, and that
his second wife is nearly as big as he is;
says she never saw a couple better matched
for "keft." Had a long talk too with a
woman from Tyrone, & sold her a Bible.

Took the greatest pleasure, though, in selling
a German servant girl a plain German
Bible; she seemed to count it such a
prize, - may a blessing go with it.

A young German in the foundry, too, ran
off in the greatest hurry, for fear I would
be gone, to his brother across the street,
to borrow the needed "sex schilling" with
which to secure the long wished for treasure.
I could not help loving the great honest fellow,
with the sweat pouring from his face, as he
gingerly took the new Bible into his black
hands & tried to turn the leaves without
dirtying them. And as I thought of him
as a type of Protestant Germany, I said
to myself, - "Thank God for a free Bible, thank
God for Luther." These experiences, & such as
a mother, Scotch, buying testaments of me for
presents to her little girls, make me forget
all the disagreeables of my Colporteur life.

I am at Ford's, & am going
to try & do some good here if I can.

Tell in with Alonzo Straw's father today, though
I did not know it till afterward, and had

a long debate on the subject of religion. He calls himself a free thinker. His wife & daughter, both members of the Cong. Church, sat by with their eyes full of tears as we talked. I wish I had known who it was at the time; but I must call again.

And now, my dear father, I'm going to write you on another subject, and I suppose you will laugh at me; but here goes - Well then the fact is that for the first time in my life I am really in love. Now you have it. Did you ever see the picture called Evangeline? will my darling look more like Evangeline than any woman I ever saw. But who is she, you ask? The youngest daughter of a rich farmer in my Sunday School neighborhood near Beloit. The name - Louisa; Louisa Lindemann, how euphonic, New York people; I suppose of the same good old stock as the Knickerbockers originally. It would do you good to see such a Christian family as theirs; family prayers twice a day; sometimes the old man, sometimes the mother, & sometimes the oldest daughter leading the worship, - for they are Methodists. Christian love beaming from all their faces, and breathing through every action. Sing the Sunday School hymns, in the harvest field, father & daughter; for she drives reaper while he rakes off. There is where I worked in the rye. Long before I knew what was the matter with me I found the deep dark eyes of Louisa, and the beautiful spiritual expressions of her whole face continually haunting me. You would

pick her out at once, father, for a Christian
maiden, so pure and loving is her face.
There's red in it too, in both cheek and
lip, besides a dimple that looks wonder-
fully roguish when she laughs, and
there's flash in her dark eyes too - she's none
of your milk + water girls - the blood of
old Holland is full and healthy in her
veins, not at all thinned by running
through 3 or 4 generations in this coun-
try. She is only a little over 16 yet, & is
to go to school in Beloit next winter.

And now you will want to know how she
feels toward me; Here are some verses
I dashed off on the 13th July which may
serve to enlighten you. Don't be too critical,
remember you once did the same.

In memory of Sabbath eve, July 12, 1868.

The sun was set the gathering shade
Lipt over field and stream,
And tenderly each distant star
Let fall its silvery beam.

Twinkling in lowland & in wood
The fireflies lit their lamps,
They flashed through branches sweeping low
They shone o'er meadow damps.

All dark & still the marshalled trees
With foliage crowned the sky,
Their topmost-branches held the thrush
Safe in their silent-guard.

From distant grove the whippoorwill
Poured forth his plaintive lay,
All listening seemed the fragrant air
And listening seemed the sky.

And in this sacred hush of night
My darling stood with me,
We stood beside a rustic eiving,
Beneath the branching tree.

Oh whisper low, soft evening winds,
Keep watchful guard, Oh tree,
Let others hear thy murmured word
That's meant alone for me.

Sweet was that softly murmured word,
And sweet was words first-cess,
More tender beamed the watching stars,
Be if they know our bliss,
And still the smiling stars, hushed donors
Of light, beaming every joy
And still the smiling stars, hushed donors
Of light, beaming every joy
And still the smiling stars, hushed donors
Of light, beaming every joy

Just in twilight the humming sounds,
The low & happy voice were humming there

Rapids Jan 27 1868

William Christie - Uncle Will's Son

Dear Nephew yours of Dec 22
came to hand last week " you tell
me that you are going to school
and that you are studying Arithmetic
Geography and History. These are useful
and interesting studies for a young Man
Bear this in mind that it is not the
number of Books the multiplicity of studies
that one happens to be engaged in that
makes the Scholar It is what you learn
and understand perfectly that will
benefit you in after life. I see by your
Letter that you think of coming out
here in the Spring with Sunday and
Dave with the intention of working
for me this coming Summer. If you
come I should like you would get here
by the first of April so as to help
put in my crop Let me know in

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
 glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this letter
 will find you the same. I am not at home at present
 but will write you again as soon as I can. I am
 very truly your friend,
 Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Watertown, Wisconsin. ~
Saturday Morning June 27th 1868.

[Alexander]

My Dear Brother - Father bid me good bye yesterday afternoon - started on the 4 P.M. train for Minnusta - he said to me that - he hardly thought - he would stop at Willis, as he felt pretty well used up, and so thought - he would go straight on home - When I came back to Mrs. Ford's, I found his pocket-knife lying on the bed. it had dropped out of his pocket - I felt very sorry when I saw it, for I knew he would miss it and feel bad about it - I shall keep it - for him - It is likely you will see him before getting this, still I thought I would write this note in case what might happen. for I feel rather nervous about him going so far with so much money. and I hope you will write immediately when he arrives.

and let me know. I know it is really too
bad sandy that I have neglected writing to
you for so long. to say the least it looks
very ingrateful. But it is not so, Father
will tell you how it was. I have been out
to see Ann Dempsey every Friday night for
the last 5 weeks and would always
stay till Monday, and sometimes till
Tuesday. I have been greatly behind with
my lessons on account of it. Besides the
time for I walked out 4 of the times -
and it took me hard between times to
simply pass in my classes - and have
not had time, nor felt able to write.
and since father came I have lost considerable
time too, so that now this coming week I will
have a hard time. School closes on next
Friday, the 3rd July. Examination the last
three days. Poor Ann is gone now. I
saw her die, and it was a scene that I
will not easily forget. She had her full
senses till the very last moment. It was
very strange. I am not sorry now that
I went to see her so often. for it did her
good I know. She wished so often that I

was not attending school, so that I could
stay with her all the time - her poor
mother is completely broken down with
her afflictions.

I feel glad that father came down. I think
he looks so well, but he was completely
lined out while he was here. What a fine
head and face he has sandy. Don't let
him work to hurt himself. but then I
know that you and Dave will see to
that. I am glad he is so well satisfied
with his exchange, and mother too.

And you and Dave, I cannot say
anything about you. tears fill my eyes
when I think of you. You are both
heroes. It is you two who are holding
us all up. You will reap your reward
in due time. Such a spirit of noble self-
sacrifice does not belong to many. I will
strive hard to let you see that what you
are doing for me, will not be in vain.
When you write to me again, address to
Chymman. for I will be there by that
time. But I will leave directions in

Watertown to forward any letters coming to
me here to Chasman, in case that you
might forget and send to Watertown.
Father will tell you all about Tom being
here and how well he looked. - He gives
good accounts of Cousin Will -
Sandy. I hope you will keep on with your
latin, what spare time you have, and
try and read enough to allow you to
enter College in a year or two. - That is,
what you ought to look forward to doing
as soon as things are set to rights a
little up there so that Dave can manage.
For there is a glorious destiny before you. I
know. I can feel it, just as I knew
there was for Tom, as long ago as when
I was at Fox Lake, and he in the Army.

I hope father will not be sick after
going home - be sure and write to
me at once Sandy, and let me know.

Give my love to Dave, I know he is
enjoying himself on the new farm - and
give my love to Willie Reid. - I don't
know how he would have got along
at all if you and Dave had not gone
out to be company for him once in a
while. - Sandy now that you and
Dave have new clothes - do go into
Mankato and have an ambrotype taken
together in one case and send it to me.
It will not cost more than a dollar, and
it will give me great satisfaction. - Now
do tell me that you will do it. - I got
a picture of father and all, a nice one
for \$0.43. - you know you promised me one for
a long time now. - do do it while you have the
chance. - With love to all -

Orman, Wis.-

Monday Morning, July 6th 1866

[James Christie]

My dear father, I am happy to tell you that Grandmother is much better. When I wrote to you last, I had no thought that she could possibly live more than a week. She is a most wonderful woman. I had no idea, nor had any of us, that she could ever get well again. She has an appetite again and is able to sit up some every day and has the power of all her members as usual. If she keeps on gaining, as we hope she will, and as she gives promise of, she will be able in a weeks time to be out again in the room with the rest of us.

Uncle William got your letter the evening of the 4th letting us know of your safe arrival home. It relieved my mind of a great load. I expect a

letter from you tonight - I hope you are
well after your journey, and I hope Mother
was pleased with her dresses, and the
boys with their clothes. Father do let the
boys go into Market and have an ambrosy
taken for me, it won't cost more than
\$1.00, yours was only 80 cts and I got
a good case for that. I will not
take more than 10 cts to send it. I tell
Lanchy to remember all his promises and
see to it. - They cannot be very busy
now, but what they can spare a day
to go into Market. - I hope you all
enjoyed your fit. - I spent mine with Mrs
Dempsey. Poor Ann made me promise
so long ago, that I would spend that
day with her, if she were not able to
go out. - So I thought of my promise, and
now that she is gone I felt that perhaps
it would please her, if I went and
stayed with her mother. - I knew that
old time thoughts would come up, and
that it would be a lonesome day for
Poor Mrs Dempsey. - And she was very
grateful to me for coming. What a very
lovable woman, she is. Her afflictions,
instead of embittering her life, have
brought out all the sweetness of her
nature. - I stayed all night with her,
she wouldn't let me away, and last
evening herself and Frank and
little Mary took the buggy and
brought me up. - Uncle William and

Heleen were real good. They came
out to the gate, made Frank lie up
his horses, and they came in and
had supper. - Mrs Dempsey went into
Grandmother's room, and they had a
long talk. -

Uncle William is very kind to me in every
way. I wanted to go down to Aunt Jessie's the
other day and he said there was no use of me
walking, as long as he had that buggy. - So
he went and hitched up and took me down
and then came for me at night again. -
and Heleen is real good too. - She is changed
considerably I think by staying that short
time with Mrs Bond. - Well when she first
came into town, I put myself out of the way
a great many times to oblige her in little
things. - Of course I thought nothing of it. - was
glad to do it. - only I am sure she thinks
of it. - for she spoke last night in a way
that made me know she did. -
Anyway, we are beginning to understand
one another better, and to think more of
each other, and I am glad of it. - for I felt
miserable about it. - the way it was before.

I saw Hastings, and he wants
Lanchy's certificate or a copy of it. - He
says Lanchy forgot to let him have it. -
Now be sure and send a copy of it in
the next letter either if you send to
me, for I promised him I would see
to it. - My love to Mother and the boys,
and of course to you. - Sarah. -

Providence July. 7th 1866.

My Dear Sarah, [Dearie,
Clyman, Wm.]

Yours to Sandy came
a few days ago. I wrote a letter to Uncle William
since my arrival home. Expecting that you would
see it. I was very unwell before reaching Lubriz
and of course could not stay at St Charles to visit
Willie & Mary. They, just as soon as they hear of my
being in Clyman will be very much offended,
and I cannot help it. I would have had no
rest if I had gone there. I do not wish to have
recourse to medicine. Yet I had perforce to take
some twice before reaching home.

I found all well in Providence, and so
far we are all well. I trust you are in better
health than when I was with you. for although
you did not complain of any thing in particular
yet it was easy to see that you were not in
any very vigorous condition. While not in school
home you should not study any. Nor yet give
in to any bodily indulgence. But rather cultivate
physical strength by a resolute, yet moderate
exercise, walk, and talk and rest and sleep
and eat. All for the purpose of bodily health.
and Remember "Nothing too much".

I wish you to inform me of your hopes
and prospects in Everything, and Especially of
those things which lie nearest your heart.

Our boys have no time to write,
Sandy sometimes attempts it, and then finishes
nothing. We have now bought a cow and feel
much better in our cooking of it. We also
bought a Birdy Keeper, and as soon as the
breeding is done, we will try cutting the
twist of the Prairie Grass.

I want to fill up my two pages with news
if I have any that could interest you in any way
it would only comprise such items as I can do
before some 30 am this season, and such like
or give you a little of the scandal of the place
for private and public immorality are both
known here also, Rapidity has no exemption
in the service of the Devil, and it is so everywhere
unless a continual resistance is kept up.

Every one who yields is lost, I do not say irretrievably,
but at least falls, and become less hopeful
of final Victory. Write to me all you hear from

Tom, I become more and more satisfied
that Tom will reach the Goal. This the Crown, and
wear the Palm. His Faith is genuine, unwavering
and Evident, and so supported, he casts behind
him all meaner things, and presses forward.

He wears no veil on his Heart, but carries it open
to the view of men and Angels, a love of truth, and
singleness of purpose, combined with intrepid resolu-
tion to ignore evil, are some of the most evident
traits of his Character. Believing as he does that
God sees the Heart, he never deceives by any silly
duplicity to attempt to lie to the Holy Spirit -

and that is a common error, even amongst
professors of Religion, God must be all, and Guide
for without his help, we will be all lost, for we
cannot save ourselves,

My Dear Sarah, let me hear from
you often, you may have something to tell me
of your self, or of Louis, or of some of all our friends
in Cymarr, which will interest me. Mind I have
no home sickness, for I feel myself particularly at home
here in Rapidity. I am attached only to persons and
places, and if, all those I love are around me, there
and there only am I at home, but from here my
Heart goes out to the dispersed, and to you my
Dear Sarah I send a Father's Love, Christy

If not delivered within 10 days, to be returned to

Wm. J. B. Simon M.
July 10. 1864

Sarah. J. Christie

Clyman,

Judge Co.,

Wisconsin



Beloit College
June 15, 1888.

My dear sister: I intended to write you immediately after Archaeæa, but found so much else to do that it was postponed. Our Sunday School, in union with two other country schools had a picnic on Saturday of whose management I had charge in great part. This took up a great deal of time. I shall try & write a description of it for Janie. I send on Poems, which has taken a long time to copy by snatches. Have sent father also. It is full of faults, the principal want of continuity. But I only intended it to be a series of independent pictures. If I could have more a week longer I would have made it far more complete & trimmed off some of its crudities.

The people were pleased, however, & my classmates, particularly, were delighted. I have rec'd. many compliments, handshakings & bouquets, of which modesty permits not to speak. Now I am over head & ears in preparation for the Prize Declamation, less than three weeks ahead, & the "Annual," which begins next week, when all the studies of the year will be proved. Under the circumstances, Sarah, pardon me for being so selfishly alive to my personal interests. I won't be able to write anything but notes of the shortest for the next three weeks. Have a conditional promise from Mrs. S. for Commencement, & will make sure arrangements before writing for you. Nothing from the Post yet. They must be as busy as we are out there in breaking house & fence building &c. A terrible lightning storm last night. The Bushnell House was struck & a lady hurt but not killed.

I expect a letter from you tonight. Give my regards to Helen & remember me to Mr. & Mrs. F. & family.

Yours in love,

Thomas D. Christie.

Things of Beauty.

- Introduction -

Long time ago, as old books tell,

Ere friar Bacon's magic spell
Gunpowder called from the sulphurous shop
Down below, where they make it up:
In the good old times when lance & sword
Settled disputes for knight & lord:
When the cloth yard shaft was England's boast:
When armor mailed her mounted host:
When might in battle won the day,
And strategy foresook the fray.
(Content-degenerate times to wait
Of rifled guns & bayonet.)
In short, in Chivalry's palmy days,
Of ancient chroniclers the praise.
The Tournament with its mimic war,
Oft drew the gathering crowds from far,
For thither came from every land
Of gallant knights, full many a band
With sword & mace & lance in rest -
Their knightly valor true to test -
There battle steeds with hoof of fire
Midway the lists together dashed,
Then rose the sound of conflict dire,
As against the armor lances crashed,
And shields were broken, corselets pierced,
Dark plumed helmets kissed the sword,
From many a wound the red tide burst,
With many a dent - as the armor scarred,
But when the knightly joust was o'er,
While rang the clarion's echoing blast,
Swelled by the crowds' applauding roar,
The gallant victor's banners shook in air,
Before his chosen lady fair,
Laid at her feet his honored arm,
And Queen of Beauty named her there.

Past are Chivalry's halcyon days,
Faded its glories once so bright,
Forgotten, save in minstrel lays,
The prowess of the mail clad knight.
Yet still the Tournaments high behest
Summons young manhood to its test,
In nobler combat here to stand
Than that once waged with lance & brand.
And so, dear friends, we come from far,
To fill these lists with mimic war,
Tonight we test in battle joined
The thews & sinews of the mind
For soon more earnest, deadlier fight
Will try our mettle & our might.
No coats of steel our bosoms bear,
No gauntlets, in our hands we wear,
We lack the helmets plumed crest,
We lack the lances laid in rest.
Our is no riden banners fly
Provided with heralds' blazonry.
Yet lack we nothing to inspire
In youthful breasts the generous fire,
For champions we of ladies' fair
So ere gave Chivalrous Knights a care,
Lothly Blithia is right to reign
As Queen of Beauty these maintain,
Our those fair Delia's colors fly,
Sworn in her cause to do or die.
And here tonight, as oft of old,
It nerves the arm of champions bold
To feel that hundreds have in sight
His leaving on the field of fight.
Then ope the lists, sound! trumpet, sound!
Ride bravely forth each gallant knight,
And as your coursers spurn the ground,
Will my amain, - God speed the fight.

Man worships Beauty, as of yore the knight
Paid Valor's homage at bright Beauty's shrine,

So man has ever since the world began,
Poured choicest tribute at her shining feet.
The warrior's arms & nerves, inspires the dream
Of Poet, Painter's brush & Sculptor's chisel guides,
And in Apocalyptic vision bright
The souls of raptured saints she fills with joy.
All beauty is of God, expressions fair
Of His most glorious, perfect harmonies,
All create nature is but the crystallized form
Of Beauty, unapproachable that dwells
Forever in the thought divine of God.
Oh, on these Summer nights what soul can stand
But neath the open temple of the sky,
And not be awed at her majestic presence?
The stars, far shining, chant her choral praise,
And Earth & sky & flower perfumed air
Sound their responses to the distant chimes.
By day, in thousand forms she greets the sense
Speaking from streamlet, wood, & grassy field,
From meadow bloom, fresh tinted after rain,
From heaven's depths & flying Summer cloud.
Seek ye abroad for Beauty? Lo, she is here,
Would we but open eyes to note her presence.
Here at your thresholds come & view a scene
Where Beauty daily holds her regal court.
Tis sunset on the river, all the air
Diffused, is so seats with the dying beams
Of him who's been the monarch of the day,
As does Leviathan, old sailors tell,
When lance pierced with a hundred deadly wounds,
Expiring tinge the deep with reddish stain.
The canopy of clouds is crimson dyed,
The hills afar, the woods, in glory green,
The fields of odorous clover & of wheat
Rest as if sleeping in their shroud of haze.
No breezes stir the waters, calm they lie,
Save where a bright fin breaks the surface smooth,
Sending the circles fading toward the shore.

But there's a beauty nobler far
Than that which nature has to show,
With brighter, purer ray it shines,
It kindles with diviner glow.
In surface symmetries of forms
It speaks not to the outward eye,
The senses that it fills with joy
Deep in the soul's recesses lie.
No season's rapid change can mar
With pilfering hand its perfectness,
Annual Spring bedecks its flowers
Immortal in their loveliness,
And as in nature's Beauty shows
Her infinite forms her presence tells,
So in the spirit does she come
In varied guise to greet us there,
Bright-Memory, pointing to the Past—
Breathes life into its forms once more,
Its dead arise, its scenes come back,
Fairer than haunt this Earthly shore,
No eyes so deep, as tender sweet
As from her shadowy portals beam,
No voices musical as these
That echoing sweep through Memory's dream,
Oh tender eyes we've known so well,
Oh faces of the loved & lost,
Oh voices, echoing ever more
Through the dim Chambers of the Past,
With outstretched hands & passionate cry
We fain would stay your rapid flight—
Ah! pitiless Time's defacing touch
Obscures & mars the vision bright,
Then laughing Hope, bedecked with flowers,
Reckons us on to brighter scene,
And whispering to our gladdened hearts,
Removes the Future's darkening screen.

There in her morning light-revealed,
Again we see the loved of yore,
And all we've cherished in the Past
Waiting us on the Eternal shore.

Enchantress Hope, thy fairy touch
Transforms this prison house of Earth,
Pierces its walls with Heaven's light,
And fills it with the songs of mirth.
Inspirer of Youth & stay of Age,
Oh still attend, to soothe & cheer,
Till those bright-glories shall be ours,
Whose semblance thou presentest here.

All the Ideal world is fair,
More beautiful than the things of sense,
As the Chest of a child is lovelier far
Than Clod of Earth or waste immense.
The Real is but the bodying frame,
The trust on which the swine may feed,
The Ideal is the spirit-flame,
The germ of life within the seed,
Beautiful are the things unseen,
Thrilling the harmonies yet unheard,
Realities wait behind the screen
As waits the Thought behind the word,
Oh quickly dawn Ideal's morn,
Bring Heaven again to Earthly shore,
This burdened groaning world transform
A thing of Beauty ever more.

Spoken at Archææum
June 10, 1868.

Thos. D. Christie.

Watertown, Tuesday June 16th
1868

To all the Dear folks
at Home. Here I am. You see.
Whipped through like the snap
of a whip. Arrived this morning
at Lerchs a little before they had
risen for the day. I feel quite
lamest as yet. am going out
to Clyman in Sarahs Company
with the Afternoon train to see
Uncle Williams. I do feel thankful
that the journey has not so light
upon me. and I trust God in
His Great Mercy will give you
all. Peace and Happiness Untill
I again see you. I found Helen
staying and boarding with Lerch
and attending school with her
Sarah looks better than when
we left her in Clyman.

She takes no Doctor's stuff now
there 5 weeks, and says she
has not been so well for
6 months. Anne Dempsey.
it is said there is now no longer
any hope for her. They look for
her Death any day.

Now immediately I
will commence. That is tomorrow
to see about the Business I came
for. Sarah had a letter from
Tom a few days ago. He is well
and, as ever, working hard.

Excuse me from more
My Head feels a little Buzzed
in consequence of the Journey

Yours in Faith and Love

J. Christie.

Rapids June 5th 1868.

We received Your
Remittance all right.

and I wrote
a letter to you some time ago
But owing to the weather and
other things did not post it until
^{now} today. You will see there just
what I would like you to do
for me. We live far from the
post office, and being that we
had to break and get in 10 acres
for corn and potatoes, we had not
time to run in to Menkato as often
now that is done in spite of all
obstructions,

To Moore I intended
going into Menkato, getting an
apportionment made over to you,
expressing all the papers for
which you must call after receipt
of this letter. You notifying me
of their receipt immediately.

When you negotiate the Sale
You will send to me by Express
the Money in the shape of Drafts
on New York Banks.

I think this will be the
safest way. Let there be at least
3 separate Drafts. Because I could
the more easily sell them in Market.

This is a very important affair
to me. You see I am deeply in
debt to Culver and am very
anxious to pay off some of it
for although we expect to break
up 40 acre at least, it will be
long before it will settle, and we
do not know what prices may
be then. These Land Speculators
and Money Lenders are true
Cormorants, and would eat
up a poor man, by lawful process
without a Compunction.

Now do not take too much
trouble on your side in this Business.
Just be cool and just do the best

You can, and take no more
trouble about it. I am not
able to come down and do it myself
I can not get down, besides
the Costs would keep Tom at College
for one Term, and that is something
for I am anxious to make the money
do all they are capable of. If I could
get these College demands to run
until we can raise crop is all
the need. I feel as if I were pledged
to put Tom through now, and
must do it if possible.

You will perceive
that on this Years Note I have
received 100 \$ from Rees, which
is endorsed in pencil on the back
of the Note. There is also you will
observe, the accrued interest on
the whole 1300 \$ remaining up to
the date at which you sell, which
will amount in the rough to about
46 dollars. Keep this in your eye

When you will.

Would it not be a very good investment for David to go into, raise the interest to 10 per Cent. and give the account interest besides. Well I leave it all to you and do not look for any more than just what you can accomplish.

Please to notify me if any thing bothers you about it, and on receipt of the papers, the Will & the post office and Express pretty closely until we get an answer from you. Address to Monkato, for the sake of safety I will send only the Mortgage at this time, and within a week will again send the Notes. Because one would be of no use without the other, even if lost.

Well now if we had this heavy business out of hands, I will be able to write to you of other matters of Daily Life. Our Regards to all the Family. Yours J Christie

Rapids. Wednesday 22 July. 1869.

My Dear Sarah. [Clinty]

Yours of the 6th inst. to hand. in some previous letter (which we did not get) you had informed us of my Mother having suffered an Attack of Paralysis. at least I presume so. from what you say in the letter received, as in that you speak of her. as getting better &c. on learning your Uncle Williams I had a thought that as she complained of a numbness in her Arm, it might be the premonitory symptoms of that very thing. But did not wish either to think or say so, let me know of it in your next.

Wise of all the Weaknesses of Great Age my Mother has good Common Sense, when she is just herself, and undoubtedly she knows, that there trouble betokened the giving out of the nervous system, which is that tissue of the body nearest to the soul, most immediately in connection with it, and of course she considers this attack as a warning that soul and body cannot be long united, it is well to be so forewarned. We had an example of a sudden and unlooked for separation of soul and body here yesterday. a young man of 14. who had (as it was the first day of harvest) been driving a reaper all day was suddenly in the evening after days work was done, while carrying in a pair of potatoes for his Mother struck dead to the ground with lightning. the body not so much as unscathed. while not a rag of clothes was left on him. but one wrist band to his shirt,

Just as his Burial today, a son of Mr. Strathairn's,
I saw the spot where he fell, and where the lightning
entered the ground, it was a hole 3 or 4 inches across, and
continued down some 4 feet, we had a terrible
storm, a woman also saw it in its course in the
Town of Vernon, the whole Neares were awake for hours
while the long streams of the Electric Fluid rushed to the
earth almost incessantly, it rained, hailed, and blew
while the Thunder rolled continuously, Altogether the bygone
thory of the kind ever I met with, when I was younger there
was to me in such Exhibitions of the unseen powers of
the Universe an undefinable Charm, it is not so now
I feel awed and depressed, and some how connect such
Terrible contents in the Material World, with Moral
delinquency. I feel and think of the Terrible Contest
which will be necessary in the Human Soul, to Reestablish
the Equilibrium between the Spiritual and material
nature, Come it must, if we resist the Conciliating
Spirit, some such Phenomena must precede Recon-
ciliation, in every one who by resistance shall treasure
up Wrath, we must be at one with God in the highest
by the permeation of our spirits, by the Light and
Life from Above, or that Ray Light and Life will
rend and destroy, that is the Spiritual Truth which
these physical Phenomena contain, the one is
just as true as you see the other is fact.

Give my sympathy and love to Grandmother, and my respects
to Grandfather, As to Uncle Williams, I must write to him
You appreciate the generous kindness of his return.

There is you know a good deal of gravel outside in here
But everything has a week, I am glad that you have
so good a woman in your Uncle's house, and do not see
really how you could have done otherwise.

The Boys here for a week have done treeing, 30 acres
in all, it is not much. But is said to better than
any others have done in their first year. They are now
cutting wheat for Arnold and Smith, after making
a little hay. Our Horses are worn down pretty bad
as we did not give them oats enough for their hard
work. Why do you not write Peter? I somehow
in these new surroundings, ^{cannot} write as I used to.

Willie is now home from Beloit, and looks the better
for his 3 months. Drill and Polish, now I would
like to know if Willie goes back again, or not,
But the great pity is that College unfit for the Labour
of the Farm. It ought not to be so, a True Education should
draw out and train all the tissues of the Body diligently
ly, and so send out men and women fit to take part
in the business of Life in any of its lines of effort alike,
as ready to wrestle with physical objects as mental problems.
You see that all civilization is built up from a basis
of bodily action, the last must precede the first
the Cultivation of mind requires leisure, cessation
for a time from labour, and so absorbs the accumulated
profits of it, the one is impossible without the other, and
therefore the College class waits on the click of the whip
and the furrow of the field. learned Leisure must
take of its rest and pay reverence to the Brown
arm, and deny for the sake of Marvellous Labour,
and ought to contribute ^{all} facilities and helps in return.

Tuesday 28th July: On Monday received
your letter on the Review of Henry C. Brown. Along with
a letter with photos to David, it is just what I had
as I anticipated, it is amazing how she calls from

such severe assaults, God wills that she shall be
wreck to go where the Divine summons comes,
We do not see the changes that take place in the
soul, but those who under Gods Providence share
care of us do, and so far as is in their power they
fit us for the change. Oh that we may facilitate
their efforts by a willing heart, earnestly
divesting ourselves from all bodily attachments
and so ascend into regions ^{and conditions} of peace and rest;
I did not know I was just such a man as that
photograph says I am, I am conscious of much
that is gross in my nature, and in that picture
it is all visible, Had Burns lived now a day, he
would not have needed to say, Oh would someone
be dead. Well on the day that picture was taken I was
left here of all grace, the finer graces of the soul
were all evaporated, absorbed by care and bodily
fatigue, sick inside and out, nothing visible but
the brutalities of the carnal man, God help
us, we are really a set of poor creatures, at least
I am, and how forcibly that picture corroborates
the conviction. Willie looks smart, Naught
self-poised and a little touched with contempt for
meaner folks, God help him too poor young man,
He does not know himself, But he too will
yet find out that in himself even he is nothing
Give Willie my respects and congratulations, that he
has creditably stood the first of the grinding process
and may look forward with courage, that he will
yet master the necessary steps and come out fittest
to benefit himself and others, Time and trial will
yet make him a man, and so forth. My sheet
cuts short by talk, God Bless you, I Christian

I don't believe it could be after
it gets cold. Give my love
to my dear Sister Maggie & tell her to send her
Picture that I forgot when I was over
there & to write me soon. Love to yourself
and Remember me to all from
Rattle Head your Cousin Lowell Wisconsin.
Tuesday Morning. Jessie, July 21st 1868

Dear Cousin.

I have been looking for
a letter from you this long time, and have come
to the conclusion that you too, have expected one
from me. Why don't you come up here & stay
a while. I know you can just as well as not,
I don't go to school & could visit with you
all the while. Now I want you to come up
if you possibly can. I have been Ironing this
morning & the fire got nearly out so I had
to make up a hot fire & wait for the stove
to heat. guess they are hot by this time & will
have to go & finish. I have nearly finished
Ironing. & guess I will have "Rosine" do the rest
of it. What do you find to busy yourself with.
I presume you have plenty of sewing to do. I
wish I could go over to "Mother's", I want to
see her, ever so much & have a good

long talk with her. You must not tell her so
for she might feel worried about me.
Miss Cole is going to have a School ~~Park~~
Picnic. & is going to invite several other schools.
I presume there will be a large crowd. She
intends to have several pieces spoken & will
have singing & playing. I will write you again
before that time & let you know just when
it will be, so that you can come up to it.
And remember I want you to be sure to
come to the Picnic if you don't come before.
I can't write much more this time for I
must go up to Miss Cole's & practice my
part in a Trio that Rosine & Miss Cole and
myself are going to play at the Picnic.
She has a very nice Melodion & she plays very
well. Did you have your Photograph taken that
day, as you agreed to? & if you did why don't you
send it to me. I have had two letters from
"Jim", and he has been down here twice & I
saw him both times. I wrote to him yesterday
according to agreement he was down last
Sunday & made me promise to write the

next day. in answer to a letter he sent me
last Saturday. The way I got to see him was.
I went to Prayer Meeting in the evening.
with "Kinnie" Hindon & Jim of course was there
and after Prayer Meeting Kinnie & myself
stopped to talk a little while & waited till
all the young folks were gone, & then I went
a piece with her and coming back I met
Jim. & I stopped & talked nearly an hour.
I did not dare to stay out any longer
for fear that Uncle Dave would mistrust
something. Rosine was not there. (lucky for me)
But worst of all for me, I did not dare
to let Jim come home with me & had to
go clear through town at 10 o'clock at night
all alone. you had better believe my heart
went "Pitty Pat", but I didn't care if I only
could see him. I wish you could read
one of his letters. He can write such a
good one. Well. I will have to stop
writing having no more time. Now
I warn you to burn this letter up & to
let no one read it. but yourself.
(I don't know as you can read it)

Mankato Minn. July 18th 68

My Dear Sister; [SARAH J.
CHRISTIE, CLYMAN, WID.] I received a
letter from you a few days after
Father's return from Clyman, but have
felt so unwell writing for the last
month or two that you must ex-
cuse my long silence before and
since its reception. I got a letter
from Ed. here today, dated the 11th
containing a photograph of James
Grubb a friend of mine when I
was at Beloit. What a fine little
fellow he was and so fond of
me: I feel pleased to think, as
I look at this picture, that he
has not forgotten me. I am in
my shirt-sleeves or I would go
off to the gallery and get a few
taken to pay off my debts with.

for I owe three brides the one
I promised you so long ago and
so repeatedly since. Well, just
have a little patience. I've got a
suit of parable clothes now.

I am writing in the drug store
and it is extremely hot so you
must wait for a little till I
get home. I write this merely to
account for our silence.

We are all well. You must
tell us how your vacation went off with
all of you. I expected to hear from
Cousin Lou but no letter yet.

His direct to Clyman.

Your loving brother,

Alexander.

Allyn Coese Co
July 25th 1868

Dear Brother [James Christ]

you must excuse me for
not Writing to you sooner.
for I have been in a nervous
troubled state for these 4 weeks
and could not do anything
I have been all round to try
and get that money from
you and failed I went up
Brooks & am David told
he could not do anything
at Present But he could
let you have 200 in the
fall if that would suit
for the time you want
as for My self I am all

used up for I lifted that
Montague & Hemphill
expecting help from Reen and
William according to Thomas
but they Both failed me and
I could not meet Miller
Note I Paid him 420 Dollars
which left 300 to Pay this fall
and have not got a Cent
and that has made ^{me} so nervous
with other things that I can
scarcely do any thing
in fact I am failing fast
We have had a very great
deal of rain corn will be
poor but wheat looks well
we will be in to ours in
about 15 days - Mother is
just about the same

Grand Father's Eyes is getting
all night but it will better
not to go down until the
early fall it is too warm to
risk inflammation for his
Eyes inclines so

when you get this Write
and let us know what you
think about Corned apples in
the fall - are love to you
all, and I would like well
if I could come up see
you but it can't be done at
present, you I have no doubt
are in Bad fix but you
will get through it still
some way

Yours truly

Wm Christie

Watertown, July 24. '68.

My dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

I have been three days in the work, & can now report progress as follows. Have canvassed from the river up to the college, all the territory south of Main Street & down to the Mil. R.R. Visited 180 families; sold 7 Bibles & Testaments, & given away 4 Testaments. Cash from books sold, - \$8. 20. Cash from subscriptions \$ 21. 50.

This is quite satisfactory for only 3 days work. I like the business very much, - there is a great inspiration in it. And then I come across such queer characters. All kinds. Infidels, both German & English, Spiritualists, Universalists, - No Soul ites, Catholics, German Christians of all kinds, - Lutherans Moravians & Methodists, besides of course all sects of American Christians. I have a host of incidents to tell you of, but pen & ink are too slow, & I will wait till I see you.

I really like the work & feel what I want, enthusiasm, in it. - Am getting acquainted with all the notables of town & their families, & so am getting a better idea of the city & its people. I am tired enough I assure you when I get to bed at night after tramping through the heat all day with a load of books & talking as I have to with every family.

I have the Signet-Ring from Chicago; it is not very much I think from a slight trial. Wrote a long letter to father last night, giving an account of some experiences that I know will interest him.

Wrote also Hayward. Am keeping a full diary. Hope you are doing the same & keeping up the new plan of bodily training. Have patience & you will see the benefits.

And now I will tell you a rumor that is current in town. - it is that Prof. Martin has gone East to be married. I do not know how true it is, but heard it from Fountain, & am inclined to think there is something in it.

Prof. M. is East at all events.

I give you the other rumor for what it is worth. Will say no more at present.

Good Night, & may God bless you.
My love to Grand mother & all the family.

Your loving Brother
Thos. D. Christie.

Don't worry, reach home tomorrow - the
13th, and the words are good. I
suppose I will get ready - when the
girls back to Boston - the words are true to
the all - this is really the answer - all right
& ever -

Chymen Wis.

Friday afternoon, July 31st 1865

My Dear father, [James Christie]

I rec'd a short note from
Sandy the other day, written in the Mankato
drug-store - and before that some time I
got a letter from you. But somehow,
my time has been so taken up with one
little thing and another, that I have
never written - But now I must - The
last two days, ~~there~~ has been nothing else
at Uncle Wm's but talk from morning
till night - and until late into the night
for Tom is here, and Cousin Jennie
from Boston. - We sent word to Tom
in Watertown that she would be here
on the train Wednesday Eve - so he has
taken a vacation for the rest of the
week, and came out with her. We all
went down to the Station to meet them.

and have been having a jolly time ever since - All we lack is having you folks here. Tom is all life and talk. So is Nancy and so is Jennie. I cannot write but a few words, as Tom and Jennie are right behind me singing. He brought music and he has all his books. So they sing over all the pieces that they know about - 3 times a day - Jennie is a good singer - her voice though is not my fancy - it has'nt the sweetness in it that I like - but it is very clear and high - and just enough sweetness to be agreeable. - She is just what I would call a "pretty little creature" all of her pictures that we have seen flatter her I think, at least as she is now. Tom and Helen both say though that the last few years has wrought a great change both in her outward appearance and also in her character. - She is very small, I had no idea of it. She is a little shorter than Helen and is slender so she a little bit of a thing - but very lively, and has more beautiful eyes inf that no picture could flatter her I think.

and she is a regular Christie I can see it - sticking out - all the time - in spite of her different bringing up - the same old ideas and thinkings. - She has not near the intellect that Helen has, about like me I think, for that - but she is even so much more lovable than Helen - A person couldn't help liking her. - She is a little character by herself with all her pretty little city ways and manners - and so pretty and lovable - but thoroughly sensible - no nonsense or uppishness, or affectation with her. - She has wished a great many times since she came that you folks were here, so she couldn't get acquainted - I have wished so too. But I kind of think too that ^{it} is good for Sandy he is not here for I am sure he would "fall in love". I just know that Jennie is the very kind that Sandy would be "struck" with. - Now if Sandy could know her, he would say I had given him a compliment. - There is no danger of Tom for you know he is "all right" now. I know there was an

attraction out there in the country from
Beloit for him. - I am glad of it. -
how is Dave getting on - our Benjamin
I wish I could see him. - What a sens-
ible, great strapping fellow. -

Sunday Morning Aug. 4th

We all went into Watertown on Sunday
to Church. And up to Mr. Bond's - and Tom
stayed. he is coming out Friday night-
though and we are to take our dinner
with us on Saturday and stay all
day down around the two old places.
We all went over to Lowell Saturday
and had a good time - Tom is not so
perfectly invincible as I thought - he and
Pinnie lately have acted too much like
lovers to suit me ~~at all~~ - so I had to
give him a lecture Saturday night - and
remind him that there ~~was~~ such a
person as Louisa - he promised to
be better. - I have a great deal to
tell you father but there is so much
life here it is almost impossible
to write - Uncle Wm is so kind and
good to me father that I can never
forget it - he tells me to ask you all
about your work - he says he would give
a great deal to hear Sarah sing Daisy Bell
the harvest hymns all over with, and give
a stacking song - I will write in two days
to some of you - my love to all - Mother
Dave Sarah and yourself. - Sarah

Watertown.

Monday Evening!
Aug. 31, 1868.

My dear Sister:

I drop you this line to tell you that I found Dr. Schenck's letter & Almanac, which I forward, in the box this P.M.

I have considerable faith in his representations, even though some of them are couched in execrable English. There's an honest freshness about some of his Testimonials that should win confidence.

The rumor I spoke of is a true one, got it confirmed today from another source.

Don't let it trouble you. "There's as good fish 're

Tell Jennie that I have bought today a fine collection of Scotch songs with Piano forte accompaniment, and am keeping them stowed away till she comes down. All the songs she has sung are in it, & all of Grandfather's, and a host of others. Mrs. Ford says you may all come down any time & stay all night, - there's room for you. That will be the only way for me to see you, as I cannot leave my work before Saturday.

Hope you will accept the invitation soon.

Did a good day's work today, & am pretty tired tonight. Shall attend the young people's prayer meeting (Methodist) this evening, and so must cut this short.

My love to all:

and especially to you.

Good Night

Thomas,

P.S. My spirit's thermometer is considerable below zero. Dreadful dull. How is it with you?

Archaean Union

Public Meeting.

BELOIT COLLEGE,

Wednesday Ev'g, June 10, 1868.

PRESIDENT, DAVID BRAINARD.

MUSIC.

Prayer.

MUSIC.

Althean Poem.

THINGS OF BEAUTY.....T. D. CHRISTIE, Rapidan, Minn.

MUSIC.

DISCUSSION.

Resolved, That the policy of Trades-Unions is unfavorable to the interests of the laboring classes.

Aff. Delian.

Neg. Althean.

H. B. TUTTLE,

WM. W. CURTIS,

Roscoe, Ill.

Dover, Ill.

MUSIC.

J. V. V. LEWIS,

O. L. TINDALL,

Lodi, Wis.

South Grove, Ill

MUSIC.

Delian Oration.

SHAMS.....H. P. DUNNING, Lodi, Wis.

MUSIC.

Sun Prairie Aug 8th 68

Dear Uncle [James Christie]

A thousand pardons
for not answering your kind
letter sooner but my excuse
is want of energy to get it
connected with the hurry and
bustle of harvest - Will has nearly
completed his harvest will
finish stacking if nothing
happens tomorrow and thrashing
the last of the week I shall be
so glad when it is over
Crops are medium people are
estimating the average crop

of wheat at -20 bu per acre
had it not been for the very
hot dry weather of July it would
probably have been 30 bu per
acre & land has advanced
rapidly within the last year
Will has refused \$50000 per acre for
his farm he asks \$60,000 per acre
Mother is not very well this
summer Charley and family
are as well as usual

I wrote to Osgood some time
ago informing him of your
whereabouts but have not rec'd
any answer the Doct has
sold his place at Dorset &
do not know where he has
gone

Charley and wife and
Mother made Jarvis a visit
this spring they found him
doing as well as could be

expected among those
stumps and stones
I suppose Tommy and Sarah
are at home now spending
vacation tell Tommy to come
home soon on his return to
College and make us a visit
Do you still continue to
like your new home as well
as ever tell Aunt Persis to
write to me also Sarah if we
should happen to get
out we may make you
a visit with the idea of
finding a location
now write soon and
I will try to be more
punctual in future

all send much love to
you all
your affec

Matthie C Marsh

The little I send father & he will be repaid
as undoubted only for him.

Watertown, Monday AM.

Aug. 10, 1868.

Dear Brother Sandy: [Rapidan, Mass.]

It is raining this morning, the Colporteur work is impracticable, and I have a great deal to tell you, so for these reasons I write you a letter.

And now one thing before I begin - this letter must be answered. If you have not made up your mind to that, please drop it right here & don't read it: this thing is not fair at all, that since you went west I have recd. absolutely not a line from either you or father. I know how to make allowances for your situation, - I appreciate it - fully, - but I can't stand it - to be cut off altogether from your confidence & your sympathy. Why it is worse than when I was on that March to the Sea & cut off from all communication.

Well now I am about to write you a letter you will like I know, & one you will feel like answering, - won't you?

In the very first place, you must know that the great event of the season to all of us is Cousin Jennie's arrival from Boston.

We all wish a dozen times a day when together that you all could be here to take part in our pleasure. She is without exception the most bewitching little lady we ever saw. Beautiful as her pictures which you have seen, with all the graces and accomplishments of a true Bostonian, & yet a heart as fresh & joyous & frank as a Scotch lassie. Full of life & spirit, she lights up the house like a sunbeam; sings Scotch songs & all kinds of music; plays anything on the piano at sight, & talks, laughs, cries (sometimes) like a true child of nature.

One thing explanatory is this; that it is an escape to her from a prison, to leave that scolding morose woman there in Boston, & get among warm unselfish hearts, such as she finds here. We are all over head & ears in love with her, & you would be too were you here. & My business

keeps me in town most of the time, but when she came up I went out with her & stayed four days. I can do it without injury to my work, as there will not be enough to keep me all vacation, & I can lay it down & take it up any time without detriment. Such days those were: I never sang so much, talked so much, laughed so much & enjoyed myself generally with such an abandon, before, and I know they can all say the same.

Then I came in & went to work again last week. were I on that subject I could tell you many interesting incidents in connection with my work, but it would spoil the connection - the "unities". However, on Thursday I recd. a letter from Sarah telling me they had arranged to go over the old places on Saturday & that I must come up. - you ought to see all the arguments she used. - I could not resist & so went out by Friday evening train. Jennie & Sarah had walked down

to the station to meet me, & we took supper at Aunt Jessie's. On the way up we met Willie with the team, & Jessie & Maggie, so all rode up together.

And now I must tell you all about our visit to the old places on the next day. - I thought of you all the time & took full notes as we went along, - on the back of Father's last letter to Sarah. (which by the way, does not mention me at all.)

The forenoon looked rainy, but at noon the clouds began to break & the wind to blow, the shadows to fly over the fields, & we to get ready for the same. The plan was this, - Sarah, Jessie, Jennie & I to walk down forthwith, & Willie & Helen to follow with the buggy at 3 P.M. when the last load of the harvest should have been hauled in to the barn. (Uncle is all finished up now in good shape) The team to bring basket & refreshments a la picnic.

According to orders we four set out after dinner & chatted merrily all the way down.

Remember that this is the first time I have been near the old farm since I bid you all good bye there last Spring, so that all was as fresh to me as it would have been to you. Arrived at the corner & walked up the old road alongside the hazels.

Item No 1. - Jerry has broken up north end of west marsh as far south as old stacking place, & it is all in corn - splendid & glossy. The rest is mowing as of old. North line fence all nicely fixed up, - even the old crossing

place at N.W. Corner of Pond lot - up now nearly
 ten rails high, & good old fashioned beam
 gates by the well & the foot of lane.

Got into Pond lot at old place, - the girls nearly
 jumping over my head as I helped them over
 the outrageous fence, & were once more on the
 old place. Ah, Jerry does not keep any sheep,
 for the whole lot is rank with weeds - cowtail
 mostly - * the paths are overgrown, the stones
 almost hidden, & the grove, even, covered under
 foot with the same thick growth. Through the
 trees we see the wagon loading up the last few
 shocks of wheat in the south end of west lot,
 back of S. Grove, & as we come up the lane by
 the maple we notice Jerry himself at the stacks
 which - six in number, stand between granary
 & horse stable. Another thing we notice as we
 come up is that nearly all the Sib. Crabs are
 dead & none bearing. I went forward & shook
 hands with Jerry, who recd. us very kindly,
 & on being told our business made us "intirely
 welcome," to go over the whole place, "and sure
 ye know better than me where the airy
 apples grows & pick all ye want & welcome."

He apologized to the ladies for his appearance, that this was his "sticking raiment," whose deficiencies they would please overlook on consideration of the season of Harvest.

But I should not make you laugh at Mr. Bean, for really he ^{rejoiced} us very kindly & cordially. While we stood chatting in front of the granary who came out to greet us do you think but old Lopsy, mewing & working her back as if I were himself had appeared. She has just had a litter of Kittens & is poor in consequence. We went through the old gate, (terribly dilapidated, only two flats left, & a hole between them you could sling a fanning mill through,) Jerry told us we might leave it open, & no wonder,

Turning east by the granary we went toward the ridge, for it was agreed to visit Stanton first, & noticed that the old gorseberry hedge is thicker & taller than ever, that the pear tree supposed to be dead is alive & flourishing all bandaged up like a maimed soldier, that the ditch from the well, taken out in

deepening it - to double the original without straining another spring, is lying on the east side of it - unremoved on account of harvest hurry, that the orchard & front of house is in potatoes & the hollow along the ditch in corn, all looking well; that there has been a removal from under the cherry tree & a reestablishment under one of the apple trees south of the kitchen, (of very doubtful propriety on many considerations, principal one, the south wind,); that the plum trees in the hollow are darker & denser than ever & very few plumes on them;

that the sides of the ridge have been in wheat & the top - still uncut - in oats about four fingers high: that the glorious old wellfield has given a splendid crop of wheat as usual, & is now green as a meadow with the under growth: that father's plum tree is loaded & healthy looking; & - what I omitted in its right place - that the north field is all broken up as far east as the well, & in luxuriant corn. After noticing all

this & commenting thereon we found ourselves
at Mr. Stanton's - No one at home - & a slight
shower - a mere sunshower - falling: then
came into play the umbrella to shelter the
~~the~~ three girls, & a gay time we had going up
the west hill through it - all. Rain soon
stopped & we soon reached the top. Thence
we saw the old prospect, with which Jennie
was in raptures: said she had not seen
the West at all before: Well it - was a
glorious sight - & quite new to me. The
shadows & sunshine were chasing each other
over the new cut fields & woods & hills; there
was such a glossiness in the green ^{groves} & gold
in the stubbled fields; such a succession
of hill & valley; & the line of wooded
hills on the Rock never showed such a
beautiful blue profile to my eye before:

We got up on a stump, (the wind nearly
overthrowing us all) & looked all around
on the landscape. Prominent in the foreground
on the East is Gibb's new house, (into which
they lately moved) & the Cath. Church, Uncle
Louis & the brick S.H. - you know them
all. It was the old, old scene, but I
looked on it - with new eyes, - as you
would were you there again.

Went down through the orchard
which is all dying - only one apple in

9
it - & sought the house again, - no one
at home; but we went to the well & took
a drink & sat down on the stones to rest.
Here I took two sweet-crackers out of my
pocket - remnants of a Watertown cold
dinner; - & we shared them together with a
relish. While sitting talking along came
a German, only three months in the
country, to whom Sarah & I gave our shares
of the crackers: He could speak not a word
of English, was tramping for work, & from
the way he ate seemed pretty hungry, poor
fellow. Was quite a character too; sat-
down & began to tell his adventures in
lively pantomime & slowly pronounced
German. Now you know Sarah has studied
the language, & I have picked up a good deal
of the vernacular in this work in Town; so
we managed to understand & answer quite
well. But it was a pretty picture - The
man sitting on his hunkers in front of us,
munching his cracker from one hand &
with the greatest gravity & earnestness
using both in gesture in the intervals, &
talking carefully & slowly so that we could

understand him. We sitting in a half circle on the stones of the well, pretty Jennie on my left, Jessie on my right, & Sarah next to Jennie. Sarah & I exchanging looks of question & bewilderment & words of explanation & suggestion, & the two girls in a continual state of inward commotion at the whole thing. It was such a piquant, genial adventure. Our friend entered right into the spirit of it, & I assure you he was an original character. - I have the picture of him yet, - sitting on his hunkers & munching & talking with pantomime & word. And we were in such high spirits & ready to appreciate all things on their sunny side, - the very day, so glorious with its masses of flying cloud & shadow, its sunshine & sweet blue, its wind & its air; the associations clustering about the old house & well by which we sat, - all conspired to make us overflow with joyous feeling.

But you are tired of this, - at least father is, - so we go up the hill again toward

home. That is, Jennie, who is an indefatigable walker, goes up that way with me, while the two girls go around the usual way. We soon reach the orchard & I make at once for my tree, - not an apple on it; looks well but for that, - all grown up with weeds about the trunk; & the branches drooping as of old almost to the ground; But not an apple on it, - nor on father's. Only one seedling loaded, & many not bearing while the russets are all fruited, some pretty heavily. But all the trees are looking healthy & strong. It was a pleasure to see them so flourishing.

Mrs. Rean came out & wanted to have us taste the apples from every tree, but this of course we declined. She, as well as her husband, was very kind.

After walking around the apple trees till satisfied we had a drink from the well, & I went into the house. Bureau in N.W. corner; clock in the old place with an angel painted on the door, glass up over the bureau, chairs, stove, &c., & that was all. It looked

quite natural and familiar, and I almost-expected to see Dave dart out of the butternut with a cookie up to his face, or you coming down stairs, or father reading at the west window, or Mother come in after Dave from the Kitchen.

But they cry out at the door that W. & Helen are coming & so we all go down to the pondlot, where Will ties his horses to a tree, & we make preparations for the Picnic. The place is in the ^{East} edge of the grove near that black barked, late ripening, solitary elm tree. I go for water up to the well again, & come back to find them all seated on the ground; remonstrating, & proceed to old Sunday School seats still standing, rip off two of them & bring down, but only Jennie would sit on them. Every body was ravenous at five P.M. & after such tramping & adventures. So Helen took her seat by the basket & warded us off till she got things ready, when we went at it; - I never saw girls eat so, - especially Sarah & Jennie. The way the biscuit & butter, cold mutton, gingerbread, cookies & currant - the latter from Mrs. Lord's garden the day before - disappeared would have astonished a company of French voyageurs just from Red River du nord. And Oh such fun, we imagined Dave there, & what he would have said, & Mother, & all of you, & I

laughed till I fell over backward on
 the ground, sticking my heels into
 Millie's currant sauce. At the close we
 wanted to sing, but Jennie said she was
too full for utterance, whether with biscuit-
 or emotion she did not say, & so as a last
 resort - I produced the following, scratched
 off the day before while waiting for the train.
 Did n't have time to finish it, - but perhaps
 you will see it all in the Monthly complete.

Our feeble words, Oh dear old Home,
 In vain expression's task essay,
 As thronging thick the memories come
 That greet us in thy shade today.

Not would we mock with shallow word
 The deep heart-whisperings of this hour,
 Their hallowed spell let silence guard,
 And silent-tears attest their power.

Enough that once again we sit
 Beneath the branches of thy trees,
 While as of old the shadows flit,
 And o'er us blows the Summer breeze.

I send this card leaf that Cousin Lucie, & I, morning glory from yesterday

Again the sloping field we see,
Its scattered oaks & hedging grove,
And, at its foot, the meadow-land
Where slum the twittering blue birds love:
The

The orchard slope, the bolder hill
Whose steepy side shuts in the East,
As Olivet-er Kedron's rill
Shadowed Moriah's humbler crest:

The unpainted house, the neighboring well,
The gooseberry hedge where Topsy played,
The plum trees in the little dell,
The kitchen in each the locust shade,

The old red granary, overblown
With tallies of the winnowed grain,
The very stones about the door,

Whose hollows held the summer rain,

We greet you all dear friends again,
With joy too tender far for speech,

"A joy that's most akin to pain,"
Soul yearning's words can never reach,

For in your silence memory hears,
Haunting each well remembered nook,
The voices of the bygone years,
Still echoing words that loved ones spoke:

Yes, dear ones, o'er the river's wave,
The prairie's sweep your voices come,
Laughter & song & accents grave
Till once again the haunts of home,

By this time Sarah was crying,
& I was not far from it. So we wandered
round a while longer & then packed
up the things, Jennie picked a leaf
from the tree over our heads to send
to you, & we posted home via Aunt
Jessie's. How have I not done my
duty as a faithful chronicler:

We all came into Church yesterday,
& heard a very excellent sermon from
Mr. Boynton: staid to Sabbath School,
& then went out to the woods near Myer's
on East road, where we took pic nic din-
ner, rather than trouble Mrs. Ford again.

From thence I came in & they went out, to return on Thursday afternoon to the Pic nic of the Cong. S.S. when we expect a good time.

Now S. do not blame me for enjoying my vacation so much. It is to fit-me for harder work in the coming year. I shall teach next Winter, probably in Walworth Co.

And what are your plans, my dear brother? I wish you would give me your confidence in regard to yourself.

Why not this? Teach school this coming Winter, stay on the farm during the rest of the year & come to Reboit for the next winter? I hope you are still looking forward to more study. I cannot bear the thought that all the hopes and anticipations I have founded on your abilities are to be lost. Wake up, Sandy, to see Christ-calling for your every energy to be used in bringing His Kingdom among men. Oh that you could see the true meaning of the life you are entrusted with!

Is there anything I can do for you? I would be quite willing to cut short my own course of education, would it benefit yours. Write me on these matters, & remember how I love you. My best-love to all under the same roof with you, Thos. D. Christie,

Watertown. Wed. morning.

Aug. 12, 1868.

My Dear Sister: [SARAH J. CHRISTIE,
CLYMAN, Wb.] I got your letter yesterday.

Perhaps it is best not to come to town tomorrow.

you need rest above everything. There has been too much hurry & talk & excitement of late for your nerves. It is better than melancholy brooding, but both are bad. When at Appleton you will be quiet, will feel at home from the time you see the people, - I know you will.

I would say then: start as soon as possible, - this week. Be there for Sunday, they have a fine minister. Come down next week some time, as I will then be at work in Emmet, & staying at Nuch's. Shall finish West side of town today, & during rest of week will work south of R.R. Will be ready on Monday I think to move headquarters. Am getting very little encouragement on West side. Saw Mrs. Marshall last evening & had quite a talk. Her boy is going to school at the Orphan's Home in Madison, with which I am well acquainted, & is now home on vacation. She spoke very

feelingly of father & what he had done for her.

I wrote on Monday morning a letter of ⁵five sheets to Sandy giving acct. of visit to old places. enclosed the leaf that Jennie plucked & morning glory from front door, - together with that little effusion of mine. He will open his eyes on receiving it. Enclosed note to father, telling all you wished & bespeaking a letter to you soon. It all went off on Monday.

Tell Jennie I spoke to Mr. Fountain in regard to singing tomorrow; & he told me they never have any general exercises on such occasions here, but that it will be very pleasant to have some singing in a kind of volunteer way. The children will gather at once to hear it. I shall send the Sweet Bye & Bye to Miss Tan Alstine today that she may look over it. Tell them to be sure & come down. John Hill is to be up in the evening to hear the Scotch songs.

This is all I have time to write. I am glad you feel such confidence in the coming success. Do not build castles too high, though, for fear of downfall. I am sure my heartiest sympathy is with you, which you know.

My love to all. Yours affectionately Thos. O. Christy

in mind and body. That is what I wish to hear

Rapids, August 16th, 1868

My Dear Sarah. [Christie]

I do not remember

When I received a letter from You,

But Believe that all you have

Written have been received, This is

Sunday morning and a Thunder

Storm is coming up, from the North

Sarah has just gone over to help

Eberhart to finish a stack before

the rain comes, and Andy has

gone away to the Woods to bring

home his Cat, which he left there

one day last week while getting out

a load of Wood. Mother working

about in the House as usual, and

I am here engaged writing to You.

I trust you are in an ordinary

State of Health, and that your

Mind and Spirit are so far in

conformity with Gods Will as seen in

Events. That you enjoy ordinary

peace, for you must know

I await a letter from you, assuring me of your health

and Believe that "He doeth
all things Well" and no matter
about our present Perceptions
the time will come when we
shall see that all that transpires
is the very best that could have
happened to us. I have experienced
all this again and again, and
when the Heart was weighed
down with the burden of its Grief
and all the visible World and all
that was in it had no interest to
me. Because of the loss of the Object
of my Affection, I still found
refuge in this, that ^{although} the Providence of
God is beyond my Comprehension in
the detail of its Operations, Still
it is for Good, in furtherance of the
Highest Good, and although from
our Great Weakness Hard to Bear
My Mind would rest, knowing, and
relying on the Goodness of Gods Pro-
vidence, Now Blind, Now disobedient
Now wayward and Erring are our
ways. So much so that it takes

the Experience of a long life to
Convince us of our own Want
of Wisdom, and of the Fatherly
Care and Love that leads us by
disappointment, by dazing our
cherished and fondest hopes, into
the path of peace and rest.

But sound Common Sense unaided
by any more elevated reflections, teaches
us that what is inevitable, must be
overcome, and that if we do not nurse
our Wounds too much they will heal
with the faint intentions. Time also
leads us through the Waters of Lethe
Blessed provisions! and the Heart
forgets its sorrows.

Beside you must know that
the sea contains many better fish
than were ever taken out of it.
The Brevelers Gauders. The depth
of the resources of Love, has never, nor
will ever refuse to the Loving heart
an Object for its Love, and sooner
or later, here or hereafter God has
is store for the immortal Heart
it mate. "nil desperandum"
But with true faith trust in God

I have written the foregoing. When thought I must
go to the post office, and met a neighbor
coming up with your letter. Writers on the
1st and 2^d instants, a letter to Sandy also
came by way of Menkato from Folsom.

Both of them mainly occupied with detail
of your doings with Jenny.

Your mail Mr. Curran is a Confidential
Scrap, enclosed in Sandys letter. Your Change
Conditions about Watertown, is Reference
to which, I speak in the other pages of this.

The whole thing is not worth your
consideration, scarcely. A man of Great
Brain power, has made more than
you feel in just the same way, and
because he himself was in that condition.
But now, his interest and inclination
both determine on one which on the
whole was seen to be best. I discard these
ideas intoto. How about what, and
how you are to do, as a matter of course
you can come home, if all else should
fail you, we can get or make Room
come now. But you would feel like a
fish out of water here, no company, nor
anything to make it out of, you should
pay a visit to Samuel Knott, in the
meantime. You know that my money
is about all done, and we have long
to wait before we get any more.

My Dear March you know I am a poor
man, and have done more than many
will permit, Let me know on Receipt
of this what you intend, if you think
you could stay here with us, you know
I would be happy to have you to home
and so would the boys, in the meantime
accept my Love to Care, & Christie

[Aug. 21, 1868]

[Aug. 21, 1868]

State of Minnesota }
County of Blue Earth } ss

Whereas

Complaint has been made to me by
Carl Runger that certain Beasts
have been doing damage on
his premises and asks for
Redress therefore I do appoint
Silas Kemworthy, John Jaff
and Chester Hallighan to
examine and appraise said
damage and you are
required to appear before
me and be sworn before
making such appraisal

Dated Rapidan Aug 21st 1868

W. G. Stevens

Justice of the
Peace

I do hereby Certify the above named
appraisers appeared before me and
were sworn and are duly authorized
to make such appraisal according
to law

given under my hand
this day Aug 21st 1860

W G Stevens

Justice of
the Peace

August 22nd 1869

Dear Brother [James Christie]

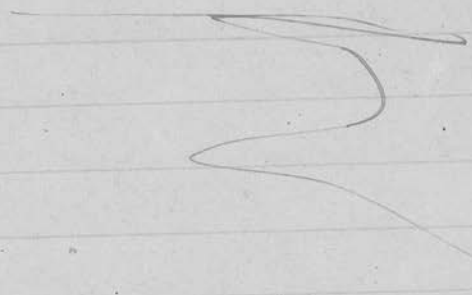
Sunday, Sleeves rolled
up, going out to cut oats
Stalks of Wheat, ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~field~~ ^{field}
Much Rain Sarah has been
sick! With fever Ellen is
Waiting on her Doctor says
she will be able to come
out here this ^{next} week!

We are all about the same
— Daniel Bartie Revenue
Office Beaver Dam Dodge
Co

if causal I got your letter
no more at present you should
write to David — as you say
forgive this scrawl as hand
move as Luther was with
the Church

Yours truly Wm. Christie

Bringing with you 3 Per
Day - Dined meaps to Cheap
you should have had 1 1/2 Per Day
~~that~~ Brindley is so High
Cutting at 1.8 is to Little



Glynnau auis
Sept 10th 1844

Mr. Thomas D. Christie
Beloit
Wisc

Helen Christie to TDC

for answer not required

Sept 4th 1868

Dear Tom

I send you my favourite hymn, with
compliments &c. I was reading it over for the hundredth
time I suppose when the impulse came to me to copy
it for you. It seems to me so simply sweet and true
and right, that I feel in sympathy with higher
old schoolmaster, who often used to open school
by singing that last verse. Bless the dear old
anion! We are all as usual, here and I have been
thinking that I ought to have said something to
you before you left. I scarcely know just
what, but amounting to something like this
that whomsoever you or I ^{may} quarrel with, or
whomsoever ^{may} quarrel with us - there can be
nothing of it between you and me. Ever since
^{have} I known you I have trusted you, and shall so continue
to do ~~now~~ always and in all circumstances. In
regard to this vacation nonsense, if I know right
from wrong I know that that whole party was
most miserably to blame. I saw it, and when
I began to believe my own senses I put a pretty
sudden end to it. Now what shall we say -
God weighs each of us in the balances, say

by day, and writes the result where it can be read if we have obeyed the command "Be still."

Who is to blame then if mistakes happen? Let us learn - learn - learn. Do you not remember that our Lord lays upon His disciples? That injunction (with its first and ^{its} second sentence) contains the whole philosophy of the universe.

Virtue - so called - which is without knowledge is not virtue but insensence - and insensence is not virtue any more than the flower is the fruit. Thinking of that sentence makes me think again of that which I know - namely that every word from the lips of our Saviour comes straight from the heart of God and reaches out into the infinite and eternal relations of all things.

All I wished to say my dear good cousin is this, be warned once for all, and never look for figs on grapes again. I told you truly then, that there are some natures who ripen in intellect and taste before the heart knows the things of the heart - It is pure ignorance which makes them blunder, unmitigated and terrible ignorance. This condition, when I find it, frightens me, but we must all wait God's good time. As for my blunder about yourself - I misunderstood Sarah as I was always misunderstanding her. It is this which makes me try to avoid her as much as I can for it was always so, and will be to the end. With you, thank heaven, it was always otherwise. And you need not doubt me entirely. There are many things I might explain to you - and though you do not think so now - yet you may believe my own consciousness when I say that in spirit of affection only. I know my only hope my only desire, first - last and forever, is that long-
yearning for Christ our Lord. Good by, and a safe voyage
and life's stormy sea. Yours in truth Helen Christy

Translation of a German Hymn

Leave God to order all thy ways
And trust in Him whatever betide
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Of all sufficient strength and guide
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move

What can these anxious cares avail
These never ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness

Only your restless heart keep still
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whatever His gracious will
His all discerning love hath sent -
No doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own

Not in the heat of pain and strife
I think God hath cast thee off no harder
Not that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest is of Him preferred
Time passes and much change doth bring
And sets a bound to everything

All are alike before His face
It is easy for our God most high
To make the ~~poor~~ rich man poor and bare
And give the poor man wealth and joy
Thine wonders still of Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught

He knows when prosperous days are best
He sends them as He sees it meet
When thou hast borne thy fiery test
And now art freed from all distress
He comes to thee all unawares
And makes thee own His loving care

Sing, pray, and survive not from His ways
But do thine own part faithfully
Trust His rich promises of grace
So shall it be fulfilled in thee
God never get farsook at need
The soul that trusted Him is dead,
Steuernmark.

The last line of the first verse, has, in the
German - if I remember Sir Siegle correctly -
the negative expression of the idea that
He built ~~not~~ his house on sand
Copy this out plainly put it among your
old papers, and someday it will turn up
sweet and fresh to strengthen and
comfort you. That is my experience
Thine well, my good cousin. Peace and
goodwill always betwixt - the old and me!
Olympe Sept 7th 1888 Helen A Christie

H. A. Christie

it all right to be among them. ^{But} if it is
not, it is just all wrong in every way. I'll
5 I wish the summer vacation was come
so that she could go up and be gone to
see the folks in Maine. Perhaps I might
go too and wouldn't it be jolly. Only
to see them all again! We get letters
from your father, and they always give
me so much comfort. It is strange how
soon and I agree so entirely about
things, now, I wonder at it. As for
Sarah, she is much more in my mind
than she ever used to be, partly I think
because of her cordial recommendation
to me
to follow my inclination this winter
and when when I did not, to tell
me she was as glad I didn't! It was
as like a woman! It just pains me
every time I think of it. I laugh at
it over and over, and Sarah has not
yet said a word. Well she always has

That of course - but I mean my sympathy
and cordial interest - in her affairs. I
must let her know I spoke of her, because
she would be afraid I ought to mind my
own affairs, but her being here among
these people makes me feel sad. I
know better than you do, she had lived
the terrible pain of inward heart-ache
she will have when the final moment
comes, ^{she has to} and enter another world of a life.
For surely she cannot always be
amusing others? Oh dear good woman, you
do not know ^{for what it} the temptations of the
heart are, as women do. You'll laugh at
this again as you did when I told you
women must lean on someone. But all
those things are true, ^{nevertheless.} I wouldn't you
just even now, although Sarah would
deny it to you to me, even to herself
that she is leaning on some one of them
there. Please not now, why is she
not somewhere about if there is any
leaning, there need not be any parting?
I am getting angry you see. After
all I can help it. I do not

any one of the time, except something
 turns up, as Sarah has enough
 determination to take herself out of
 the queer position, when she time
 comes. But here is the trouble; she is
 becoming used to this kind of ^{inferior} company
 so much that she will keep herself
 out of the other kind, I mean
 American, or at least with a focus to a
 disadvantage, when there is no need
 of it, and will not come out in her
 own proper character, and take her
 own proper position as she should
 and could! And you will see, no good
 but rather evil will come of it! I am
 always bound to torment you with
 about myself as usual. It is because
 I have been so nearly overcome by
 what I am in trouble about Sarah
 & myself. I am "angry again"
 with many owing thanks to you for
 your steady common sense kindness

to me - He cheery - some I am bound
for mischief! I'll not tell you if
you'll be sure to prevent it, with your
old time blue "Keritomaat" notions!
Good luck to you my dear cousin! When
you are my friend. The palm is very
graceful and beautiful in the wrong
hands - but the "Palm tree" is growing
in the heart of my soul, and I cannot
prefer it, and let the palm trees go.
It is well when people know in time
their own inward necessities.

We have our Sunday school papers, being
copies for six months, and really
we seem to enjoy ourselves very much.

How anxiously shall we welcome Mr.
Carter back again among us!

I hope you are all well. There are
very kindest respects to Mr. Morgan, I
hope he is having a good time. Learning
to sing with you and Mr. Smith
& somehow feel provoked at having heard
of father's life with you at all when he was
here - that I did not write to you, but I
am sorry, it is well that ends well. I am in
the best of health.

[Although the letter is dated
Plainey Sept. 11, 1888, the
correct date must be Sept. 11,
1868.]

Reboit-College.
Sept. 11th 1888.

My dear father [James Christie]

I have not written
to you, or indeed to any one else
for a long time, but find my
Conscience so reproachful when
I think of you that I must drop
you a note, if I have to pinch an
hour from my sleep tonight for the
purpose. For I never was so busy
before as now. Listen: Trigonometry,
Greek, & Anglo Saxon for regular
studies. Trigonometry pretty easy,
but the other two taking much time.
The Greek is Xenophon's defense of
his master Socrates; - the Memorabilia - the most interesting of Classics.
I never read it - but I think of how
Sandy would admire & love the
Character of Socrates as depicted by
the loving hand of his great pupil.
In connection we take the history of
Greek Philosophy - How wonderfully

moral & spiritual ideas were developed in the Greek mind as well as in the Jewish. For I will have great talks over these things next Summer.

The Anglo Saxon is more interesting than attractive, for there is a great deal of hard work in our first trial of it - but I look for a better knowledge of English from it - & insight into principles of English growth. These then are my regular Sophomore studies.

Besides them I teach three classes in Latin, which takes three & a half hours out of my day. They seem to think at Headquarters that no one can start fellows in Latin but myself. I had a class last term & put into practice some new ideas of my own in teaching, & at examination Prof. Porter was in to see the class examined. The results delighted him, & the consequence was that when I made application for the same class this term I was met

with a request to take two classes, one of beginners - 16 in it - & my old class of last term. Then there came some ambitious fellows who wanted to go faster than the ordinary classes & Mr. Fisk brought them to me; so that I have three recitations to conduct per day. One of these go ahead fellows is a son of Col. Heg of the 15th Wis, killed at Chickamauga, another a young English machinist who has left his trade to take a College course & is to enter next year as I did. Was in the 22nd Wis through the war, down to the Sea inclusive. A very interesting scholar, & freethinker withal, but is modifying his opinions materially as he sees the real beauties of Christianity.

So you see, my dear father, that I am regularly into harness again. The vacation with its poetry & its nonsense of all kinds seems like a far away dream. This action, action is glorious. How I love teaching. I believe I was cut out for it; I feel myself blessed in it, & in

all my labor. My health was never better. I board in the Club & so save time. My classes are bringing in three dollars a week - about forty dollars this term. I made only about forty dollars in vacation - it was so much broken up - but shall get through the year without difficulty.

The professors will not hear of my going away to teach this winter. Indeed if I went I should lose both Chemistry & Rhetoric, which both come next term, & are the most important studies of the year.

Prof. Porter told me that I need not trouble or fret as to means; he himself would see that I had enough.

Then again I feel that I cannot leave my Sabbath School this winter for any consideration - There is to be a church built up there this coming season.

The revival in the neighborhood has already begun - the blessed fruits for which we have been sowing all the past year. Last Sunday we had 130 to Sabbath School, & after the service held a prayer meeting in which there were six conversions. It was the most wonderful meeting ever attended. The doors were open

and just-outside groups of farmers were standing talking of the crops & the weather; teams were driving by, & people were coming in continually, & still in the midst of this confusion we held the blessed meeting. It was very quiet too; no demonstrations but the weeping of sinners touched with a new sense of their need of Christ; and standing up, one by one, to testify their determination to seek and accept Him. Oh how happy I felt! I would not have changed places with a king.

And this is, we trust, only the beginning of better things that are to make that neighborhood all new in holiness.

How liberally God gives.

Willie is with me, studying Latin, Chemistry & Algebra: Will take nothing but a special course as yet. Is doing quite well, & is learning to love college somewhat as I do & as Sandy would were he here.

He told us quite unexpectedly the other day, that he has been thinking much of religious matters lately, and of his resolutions to seek the Truth honestly. I trust he will be led to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

We often talk of Sandy & Dave & the old times.

I look for S. here next year without fail. Hope to give him a lift through the whole Classical preparatory in one year, which I feel confident of doing. I am gaining great experience & aptitude in teaching, & S. shall have the benefit of it.

Tell him that Krebs has not come yet but will in a day or two. Spalding is here in the Sen. Prep. Class, Isseston of 1st Cong. Church & getting on well. Bedford & Dewey are Freshmen, with Chandler, Lillow, Cheney, ^{gone} & all my old Greek Classmates. Tyndall was here last year but is now gone with his brother to Ann Arbor. James has left our class & gone to Chicago, & Wilder, O. S. Smith (not my Smith) & Goulds are to leave next year. These college items will

perhaps interest Sandy. The Memorial Building is almost finished & is a fine addition to the grounds.

They are putting up a new dormitory also near the Burrall House.

We have two new professors this year, - both good men.

Sarah is teaching the East-School for a month. I hear from her often. I hope you keep up a close correspondence. Our lives are barren without the giving & talking of this precious sympathy.

She is learning new things in her spiritual life; is really trying more than ever to live a new life. You must help her.

I wish I had time to write more both to you & her, but you must accept my situation as I accept it, & rejoice, as I rejoice, that though you may not hear often or very fully from me, still I am doing some good and getting a great deal. But it is near midnight, & I must close.

I grudge sending this without
filling up the sheet.

Let us live in hope. I have
not seen my Louisa since coming
back as she is in Sauk Co on
a visit. I am to get her picture
to send to you when she returns; she
is to attend school in town this
winter. Her family are fine
Christian people; treat me as
a son almost. Don't get jealous
my dear father; you know I
love you the best after all.

If I can only be worthy of you in
doing my life work I shall be sat-
isfied. But send me a word of
cheer & encouragement once in a
while. Somehow you are very chang-
ing these of late. I trust you are
still in sympathy with the highest
purposes of my life.

Give my best love to dear Mother
and Sandy & Dave, and remember
me as I do you, all on my knees
night & morning.

Yours in Truth & Love, Thomas.

Willie is doing well
from Army Institute of the Pacific.
Mrs. Mendenhall & family
& all kind friends
Mike Owen & tell
me of your progress.
My regards to

Deloit College.

Sept. 12th, 1868.

My dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

It is ten O'clock Saturday
night, and I steal a few minutes to have a
chat with you. I am very busy; have been so
this week especially. My studies are Trig-
onometry, Greek, (the Memorabilia of Socrates,)
and Anglo Saxon. Besides these, I hear
three classes in Latin per day, taking more
than three and a half hours from my day.

I taught a Latin Class last term, and
put into practice some of my own ideas of
teaching. Prof. Porter was present at their
Examination, and was so well pleased
that when I applied for the same class
this term I was met with a request to
take two classes - one of beginners, 16 in
it; & the other my old one. Then
besides these Mr. Fick has brought me 3
go ahead fellows who wish to make up
in Latin, & I am pushing them through.
One of them is the son of Col. Heg of the

15th Mr. Killel at Chickamauga, & another is a young English & machinist who has left his trade, having saved enough to put him through college. He is a wonderful fellow to learn. Recited today the whole five declensions, learned since yesterday. Has studied much by himself in the evening after his day's work was over. Has mastered the Mathematics as far as Calculus. Is to enter next year if possible. I have some other very bright scholars in my regular classes, and take a pleasure in teaching that is very sweet. I love my class room & my scholars, and feel sure that my love is returned by all of them. I think I was cut out for a teacher - it is such a pleasant work. But it takes up time so that I am pretty hard driven to keep up my regular studies. Every moment must be economized, and every stray thought called in when I sit down to my books.

But the professors will not hear of my going out to teach this winter; If I should I would lose both Chemistry & Rhetoric, which are the most important

studies of the year. Prof. Porter told me that I need not fret about means for that he himself would see that I had enough. My teaching will bring in about forty dollars this term, so that I will have no difficulty in working through, & since if I want I would lose those most important studies I have made up my mind to stay in College & trust to God for the opening up of my way before me.

The thing that most strongly calls for my presence here is my Sabbath School. There are great things to be seen in that neighborhood this winter. The revival has begun. In a prayer meeting which we held last Sunday after school (there were 20 present at school.) six of the scholars, four being grown up young women, took a stand for Christ, and expressed a determination to live for Him.

Oh that was a wonderful, a precious hour. I never was so happy in my life. What a season of prayer & of sweet communion we had together.

I want you to pray especially for our Sabbath School. Isn't such a blessing encouraging after the year of seed sowing & prayer? How humble I want to be in view of it. We look for a good meeting there tomorrow night when we shall hold another prayer meeting.

Have you heard from father lately? I wrote him last night; send on any thing you may receive.

I trust, my dear sister that you are still growing in spiritual life. Let us long and pray for nothing so much as more holiness; more of the very spirit of Christ. Oh if we could get very near to Him, and live in the consciousness of His presence in our hearts, how much more of sweet rest & peace we should enjoy, & how much more of power we should have to work for Christ. I have been taught my own weakness against temptation, & I trust have been strengthened by the knowledge. I want to live better, purer, holier, and to be more of a blessing to my fellows than ever before.

But it is after 11 & I must close

Rebit College.
Mon. Eve, Sept. 14, 1868

My dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

Took two letters
from the box tonight: one from Mrs. Greeley
& the other from you with enclosure.

I took the money at once & paid up
the balance on my clothing bill.
I am glad you sent it - it put me
out of debt. When I get my other unit-
cences, about middle of term, I can
pay you. All as usual here - that
is, busy as beavers. At prayer meeting
held yesterday evening in our Manches-
ter Schoolhouse six more dear souls were
led to take upon them the new life, so
that there are now twelve young converts
in the neighborhood. We hope to see the
family altars going up in many
a house there before long.

We have heard nothing
yet from our Greek Prizes.

Four of us - Smith, Morgan, Henry
Simmons, & I, have formed a little

Just for the study of the Bible.

We meet on Friday evenings. It was a project I thought of during vacation. Next Friday Prof. Emerson has invited us over to his study to talk with us on the 1st Chap. Genesis. I trust you are finding new beauties & new consolations from the Scriptures every day. They are a mine of all things necessary to our peace & happiness.

I would like to write a long letter but it is past bed time & I only send this note that you may know of the safe arrival of your letter. Wrote a long letter to father on Saturday.

Send me anything that come from him. My regards to Mrs. Dempsey & family & Uncle Tom's folks, Aunt Jessie, & Uncle Williams.

My love to you as ever

Thos. D. Christie.

Beloit College.
Sept. 28. 1868

My dear father: [James Christie]

I have not much to

tell you except of continued labor, & I trust
some progress in all ways, and that I
love all of you with the old love yet.

In the midst of my bustle and activity I
often turn a thought and a prayer toward
you my dear father, to ask God to bring
you altogether to the truth in Christ.

I long for Christian fellowship with you
and with my brethren: you are dearer to
me than my own life, and yet we can
never be one till we are so in the highest.

My mind and purpose are made up that
nothing shall stand between me and the
highest and truest devotion to God's truth.

The world & all it contains may go its own
way. - these ~~the~~ truths of the Gospel I will
take, as Eternal, everliving, as God himself

Jesus Christ is worth more to me than all else. Now what can I do, father? Shall I come down from a spiritual consecration into the mazes of a barren intellectual speculation? would you have me do that? I know you would not. I know that in your heart you feel that I am right in my belief.

And still we are not at one: and it is the great agony of my life to think of you & of my brothers. For the more I feel the blessedness of this new spiritual life the more I know in my consciousness that without it all men are dead. Oh it is so terrible to think of: dead, without the forgiveness of sin, without this precious love of Jesus, this Abba Father in our hearts, this sweet fellowship of the Spirit, this communion of saints. And instead of this sweet grace, this new life, what are we taking by deliberate choice.

We are choosing to carry our own wretched burden, cherish our pride, maintain the rebellious of our hearts against Almighty love and mercy, and feed on the husk of a mere intellectuality.

I beseech you to turn to Christ, to pray for guidance and help, to consecrate the small remainder of your days to His service.

Every thing calls you to this consecration; I pray my Father daily that you may no longer slight the mercy there is in the wondrous love of Christ. But I will forbear, for I feel only too deeply how powerless are all my words to change the heart: and though now as I write I could, weep my eyes out for earnestness, yet I realize my weakness in trying to set before you the necessity for your turning altogether to the Lamb of God. But I can pray, and I will continue to pray till God answers me in the full communion of all whom I love.

Why don't you write to me, father? I got a little, short letter a while ago, but it was not like your old letters that made me think as I do now, that there is no correspondent like my father. I want long letters, from a father to his son, - not from one philosopher to another. And do leave out your mysticism,

There is enough of the practical, - enough of
sin in ourselves & the world around, enough
of glory in our personal relations to God and
our fellows, without troubling ourselves with
that which the disembodied spirit alone
can rightly appreciate. I heard women in
Watertown preaching mysticism and spirit-
ualism to me, while all the time their hollow
eyes of pain told plainer than words of the
hungry, starving soul within, which all their
rhapsodies could not feed. And I pitied them
from my heart for I knew they were miserable.
I hate the miserable philosophy, as they call
it, that takes away Christ from needy souls
and gives them an abstraction.

Our work in the Manchester
Sunday School still goes on. In a prayer
meeting we had last night there, three more
were converted, and the interest is so strong
that we are to have another on Thursday
night. One young convert said, with the
tears streaming down her cheeks, "I am not
ashamed to witness for Jesus. I feel that I do
love Him, and that He loves me and that
all my sins are forgiven for His sake."

Use the Divine Word and all the means of
grace in your march to keep alive the divine
life, which is fed from above & nourished within.
My love to dear mother & the boys. Affectionately & lovingly
yours,
And now do not let the boys get too material
in their struggle with the material.
You must remember if we are spared.
a great consideration. I look forward to you.
I want to live for Him, and tell everybody to
come to Jesus. Another said - "Pray for me, &
for my dear mother," and my father, that he
may become a Christian, and that we may
become a Christian family." The mother
was there, and was so much touched by this
tender appeal of her child that she arose
and gave her determination to lead a
Christian life. Oh it was a blessed season,
for the good spirit of God was there to melt
all hearts to penitence and faith. I have
never seen any converts who seem to have
made such a complete surrender to Christ
as some of these country people have. There
is no uncertain sound in their testimony.
I saw three of the young ladies walking home
hand in hand after the meeting, and
talking of their new experiences of the
love of God, and I almost envied them

the freshness of the new life to their spir-
itual nature.

We still labor in
humility and faith, that there may be
there a work that shall transform the
neighborhood. It is glorious to feel that
one's life is not altogether in vain while
he can labor in such a cause. I am
taking ~~the~~ greater pleasure than ever in
my studies this term, and in my teaching,
but they are all nothing to the joy I feel
at seeing souls born into the Kingdom
of God. For it is for eternity. It is eternal
life. "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable
gift." I have sent for Lange on Genesis,
as there is a little club of us studying that
now, and I have thought that if I like it
as I hope to I will send you the same.

There are some splendid things in Lange
& which would give you light I think.

Nothing from Sarah for two weeks.
I trust she is doing well in all ways, but I do
not like her being so much with those who will
be no help to her in the better life. I write regularly
to her, and hope you do the same.
Tell Sandy that I am saving every book in the
course so that he will not need to spend anything
for text books. I will have everything, & that is

Sept^r 26, 1868
Clyman
Wiss

Dear Brother

I take up the Pen to try and ^{a few} write
lines to you, you must excuse me
for not writing to you sooner for you
know I am not very good at doing
the thing and besides I have not
been in Condition to do so, a little
and a little trouble makes one like
me incompetent, not being in the
Habit of writing often, I received Both
of your letters and were glad to see you
getting along so well all things consid-
-ered in your last you mention David
having got his foot cut which is a Bad
job But from what you say I hope he
will soon get over it, ^{with} Come, I think
Sandy could have Beat him at jump^{ing}
But he will have to look out for that
Crutch if he Offends him, Sarah
is doing well and Looking well at Present
and I hope you have got By this time
all the letters that Both her and Thomas
have wrote you telling you all about them

Mother is again about the same as when
you left. God Bless her, ^{her} Descending
Gravel is not very Rapid, But a little
trouble makes her stagger on her way
But then she steadys a little and comes
Back to her ^{old} ^{again} Pace Helen has been pretty
sick since they went away she was
beginning to give out before they left
their was too much excitement for her
I went in for Corly to see her and
brought her out yesterday he treats
her for Consumption no Medicine
a little Wine and Blood making food
she may live along for a while But
^{not} many years and I think Jennie has
got the same for she had every
morning to Cough and spit a little
before she felt Well. But those games
she was such a pretty little dear Ours
it would almost ^{be} a sin to think she
could be sick But games it is those
I have no doubt she sends us word
that she is going to get married and

going off to Cuba in November
which I think will either develop
it or perhaps cure it, I think it ^{will} change
her some how, I would have hope for
the better — and so the World goes
games just with us on without us —
I have had a very good crop on my
place this year some of my Neighbors
opened their Eys a little when they
knew I had 1017 B of Wheat and
566 of Oats they gave 62 B to the
Acre, Wheat 22 1/2 good Grain at that
my Corn all but good also Potatoes
not so good But enough I expect
I have a Mann 3 months on the
first of Sept^r and have got the
1/2 of my land Planted when at then
People are just beginning. Stanton
had 11,57 Bushell Wheat. Ream 600 and
little over, I don't know how much
we have have had a good deal more Rain
this fall than last —
Wheat yesterday in town Was 130 & 40 for
the Best

I have sold 128. B. at 150 & 145
if I could hold on till next year
it might be a little better then
I would have more time to hold it
in

I went in and bought that Book
12 Dollars and I think it is worth the
Money paid for it, got up a little Club
and sent Cass for the Tea which
I will Express to Mankato, with
a letter to Maple River P.O. letting
you know all about I think in a
few days ^{say six} ^{x on the 10th}

Ramsays Note 48 is Due Next Month
Wattenhous 30 for Sheep on December

But I can let you have it when
Ramsay Pays and Thomas Reid

has got ~~26~~ 36 of quivers for the Cam
if he was to give it me I could
send it all up together. nam

James ^{Hopkins} ~~Hopkins~~ to strike I'll
will more living it that is to say
hoping will never know that it is their

your my Best to all and I wonder
when again I will Eat a Bit of Perceys
Johnny Cake — we will see By & By
yours Wm. Another Wm Christie

take as it is without excuse

Remember I will look for an answer
by Thursday night. Yours & Aimee

Lowell Wisconsin

September 28th 1868

Dear Cousin Sarah [Christie]

I thought I would
write you a few lines in order to hear from you.
I had a letter from Will & Mary last week.
Will said Mary would be down the first
of next month. I wrote & told them about
my coming down going out there if they
really wished me to come & they both say
yes, with all their hearts. So I am going
back with Mary. I asked Uncle Hove
about & he said it was all right. That
I could go. Aunt Matilda was in the
Kitchen & heard me. She said if I went
I could go for always. I made her no
reply, neither did Uncle Hove. He has
told me a great many times that I
would always have a home with
him as long as wished to remain with

him, so Matilda can make up her mind to that effect.

I have just finished washing & thought I would write to let you know about Mary's coming. I wrote to Maggie yesterday & would have written to you but did not have any time. I also wrote an answer to Will's letter to let them know for certain I was going back with Mary.

I have just eaten my dinner & hasten to finish this so as to send it out today. I have got considerable sewing to do for myself before going to Minn which will keep me busy. I came home from hop picking one week ago last Saturday, was gone just four weeks and earned \$13.25 cts. did not do as well as I expected on account of poor hops. nevertheless, I done as well as the rest of the girls. Ella Reese came up the week before we started & went with us.

She has gone on the Prairie this week

I dont know how long she will stay there. neither do I know how long before she will go back to Illinois. I should not be surprised if she staid all winter if I go off. but keep perfectly mum. I have just been down stairs & washed the dishes. Rosine is going to make some cookies. Aunt Matilda has been sick ever since we went to Hysona I think I know what the matter is. She has not been unwell in over two months. You will probably understand. I think it pretty risky buisness for her to try again. Lib Bayer says she will kill herself if she tries to get rid of another one. (So goes the world) well it will have to close I will be down when Mary comes. now I will expect an answer by Thursday night. dont disappoint me & excuse this hastily written letter. Give my love to Mother & all the Children & to Agnes Libb tell her I am coming to her house on visiting next time I go down to Hyman And now good Bye for the Present I remain
your loving Cousin Jessie