



James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Saratoga Winona County

Oct 6th 1868

Dear Father [James Christy]

We are both very anxious to know, why you have ceased writing to us, are you all enjoying your usual degree of Health, and are too busy to write as far as we are all well, and can do away with our regular rations, every day, with great pleasure to ourselves, and thanks to the Giver, of them that we are able to do so, I have been so busy one way and another, that I have not had time to write to any of you, the fact of the matter is between haying up, threshing, haying and hauling of wheat to market and plowing, when I could that on sundays, I have been too tired to write, wheat is low, and it takes a great deal of it to go but a little, way, James Blair and his wife has parted and Blair has or is going out west to Beaver Creek, beyond Fort Dodge, he has paid me the balance of that note, except six & a half dollars, for which I have a new note, I never expect to get it, S. S. Snyder of St Charles, collected it for me, and I know it was the best he could do for me, I have paid the money I borrowed last spring to pay my interest, with five dollars for the use of it, in fact I had within a few cents, of a hundred dollars on my land, interest and all, within the past six months, leaving me \$540. in get to the state.

my breaking cost me for an old plow and fixings
repairs done to the same, and cattle hire, \$30, incl
saying me about sixty more, I would have to have
paid, if I had hired it before.
\$36 dollars, interest included. I have paid for my trees
my threshing bill and my reaping bill, both amounted
to \$85.00 and my put is not clear yet, but I write I
able to swing out. so that I can swing in again, but
not so much as last year for we have got a start
in the way of raising our own pork, having two good
shoats, one of them a sow, from which there will
be a litter of pigs next March or April. If all
goes well, we are going to have a lot of nice beans, from
the small patch we planted, our potatoes are good,
what we have of them. They are not dug yet, my plow
is not as far forward as it ought to be, neither is my
patch of corn broken, in fact it is alone where there is
only one, and so many things to do at once. The reason
I have time to write now is because it rains, so there is
no excuse to be out doors, and the Boss, is asleep
taking his nap, he has quite writing to Grampa, and
drives the cattle, and hobbles plow, all the time, or is
going to St Charles, with last driving and great
steering of the whip. he has also been helping me trap
hickory gophers, and doats, and keeps doing all and
everything, he sees done, and more to.

The hammer is in great request, at times, and then
there is some very good driving of nails done, if he can
get them, he has been very anxious to see uncle Dave

within the last few days, and as for singing he does a
deal of it. Sometimes he is up stairs and sometimes in the
cellar, he is going to feed Calby make a great fathum
road so from morning to night he is busy, as can be, at
night he sleeps well as a general thing, and is very strong
and large of his age.

As for Hasselgrane he is doing very well
I believe, and has got a new spanning mill. I have not
used it yet, as I have had the use of another one
he had one hundred and fifty bushel of barley ^{near} ~~some~~ ^{there}
hundred of oats, and five ^{thirteen} of wheat, all over the
forty acres he has besides a patch of corn.

Now write and let us know what is
going on among you, Love to all, and believe us
ever yours
Living son & daughter
Wm & Mary,

P.S. What ^{is} ~~are~~ Tom & Sarah doing

Can't you come
and see us,
do,

Rapids. Oct. 7th 1868.

My Dear Sister;

Tomorrow is the day on which the mail goes east from our post office, it is now late in the evening and I recollect that the music which I promised is not copied. Perhaps I may succeed in roughly copying one song yet; if I do I will inclose it. You may think it odd that I should take this turn, but I'm growing passionately fond of these sweet little gems of song that so often lie undisturbed and unowned in old books, instead of filling our fast-flying days with sweet melody, and I know that you agree with me. I have cast aside all laginess in the matter, and when I come across a song I sit right down and dig out the tune, and if it is worth anything I preserve it in some form. If I send you one in this it (and I begin to feel very much like sitting up and copying it) it will be "The Melodist of many lands," by C. W. Glover, which I esteem very much, not only for the sweetness of the tune, but also for the sentiment conveyed in the words. Of course, like every other piece, it requires to be sung in exact time and with taste. (I am beginning to understand what that word means in music). I intend to help Dare to master the rudimentary principles of music this coming winter. He wants me to, and he possesses a real good voice for either Bass or Soprano. When you and Tom comes up we will have a regular tripart. harmon.

We are all in good health. Dave is going around again, has
just been laid up three weeks with his foot. Most of the Corn is to
hush, ploughing to do. Do. Have dug the potatoes - 43 bushels of
Excellent quality. The County Fair was a poor affair. Wheat is
selling at 80. to 90 cents in Mandato. The Minnesota Valley R.R.
from St. Paul is running to Mandato now, so you see we have the
Engine within hearing again, - and it's glorious.

Had snow on the 14th left, then Indian Summer, and today it has
"melted and blown" all day long. Still we expect fine weather
yet. No ploughing or Consequence has been done in the Coun-
ty and not a deal of thrashing. Amos is not thrashed. He
and Willie are both in health, and what is of importance also, ~~Amos~~ ^{Willie}
is in receipt of more letters than any other man in the Township
I believe. He has no cause to complain in that line.

Our Tom has taken too much work on to his hands, I know. We
seldom hear from him. I have made up my mind to go to
the "Cornell University" at Ithaca N. Y. as soon as I can
have this. I have read eighteen chapters of Caesar, gone
through the Geometry again and done considerable in Al-
gebra during the evenings. You must keep up your courage
even if things are adverse to your plans. Stick to your pur-
pose of studying medicine, and don't forget your Latin.
I hate the idea of your teaching school another season and hope
that you may not undertake it - while your health remains poor.

Rather come up here and share our little privations. They are
nothing compared to loss of health. Give my respects to Mrs. Glen-
camp and the family and love to Grandmother's Aid and Bertie.
Am very sorry to hear that Grandfather is getting so blind.
We hear very seldom from Miller and Mary. At last acct. they
were in health, ~~and well~~ He had \$62 of wheat - if my memory is correct.
It is getting late, so Good Bye, and have patience while I try
to copy my first piece of music. Yours
Alexander -

Rapidan October 8th 1868

My Dear Daughter. [Saul Christe]

That promised

letter of yours has not reached me yet.

I trust you are well, and if so do try not
let me know a little more of your life
and doings. I would have written much
sooner to you had it not been that
I pinned my hands with Leine in building
a Chimney, partly through ignorance and
partly carelessness. We are doing what we
can to get our little home in a state

to live in, in some way for the winter,
this morning snow on the ground and a
very hard frost. But we trust to have
some good open weather after this yet.

We have not got our Corn Wrecked yet
and it is mainly uncut, no ploughing
done here yet, and but little threshing.

But I presume you do not care to
hear much of these things,
and there is little else to tell you of, a great many

your neighbors I have never yet spoken
to nor seen even. Social and Personal
relations with this Community are therefore
very few, I attend preaching, where there
is any in the School House, and Sunday
School. We are strangers in a strange land
and the people generally act as if they also
were. Shortly after I came I tried to speak
to my nearest neighbor about his the
whereabouts of his Cows, which he was looking
for. He stored me with Open. Ejaculations in
little dutch, which was too much for me
and I have not attempted anything of
the kind since, in short we are pretty
much alone, and are our own Society. I
about as much so as if the land is an
island of the Pacific. But it need not
be so. If my habits were a little more
social. I could find company outside
no doubt. Please tell me a little more
fully in your next letter what are your
plans and programme for the immediate
future, are you able to teach School
this winter? do you intend taking

our ^{old} School? or would you not like
better to teach in Uncle Williams district
and live with him. If you thought you
could get that school. That would
be the best I think.

I wrote up a letter to Saml West
to say if you had been there. because I
received a Newspaper from there as if you
had written the editors. I received from
him an answer very kindly, and very
complimentary to his reference to you and
Lous. Many said you had written
me a letter, and I shortly received your
little note of the 31st August in pencil.
I have received nothing since from you

Please to remind Uncle Williams
of my Request to send me up the Lex
and Dictionary, and let him address
his letter to me at Maple River P. O.
If I have sometime over I hope to write
to you and all of my people often and
more in full. David's wound is healed
up, after just 3 weeks. and his forced
idleness, has held us back a great deal

Mother has a bad Cold. I am about
as usual. We begin to feel that
what we are getting poor. I can easily
count all our dollars now, and we
have much to provide for, which must
remain unpaid for. But we hope
to see it otherwise in a couple of years
and must get through it as we can.

But after all what is the
Cause of your Silence? or have your
letters been lost?

Excuse me my Dear

Sarah, for writing to you and at the
same time saying nothing. I felt that
I must write to you, and am so
engrossed with so many things to do
and apparently the winter informs us
that I actually have not time either
to write or think. Yet indeed I think
enough, in the long sleepless hours in
the night I think of you all. Absent
and present. Yet no matter, you know
I Love you, and that ought to cover
a thousand faults. When you write
to Tom Remind us to him.

In Love and Care. Your Mother. H. M. M.

Chyran, Wisconsin.

Wednesday Eve Oct 14th 1880

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

I rec'd yours a Sunday of the 11th but last night, and was to answer several days ago. I got a letter each from Sandy and Dave, which I will answer soon. But I post all my mail now in Watertown, as I cannot stand this office longer. I have hired my old box in the Watertown office, and when any of you write to me, be sure to address me there, as I want nothing in the shape of mail to come to me at Chyran. I will be at Mrs Dempsey's all winter, and there is some of them here to go every week generally. So I can send for my letters by them. Address Box 381, Watertown, Wis.

The penciled note you speak of having rec'd was the first of five which I have sent and rec'd in answer. I have written five very long ones to you among the rest: and I will feel dreadfully vexed, if you never get them. For I told so many things, and said so many things concerning myself, and also Tom and Jennie, that I wouldn't like to

think that anyone else should read them. Two pages I me-
to the letters I sent you written on the top of one of the Afflict
Coffin embracing the cover. but it cannot be possible that
they are lost. If you do not get them, I will go over the
collection in part of one of them. I am very glad to hear
that "Lover" just is better. It brought the tears to my eye
when I thought of it. Now I am going "round" with confidence.
It let me see too how much, how very much we, as a
family have to thank God for. I thought of it all day
the day that I was 24 years old. I felt so thankful that
day as I looked back to the past and thought of everything of
all the goodness of God, of his great mercies towards me that I
fully resolved never to murmur at whatever was coming to me
in the future, but to be perfectly submissive, feeling that ~~nothing~~
is for my best good. I have done with "gossiping" as I have
or of thinking about what is in the future for me - but will
talk all as it comes, as being the very best that could be.
Your dear father, have tried to teach that to me all along, but
the time had not come when I could understand it. but I have
been brought to it gradually, and through some very bitter things
experiences. - Now I can see now that our good Heavenly Father
does and does what is the very best for me all.

You know I taught the last month of John's poor school, and
cannot get it by so doing. he said he did not feel well enough
to guide it and thought that to go help-guiding would be good

for his health. I bargained with Mrs. Compton, as she wished me
to, and now come school-visitings I am bound to teach the winter
term, 6 months, at P. B. for one month. There were 6 votes
against female teacher at school-visitings and I got it. so I
got the school by the chairman's vote, and he was P. Chapman
but there were two of the vote against me which could have
been thrown out of necessity. I have to thank Mrs. Darling
mainly for getting the school, also Chapman and Frank Dwyer.
I did not say a word about wanting it to anyone.

My health improved miraculously from the first day I came to
Mrs. Compton's. I would have died if vacation had lasted
about a month longer. - When my month school closed
I went back to Wardsboro and stayed a week, and on the
day your letter came written (Feb. 11th) I came back to
Mrs. Compton's where I am now, and where I am to stay all

winter. I do not know how to be grateful enough to her for
all she has done for me, real motherly kindness and kindness -
she has repeatedly told me to make a promise with her, till
I go home to you, that to be in the house just as soon as I
she says she would not let me stay all winter just for the sake of
my company, and would not change me, anything you think only
that she does the same. I would not feel like staying under
such conditions. So she says she will charge but \$1. per week
she would not take a cent for my month's work. She was
quite ready when I tried to make her leave it. - I feel that I
must do something for her, so I came back before school
commenced so that I might do some knitting and sewing
for her. - Uncle Wm was extremely kind to me while I was
there, and I feel grateful to him for it and also him as. Helen has
been such some vacation here, and Mary Anne has been
sick also and leaving Chapman. William left school last
week and commenced his school yesterday. he is now in
the village of Darnest, 4 or 5 years month for 3 years month, and
he has an assistant. I hear from him about once a week
as well as his hands and feet well & more as usual.

Constance Minnie arrived home safely. has written back that she has got engaged to be married since going home to Mr. Charles Fox an American, and Julia finds I fear he is 40 years of age. But then he is wealthy. They are to be married soon and will spend the winter in Cuba.

Robert Spring is to teach this winter in Iron Bridge gets \$50 per month. I can think of no more news at present. I'll let you alone Mary. She and Willie have written that she is coming down on a visit this fall. Constance Jennie is going back with her to stay altogether. Jennie couldn't get along up there any longer it seems, and on Sunday of this week she had Uncle Dave bring herself and trunk down to her mother, where she is to stay till she goes back up to Minn. I advised her a short long ago in the summer and now I am glad she is to go. She makes me her confidant and I know it will be better for her to go to Minnesota. She is in excellent health now and she is very handsome. I really don't know when I saw a prettier girl, unless it be Jennie, and she rivaled even her I think. Jennie is good too. In some ways she is a better girl than Jennie, there is one thing certain I know Jennie wouldn't carry a flirtation quite as far as Jennie would. That is the only fault I could see in Jennie. But it is a big one. Sometimes when I think of everything I can hardly forgive her. But it was all right after all. At length from a letter from Susan I have written some to me one of your good long letters. Tell her that her Melrose of many lands is beautiful. the words that is. for I know nothing of the house yet. Give our love to all. and do not forget to address me at Watkinson. I hope you have not some of my letters by this time. Love
Brook-

Clymer Dodge Co Ws/68

Dear Brother [James Christie]

I send you a few
Lines through Louell to
let you know that I have
sent you, through Clymer
By Express $\$6\frac{1}{2}$ and also
a Box with Webster and Tea
 $10\frac{3}{4}$ lbs and also a letter all
to Alexander so send me
Word when you get them
he could drop a Note in
Post Office while there and
save a great deal of trouble
to me

The Receipts I got from Cotton
is dated 12th Oct^r To be got
at Manikato

Write when you get them
thine By all Means

Yours Truly Wm Christie

Dear in haste the Millers
is Whittier at the gate for
this

kindest regards to him. With love
from the family
with love to all
I send the translation
of the translation

Belmont College.
Oct 19th 1868

My dear sister:

I ought to have

answered before your good letter recd.
at the beginning of last week, but I
had so much on my hands - the old
story you know. I had two orations
to write - one on Sir Philip Sidney.
& the other on Emulation in Study.
Had not time enough to spare on either,
to make it what I wished. Shall speak
the latter in two weeks before class.

And while I am on college matters I may
say that today, in our Memorabilia Class
Prof. Emerson returned to us the Trans-
lations that competed for the Great Prize.
I mention it because of the high com-
pliment he paid the class for the
merit of all the productions. He said
he was astonished to see such excellence
in Greek Prose Composition as was shown
by the whole of the competitors. Said that
it was only by the class analytical

sentences, talking sentences by
sentences, clause by clause & word
by word, that he could decide.

He marked each sentence as to its
merits on a scale of ~~five~~^{nine}, and on
taking the average found that there
was not one of the competitors who
did not mark above 8, sufficient, as
he said, to secure me a "Distinguished
Orator" at the Junior Exhibition next
fall. - a great honor, as is shown by
the fact that in the Class next above
me the only one who secured it was
George Christie, in a class of twenty.

You know the writers for the prize
were Wilder, Dwight, Morgan, Hale,
- (the pretty boy in my album) and
myself.

Tell Will when
you see him that we are all crazy
on foot ball now. You ought to see us
play every noon. The ball is of rubber,
distended with air, about 8 inches
in diameter, quite light & springy.

Two leaders make choice of all who
wish to play - the more the merrier,
and then the two parties take their

places on their respective sides of
the "contesting ground," one north, the
other south. Toss up for the privilege
of "canting," - that is giving the first
kick to start the game. The business
of the North party is to drive the ball
over the path back of Middle College,
that of the other to send it over the
jander's fence. Both sides stand
ranged opposite each other like two
armies awaiting the battle - the
boys with coats & vests off, caps
pulled down over their brows, &
the heaviest stogy boots arming their
feet (I burst out a fine boot on
Thursday with one kick.)

The heaviest man on the side that
has won the toss, sets the ball with
care on the ground, goes back a dis-
tance of three rods & giving the shout
"a warning," dashes up & send the
ball flying among his opponents.

Then both sides rush in with shouts
and much demonstrativeness, and
soon the ball is flying wently way
at once before the foot-steps of excited

partizans. Sometimes you will see twenty fellows around the ball, it among their feet, they all kicking and pushing & no one able to get a good knock at it; then is the time to look out for skins. Soon a chance kick free it & perhaps send it close to the line of one of the parties. This party then rally with the cry "the Boundaries," their opponents press them hotly & the struggle wages fiercer than ever.

Then perhaps a chap of the side that is hard pressed gets a good chance & drives the ball away down in the middle field. If he is a good runner then & can follow up his advantage he will sometimes send the ball before him clear over the other boundaries before the late almost successful party can rally from their enemies' side of the field. Burrall & Morgan of our class have been especially noted for such feats as that. It is an inspiring sight to see a classmate with cap off, head up & hair flying.

Spence is - Philal and (Channing) Thomas
Brendonians Phil and Arthur
all kind friends and especially to
will be all mine. Love my love to
or my kind wishes to your mother

dashing like a racehorse, and sending
the ball by a series of the most desper-
ate runs and kicks clear through
a host of opponents & over their
boundaries. Oh it is glorious fun
& exercise; but I could hardly
walk for the first three days. It
stiffens one up like an old horse.

I am talking far more exer-
cise now. Had a talk with Prof
Blaisdell on health last week, &
he told me this - 1 - Sleep 8 hours.
2. Don't study before breakfast, on
two accounts (a) it ruins the eyes;
(b) it wears the nervous system to
work either mind or body before food
has been put into the stomach.

3. Take at least 2 hours of good
exercise per day in the open air.

Now I have been going directly con-
trary to this heretofore; viz - 7 hours
sleep - 2 hours study before breakfast
& very little exercise at all.

I have turned over a new leaf, & feel the benefits already.

Our good work both in College & the country is going on well. There is great interest among the unconverted in our school. Have good earnest meetings and conversions slowly. 118 at school yesterday in spite of the cold & the clouds.

I must spend most of vacation in the neighborhood for the sake of the work. I wish I could tell you all about it, for it would be so interesting, but time, time says no.

I am glad at seeing by your letter, and it was really a good one, that you are growing in spiritual life.

This religion of our Lord Jesus is a living reality, & we should feel it to be such in our inner consciousness. All things pure & true come to us through that consciousness.

The knowledge that our sins are forgiven for Christ's sake, that we are at peace with our Father, who hath all things in store for us in

His wonderful love; that we are getting the victory day by day over the promptings of our lower nature - all these & all the other things pertaining to the divine life within us are wonderful realities. Let us seek the experience of them more and more - What a precious Chapter is that 15th of John. Write me continually of these things; you know there is nothing of as much interest to me. And let us pray together for the conversion of all our own dear ones to the religion which is the only truth in the world.

Some things in your letter I can scarcely accept; they seem so strange. I cannot think there is any ground at all for them. But will keep my eyes open. I like the loving offer of clothing which you make, & since the cold weather is coming find some need of underclothing. Shirts & drawers. If you could make me up some & send by express it would be very acceptable.

My Louisa is in town now with her

sisters & both her brothers (married)
Is going to school on the West side.
I called on Saturday afternoon &
had a pleasant visit. Am to get an
ambrotype from her this week, and
we have arranged that I am to call
on Tuesday evenings. Shall help
her in studies & teach her music.
As you said on reading her letter
last vacation, she does love me
truly. The sweetest grace of true
modesty is here. I sat & watched her
on Saturday & could see it in every line
of her pure face. I was praying for
her all the time. And now, my
dear sister, I have a proposal to make.
Instead of my going up there next
Christmas why could not you come
down here for a few days? It will
cost the same, & will be something
new & interesting to you. I want
you to see Beloit, the college, our rooms,
our young men, and your future sis-
ter, (if God is willing). By coming a day
or two before Christmas you would be
in time for the junior Exhibition & hear
Geo. Christie speak. This is all perfectly
feasible. And now I must stop.

Belvid Colls
Oct. 23rd 1868

Dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

I know it will be gratifying to you to receive the enclosed pictures. It is all I can promise at present; When you come down at vacation we may have some taken together.

I am sending a large picture of the class to father, & keeping one myself. The large picture is a very fine one. Perhaps I may send you one. Show them to Will.

Burall is the one Sandy said always reminded him of a sailor. O. S. Smith is our mechanic. We call Johnnie H. "The Baby". There never was a sweeter or more lovable boy. Wilder is the handsomest fellow in the class; the picture does not do him justice. Barrett is decidedly a "character" we call him the Judge; He made us spoil one picture by making us laugh. Rob. Ritchie, with his "law cap" on Wilder's shoulder looks as if waiting for a fly catch in his favorite game - Baseball.

Haines, who joined us this fall, is the
finest grained nature in college.
One of those finely developed intellectual
& moral natures that are rightly known
as "rare." He & I had a debate on the policy
of Centralization in government the other
night in society, & I must say I never saw
one who could draw me out better, but
feels like arguing, & feels like thinking to
have one of Haines' kind of mind as an
opponent. — Dwight has some of
the marks of character in his face that
speak of his illustrious grandfather.

Morgan needs no description to you, for
you have heard me tell often how much
his noble qualities endear him to me.

There they are all together —
my classmates, my brothers; their faces
may mean but little to you, but to me —
I know & love them so well. In five-
fifteen, twenty years when I will call
these noble hearts be struggling. It fills
my eyes with tears to think of it.

Johnnie & I, sitting together, are the
two foreign missionaries of the class.
Shall we stand together, shoulder to shoulder,
some time in the future in some foreign
land to hold up the banner of the cross?
How blessed would be such a fellowship.

Yours heartily Thomas.

When writing to you, I have often thought
of you
each other & all
let us remember
D. and all friends.
There may be those
will do the same.
Write regularly & I
will be glad.

Beloit College:

Oct. 31st, 1868.

Sat. night.

My dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

I was overjoyed tonight

at getting your letter of this morning, for
it is long since that last one before came from
you. I wanted to hear from you very much.

Nothing from Minnesota for months. I do not
know what to think about it. I am almost
afraid that they are really suffering great
poverty. It may be the letters miscarry. If
you have anything from them please send
to me.

You complain that I do
not answer your letters. I am afraid it is
too true. I have been thinking lately that
if there is one thing I need to get rid of it
is this terrible selfishness. I think too much
about self & my own affairs. My letters
are full of nothing else. There is an abneg-
ation of self, a true humility of spirit

that I feel I need to have more of. I struggle
and wrestle with this besetting sin con-
tinually, but it is strong within me yet.
Nothing but the very spirit of the humble
Jesus will ever conquer it. But I shall try
to do differently in my letters henceforth.
I send the lines you request. I have been
keeping them in hopes of mending them.
They wait there for the Monthly, but I have
not had time to change them so as to make
them presentable.

The large Class picture
I sent a few days ago at the same time ^{with one} to
father. I am glad you think so much of
my classmates: they are characters everyone
of them. I am sorry to see what you
say of Grandmother, and shall certainly
come up to spend vacation with her.

Please write more fully of her condition
after you have seen her. I would like to
get time to write her a letter. I am very
anxious about her spiritual condition: you
must help her all you can to take Jesus
Christ as the atonement for her sins & bind

him as her Saviour. ^{What little worth is a life} of sin in the end: tell her to give up everything
to Christ.

I am glad you have such
a friend in Mrs. Dempsey. There must be something
very affecting and very tender in your relations
to each other with such memories between you.

Trust me, I appreciate the depth of such
feelings. They are the best things in life. cling
to them and cherish them. I always liked
Mrs. Dempsey and have no doubt but that
our associations such as you are favored with
would make me love her and the family as
much as you do. I hope you will be
very careful about health. Do not exhaust
yourself with anything: take exercise,
plenty of sleep, keep cheerful and busy
and I feel sure the steady winter weather
will do you good. I hope to find you well
when I come up.

Geo. Christie is well,
and doing well. Stand third in his
class. Has lately got a place to board
for teaching one boy in the family -
rich people - fine chance for George.

No: I have not written to H. I really don't have time. Will perhaps in the course of this term. In regard to Louisa I do not think there is any danger of my running over there too much. I go only once a week and then to help her in her studies as much as any thing. Showed her how to go to work to write a composition last time. Am to begin music lessons next visit.

Oh we are a sensible pair of lovers I assume you, with more of earnestness than outward fondness in our association together. L is a truly modest Christiana girl, such as I never met with before. She gives me a new ideal of womanhood, or rather comes up to my old one. I gave her some money to get an ambrotype two weeks ago, but she is reluctant about using it, - & asks me to wait a while. I want to get a picture for you, but don't see how to manage it.

I made her a present of a framed Evangelina for her room the other day which pleased her very much. She loves pictures. It knows nothing of come, although I introduced him to L & her sisters at the school house. John still visited me on Wed. evening. I showed him into the debating society which he appreciated very much. Is to let me have some of his lately imported Scotch geraniums next summer. It is nearly midnight

Cheney, Wisconsin.

Oct. 31st 1868.

Dear Dave. [Christie]

I ought to write you a letter today. I am expecting that when "Dad" goes to Madison tomorrow he will bring me at least one letter from some of you. I went over to Uncle Sam's day before yesterday and spent the day with my knitting. They had a letter from Willie the night before. he said you had the stable cup, and I was glad to hear of their being such good ones. And he told of Jimmie's good crop, and how mother did the cooking for the household. I am well as usual and hope that you are also, all of you. You cannot imagine how I long sometimes to be up there with you all. I sometimes feel sorry that I have engaged this school. But I guess it's all right and for the best that I should earn something this winter. I often wonder if Sandy will back this winter or not. I think you may make calculation to see ^{me} by the middle of April if I live. I do not think I can stand it to stay away longer. By

it had not happened just as it has that I have found
such a good home and kind friends here at New Hampshire
I would have been with you this fall. Father is the clerk
of our old district; and he told me that he counted on
having me for teacher there next summer. I promised him
that if I stayed here I would take it. And Mr. Corning
told me when he heard me this fall for this school that
I should have the next summer term also, and wanted
to have one for the 8 months right along. So I have the
choice of two schools for next summer, but will take our
old school if I stay. But I don't think I can. I long to
breathe the genuine air, and to spend the whole summer
under the same roof with you all again. I am going to try
to have Tom to go home for the summer also. So we may
all be together again. Cousin Jessie is at her Mother's still
she is going out to Willie in about a couple of weeks
or less. Mary has written that she is not coming down
after all. I am going to have Uncle Wm. make a box
for my bedding and send it on to Willie with Jessie for
her to use till I call for it. Jessie is pleased with the idea.
She is coming over tomorrow to stay a few days with me
at New Hampshire. Mrs. Champay invited her very warmly.
That is some more of her kindness to me. She knew it
would please me and as she with the trouble her father
she went over to the station to write Jessie. Grandmother

Bethie is very feeble. I was up there this week. When
came down for me with the buggy. Willie gets on very
well with his school. Uncle Wm. is always very kind to me.
George Grandy has got home. he looks like a returned
Californian with his mustache, whiskers and beard
about a foot long. he was down here last evening. he
looks odd. but he is the same good, sensible George as of
old. I was very glad to see him again. The Murphys
are all well. but I have not been up there but once
since I left last spring. I go nowhere. Tom has got
to be very sick. stays at home and he don't drink any.
Ann is going to stay at home and go to school again this
winter. Lucy Savage is to teach 5 months at 20 per month
the same as I had. and she is to board at John Murphy's.
Tom Brown is to teach in the "Irish school house" Tom had
in our old district. Emmeline Champ in New Hampshire
Clark) and Peter McGowan in the old school house.
Helen Murphy stays at home to do the work and Maggie
went into Watertown this fall, got a place and is working
out. She is living at Mr. Coe's a son of the old Alex. and
he is the Editor now of the "Republican". He gets \$2. per week
and but little to do. They have gone for her several times
but she won't go home. John Bond has sold the old place
to Fisher, and "Old Cotton" has sold out to Manning for
\$4500. And "Young Cotton" has sold home and let to live for

\$1100. and Jim gets the station away. And the Cottone
old and young. and John Frank are going to Missouri
in about three weeks. So there is a batch of news for you
Dad. Ramsey bought the place for Dale. It is rumored
that he is to be married soon to Ellen Proctor of Beaver
Dam. So the world craves as our Willie used to say.

I hope Father is well and Mother, and Sandy, and yourself.
And I hope you will all write to me regularly, and be
sure you address to Box 285, Mankato. I got a letter from
Tom this week and card photograph of the whole class. It
looks nice. he says he has sent a large one to Father.
How often will I have to ask you and Sandy for your
pictures. I think you're real mean as little Peter says.
Now you and Sandy, I am sure go to Mankato, once in a
while, and it would be little trouble and but very little
expense to get one taken for me. Now do please.

Write to me very soon. I cannot tell you how much
we miss you. Dad but Gibb had 634 bushels and they
are eating a great swell in the new home. They are the
envy of all their neighbors, and they enjoy it greatly.

Love and best regards to all. Tell Father to write me
a long letter. Remember me to Willie and to he coming
home soon.

Your loving sister.

Sarah J. Christie.

Rapidan Nov 22/68

Dear Brother, [Thomas]

We seldom hear from you now and

seldom write. I have got completely out of the hang of it and to write a letter once in a dog's age is all that I can promise.

We are all in good health and the weather is generally good, and so have no cause of complaint, for happiness here below depends wonderfully on those two conditions.

You will know by this time whether the verdict of the last war has been sustained or reversed, but we will have to await the publication of weekly papers and the coming of weekly mails.

I was appointed Republican scribe at the Election and so know exactly how it went. "I had been told that Rapidan was about ~~equally~~ ^{evenly} balanced between the parties, but the counting of ballots showed a majority of thirteen for Grant. It stood 46 to 33. Impartial Suffrage ran only three votes behind the ticket; Wilkins for Congress too. Politics do not run very high here.

Do not suppose though that it is a matter of indifference to any. The lines are just as clearly drawn, ~~but~~ as in Clyman, but here it is a matter of Politics only, whereas there it is matter of Religion as well. The Election was held at a farmers house where there was no drinking and everyone behaved well.

The early part
of the winter
of 1868 was very
warm. We have
seen no snow
of good and
much more
frequent. All our
green spruce, spruce
and yellow pines
are going to
a dangerous
degree of
decay. A. S. C.

We are plowing the corn land and fixing up for winter, and it is probable that we will have it before long. In a few days we will get to work in the timber. Our first duty will be to cut and set up wood enough to keep one Chimney smoking for a year. Then we can split rails and posts for fence.

Nathan Dave nor I has succeeded in getting a deer as yet. Indeed we have not had time to hunt much. I was out one day and a fine buck got up within a rod or two and made off, but I was so taken up with his appearance that I forgot to shoot. I have set up all night lately on a "run-way" in the hope of getting one, but he returned brotherless.

Our old hunter succeeded in securing a woodcock, probably a cross between the Moose and the Deer, by sitting up four nights in succession, which is doing pretty well at this season of the year when the nights are long and cold. What a "wilderness of ore" this world is. I am becoming disgusted with everybody. The Christians are fully the meaner part of this community, and, in general, the "natives" are an abomination in the sight of an upright man. What the Lord thinks about it I don't know, but he seems to tolerate them longer than I would.

There could be no sense of in descending to justifications. I make the charge that this is not a good neighborhood as was Chapman. That Jefferson & Co. and Chumtina make less

desirable neighbors than Pat and Biddy. And that Catholicism is preferable to the Protestant forms of Christianity displayed in this neighborhood. The fact of the matter is, I will let it preaching the Gospel myself if the present state of things continues.

Nathan had much said him an Unabridged Webster. It cost \$12 but is invaluable. I sit beside it at night (that is the word for it is larger than I am) and in my reading I have occasion to use it continually. After reading eighteen chapters of Cassan I gave up. Later till I can attend College. The amount of labor I expended on it is incalculable, and the greater part of it was for want of a teacher. I must employ myself otherwise till that time. I will attend the Cornell University if any, so I would advise you not to embarrass yourself by showing your text books for me as they might ^{not} always do as the other place. And besides I do not wish that you should cramp yourself by so doing, for I may never be able to take advantage of it. Let tomorrow look out for itself. The money is not near as sufficient unto the day as is the soil.

Willie and Robert have done wonderfully well in securing winter schools. And so has Sarah if her health remains good. There are much better times coming. I am bound here for a season, and you have your hand full. But the rising and setting of the sun will work a change.

Then let the spectators ~~stand~~ aside while the splinters fly!
I await Cousin Wm's letter which has been due to long.

Sarah wrote to me a while ago and sent a letter of yours.
Accompanying were photographs of the Gray family. The women
look very like the Countess of Massena. A little like his looks
portrait. A number of Sarah's letters have not reached us and
we will direct all our mail to her to Watertown and she
will post there. Carlton has probably found out all
about the family by the operation.

Don't let anything that I may have said in this discourage
you. The world, the flesh, and the devil are well compared to
the master of heaven and earth. I have not the presumption
to say "advance the banner that it may wave over me," but
what I do ask is that I may be allowed to hang away even
if I do not use a regulation musket.

The universe of matter is ever changing, and our bodies must
share its fate, but let us endeavor to live and labor so that
the soul shall not also. Let us contemplate the final distinction
from the house top. "He that is on the house top, let him not come
down." I am alive to the great issues of the day and of
the Ages and my life is not altogether so void. And bear in
mind that my heart is always the same & of old towards you.
What you say is sometimes painful to me, but that can not
be helped, at best I cannot help it. Meditate. But now emboldened
in the light of recent events, "I am the Genuine Hind man."
Don't overwork. Your present performance would indicate a
determination to rival the untimely Atlas.

I am as ever Your Brother Alexander.

Nepiscon Sept. 1, 2 1868.

My Dear Sarah. [Chester]

Yours of the 14th ult. to hand some days ago. As one of your missing letters here a Yes come. My conviction is. they never left Plymouth. I am somewhat surprised that you can be duped by postmaster of Plymouth so often, it has long been my decision that that man is not to be trusted in anything which either his covetousness or his Protestant views of his interest would lead him to betray. I know also that your opinion coincides with mine. Then why do you not act on your conviction? When he is most obliging and friendly. Then he more he is doing the evil thing towards you. You know that the Devil is sometimes transformed into the form of an Angel of Light. Be sure that that man and his wife and all to whom they may have chosen to speak to of your affairs know all that you trusted the mail to carry to me. So long as you had nothing of moral delinquency to confess. it is of little import.

a time will come when every thing shall be known, and we all shall be face to face and as we are, it is really not so far from that time with some. and you are gifted young with a considerable perception of Character, independent altogether of External Evidence, but generally from your convictions occasioned in that way, and you will seldom be deceived, only beware of letting your knowledge in that way lead you into injustice towards the imperfect part.

I feel pleased to hear of your good health, and doubly pleased to think as I do, that you are being experienced as you go, that you become wiser by seeing the providences of God towards yourself. Believe my Dear Sarah, that the watchful care of your good Angel is never away from you. Only when you shall be helpfully checked and so drive this away. The time of unveiling is coming, and we shall then learn how much of evil we have been led past, and how much more might have been done for us if we would only have permitted. Love governs in this as in all of Gods dispensations, and we by our self-determination may drive away and hinder God from reaching us,

Now my Dear Sarah, be that you do not form any desire to please others is led into the dissipated conduct of the people surrounding you. Beware of all parties, and doings and every appearance of evil. Go not into the way of temptation, and pray that you may not be led into it. You are not strong whose even the strongest may fall. Do avoid by all means all contact with such affairs. They are painful in this that they lead to sin materially. Let faith in the Glories of the Endless future keep you past such all evil ways so that you may look forward with hope to participate in unsullied happiness. What folly have we not all been guilty of to barter away an Endless Heritage for the unripe fruit and a plot of herbs. Great Grief up hold our feet.

Our Tom must feel sadly humbled in contemplation of his Recreations Experiences. He was let slide a little to warn him that he can not stand alone. I am sorry for him if he does not see it in that light. But I feel he does, in a letter I had from him. He speaks of being again in the old way, away from all the follies of Detraction, and as I think of Tom, I wish you to be very particular in warning him to avoid all over work in College. I positively fear a break down of his Nervous System. He has a continual tendency to over excitement, which the much trouble on his account I pass restless nights thinking of such things, and all to no end.

Because of no Authority in his Estimate. I know a
much of these affairs as College professors. The Law
of God is as plainly read by me as by them. and I have
again and again reiterated the Fiat of his Will
to Deep Lovers. it is Love for You all that prompts these
writings. I know that I have transmitted such tender-
ness, and I wish that You all would not forget it.

You will here to revisit Your letter to me that
are lost and tell me Your immediate relation
with all who surround You. Your Affection of the
Inner family, &c. Now I do not wish You to give
Photographs from that picture You have of me.
it is not true of me. I was worn out & nowise then
and the Expression is like a man who is dissipated
and Gross in the Extreme. I shall be displeased
if You have distributed any of them, and I suspect
You have. they offered my Love of Approbation, and
Conscientiousness. Because they are not true of me
I am I may would be unrecognizable by me if I met
him in the street. his sister I know ^{very} well. her
Expression is an exaggerated one of the ^{boy} family.

My chest is full. Mother sends her Love to You
I believe it is Genuine in a high sense. but that
near Family attachment why of course is wanting
if You suppose that we are doing all that we can
to bring things right hereabouts. You will be right
all day as Bles. Making a Good deal out of small
means. in debt to Culver 400 \$ with scarce enough
to bring us round until next Year. it is a terrible
the time poor. too much so for me and Mother. the boys
are Robust and do not complain of their fare.
But we are not devoid of Faith and Hope and so hear
up. I give my poor letter. I am unable to write a 2nd
one these days. Yours Affectionately. J. B. White

Deloit College Nov 5th 1868

My dear Sister: Dearest Christy

Another of your pleasant letters came tonight with ex package all right. The letter very welcome, for I caught cold last Sunday night rippling in from Manchester, and will appreciate the underclothing. There will be plenty to last me all winter with what I have. I miss your letters very much lately; I go through the day loaded down with duties, living very much in the brain alone, sometimes with a longing in my heart for sympathy & love that would find vent in tears if I were not a man; and then I hasten down to the P.C. from my Anglo Saxon recitations, hungering eagerly for a word from some one who loves me; How much good it does me then to open one of your warm hearted letters, (written in ink too of late - a great improvement!) It is so good to hear from one of those unselfish affection you have not a doubt; who, you know, thinks a great deal of you as well as loves you.

There is always a little touch of a sister's flattery too, very adroitly put in among the overflowings of your heart that go to make up your letters, and this is quite agreeable to a worn toiling student who finds but little in the present to cheer

among the ranks of our army - great good
ing & how it had been done. Remember only that
is no more likely. I hope you will not allow what
him aside from what it is doing to make a better future.

My heart warms again as I read, hurrying up the hill to
get into chapel before the bell stops. The world looks brighter,
Hope sings a cheerier song, and the terrible headaching cares
of teacher & student, (for I have both), fly away like the shadows
of dawn.

How much I look forward to our being
all together again next Summer; for we must manage it
some way. You say they complain of my silence. Now I
have written several letters to both father & Sandy this term
without getting any. There must be a fault somewhere.
I addressed to that new B.L. Mapleline.

Thanks for the
caution about money. I need it I confess, and still I am saving
conscientiously. That picture to Louisa, which I think gave you
the test, cost only a dollar, & that with a Corina is the
only thing I have given her. Saw her on Monday evening, &
gave one lesson in Music. We were at it an hour & a half, &
then I helped her do an example in Partial Payments, so you
see we are as sensible & practical a couple as any prudent sister
could desire us to be.

I am sorry at what you tell me
of Helen. What could prompt such feelings I cannot imagine.

She tells me not to answer & I shall obey with greater readiness
since your warning.

Tell Grandmother I do remem-
ber her continually in my prayers. I pray that she may
trust herself altogether to Christ in these failing hours that

Chapman, Wisconsin,
Friday, September, Nov. 6th 1861

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

Why is it that you do not write to me? I thought that when I changed my Post Office to Ribbleston, I would find a letter from some one of you in my box at least once a week. And the time is lengthening into months, and still no letter. The last I had bore date of Dec 5th. I think it is too bad, and one here, alone as I might say, away from all of you. Now I am thankful though, for one thing, and that is, that my health improves steadily, and I am very careful of myself, and intend to be all winter. I do not overdo myself in any way, either by sitting up late, or by taking long walks, and I don't overwork, and drink nothing but water or milk, mostly milk. {Mrs. Langley gives it to me half cream} Now, you approve of all that, don't you? Now I do hope you will dedicate at least one half day to my service, and give me one of your

good long earnest letter, full of wisdom such as I get no-
where from you others in Hallowell. My school begins next Monday
and I expect to have my hands full but I must try to have
strength to write it all. I wonder if Sandy will back this
winter. I sometimes long greatly to be with you, and feel at
times like starting, and leaving the school and everything else.
But such feelings must be stifled, for Denny is so kind
to me, I know that if I had been with any of our relatives
I would have left Orono before this. There is nothing selfish
about her. She takes me to heart the same as if I belonged
to her. I do believe that my mother had exactly the same
nature as Mrs. Denny, and that is the reason I like to be so
near her. I feel when I look at her just like putting my
arm round her neck, and calling her mother. She tells me all
the time that she wants me to take Ann's place here while I am
with her. She says there is no one else in the world that can come
so near taking Ann's place as I can. While I am here I care about
singing more else, and I go over there. I feel happy here and don't
care about visiting or seeing anyone, till I can go home to you.
Grandmother Borth is very queer. I really do not think she can
live through the winter. She keeps her bed the greater part of
every day. Father will tell you what I think. I think you ought
to sit down and write her a long loving letter. Just such a

loving letter as a son like you should write to his mother. I feel
that it is your duty, and I do hope you will also. Mrs. Father
don't object it, for you have no idea how much good it would
do her. When I was up to see her, she was in bed all the
time, and cried a great deal. We had a long talk together, and
she said much about the boys and you. She seems all the
time to like to talk about you and your boys better than
anything else. She cannot say too much warmly about you
and Sandy, and Dave and Tom. She sends a great deal in
the Bible, but is in a very dependent state about her own
faith-life, and her present spiritual condition. I tell you all
these things that you may write to her in a bright cheerful
way, and say something to comfort her. No one father, you are
just the one, and the only one who can do it. Tom wrote to
me in a late letter that he was to stay down there during
vacation, and instead of him coming up, wished me to go down
and I would have done it only for Grandmother. I know
Tom can do her a great deal of good. She is always talking
of him. So I wrote and told him just what I thought about it
so now I had a letter last night from him, saying he
would come to see her at Christmas time, and I am glad of it.
I wish you would have Sandy and Dave go into Mankato and have
their pictures taken for you. But perhaps you haven't the money,
but if you have I wish they would. I long to see their faces. I have

been thinking lately that I cannot stand it to stay here and
teach next summer. But will go home whenever this school is
out if I keep my health & till then, and I hope I will. Then I can
breathe the pure air all summer. I want Sandy and you to be
on this hooker about school up there, for if I am well and go
up in the Spring, I want to teach. I have been doing up a lot
of knitting for Mr. Duggan I have knit 6 pair of mittens for him and little
2 for his stockings for Peter. 2 for Mary, 2 for for Tom in Mel-
bourne and one for for Mrs. Duggan. And now I have some to
knit for Frank and Con. besides doing a lot of sewing for myself.
since I am here. She doesn't want me to do it. But I insist, for
since I like to knit and can do it just as well as I think it is little
enough to do for her. I have been to Church twice with her and
I think I will go all the time I am here. I hope you don't care.
Tell me. - You surely will not fear that I will turn Catholic now.
I intend joining the Congregational Church in Waltham on the
first Sunday of December. I went to see Mr. Rogers the last time
I was in town about it. I like the Advance and read it
regularly, so as to help to counteract the influence of over around
me. I don't mean your Duggan, but the Forwards, the quest, and all
the rest of them. Good Father Roche brings me the Monthly to read
and I read it of books printed by the Catholic Publication Society and
expounding Catholic doctrine to straight Protestants. I read them all
and keep my mouth shut. It is not my policy to quarrel with
any of them when I have this school on my hands and besides
I don't feel like it for I see a great deal that is really good
in them, and when I have been to Church with Mrs. Duggan I
have always heard the priest say just what an substantial man
Bogton would under the circumstances. I am and simple living
of Christian charity and love to all. Such is always the path of
Father Roche but to say I must stop now, and I hope you are
well, and that Mother is well, and liking Minnesota, and I hope
Anne and Sandy are well, and my love to you all, and a wish
for more little than I get, and now Good Bye.

Your loving Daughter,

Sarah G. Christie.

Wm. & Mary
right before
us looking
at the
writing
why don't
you
write

Saratoga Nov. 8th 1868

Dear Father We received Sandy's letter a
week ago, glad to hear you were all well, began to think
you had forgot there was such a place as Saratoga, and was
in and that all your letters were going past us. We are
happy to hear that Tom is doing so well and shedding abroad
the light that is in him. I have not heard from him in any way,
only in Sandy's last letter. Since some time in harvest
than Jessie told us about him being at Lenox as for
Sarah it is just so, and who is to blame, she just as
much as they are, although I do not see or find time or
much to write about. Now as to our own affairs here
I have plowed over all my stubble except the small piece
of oat lands, hauled off nearly all my wheat, pegged up all
threshing help, and done the many other essentials of a busy
life, to keep things running which takes time, but are hard
to see, or their value. My corn is yet to be gathered and I would
like to break out more of my breakings. I want to put an addition
to the side of my house next the bluff. I have already got the shingles
and flooring. I have also the siding for the three sides of my
barn, but can find no help to put it on, besides what has been
so long I have been afraid to sell, to get the balance of the lumber
I need to use, but I will have to, so have made up my mind, and
will do it soon. Willie is well, and thriving finely. I could fill
pages with his talk, but won't inflict the monishment of it
on you, you would need to hear it to appreciate it, He went
up to St Charles recently, and bought him some cloth, and was put
into pants last night for the first time. He has worn them

all day, today, and looks like a little man. he feels proud and
walks round big. I only wish you could see him.

~~Electors~~ I suppose you are all jibblin' over the
election news, so am I. Now perhaps we will ^{see} less of the
horrible doings of the Ku. Kl. Klux Klan, and the batch of south-
ern hellhounds, for surely they must see, there is no hope for
them ever gaining the ascendancy in the political affairs of
this nation any more. I have but one fear, and that is
that A. Johnson may do his best to inaugurate
another war, between now and the fourth of next March
if he does anything so wicked and foolish. God have mercy
on him, and his abettors if He can, for I do not think
the Legalists will. Now I suppose you have got your corn all
in, and your backbreaking all done by the 1st of Nov. is it we cannot
get any of you to tell us how much bushing you have done this
past season, how do you get along with your horses. Come give
us a real old fashioned gossiping letter. There is one thing I
wish you to notice and that is that babies will be as thick
as huckleberries in this township, next summer.

Jessie and Uncle David's folks have
had a serious disagreement. I do not know what about
nor have not heard any particulars. I expect she will be
up here soon, Mary will visit her. Sometime in Feb.
good night

Write soon, and believe us ever

your Loving son and

Daughter, Mary & ~~John~~

Perhaps I should have
written to Mary, he was
not sick, I will look for

that Poem, and hope.

Beloit College

Nov. 11th 1848.

Dear Brother Sledge:

I am very glad at the reception of your kind letter. You do not realize how much good it does me to hear from you directly again. It seems so long long since I saw you. Strangely enough, I dreamed about father the morning before receiving your letter, and told Smith I thought I should hear from him that day. And now my conscience reproaches me for the long time since I wrote. There are in my desk some fragments started at ~~at~~ different times for scolding letters, but just as my wrath was rising to something like a white heat some duty would step in to save you the infliction. I would like to have a weekly correspondence between father or you & myself, something regular; for really this state of things is not satisfactory. I shall write next week to father & hope you will take up my proposition. Look forward confidently to seeing you next summer, and then we will talk over these notions in regard to Cornell University. There are very many good reasons why you should choose Beloit. Setting aside the acknowledged excellence of this college in the classical dept (which you especially want,) there are other considerations. - 1. Cheapness. Look at RR expenses, then I have a good book & parlor stove & all the utensils for boarding circles; we could get flour &c from Clyman cheap & so save at least \$60 per year on the

And that will do a picture. That is just what it is. It will do you good, and be more healthfully than they do at the club. I am going to board myself next term, and sorry I am not doing so now. Then I have room furniture picked up during two years of college life, & a complete set of text books. Now these things ought not to be overlooked. They are what make the expenses of a college course. And surely you want to study as cheaply as possible.

But most of all, I would like you to be with me because I can help you so much. I am getting great practice in teaching Latin and Greek and often think it is for the purpose of helping you. We can go through all the preparatory study in one year, and that means a great deal.

And then, is it not natural, that we should be together? What is this world worth without love and sympathy? I have not time to say as I could on the subject, but hope when we have an opportunity to talk it over you will see how right it is that you should come to Beloit.

I think I would like to survey some next summer. have been studying
Surveying & triangulation this term & like it very much. Would like to be
with you & him summering out that line you speak of.

Recent letters from Sarah tell of Grandmother's failing health. It seems that she can scarcely survive the winter. My thoughts & sympathies go out toward her very much lately. Am to spend the vacation with our

Great change in Alman. The Cottons all sold out & away to Mr.
Jim Nash. M. & Sta. apt. Sarah began about this week her health good.
She writes me real excellent letters & sent some under clothing lately.
I feel selfishly, that it is a good thing to have a sister.
I will have to get a loan of ten dollars from Uncle M. to put me through this term. Shall write
him today. Everything satisfactory here. Sent class picture to you lately. Also Monthly & Advance.

Emulation in Study

Doubtless it has been a subject of observation and thought to all of us, how complex are the motions that stand behind all human actions:

A just man, for instance, performs a good deed. Let him, and analyze the impulses that prompted it: he will find that while the strongest and most controlling do certainly have their source in his sense of right yet that there are clustered around these, ^{all urging him to the same action,} a host of minor impulses speaking the will of various passions, desires, hopes & fears.

This is natural and right: the glory of our human nature is its complexity. There is a certain class of reformers, whose seeing the sad disorder wrought by sin when it gets an entrance into this most delicate and intricate mechanism, would wish it were not quite so complex as it is. If they had the suaving oar of humanity there would be a great deal of trimming, a great deal of hacking & hewing, and lopping off of attributes to prevent their pervasion. But is this the true spirit of reformation? The lyre of Timotheus with its eleven strings may be more liable to get out of tune than the monochord, which has but one; but is there not a vast difference in the capacity of the two instruments? How much more rich and varied & expressive the harmonies of the one than the monotonies of the other. A vine, prone on the ground, clings to weeds and rubbishes. What is the remedy? Shall we prune off its thousand clasping tendrils? No: rather let us prevent to their grasp the limb of the oak, that by their help it may climb up, into the air and the sunshine. And so the right way to raise men is not by narrowing the range of their active power, but by putting that active power all into the harness of right action.

I have said this as introductory to my subject, which is—Emulation in Study. For we have heard it said that this emulation should have no place among the student's impulses; that there ought

to be spurred enough in his love of study for its own sake, and in the desire to do his duty towards his Maker and his friends. They point to the jealousies and heart burnings that this emulation creates between members of the same class. They show us men in every college who are ruining their health by overwork for the sake of standing at the head of their class. They tell us that the tendency of emulation is to produce a superficial and showy scholarship, better adapted for impressing upon professors and securing a high grade than for meeting the stern requirements of the world of action outside the college walls. And there is truth in all this. But are we to say that there is no such thing as proper emulation in study because we see these pernicious effects of it? None in other things we recognize a Emulation one of the noblest impulses of the soul.

If you read the lives and writings of great and good men, and if you are worthy the name of man you will feel the stirrings of this instinct in your heart. It will thrill you with earnest desire to be like them, to have your life filled with the same nobleness of being & of doing. It will prompt you to ~~say~~^{rejoice} in the enthusiasm of a generous impulse. It will strive for this self mastery this ignorance of Socrates. I will enter the glorious race with Paul that I may attain a crown like that laid up for him. I too will take my stand in the ranks where men deal sternest blows for Truth & Right side by side with Luther, with Gustavus Adolphus with Judson with Cassius M. Brown. And you know when you feel this that it is an impulse helpful towards all right action, and you feel sure that God put it into your soul to lift you up out of peltiness of life & purpose, to make you more earnest, more pure, more loyal to the Right.

Why is it not the same when acting as a stimulus towards a high ^{attainment in} scholarship? We may not accord that it is the same, that is, if it be the only right emulation in study; ~~that~~ the emulation which seeks the right object, and displays the right spirit.

In everything depends in the first place, on the object toward which emulation is directed. All the evils we have noticed as attending the

working of this impulse follow because students direct it toward unworthy objects. When we speak of emulation in study, do we mean that a petty struggling for college honors? Then we laugh at the poor scamp who spends time and trouble in decking himself out with beads and feathers that he may be admired by those as silly as himself. But how much less ridiculous does the Christian man show himself who gives his day & night to toil for the mere sake of the bubble reputation - a bubble still shatter'd 'at the cavern's mouth' & 'amid the scarcely less deadly fumes of the midnight oil. Such a man sets before himself a mistaken ideal: he is studying, not for life and its grand purposes, but for recitation: he gauges his success not by the amount of true attainment he is conscious in himself of making, but by what he can induce the professor to believe he is making. The happiness is thus at the mercy of the nine digits: a glimpse of an eight opprobriates his name fills him with complacent satisfaction, while a four plunges him into the depths of despair, no matter what may have been the real merit of his achievement in either case. Studying for marks: what a contemptible object to draw out the energies of manhood. What a poor emulation does it give rise to. And yet how we are all tempted sometimes to substitute this for that which is better. For there is a better; as the true is better than its semblance, the real than its shadow. In study as in all things else we want a spirit that seeks to emulate in the being, not in the seeming; that finds sufficient reward in the consciousness of growth and attainment without caring whether the world knows it and gives credit for it or not.

This whole system of marks and college honors is, I think like the law Moses left in regard to Divorce: "permitted for the hardness of our hearts." Because we are not prepared to weave into our souls an impulse that is infinitely higher and nobler. If the spirit of a true emulation were in our hearts, - and there is enough in our life and work as students to kindle such a spirit, - how trivial and howish would these things ^{seem} be in comparison with the real rewards.

Rapidan, Nov. 11th 1868.

My Dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

I received a long letter from you last week, and must send you an answer by tomorrow's post, however short it may be. And I can promise only half a sheet, for I don't feel like writing and it is already late in the evening.

We are all in the enjoyment of the usual good health. The winter has set in, apparently, the ground being covered with snow and all the larger birds hastening south as if they were in a hurry. Saw a large flock of swans yesterday flying very high and talking very busily as swans talk.

Am sorry that Tom didn't know any better, but he will learn if he keeps on. I got a class picture from him by last mail and he looks hollow and worn in it and I fear he is overdoing. Now Sarah to your plans. I believe you wish to study medicine. I have thought a great deal about that of late and can hardly say that I think you should. Not that women should not go into that profession, for I think they ought, but it would be a life of hardship for you. I know exactly how it would be. You would be obliged to keep early hours and late hours in all kinds of weather and in all seasons, with comparatively little remuneration. Of course you could go into it and make money, but then you wouldn't

You would go into the world to relieve misery, and it is highly probable you would succeed, but it would bring to you a life of care, anxiety, and self-sacrifice that passes comprehension. I would rather see you go through the course in a regular Female Seminary first, even if you turned your thoughts that way afterwards. I would like to see you have a chance to enjoy life for a while, as I know you would at Ripon or Rockford, before forming any plans for the future at all. And I know that you will not refuse what little help any of your brothers may be able to give you in furtherance of your Christian plans, whatever they may be. We are all young yet - and I hope in heart and soul we always will be - and have no good reason to despair. Don't do too much this winter. There is a fair days work. Fain and Enay goes far in a lifetime. Don't be afraid of breaking in on my plans for college. I am doing quite well where I am and do not intend going for three years. Then I will sit down in the universities for life. And I want you to do so too. And you can if you will only hear to me. We are running the rapids, so give me the shelter for I am experienced in that line. All that we ~~want~~ need now, all that ~~acquire~~ - if I am in command - is courage and patience. You must write to me soon - And write confidently. And tell me how you stand the teaching. Give my respects to Mrs. Dempsey, Frank, and Con. and Tom if you see him. I am glad that you are there, but you must make Mrs. Dempsey take more for board as this is not a beginning. Our Lphantie is real warm and we have nothing to fear from the winter. But I must close. Your brother Alexander.

Janie is married
and gone to Cuba
I am now going
to write her
- Advice

Chymon Dodge Co Wife

Nov: 15th 1868

Dear Brother

I received your letter
and was glad to see that you had
got all things right that I sent you
and we think you are getting along
pretty well for a new country
it appears to me that you are bound
to have things in about a right way
to begin with, your Stables I guess
is the Best named, and no doubt
you have a Pleasure to see them
no doubt you will have a good deal
to do. But then you know it keeps
a fellow from Noting Beside knowing
that you are doing your Duty and
that will make you enjoy your evenings
Better than anything else but you have
got a Hard Race to have between this
and next fall But Cheer up Boys Corp
the Lord is with you, as long as you keep
company with Providence and travel
on Cheerfully and never look behind except
for the rising sun

I see Honey was Yawn at Annots, While
they were thrashing, I guess she had to make
things yawn round thereabouts until
they came in ship shape condition
you know she has a kind of a knack
of biting people through, I think you
can always say, I have a Whiff that can
do that, I don't know what it is, Be
kind to her as long as you have her, and
it is my greatest Prayer that you
keep her in plenty of fine Woad
so that your Conscience may be kept
warm in Winter, I was going to ^{say} suggest
but then you know that would have been
a little too much of this World, Which
is so very Worthless I have a good mind
to set it up to Auction if I thought it
would clear off the Devils Mortgage
but he having a heavy interest well secured
I don't think he would bid for it
and no other one would take it with such
a Mortgage ~~on~~ ^{on} it, so I suppose we have
to let it ^{go} along as it is and try and lessen ^{that} _{interest}

Well Well man is a strange Being, for as he is
something like a good Runner he can play the
Angles Whisper on the Rouge's March, with
a Polished Exterior, to suite the Company he
is in, and the ~~Club~~ Church makes them
little better little worse, for instance
All ye Who thirst approach the Spring
Where Emerson Watters flows
and Reason we away shall fling
and Persecute With Blows —
When it does evil, they, throw! the Load
and ^{where} the Light begins to shine they go
into Lamentations, and Mourning
but never mind games, John Bracons Sack
is Marching on, never Wonder how
some genie, has never made a time to the
Life of Sampson Where they might have
shown us the strength of a Noble youth
going through all the vicissitudes of
life and gaining strength once or oft
losing his Worldly sight and going in
one great effort among the tumbling Ruins
of the Temple) — 17th March

you appear to be troubled about Anna
and Tom But keep cool they are doing
well Sarah was here last Sunday and
she is strong and looks well in
good spirits she is keeping school and
speaks of coming out next summer. in
fact she looks stronger than when
she has gone for a long time
and your Tom is a Brisk and Rings
well you need not be troubled about
him at all you have got their letters
By this time the Ellen is very well
at present your son is nearly blind
and you must help him at home for
he cannot see things there I believe
he has just got a small speck in one eye
left open, and if things are not in a right
line with the same he sees it not and
as his Blindness increases our care
of him must also increase Mother going
fast But not sick she has now taken
to Bed for three or four weeks she
says it is Weakness nothing else
we must do all we can to keep her cozy
William is well and I am much about
the same I need your letters with care
But when have you sent the Potatoes for the
Winter frost here to David and Sarah
the same to you and Pency) your Brother
W. Christie

Westchester Nov 25. 1841.

Miss S. Christie.

Dear Friend,

Your note was

received last evening, and I hasten to
reply. I hope you will pardon my
neglect in regard to returning your
Phrenology. I have accept my sincere
thanks for the use of it. I am sorry
about the Examiner but never gave it
to me. I am pleased to hear from
you and like to hear from you again.
With many kind wishes

I am

Yours

Eliza Cushman.

They have no fear for me - a good head & strong heart - I am the only one of the kind of man who can stand the strain of the most arduous and strenuous work of the world.

Belmont College. Nov. 2nd 1881.

Dear father: [James Christie]

I was glad to get your letter short as it is, but sorry to see how anxious you are as to my health. I thought you conducted before that my intellectual activities and the other activities of my life so far from being the ruin of my health are the salvation of it.

I know well the nature of the contest within me. I know the nature of opposing forces in the soul. I have studied the situation thoroughly and so the course I am pursuing is deliberately chosen. I am throwing the whole energies of my nature into the highest action that they may not ruin me body & soul by going out toward the lowest.

My eyes are open and I am doing what is best. Better to die with face toward heaven and purity, battling for the mastery, than to sink supinely into the depths; for this world is not the end, there is an eternity beyond. But take comfort. I am getting the mastery. Each day sees me stronger and better in body and soul, because God is with me. Why I feel myself as much under His care and direction almost as if I could touch the hand that leads me. I am not asleep. I see the issues of life, and I am fighting what better or more glorious? Why your words to me should be those of encouragement and inspiring exhortation. Remember that with my temperament all the tremendous forces of impulse within me (and I know they are tremendous) must either be in the harness of God or of Satan.

There is no middle ground, for me, - there may be for other men, but not for me. It must be an entire consecration to one or the other. Now father do not I pray you say a word to me to leave my aim or chill my enthusiasms; for you cannot take anything from one side of the equation without putting it on the other in my case. I am in the hands of a loving God. He will care for me, and I know that all things will work together for my good. How could I have a sense of the exceeding preciousness of the salvation that is in Christ without just these experiences. How could I be trained, better to hate sin and fight it as the most deadly of enemies. God has a work for me that needs this preparation & no other. He will not let me die till my work is done; and then Death is nothing any more. Only the putting away of a poor diseased body from the glorious soul, it trains & fits me. My soul is a healthy one, (as Socrates says), because Christ is formed in me the hope of glory. One who is in Christ has nothing to fear; life, death, disease, loss, pain, all are but incidents of little weight in themselves in the eternal life of the soul. It is something altogether above these things. A healthy soul will make its time a healthy body, and that is my trust. But a diseased soul drags the body with it into the lazar house of corruption. Be the process long or short that is the end. And while you are anxious about my body I am thinking about the souls of those dear to me. I am afraid that this disqualification to write letters is only one of the proofs that your frontier life is not the best kind of soul training. I am afraid my brothers are being lowered in some things by it. I do not say that it is so, but only that this is my fear. I pray they may not gravitate toward grossness, may not be lowering their ideal, but I am afraid. Can you not do something my father, to turn them to Christ? Do you read the Bible in the family? Do you have prayer to God? I hope you are not asleep in these things. They are every thing.

Sarah writes me good letters. She is doing well with her school. But I do not like the idea of her teaching this winter, I would rather see her at home with you. I am at a loss sometimes as to my duty in the premises. My course seems so selfish sometimes, & yet I feel it is duty. I am well & doing well. Go out to Manchester today to attend meeting for the mission of educating girls for the church regularly. My love to Mother and the

Rapidan. Nov 22^d/68

My Dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

The mail which came day-

before yesterday brought us four letters, and among them yours two - one to father and one to me - bearing date of the 9th inst.

I am sorry that you have received no more letters. I keep no memoranda of any kind, but it seems to me that I have written two or three letters to you during the past month. But I may be mistaken in this.

I am glad that you are in the enjoyment of health, and hope that you may not give way to despondent feelings of any kind.

We are all in the usual health for which we should be thankful. The winter has set in, the ground being covered with snow, but it is not anywhere cold. The Mississippi will probably be passable for the Ferry-boat at least, when Willie Kirk reaches it on Friday morning or about. You will probably see him before you get this.

I do not intend to teach school this winter. There was a school on the other side of the Blue Earth which I might have had, but I would not take it at the terms offered - "\$30. and board round." It might pay me to take it, had I not enough to do at home that must be done. I offered to take it at \$35 and board at one place. He could have then kind the rails split.

I do not know much about school matters yet, but will learn all I can this winter, and it is probable that I may attend the Examination in Spring, if only to take notes. I am told that the Superintendent has refused certificates to a great many, having raised the standard of requisite ability higher than what has heretofore ruled, excluding many from the profession that have before taught. I suppose that in this new country there was need of it. Still, I rarely discern the more immediate cause of it in the Establishment in town of the 2^d State Normal School, with which he is probably in league.

His wages paid, are much the same as in Germany. Our young lady, of I should judge, not more than average ability, is receiving \$30 per month and board herself, in the adjoining district. The Baptist minister, who is teaching at \$25, but then he is just no teacher at all, and every body knows it. And, so he is Director and one of his Congregation Church, they take that way of raising a small salary for him. He gets no other.

I have calculated our whereabouts in reference to the old place, and find that, by the surveyors chain, we are about 5 1/2 miles just or north and 26 3/4 miles west of the. This is counting from shanty to shanty. You may think that this takes us out of the civilized world. But it does not. Here are all the evidences of civilization and prosperity. None of the features of this section are more prominent than the grist mills and the towns. The former turn out excellent flour, but the proportion of bran is fearful. One, not given to hyperbole, has asserted that it bears to the flour the ratio of 2 to 1.

Others assert, that when a man takes a grist to be ground the millers often put into practice certain maxims which they cherish regarding a community of goods. Thus, one day I met an old team traveling slowly over the plain in an opposite direction to the famous "Red Jacket" on the Essequibo. The driver was seated on a bag of bran, repeating every once in a while that familiar text from the Acts - "and they had all things common." The peculiarity of the case attracted my attention and enlisted my sympathies. I stopped the equipage, and on counting the full and empty bags respectively, by an application of certain rules of Arithmetic known only to the initiated, I ascertained that in disregard of every law human and divine they had given the poor man the toll and kept the grist!

But one old gentleman was enough for them and obtained justice at their hands after the exchange of words as follows:

The Father of 9 Children. "You have not given me enough; here is but a fifth whereas I am entitled to one fourth, since there are but three millers."

Ringleader. "Oh yes, that's so. Here's the difference. I make use of logarithms in my calculations and sometimes make small mistakes." The old gentleman, who was looking out for "Mr. Edison" drove off muttering "I don't care for your 'logarithms'; if you don't want to come to log-geodesy, with me don't try to come that game."

I explain the matter on purely philosophic principles. The miller that tells the grists weighs 200 lbs., the little fellow that returns to the owner at the door only 135. This, I think, fully explains, to any philosophic mind, the wonderful workings of the "Miller's rule of Three" as it is facetiously designated by the "nation's."

Now, as to our towns. We have three of them, and all on the west bank of the Blue Earth. You see there are three heads or elbows in the river, and hence the three cities, in accordance with a time-honored custom of the Minnieds' frontier that at every bend of a river a town should be built - or laid out - but that's all one they say. And the bigger the head the bigger the city. This, Mankato bids fair to be the metropolis of the west as it is situated on the largest head of the largest river, in these diggings at least.

It was on this principle that a man, who, like Storro, was the founder of a city, asserted that at his town the water came down on one bank of the river and went up the other. But, unhappily, the full force of this figure of speech was ruined by a bystander remarking that it was probably

on this account, that the inhabitants used so
"much tarantula" that there was no need of water.
The reason of all our towns being on the west side
of the river, may not be so obvious. It is to
afford those who wish to form them an opportu-
nity of performing this act of destruction in
crossing in the canoe which from its frequency,
looking, not without reason, supposed to be obliga-
tory on all. And again, were this reason insuffi-
cient, there is another not without weight. It is
this. As the town grows, instead of following the
example of many other cities, and accommodating
the increasing number of inhabitants by car-
rying up their townships to a fearful height, they
have only to find the survey a block or two further
in the direction of Council Bluffs.

Our towns are small as yet and not worthy of more
than a passing notice. The furthest up stream,
that is, south, is Reservoir. There is by no means
distinctive in the west, but Reservoir is. At least
I ardently hope that there is none other like unto it.
Further north are the two towns of Rapidan. As
they both claim one name, we distinguish them by

the names of their founders - Gosh & Kenworthy.
None of them are famous for objects of Architect-
ural beauty, and, although they are regarded as
the homes of "millions yet to be," are not worthy
of a further description. This mania for
laying-out towns has given rise, foundation to
a story, that in '30s the whole frontier was
thrown into a state of unparalleled excitement
by the rumor that Gov. was going to reserve
every fifth section for Agricultural purposes!

Our immediate section of Country is true.
Marked by as fine a system of rivers as one
could wish. This town alone is watered by five
streams, two of them - the Blue Earth and Le-
sueur, - being quite large. Belts of good tim-
ber extend along them all, and fine water-powers
abound. One can wish no better evidence
of the plentifulness of timber, than the fact that
father got an eighty of good wood land
at \$6.25 per acre.

We are full very well over the result of the election.
It is probable that Impartial Suffrage is
instituted in this state. I had the honor of voting
for it and now only hope that I may yet vote
for Woman Suffrage.

Father and Dan have just returned from
hearing two sermons in the neighboring school-
house. They took dinner with Mr. Stevens
and discussed singing school. They think
of starting one. One Clarke is said to be
competent to teach it. If so, we may have
a good time this winter.

They heard today that a young man has
been killed in the town of Vernon by
the kick of a horse.

One of our neighbors, Mr. Uhrich's, girl was
married to a German by the name of Fnd.
Heilke last week. Uhrich's was the place
that Arnott hung round so much last
winter, but I believe it was the other
girl he had designs against.

Saw two men after a couple of deer
in a sleigh today. They trotted them down
next to our shaft and fired three shots
with a Henry rifle, but without doing
any damage. The deer pursued Mr. Stevens
and although it was Sunday he and father
or got Dan to shoot at them with an
old shot gun. He was quite close, but the
chicken-shot made no impression.
But I must close. The teaching cool.
Write often and take the teaching cool.
Alexander

Beloit College Nov 27. 1868

I hasten to write you this morning my dear sister, to thank you for your letter of day before yesterday with the remittance. It relieves me of much anxiety. You have done me a very great favor in sending it. I am altogether unworthy of such goodness and feel myself so. I will now let you pay that to Uncle, though I will have funds at the close of term from teaching and again in February from Prof. Porter so that I can pay it. I wish you would thank ^{him (Uncle)} from me. Tell him it is an obligation I shall ever remember. Willie will be so glad as I trust he will, shall have a place in our room. I must board myself next term, on account of the expense and by getting some of the raw materials from Chapman we can get on very cheaply and well. I am really very glad to see Willie coming down from the frontier.

We had a great time yesterday in the college. You know it was Thanksgiving Day. Holmeson attended Church at 11, & then came over to Thanksgiving Dinner at 2 PM in the Club. Of course we had turkey & all the other extras.

I had been appointed Toast master for the occasion some days before, & had had my hands full in making preparations. On the night before I sat up till after midnight writing a piece of poetry

and arranging the order of exercises. So after dinner we all leaned back in our chairs and began the exercises with that chorus you have heard from me. A long, long etc. That put every one in the right frame of mind for the first tract -

"The Day We Celebrate," responded to by Dickinson Tucker.

Second Tract - "The Faculty," response Junior Miller, a capital speech. Next we sang "Coming Star" from the Cornet. 3rd Tract:

The College Boarding Club. Sophomore Barrett, one of the most humorous things I ever heard. 4. The Ladies. Preparatory Student Anderson. Song "The Soldier's Dream Song." 5. The Dear ones

at Home, response in poetry from Soph. Wolder, like everything of the kind from Ed. A - was first class. 6. Young America

Junior Durham, a good specimen of the genre himself.

7. Alma Mater, Senior Bairds. 8. Genl Grant, Junior Haddon

Song by Quartette. The National Hymn. 9. Our Future, Preparatory Barry. And last came the Tract Memorial Hall and those whom it commemorates, responded to by Young Truly

as follows:

I stood last night when fell the moon
Athwart the front of charnelled stone.

That crowns our College Hill.

The stained wall was fluted with light,

And spangled in the moonbeam bright

The glittering pinnacle.

Savateya Minnesota

Friday Evening Nov 27th 1868

Dear Cousin [Sarah Christian]

I would have written to you before but have had so much to talk about that I really have not had time. I arrived at St Charles about one o'clock last Tuesday in the afternoon all right. I did not have any trouble on the way but I assure you I felt rather lonely on Monday evening after Jim left me, but knowing I must go and alone I was determined to keep up a "stiff upper." Thinking things would turn out right eventually, and sure enough they did. I found things not as I expected exactly. Mary & Will live in a small house with only one room. The house is very comfortable though, at least they keep good fires and the house is warm. Mary has got an enormous pile of sewing to do, and of course I am quite busy helping her. They live about six miles from St Charles, I was

very much disappointed at finding them
so far from there, but will have to submit to my
fate. Mary is busy sewing on Willie's new flannel shirt
the little fellow is sound asleep, and "Big Willie" is
reading, so I will have a quiet time this evening for
writing letters. Willie is a pretty boy, he is very fair with
large blue eyes, and his hair is almost white, he is
a good child, hardly ever cries, in fact he never
does unless he hurts himself. (Here Willie is reading aloud
and I wish he would not till I get done writing)
What did Mrs. Plumpsey say because you did not wait
to see me off, I sincerely hope you did not tell her
who you left with me, or anybody else, I will
give you permission to tell Mother when she sees me off
but do not on any account tell any
one else. I am going to write to Mother and tell
her all about everything, I mean about myself
writing to Jim, and I rather think I must write to
Mother tonight. Mary has just been to the door
& says it is snowing. Will sit reading and Mary
has gone out after wood, he is there & says
doesn't care whether school keeps or not

and tomorrow Mary doesn't act just as she used
too, not but what she is good enough, but
so much different. I will tell you something
but you must not tell anybody anything
about it. Mary expects to have an addition
to the family about the first of February, now
Sarah don't tell of this for Mary told me not
to tell of it, and would be very angry if she
knew I told you or anybody else, I was
not expecting it before it came here because
Willie is not two years old yet, but of course
it is none of my business, and now Sarah as
I have other letters to write tonight I will
have to make this rather short, give my respects
to Mrs. Plumpsey and remember me to Tom and
Frank. I could get homesick here and would.
I think if I did not try to keep it off, Mary and
Willie are good & try to make me comfortable, and I
will try hard to be happy. Willie met me at
the Station but I tell you I was cold when
I got to Mary's, when I got to St Charles
it was snowing hard & I had to ride

Byronian.
P. Wain

Mr Miss Jessie Linner.

six miles in the cold..I must cease this scribbling
and go to warm my feet. And now dear Cousin
Good Night. write as soon as you get this and
I will answer your letter immediately, again
Good Night;

I Remain your affectionate Cousin
"Jessie"

P. S.

Willie says he is very much obliged to you for
your present of the book, and will write to
you as soon as his fingers get well.
he had his fingers hurt in a corn
shedder about a week ago. They are
all jammed up very bad, and it will be
some time before they get well. Mary
returns her thanks for the Book and
sends her love.

Good Night

"Jessie"

Chowan, Wisconsin

Sunday Oct Nov 17

My Dear Father, ~~From~~ ^{Christine} Thanksgiving day Nov 26th / 88.

I have tried several times to answer your letter since receiving it, but there has always something happened to interrupt. But now today I have no school, and I will devote a least a part of the day to your service. Jessie started for Minn on Monday, I let her out school and went in to see her off as she wished me to very much. She felt bad at going away, but I hope she will feel all right when she gets with Mary. I think she will. If she don't I will feel a little responsible, for I convinced her to this step in the first place. I think it will be better for her every way. And Willie and Mary will both glad to have her there I am sure. This is my third week of school. I have 50 names on

the register, and \$3 and \$5 every day. I have my hands full as it is; I don't know what I'll do when the mail comes. I have very few large scholars yet and there are a great many coming. But I have nearly all those who are the worst to manage already. I was up at Uncle Wm's on Sunday; Grandfather is just the same, very low. The paper has did all the time, only while it is being made. Tom is coming up just in her account at Christmas vacation. Uncle William said to me on Sunday, that he wanted Tom and I both to be there on Christmas and New Year. He said to little Tom he was going to give him turkey to come. Uncle William is a good old fellow, he is so thoughtful and kind-hearted he says and does all that he can, when I am there to make me feel cheerful and happy. After I came down to Tom's Lampy's great Aunt. Uncle Wm. a note, telling him how grateful I was to him, for his kindness to me, and for making me feel that I was welcome there by him, at least. It pleased him greatly to get it; he spoke to me afterwards about it. Mrs. Lampy is always the same, so kind and good to me. The dog too is so thoughtful for me in every little way. I am getting quite strong and hearty. I have a splendid

appetite. I hope it will continue through the winter. I don't I have no great intention, till as long as I can eat as I do now. I will be able to stand anything. A letter from you dear father, is worth all the exercises in the world to me. I hope you will write often to me this winter. I must then come if ever I did, and you will surely have plenty of time now when the winter party sets in, that I will write as often as I can. I will try to write to some one of you every week. I have a letter of Sunday that I must answer when Sunday comes. I never feel like writing evenings for I am tired and not get to write. Tell Martin Dave that I have been looking for a letter from him every day lately. Jim Walsh has not to himself now at the Station. The Cottons have all gone to Trisomi and John Frank and his mother. Uncle Tom is looking this week for Willie home, expects him every train that comes north. What is that about Fannie Abbott that you wrote in your last to Uncle William, is he really going to get married and to a widow? I hope it may be so, but I don't it. Helen told Aunt Jane about it, and how she laughed. Father I don't feel like thinking of it, so I just say what comes into my head just; you must overlook it this time and I will try to answer your letter the next time I write. I have a good many

things I would like to talk to you about, but I
don't. I'd like going into them now, some other time.
I hear from Lon regularly. I really do not think
that he is overdoing himself. I found he looks nicer
as well as when he left in vacation time. he has gained
a great deal. Tell me what you are all doing
and going to do when you write. Tell me how you
live. I really fear that you are suffering great poverty.
It makes my heart ache to think of it. That you should
go through the mill the second time, and for our sake
again. I wish I were there to see. I hope Mother is well
and all of you. I send my love to all. Who teaches your
school, and do you neighbor any with the people.

Tell Dore that on last Sunday "Max Lynch" was
married to Dan Sullivan a son of the Sullivan who
lost his son. The old folks made the match. The bride
is 16 and the groom 19. She went to my school last
evening. Now with this item I must close. Tell Dore to
write. I send my love to all.

Yours Affectionately,

Sarah.

Clyman Dec 1st 1868

Dear Brother I received a letter
Some time a ago from you
letting us know how you
were getting along I think
you have done very well
for the few month you
been there this will be worst
year with you I make no
Doubt when you get a crop
of you will begin to like the
Country better it is not with
you as it was with all of us
when we came to Clyman you
will get a crop the second
year where we would be ten
before we had as much the
price here is better but you will
have so much more grain that
will make up the difference
Willie arrived here on Satur-
ay he looks firstat we think
Minnesota has improved him

greatly Now James i would
have sent you the money
^{when} i sold the corn & only Willie
⁺ mention in a letter that he
would pay you and i ~~still~~
still kept it till about
three days before he came
Sarah came over and
wanted to know if i could
lend her twenty Dollars
She had a letter from tom
wanting her to send him
that amount help to put
him through the winter so
i let her have it she cannot
draw any of her school money
till the taxes is collected and
i have no way of raising that
much or i would send it right
along but as soon as i get it back
will send it along to you or rather
i will ^{give} it to William i will not give
any of it to grandmother for you have
^{more} more of it her so give our respects
to aunt piercy and the Boys good Night

Beloit College;

Dec. 3^d 1861.

Dear father [James Christie]

I have yours of the 15th ult. recd. but two days ago. I am very much interested in it, as it shows your care for me. It treats on a subject that I have thought much upon and prayed much over, and I feel sure that I am in the right in my keeping under of the body. Read First Cor. ix. 24-27. Do you not know how strong the animal is in the Reid and the Christian? Do you not realize something of the awful propensities I have by inheritance? Oh it is a terrible struggle between angel and devil within me, and I know all about it. I will take counsel of none but God, for He and I alone drive the true condition of things. And if by night watching, by labor early and late, by using all the spiritual power that God pours into me, I can weary, starve, cumber and drive out this demon of Propensity, what care I shall

my cheek be thin: There is something better than sleekness. Your contented, animal is not my ideal of a man.

I love you my dear father for your problems in thinking so much of one so unworthy as I am, but I do not want you to put on my account. Be assured that I am on the right road, and will come out more than conqueror yet through him who loves me. What could I do without Christ.

I am glad to hear you speak so of your little Sabbath School & of your own desires for spiritual life. I feel sure that you will be brought to make a full surrender to Jesus Christ. I wish I had time to write you at length on these subjects, which with me as with yourself are the nearest to my heart but I will have to wait till vacation lets me have some more time. Must cut short this letter very reluctantly.

We had a great time here on Thanksgiving. I was Toast Master & in a

fit of despondency the night before, because no one else would respond to the toast - Our Memorial Hall, dashed off the following lines which were read on the occasion:

I stood last night where fell the sun
At least the front of shrouded, stone
That crowns our college Hall,
The stained wall was flecked with light
And sparkled in the moonbeams bright
The lofty pinnacles.

Fair in that shimmering light display'd
Each buttress cast a deeper shade,
Each millioned window gleam'd,
The slim palatine on the wall
From base to sculptured capital
A shaft of silver seem'd.

Then thought I, if beside the sea
At Marathon and Thermopylae
Where braves for Freedom died,
They raised the mound & pruned the bough
To tell where sleeps their sacred dust
And stir a patriot's pride.

4
If still on Scotia's bleak hill sides
The stone surmounted cairn abides
To note where warriors fell.
Who bared their breasts for stranger spears
Their nation's hand to save from fear
And Horseman's pinto to quell.

5
If, methinks, shadow, stately Hall,
The leaves of Ossian's weeping fall
On old sepulchral mounds,
When dusky warriors' quiet sleep
Unhuddling that above them sweep
The spirits of college grounds:

6
Then fit that here these walls should rise
To keep enduring as the skies
The memory of our dead,
Who fought for Freedom, Truth and God,
And poured their hearts on battle's sod
To serve their country's need.

7
Let Great and Good and brave be
Memorial mounds o'er those who sleep
Their victor arms beside,
In our Valkalla Thought & Truth
Shall keep in their unchanging youth
The fame of those who died.

8
Oh, here brothers, resting now
Where Southern rivers softly flow
The Cypress shades between,
A green couch the foot of lonely tree,
The figural dome your canopy
And glittering ivy shewn:

9
These haunts once sacred to your shade,
In you this same old hall may aid
To track compelling things
Upon a heart as high as ours today
With throbs of young life's ecstasy
That fire the blood like wine.

She has taken a deep interest in official con-
fession since you saw her. I feel that she has
been more than ever in need of your aid &
your heart so much softer in regard to her suffering.

11

But when was heard the bugle blare,
Manshood's reveille in the air,
To instant arms ye spring,
Oh not in vain your souls had caught
The hero dead and hero thought
From heart of Classic song.

* * * * *

Still do ye live, they never die
Who lead the race to victory
In conflict with the wrong?
Their life is worn through the years,
Their voice forever high up-hears
The ages' battle song.

The stars stand in place of a stanza to be written
yet. The allusion to Thought & Truth in the seventh
is explained by the fact that Memorial Hall is to be
a Library. Upon the whole piece is in a
very crude & unfinished condition. After hearing
a Latin class at 8, I wrote this nearly all just
as you see it before midnight.

Vacations, for which we are all
waiting, weaniel as we are by the toil of the
longest & hardest term in the year, begins on the

I know you are not helpful enough to regard
 to Daniel. She is really having a character-
 annal all the difficulties of her education.
 Her little to your mother here as good as there

Wednesday before Christmas. I shall go up to
Olyman at once on Grandmother's account.
It will not be like the vacation of last year in
many respects, but we will remember you all.

I have been compelled to borrow twenty dollars from Uncle Thomas to get through the term with. I can pay it in February. Have earned this term by teaching something like \$36.⁰⁰ but there have been many expenses. We changed our room at beginning of term, & there was considerable expense in furniture & room furnishing in general. Have a very pleasant south room in North College now, carpeted, some house-plants, geraniums &c. in the windows and a few good pictures on the walls. One of them is a German Chromo - a fresh bit of landscape with an old mill in the foreground, half hid in foliage, a dashing, foaming brook ^{resounding in} ~~mountains~~ and clouds in the background. I got it by a lucky chance for two dollars. I would like you to see our room very much, because I know you would appreciate it. I hope to see Sandy in it with me next fall. Has Willie Reid gone east yet?

Dec 7th 1838

Dear Anne [James Christie]

I write a few lines to thank
you for your grandmother, for sending her such
a comforting letter. She is very feeble
now, only able to sit up a while getting
her bed made. On her account Tom
is coming up here to spend Christmas
with us, even more at which we are much
glad that now we will get along without you and
the boys, & more than I can give.

It will soon be year, and I shall
I think in that old "day" you will surely
surely ring that day, or here, or something
for I suppose we will do nothing else
but talk about you. Father and Mr
Read are up on a visit to the Skunk
and we expect them home to day. It
is snowing and blowing pretty fast just
now and we hope to have enough snow
for shipping fairly soon. The household
all love you and the dear ^{one} says

Will get along with his Lowell school and traps about as well as usual. He bought a pony and rides to and fro. Sarah is getting on well and looks pretty well. I do not think she will get out this winter for she is so much more like schoolhouse and when it is so staying she has will take her and be sheltered over the hill in the chigh. She says "Con" a very good boy. By the way her and I are very sorry to hear and shameless intelligence about Fannie's but we shall have to get over it she has say as soon. I can just imagine what you would be likely to say to me just now if you had the chance to answer this somewhat immediately.

There are my few changes in Cyman except she settling out of the Customs and which having left for Mrs. where Charlie and Kate are. John Thomas and his mother have also gone there with them. There farm was

bought by Taker. Dore Conway you know has the other - she took place. Fannie is married once in Cuba. They live in a place called Quintana, but where that is we do not know yet. We had quite a jolly time with last vacation. But it almost finished me somehow. I was quite unwell after they all left, from some dreadful trouble about the heart, with congestions of some kind I suppose. Since I have recovered Dr. Cary has been giving me advice, which must be obeyed if I care for health, or life. The sum of it amounts to this that I must turn over a new leaf. "Leave books and go out among young folks," and it was at his going Highland into doing so. Perhaps I will get into the other when now. But further speaks somewhere of folks, that when picked up from one side of the house and set on, immediately tumble off on the other.

I need not say how much I miss you all
nor how often we wonder what you are about.

What - you are all doing and thinking
but what Sandy is hard at work in the evening
and if he argues with you as he used to
being such enough - it seems to me, we
never have any religious or rather anti-
religious arguments here now. I have
in among the things that have passed
for myself - it has become impossible. ^{to} ~~to~~
mention the name of our beloved Lord
in such a manner or at such a time,
so on my side all such arguments have
fallen forever to the ground. I am not
any better than I have been - but I find
that to share in extreme and Christ is
indeed the all The shadow of a great
soul in a church, Lord. I am firmly
help in time of trouble. This is the
great secret - the knowledge of the things
there is in the revelation of the Love of
our Jesus Christ. I hope you keep
well and that Aunt Mary has finally
begun to feel it home. ^{to} ~~to~~
wishes her love to her and to you all. Sarah
says it must go with her and I am
not anxious to see you all, but I guess
I cannot come, although it would be a
splendid trip. Tell Linda I cannot go
Hath started to walk to visit - and that
feels me - because I want to know what
him and all of you are doing. I am so
a note from you in a while. Please give
my best respects to all, and believe me
ever with much affection, your sincere
Mother & Christ.

Please write me before leaving for the North Hill to
Remond Avenue - or tell that I am my mother's agent.

Beloit College

Dec. 9th 1888

My dear Sister [Sarah Clinton]

I recd your interesting
letter day before yesterday. I can under-
stand how full your hands are of work with
such a large school and how tired you must
be at night. My teaching tries me more than
my study, and it will tire anyone who is
interested in the progress of those pupils.

There is a way to teach by which not much
surplus energy is expended, by taking things
easy, letting children learn what as they
may choose, throwing in enthusiasm or
power into the recitations, merely going
through them in easy drifting routine
style. If I remember right, this was Mr.
Netherby's plan, but it is a miserably selfish
one. The true teacher will prepare thoroughly
on every lesson beforehand and determine the
best way to conduct it in class; look up all

points relating to it, think up illustrations to be used, and original ways of bringing out the truth so as not to depend on the book alone. And there is recitation, especially, the teacher must be wide awake and positive. If you are negative the class overcomes you, instead of your ruling the class. You know what I mean. I have seen professors with so little backbone that when they came into a classroom before 15 or 20 young men they seemed to have no courage at all. They might be irritable, but it was not the display of calm, self-conscious strength. Irritability is a sign of weakness. A class very quickly will take the bit in its teeth & run away with you if you let it. Remember it is you who are to mould and lead them, not they you. Your ideals must be theirs, for, not theirs. Now this makes a recitation a very important thing, and if one does their duty in it there must be an ex-

penditure of nervous force. That is what makes one tired at night. But it is a blessed fatigue if we feel that through it good has been done to immortal souls.

How much pleasure there is in leading young minds upward in the truth. I hope, my dear sister, that you do not lose enthusiasm in the pines of daily routine; nothing will make up for that. It is a sustaining power in itself. Without it a school is a dreary aimless routine with neither sap nor life in it. One ought to get up every morning with prayer for strength and wisdom to do duty well that day, and then face with courage and cheerfulness the coming work. A true earnestness I think is not wearing; it is sustaining. It is candor, once and for all of method that harrows.

We want more earnestness; an earnestness that will make us look well ahead & be provident, that will give us methods, methods, methods—it is all in that.

dear wife, but must by & know the road in
this way. Give my love to all and
proud, and always think of me young
we shall have and goodnight Boston
Thine affectionate husband

The trouble is that we lose sight of an
Ideal, lose the inspiration that comes
from it and then we are more or less in
the yoke, harassed and driven about
by outside influences like a ship without
udder. Very little progress of any
kind. You appreciate this as I do.

Oh, there is an ideal life, and I believe
it is within the grasp of our choice, self mas-
terful, simple in aim, full of the inspi-
ration of high and holy purpose, uplifted
by pure enthusiasms, radiant with the shining
of Christian love. Let us strive for such a
life. God will give it to us both if we
really desire it. It is not a life of action alone,
but of action and prayer. Through prayer and
a continual giving up to God we become strong.

There is no place for weakness and uncertainty
in a child of God; all His infinite resources
are pledged to sustain us. And so the

But I will not offend you by burdening you with
any more references in my account. I would
be naturally selfish & think of it. But I
shall pray that it may be already put
in your hands. I am sure you
will always have a great obligation to
me for what I have done for you.

Sum of it all is: that if you as a teacher
and I as a student wish to be strong and
successful in our work we must live very
near to God.

How much your account of Jessie's feelings
pains me. I had hoped it would be different
with our William when he should have a
family to take care of. Oh that he might
become a Christian. I have not written to
him for a long time on account of the pres-
sure of other tasks, but I would much like to
see him. It was just like you to send them
those books. You should keep up a good corres-
pondence with Jessie and do her all the good
you can. I like your giving her that Bible.
"To do good and to communicate forget not."

I look forward with much pleasure to
the vacation; you must make arrangements
to let out your school. I am getting a little
fagged by the long and severe term. 16

which is what I now pay at a good house
I shall not leave. At the dollar per week
I have not a long
week is a long time to give to close ap-
plication, and I want rest. There must
be far more earnestness in my vacation
this time, though, than usual. I must
try to do some good as well as enjoy
myself, and I want you to help me
keep this resolution. There will be
some work too, for I have to write the
history of our class during the Freshman
year. My materials are all ready &
a day or two will put it all into shape.

Tell Aunt William I will be on hand
to carve that turkey & eat my share of it
too. I wish I could have time to get up
something for the occasion; Do not say that
I have hinted anything of the kind, for I
think it will be impossible. You may
look for me on Wednesday the 23^d.

It pleases me to hear of Ned Dempsey
arrival at home, and really your dreams
were very curious in regard to it.
He will enjoy home very much after so

Dear Cousin George
me and if so please all. And now Good Night.
me all the more, and if people talk about
would as soon as you get - give and till
is quite bright - I must - bid you Good Night
and now Dear Cousin as I have often told
Sincerely
Friday Evening December 11th 1861

Dear Cousin [Sarah Christie]

I received your good letter last Wednesday evening, and was surprised at receiving such a long and welcome letter. Mary is sitting by the table sewing. She is making some new trousers for "Big Willie" who is highly engaged making ^{up} the little fellow. We are having very cold weather here. For the last two days it has kept Willie filling the stove all the time. Willie and Mary are both very good to me, and I feel perfectly at home. Still it is some lonely not being much acquainted as yet. I have only been at one place visiting, that was at a Mrs Walker. I have been quite busy ever since I came helping Mary with her sewing and in fact everything else, and consequently have not had time to get homesick. You wanted to know if the "little fellow" was wearing pants yet. He is and has been some time. The little fellow looks real cunning. You said

you thought it your right to get the first pair. But as that is impossible, perhaps you both would like to get the second pair. I have just been eating some nice bread and butter and drinking some nice new milk. He arose very late this morning, and on that account did not get but two meals today, and that is the reason why we have just been eating. Willie is going to Saratoga tomorrow with a priest, and I seize that opportunity of getting this letter mailed to you.

The ink being frozen I will write with a pencil, and hope you will not be offended. You wanted to know if your ankles were seen the night we parted. I am happy to say they did not; neither did your "Cinching". I felt very lonely that night after you left but do not for one instant think I was angry at you for going. I went back to the "Sitting Room", feeling very lonely, and sitting down on the "sofa" burst in to tears, and crying for some time unceasingly. I finally

dried my eyes, as I thought - before Jim would see me. But he had come in before I saw him, "but enough of this". Have you been over at Mother's yet - and did you say anything to her about Jim? I wrote her a letter telling all about it. I wish she would answer it - and tell me just what she thinks about him. I think you both judge him very harshly. I have told you both repeatedly that "Jim" was not a Catholic, if Mother says anything to you, at any time about him, tell her not for anything, to mention it to any of Uncle Williams' folks. I would not have anybody know about it - but your Mother, of course. I have told Mary all, and now hear Sarah. I know I can trust you. I think you will like Jim if you only knew him. I would not for anything marry "Jim" if I thought he were a Catholic, and now I would ask you: what are your reasons for thinking of him as you do; when you write tell me; I will tell you the

reason why Jim went in that - Saloon
he wanted to see the Lawyer's son, on some
very important - business and have him go
in there, and followed him - well I will
have to change the subject - and go to
some other, and more important - part -
of the letter at - least - you will think so,
You wanted to know if the bedding would
be needed, it - will not - and would only
be in the way, you will oblige me greatly
if you would send me the pattern of
your "Jaquet", I mean the little Jaquet pattern
like the one you wear over your dresses
every day. Mary and myself are going
to make some if you will send the
pattern, you can do it up in a paper
and send it - (a newspaper) and send
it - as soon as you can. I told you
in my last - letter, that - Mary expected
to have a "little one" about - the first of
February, now Sarah don't - mention it -
to anyone on any account - as Mary
told me not to. She told me not to
write it - to any body. I have not - told
anyone but - you, who I tell everything

Clymer Dodge Co
Dec 19th 68

Dear Brother [James Christie]

I have Received your letter to
Mother By Wm Reid and I tell
you James it made her feel well
that is considering how she is for
she is still in Bed, she is not sick
she has no Body Pain, but just too
Weak to sit up she was laughing
this morning and telling me that
we were not come with her yet
and Pa's Grandfather is all But
Blind I am to start to ^{the} Mianam
Hall the Chaires for he cannot do
them now, whether this last week
it is with great care that he can walk
now I it would make you surprised
to see him strutting about without
sight and groping his way through the
House we have to Help him to his
food at Table, it gives me great Pain
James But I cannot help him

James is in
Bed with Wm
and Mary
James will
stop as long
as they come

Friday was a Week Thomas Read and me went up to see Sam Knox and found him all night he drives a pretty good Bus iness at Appleton 3 of them in company I consider them a good report of things went up on Friday and came back on Monday as good as could be expected for a new start the town itself is not much of a place I hope this is going to be your ^{newest} town But they have a great W. W. D. House and the new, will say a few words about one twelfth of it is not in use, it is not things here we have had been slighting needed yet. we talked of the past and this is not much but it is moving to the present But little of the future he is now who will make better - the bottom of the river, After being a success a little & knows how left Clyman for to grow his living comfortable and making money gone to see the western Missouri and Thomas Read spoke to me about that I suppose they will start a town on Monday he owes you But unless you right some way side they are 16 miles from write to him you must get in a a Railroad, in fact he is going to keep a Henry he said he had some wheat to sell But he did not want to do ^{new} about all he can do any more, and it is only giving \$1. ¹/₁₀ Ben Bushell John Elchitz has opened a House & told him you would need to pay your of the same kind where he lives Taxes and had not much to do with and Brookman has started one so we will see where it comes of the kind so I think old Appleton must feel glad when he casts his eyes on Clyman

Mother is in good health and getting
along well she had a letter from
Thomas last week ~~he is coming~~
he says he is coming up on the 23rd and
I am to have a Turkey on the 25th and make
ourselves as happy as we can, But I think
there will be a little softing of the
Eye when we look at our narrow
Circle but James it cannot be helped
so we must do the Best we can under
Circumstances for my Part I feel
as I Wanted out of my Cloaths ever
since you went away and I guess
Time wont mend it we must keep
as straight as we can and Bend as little
as possible under it My Love To you
all and tell Fanny and Sandy to keep
up there is a good time coming yet
although it looks a few off at Present
I do not see your very Clear untill
next fall, it gives me some trouble
we shall know more when Spring comes
yours Wm Christie

Beloit College, Dec. 15, 1888.

My dear Sister: [Dorothy Christie]

Yours of Sunday I rec'd last night. I take very much pleasure in looking forward to the vacation as well as you, and shall be well pleased to find you as you say looking so well. But I am sorry to say that I cannot be up there before Christmas. How do not scold, I can't help it. The ladies of our Sabbath School are getting up a Christmas Tree for Christmas Eve & they have fairly compelled Morgan & me to promise to stay.

They said it would not be a success unless we were there, & gave over so many reasons why we should stay. So I have been compelled to promise to stay till Christmas Eve. I will come up on Christmas by the first train. I'll find out soon & write to you. I am very sorry to disappoint you & Uncle's folks by not coming sooner, but I could not avoid it.

Charlie Morgan is coming with me, and Hale & Wilder are to stay two days with you before coming down at beginning of next term. This is by Helen's invitation, or permission to invite, rather, given to me by letter lately. I was very

glad to have the chance to visit Charlie
for he lives in Minneapolis & could not go
home. He is a fine fellow & you will
like him much. In your next I wish
you would tell me how trains run nearest
Olyman. How soon on Christmas day
could I get there. If I mistake not there
is a train up at noon. My school is
only six miles from Clinton on the C &
N.W. & we can go there in the night
if necessary. I am getting some
nice new music & will bring all
the old. But the best thing I will
bring up is Louise's picture, which she
gave me last night, & which will please
you I know. If you do not love her sweet
face I shall not think much of your
taste. She could get no small picture
at the time, but I hope to have some before
long. L. is doing well in her studies.
Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic & U.S.
History, & I am giving her & her two sisters lessons
in singing. They learn fast. My time is so scant
that I cannot promise promptness in regard to
that poem. I shall keep it in mind.

I wish you would tell or notify Helen of my
not coming till three for dinner on Christmas.
With again, My love to all friends.
Joe Haskin yours Thomas

Belvid College.

Dec. 16th 1868.

My dear father:

I recd. Sandy's last letter

yesterday, & will answer soon. I address
this to you in order to tell you of some
things of special interest to you.

As you will see by the chart enclosed, a
Phrenologist has been around to see us.

He came to lecture on Memorism, &c, &
against Spiritualism. I will tell you
more of him again. I think he

hit me pretty close in his talk to me.

Told me I had an Irish head or else
Highland Scotch. My forte lay in power of
giving expression, rather than originality.

power of throwing myself into the feeling &
general attitude of other men. In History I
would always excel by the facility with which

I would appreciate the spirit of an age, live
its life, think its thoughts, feel its prejudices.

My large perceptions give great facility in

acquiring anything & everything.
On this point he said that the man I most
resembled was an Irish hod carrier he once
knew & examined, who completely won'ted
a Methodist minister who wanted to con-
vert him. It would have made you laugh
to hear Grimes give the dialogue. The hod
carrier brought up every fact in history
from the Reformation down that would
show the superiority of Romanism to Pro-
testantism & completely overwhelmed the
good minister. He said it was wonder-
ful to see the amount of knowledge that
ragged hod carrier was possessed of, but he
ceased to wonder when he examined his
head. Said he to me: 'you have a head
the most like his of any I ever saw. You
will be good in extemporaneous speaking,
eloquent, pour out like a torrent, never
at a loss for either a word or a fact, dra-
matic, catch readily the spirit of the oc-
casion & the subject. Look at Burke's head,
the Irish orator, just such a frontal region
as yours, only a little more so.

But you are not logical in your habit of
thought; never would make a metaphysician.
Don't see inferences soon enough, are not
capable of following a chain of sequences
very far. Theology in the abstract will be a
dry study to you. Cultivate your reasoning power.
Social qualities poor, soon make yourself
at home with anyone, be a good pastor as
well as preacher, ^{with} trust your people & be very
popular. Then he gave it to me on my
lack of self-esteem, a defect you have often
spoken of & which I have many times felt.
Grimes said I must cultivate the habit
of thinking highly of myself & my opinions.
My great defect was the preponderance
of diffidence over Self Esteem.
Of course I have long known this; he told
me a great deal in regard to it & its
bad effect on character & influence.
You see the man understand his business.
Said I was very impulsive & yet cautious.
I asked him to explain the apparent
contradiction & he did so, but I did not

fully catch his meaning, or have forgotten.

Said as a religious man my motto would be. The sword of the Lord & of Bidean, & I would give it to the Midianites - hip & thigh. But he said my organ of Belief was small. I was naturally a sceptic. Reverence alone was what helped to balance it in me. Said he, you have your father's scepticism & your mother's reverence. You do not believe readily enough, require too much & too plain proof.

If I could get to think more of myself & less of what other people think of me; cultivate logic assiduously; and get my impulses better in hand, I am capable of doing much good, he tells me.

Now, you know I would not write this so frankly & fully to anyone else than to you; but I know you will be interested, as I have been, in seeing how closely old Grimes as we call him, came to the correct analysis of my character. He is really an excellent Phrenologist & judge of human nature.

Taught us all about mesmerism. Not will power at all that effect it. Phrenology is at the bottom of it. I will explain his views to you some time.

Rapids (Decr 24th 1862)

Thomas D. Christie,

My Dear Son

Quite worthily I write You

But again having a desire to say something more to You in
Reference to the 13th Chapter of John's Gospel, which I have
been Reading lately, which was the Chapter read in the
Sunday school which attended last Sunday morning. Let me
begin by saying that this Gospel exhibits a perfect progress
in its animating spirit beyond the other three, and is filled
throughout with the spirit of Truth and Love, a picture of the
perfected man in Christ, and generally is typical of that day
of the Church which as yet is not come, But which is ap-
parently dawning on the world, and of course it is also correspond-
ent of the perfected Christians. Understood that all in relation
to the Church is equally applicable to its individual members,
But I may have raised Your Expectation too far of what I may have to say,
and must confess of course my total inability to give You any very clear
or connected comment on the Chapter, when I attempt to do anything
of the kind even to myself I always break down, so You must
take my apparently disjointed thoughts as they arise.
Generally, I think the Character of the Gospel, on the Keys to
certain principles which they represent, and in their histories
or biographies as far as we have them, are histories of the

Now my Dear Love I shall not go further, than I know to bid you
believe that often He had washed their feet and again I counsel
himself. He asked them if they knew what He had done to them?
But did not tell them, only drawing a lesson of Love from
the act. You will no doubt reject all this, I say well, never
theless I have shown it to you, and when you are fit to
receive it you will. It is not long that I will be in the
world with you, and I wish to tell you a few things, an
opportunity occurs before I leave. I pray you therefore
not to forget that there are Three Baptisms spoken
of in the Gospel. of Repentance, of Love, and Truth.

Grace and Truth by Jesus Christ, (the Anointed Person),
the Baptism of Repentance coming by the Mercy of God
which is John. Now if you will examine the scriptures you
will find that the best are the symbols & winged words for
the understanding. Behold I lay a stumbling block in your
way something for the feet to trip up, or, a higher they could not under-
stand. I need not attempt this part, there is no room.

This last Baptism, for Malasia ~~usually~~ comes after
they enter the Church alone. But the day which John
the Beloved Disciple represents in the Church is dawning
and you are sure your brethren as we are initiated by
the Gospel of the Lord. All things are possible to faith
and he who seeks believing shall receive. I believe and
I receive. You do not seek do you? It might be better
for me perhaps instead of going up into Meers to do
do. is about to be about my Mother's business. But you
do not know that my care required a particular education
and I am getting it. I will bring you by a way which
you know not of and when and over which I entered
over the Wall, I have been taken gradually and shown
how to come in at the Door. My Dear Love you believe
and I rejoice in it, and therefore I tell you these things.

I know so many things in the scriptures that you
never dreamed of that I long to tell you, some of
these I should not tell you, because you are not
ready to receive them. All in good time you will
receive perhaps not until you leave this world.

Now please to give my respects to my Mother and
Mother and God father, and all the household of believers
and though I do not bid them to Sarah. J. Christ

Rapidan Dec 23 1869

My Dear Sarah. [Christie]

I expected a letter from you last mail day, it did not come. I sent you one last week and to it I expect an answer on Christmas day which happens to be our mail day.

We have very cold weather. Have not having a thermometer cannot say just how cold. I am not able to go out much because of the cold, and yes I must exercise to keep up a due degree of health. Therefore I do not feel very well.

David is daily in the woods, and has made this winter already some 1800 rails and posts to his own hand. Sandy is running the team. Hauling home about 100 daily. There is a singing school starting some 3 miles off. Thursday, Christmas Eve being the first night of it our boys being both intending to attend it.

I am interested in having David learn to read and sing music. He does not readily take to learning of any kind. But emulation may stimulate him a little in this. He has a very good voice, and his natural faculty of imitation will assist him much.

David has a very good temper generally, and is an agreeable boy. Much more so than Sandy.

Spry's large self-esteem, is much trouble to him
 being connected with a small Association. Although
 Daniel is more happy constituted than Sandy,
 one will think go through the world with more peace to
 himself and others, and although endowed with excellent
 may really be of more use to himself and others than Sandy.
 You must understand Sandy, that the Question of Organization
 is the most important element in our National Character
 it is this which makes all men differ so much from one another.
 There are as many dissimilitudes in the National Man, as there
 are individuals, who can be to blame for their ^{own} ~~own~~ Organization
 nobody, and therefore, hinders the foundation in reason, for
 the Christian principle of Charity. You must see it would
 be unreasonable to have Charity for all if they acted wickedly
 not having inborn tendencies to evil. But recognizing
 as we must do that in all in the National State some form of
 Evil will rule the Life and that this has been derived
 Unconditionally, we do well to have Charity for all, and the further
 down they are in the scale of humanity, the larger should be
 our love and pity, and therefore the more should we be willing
 to suffer in raising them up. I do not see that this contains
 any principle of true Christianity either, I know it is Good philosophy

Now Sarah I would like in some of your letters you would
give me some views into your conceptions of a Christian Life
Altho its Obj is the human soul. I do not require you
to be very philosophical, but please let me see, within what

You think or what you feel. I am desirous to know what
 form Christianity takes in you. I say so that you
 cannot give a reason for the faith that is in you. But you can
 describe your faith or its operation in your feelings.

You have a large endowment of some of the faculties which
the manipulation of which constitutes Christian wisdom
and You have a large endowment of others which require
to be put into the harness of Christian restraint, and which
so restrained become invaluable in the service of the
spiritual man. I wish You to be simple and ingenuous
and now I think even this will be quite a task to You. You
are naturally decisive and it is difficult in that case to make
an uncalculated as I feel. Now You feel I am right?

but you know you write to me, show he explicit it may be I will be able to clear up some difficulties for you, or assist you in forming clearer or juster perceptions of certain things which may be obscure to you, Although there is much that is obscure to me also. There is one thing I would recommend to you, which is to read much in the Gospel of St John read it again and again, it contains the principles of Christian Life, in their most developed form, even in the letter it is the very spirit of Christ. That book always had great power over me, and I loved it above all the books in the bible, even when I did not even understand its letter.

Know my Dear Sarah, do not wonder at my writing so to you
This subject is always uppermost in my mind, and I trust is to
write to you this year and so what comes

I received a letter from Helen last week, and will send one to her soon I hope. You may go to her if you see her soon. I also received one from Uncle Tom, and Mary Watts. Really we are getting quite bare, and I wait your answer to my last letter on that subject also.

I have written to our Tom to say that cental letters comes round we cannot do anything more for him I am sorry at it. But we can do more for we are too poor to do more than get through with a great struggle even if with that. Seeing it is so, I dismiss the subject we will do what we can, but suffer as we must, and leave the rest to God. I hope that Jessie living with Willie may do good. But I doubt not if she tells you about their family affairs in such a manner, she will not be likely to increase the harmony in them. Hence, she must remember she is a sister. Willie and Emma to behave accordingly, but she has much to learn. Willie I trust will treat her as he ought to, and also leave her to keep her own place, and so how I write her to the him I will instruct him a little. Jessie has received an education which has opened only to appearance. Lowell is a poor school to learn the right spirit in.

A man and his wife understood one another better than other can understand them, it is always had to be added. As I write I think you and Tom will be together in his vacation time. You must consider that we will know no difference in our little Shanty on the Upper prairie between Christmas and any other day of the year. But then you know also that in our imaginations we will leave home and look as on you all in Uncle Williams, and will visit Grandmother in her little bed room, and will talk with you all, in as an agreeable a manner as we can, and will not dispute with Uncle Williams. But will endeavor to make our visit as pleasant as possible. Mother sends her love to all of you and says a pleasant Christmas and happy New Year, and so I must finish with the home at all and come of you as of old. J. A. Warner

do not forget to write
to me for money
I am sure you may get
it if you write to me
I am sure you may get
it if you write to me

Rapidan Minn

Sunday December 27th 68

Dear Sarah I have just got
home from Sunday School and
now I must write you that
Letter I have Owed you for
so long my Conscience accuses
me but I have been very busy
but that is to old an excuse
will we will call it Lazy
but then you know that I
am not much of a Scribe
will nevertheless although
but as Willie Says I will try
and do as well as I can in the
first place we are all in good
health and I hope you all had
a merry Christmas Tom will
be up with you now I hope
you Enjoyed your Silver

I hope Grandmother
was able to be up with you.
I often think of her and
poor Grandfather losing
his Sight so well we must
all grow old. I am very
thankfull that we have
such good health. now I
will tell you how I spent
my Christmas before Sunrise
I started for the Timber I go
about two miles and a half
as I was going over I could
not help thinking how things
change round in one year.
I got over to the timber in ^{Time}
to see the Sun rise it was
a ~~very~~ ^{firm} Sight I was up
on a high table Land covered
with Timber overlooking
the Maple Bottom and the cove
and the Lake all covered
with heavy timber for miles

and the tree tops all
tipped with Frost Sparkling
and Glistening in the Sun
like as though they had been
coated with Silver it looked
Splendid I took off my
~~my~~ Coat and went to
work and took out 100 Rails
by noon went for my Coat
got out my Grub sat down
on a log and pitched in.
I thought I saw you all around
the table Tom paring the
Horns Trimming and Dissecting
Grandmother sitting Solitised
up in her Rocking Chair
Uncle William bracking
his jokes and looking golly
well I got through with
my dinner and went to work
and took out 70 more cut down
my own trees and took out one
Hundred and Seventy rails

not do bad for Christmas
I felt as happy as ever I did
I have got out \$1,100 alone
you must know I have kept
the at going this last two
weeks Sandy is hauling,
there are lots of deer in this
country, I saw 6 one week
at different times have had
no time to hunt have got
3,000^{na} nails and posts to take
out yet, we are going to
fence the whole quarter
if we can this winter lots of
work on area farm, I never
was so strong and healthy, have
had some pretty cold weather
was very sorry to hear that
Tom, and Kate are so sick
with such a dangerous
disease but I hope they are
better now that was a batch of
good news about the cottons, leaving
I hope Jessie will enjoy herself
a while, I am glad Mrs. Dempsey
is so kind to you
I wish you all a
happy new year
D.C.

Waplesburg Dec 29th 1868.

Thos D. Christie

My Dear Son

While I write you
are in the midst of your vacation, enjoying the company
of your sister and other true friends. I trust this vacation
will be spent by you in a better manner than the last.
That is I hope you will make a vacation of it. Keep regular
hours of going to bed, will keep cool and rest both
mind and body, and so be recuperated for the next
campaign. It is too late now for me to warn you, for
you receive this you will probably just be going to
return to college. I trust you will enjoy yourselves in
a rational manner. Your Uncle William is naturally
hospitable and will be pleased to have you and so will
counsel him. Your Grandmother ~~Paternal~~ will be
glad of your presence also, and I sincerely hope and
desire that you will be able to give her some
consolation, some light. I think she is now in a dark
place spiritually, and needs some one to lead her to the
light, at the time I think my mother has a simple and
child like heart, and will accept your ministrations in
sincerity, but so many others you will see in the Mount
of your childhood

I presume you are aware are that by as previous
that "a prophet hath no honour in his own Country &
They are not generally willing to believe his report,
and because of their unbelief. We could not do many
miracles amongst them, without Faith no man can
be saved. I am quite at a loss for a Philosophical
definition of what Faith is, I sometimes rest on one
Theory and sometimes on another. it is it seems to me
either ~~some~~ some Constitutional Quality of the Spirit
possessed has or none, variably by different Individuals
As the Gift of God at ~~their~~ the inception of their Life or it is
imparted to them afterwards by the Operation of the Spirit
an Opening of the Spiritual Vision to a Condition of Spiritual
Receptivity, a Spiritual Substance which has in itself the
Life to grow and develop, and as Open up the Hamlets
of the Soul, as it were like the Leaves and the Flowers to the
wreath of the Light of the Sun, or is it simply the perception
of Spiritual Things, a Function of the Soul analogous to ~~that~~
of the Eye in the Body, any difficulty may arise from the fact that
I have little of it and therefore cannot know what it is.

Now Can You assist me, by a definition which will be
plain to the understanding, try in your next to teach me
Pilate asked Jesus 'What is Truth' He did not Reply to the
Question, is it possible that the answer to this Question
of mine will only be answered in the far coming Age in which
Pilate's will be answered?

There is one thing I rejoice at, that is Order to be in
the possession of Faith. We do not need to philosophise only
understand it, Yet I cannot rest without understanding
it is some native or imparted Quality of power of the Spirit
of man which stands in a direct Relation to the Truth
of God, and ^{makes a man} capable of being impressed with it, and therefore
taking its Image which is Christ, the first proceeding from
the Father. You are always and in some Mystical
Yet I think my Mysticism is according to Scripture.
My Dear Tom I am daily searching to try and understand
the Scriptures it is a more difficult attainment than
to understand any other writings, why should it be so?
is it because they were written in the World of Spirit?
and the Natural Man therefore cannot read them?
Were the Scrip. ture written for the instruction of the Natural
Man? or for the instruction of the Spiritual Man.
Are the Life, the Truth, the Spirit of these Writings the very
Christ Himself? and therefore invisible to the Natural
Understanding, being only discernible by the Son of man
who is given to Humanity from Above, The Human el
the God with Humanity? if so I would wish to cease
from my Lectures, simply read, and look for their
meaning within. Where the answer of the Spirit is
needed, It certainly is more blessed to believe
not having seen, than to believe by seeing.

My Spirit is Theorized, trying toathom the Great
Mysteries which are not revealed in the Letter of
the Gospel. and I long for Rest, for Peace
for the Triumph of Truth and Goodness in Me.
I Long for the Freedom of the Blessed. The Golgotha
of an Unswerving Life. Can these things be attained
without the Baptisms of Fire? No, The Spiritual
Man must suffer purgation. Must be Crucified
before He can Ascend to the Father. This cannot
take place until Barabbas is released.

Barabbas you see is the Son of the Father. Natural
a Robber who for Rebellion and Murder of the Spiritual
Man, is in prison, and who is always released by the orders
of the Natural Man. Mysteries afloat, and my sheet
is now full. My Dear Son

I sit here and write to you
in these cold winter days, and let you see the internal
struggles that go on in me. The Battle between the heart
and the understanding, the indications of the contest between
me and the Spirit, and yet I do not despair. Nothing
is impossible to God, and I sometimes feel as if the Horse
bringing me by a way which I know not

Please Reply if you find time, and tell me all of your
experience in Egypt. what you think of Sarah of
Grandmother, and Generally of every one.

Sandy is
Coming across the prairie with a Load of goods bringing
Dale home also from the Woods earlier to night
than usual, as they go to singing School at the P.M.
and also take this letter to you. Accept my fondest
wishes for your Welfare in Soul and Body, and believe
me still the same. J. Christie