



James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Milton, May 1st 1871.

Dear Sarah, [Christie]

I write to ask you to send to my address here the examination papers of Miss Lizzie Lawson. - They are in the pocket of my High School coat. I forgot them this morning, and it is necessary that Mr. Treat should have them this week. The Institute opens well with a large attendance. Tell Mr. Smith I have delivered his package.

Yours in haste

J. D. C.

Miss Christie,

The beaver,
Master Byron Scott, says he
is willing to make such ~~ack~~
knowledgement for his wrong
doings as you shall require,
as well as promises of amend-
ment for the future, if he
may be permitted to return
to school.

When he shall have thus
satisfied you, he may return.

Yours truly,

Beloit, May 15, 1871.

P. L. Wright
Superintendent,

Complimentary to O. S.
Smith and E. R. Jones —

Miss Salmon will
be happy to receive Class VI, and
their friends on Monday evening
May 15th

Beloit Wis —

it. I have great arms, suffering
terribly for that, and all the
other things but not more
than I deserve. But - these
crosses may well all
be made straight somehow
and there is hope for me
yet - when they are, and
the Jubilee fall, just I
can breathe again, and
begin a new life. I
shall be long - But it
will take a long while
to straighten out - the crooked
ways - Write to me
about your school, and
tell me about your aches
and pains, it will make
me feel better. Write
soon, I am
yours
Hans
I know how all
this makes you
but I cannot help a
single bit. I will get
everything fixed up, and
I thank you for the
letter. I don't know
how to write to you
now, but I will try
to do so. I am
yours
Hans

your kind
and one from Dave yesterday, saying
you had commenced your school
last Monday. - I feel grateful to you
sincerely, and to the rest for your kind-
ness. I know I don't deserve it from
any of you - I am about the same
as when I wrote to father. If there is
any change in my health, it is for the
better I think. - I am taking medicine
and the wine, egg, and new milk, in
the morning. I don't know really
that I am better, only some days I
will feel quite well and strong, and
everything goes off smoothly at school,
and then again perhaps the next day,

I will be all down again - over and over, and have their progress at heart - miserable. no power in me. - but on I cannot bear to leave until I have the whole. I know I am no worse after finished what I have commenced for my three weeks of teaching, and that them. - It is not likely that Tom is saying a great deal. I cannot will get the High School next year. think of leaving my school now though affairs have taken a new turn - until close of term, and Tom and I. The High School is situated on the north side of the river, and there is a fine view of the city. Two considerations keep me here almost a deadly jealousy existing between the west side and the east side. - they could get no teacher in Beloit. There has been much trouble about the teachers in the High School - two take my place. It is a difficult place of them being west-siders and one to be in, and it would be open rebel. Mrs Carson, an east-sider. Tom lion of a new teacher went in. It upheld Mrs Carson - which caused is quite easy for me now, comparative some feeling against him on the west by speaking. for they know me now. side. it is a complicated affair and and like me. and I like them. - and I cannot enter into it. but at any I am helping the 4th grade to prepare rate it would be unpleasant. for for passing from our room to the 2nd grade in the Grammar room. they offered it. It will be unpleasant. By that means, they gain a whole and for anyone who goes in there - year. I am very much interested in Tom is to take steps towards finishing

then position. - He is going home to think
soon as he graduates and thinks.
perhaps he might get a position in
some one of the towns there. - He
will take the highest of recommendations
from the board here and from the
College Professors. - There is no danger but
what he will get a good position. -
All the students do. - If you hear or
read of a vacancy for Principal any-
where, let us know at once. - Be on
the look-out please. - Perhaps next fall
surely, if I am well enough, as I shall try
to be, I would like to teach at home, or
with you in Fardun City or elsewhere. -
I wish I could be with you in Fardun
City this summer. I think I could help
you so much going into that new
school. I know I could help you more
than anyone else could - in so many dis-
ferent ways. - My experience here is worth
something to me. - If I staid here in
Detroit another year, I could have the
position I am in now at least - and
very probably I might get into the Gram-
mar School. But expenses are more
here than they would be in Fardun - and
if I am not here, I should not care to
stay here so much. - All these teaching plans
are on the condition that I become better
and strong again. - and I don't know if
I will have anything to do with it - and I
cannot afford to go down yet till
all these debts are paid. - I have a confession
to make to you secretly - I do owe Tom
Social that money - it then kept me from
writing to you, for I felt I must tell you
when I did write. - I know you will judge
me from the bottom of your heart. - But I
couldn't look you a half farther in the face and
own it when I was up there. - It was more
than I could bear with all the rest. - so I hid
to you both - and I couldn't wait till I told
you. - I want you to tell Father and then bring
this letter and don't ever say a word to
me about it either of you, for I couldn't bear

Beaufort May 26. 1871.

My dear Miss Christie, [Lately]

It is more than four weeks since I received your very interesting letter, and in fact that I took my paper and commenced answering it the very next day - but I am tired commenced having child profever (one of the results of living in this charming country) and this made an interruption, for it continued for three weeks, - and now after all this time I am going to thank you for your frank and confidential letter - I had not heard from Sam for some time & he seldom writes particulars so every thing you told me was news. I was very happy to hear of your success in your own school matters, and also of Annie's which must be very gratifying to you since I believe she has always been your pupil, I hope she will find her school this summer a pleasant one, The Chreightons are a very pleasant family. Their children are remarkably handsome,

Mr Kerr has been so long connected with the public schools, it must seem very strange to get along without him, and I had understood the High School was to be closed, the town unable to meet the expense -

But now that one has been found worthy to succeed Mr Kerr, I should not be surprised if your brother continued to teach for a year or two, and certainly would not be a very bad preparation for the duties of the ministry,

Now my dear friend allow me to touch upon this subject with interest, more above all others - not that I have any idea that I can say any thing satisfactory - for the reason that in what you say there is nothing tangible, nothing to take hold of - nothing to reason about and no objections to answer - - Frames and feelings are hard to combat. I deeply sympathize with you in your present state of feeling, a state of doubt is one of anxiety and not of peace. still, it occurs to me to say, preferable to a decision on the wrong side -

the Psalmist "When I wake up in the like night."

I shall be satisfied and must not wait till then, before all doubts and uncertainties shall be removed, before we can see that clear view of divine things, that fulfilment of the promise "I will manifest myself unto you," before we can know really and fully what it is to have the light of the divine countenance upon us - all this we are ever longing after, long that we may have it more and more - what makes us feel so strongly the force of these words, "When I wake up in the like night I shall be satisfied!"

As I glance over my letter I look with misgiving but I hope

you will write again very soon and believe me ever your

affectionate friend J. A. McCall

When you say love to your brother, I say also yours in regards to yourself & his

Now I wish I could see you face to face and have the pleasure of conversations with you, and how sure I am that I could help to dispell that cloud which seems to hang over your head, while I would endeavour to convince you that what now appears a reality is but a phantom, -- I could at least tell you, what perhaps you have often heard me assert, that I am, myself more than satisfied with the Episcopal Church, satisfied that there is authority and that nowhere else is there more authority, and satisfied also with her liturgy and services, which become fallen and sweeter to me every year, whether I partake of them in the West or the East in the North or the South --

One word of yours in your letter, suggests to me an exclamation of

John has a fine black man with, is still at Mr. Stannard's in Newark. I think when come in with, to show my father in his and interest into the world & meet my fortune.

Deloit College, June 17, 1871.

My dear Father:

I am ashamed to keep silence any longer after the good letters I recd. — some weeks ago — from you and Sandy. And yet I do not feel inclined to write because I am so unsettled in mind and purpose. I can tell you absolutely nothing of when I shall be or what I shall do after the 12th July. This is very embarrassing to me. I enjoyed very much your last letter and that of Sandy, and am very glad S. is in so good a school. It is quite a promotion, and yet nothing more than he deserves. I shall be into the same work next year I hope, and shall be thankful for the change. I have been weighed down with burdens of mind all this year, and shall fairly leap with joy when once I get my hands untied so that I can go to work to lighten them.

I like teaching very much. My work in the High School was little short of tremendous, and

yet I never enjoyed myself better than when
up to the highest pitch in it.

Our last examinations are all over
with, and all we have to do for four weeks^{is} to
prepare for Commencement. We got our
appointments on Thursday: I am Valedictorian,
Adams, Salutatory; Wilder a Philosophical
Oration: A. J. Smith and Hale, Distinguished
Orations, and the rest Common Orations.

I cannot express my joy to you father, at my
getting through. Look at my face in the picture
I send you: I am surprised myself at the
signs of the struggle: It is something like
Philob over again; fought in a different spirit
and under a nobler flag. I do feel like thanking
God and taking courage. Ah my dear father,
you shall hear from me yet for good I hope: I have
never forgotten the conversation you and I had the
night before I went to Madison, in which you urged
upon me to study for the Christian Ministry. — It
was the first thought of the kind I had ever had pre-
sented to me, and although I was not a con-
verted man at the time it made a deep impres-
sion on my mind.

And now I am glad that I took no short and
partial course of preparation; it was a long
probation to look forward to, and I was nearly
24 before I opened a Greek or Latin Grammar,
but the five years of study and discipline
have not been in vain I trust, and I am willing
to give myself to the same Power who began the
good work in me to permit Him to complete it, though
it may take another five years yet before I shall be
ready to go into my work as a Minister. I hope,
however, to shorten the Seminary Course a year or
more by the study of Hebrew, at which I have done
a little already, and of Greek Exegesis. I am
glad that I have taught the Greek so long as to
make me so familiar with it as I am. I have
read much that is outside of the course, — in
Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes and
Plato, and long for the opportunity to go on
with it. I wish you and I could be together
father; I would introduce you to the Greek
in a way to delight you — But I
must not run on in this strain: there are
higher things than mere scholarship, which is

It is not the end. It is only a tool, a means, not an end. And yet without the means we cannot attain the end.

Your remarks on my poem are all just: it is simply an unfinished fragment, which I was prevented by High School work from doing more to. It is funny that of the three last verses, which you commended most highly of all, one was written at noon of the day it was delivered while I was walking up and down the school room among several score of laughing and talking scholars, and the other two were actually penned, or penciled rather, after the half-hour bell had rung for the exercise at which the piece was to be delivered.

There is a little piece of mine in the Monthly for June - not yet sent - which I will send you. Sarah is well, and her school will be out in a week, after which she will stay till Nov. and then I think will go up to you for the summer. I trust Mother and Emma and the boys are well. I send my love to all. - Do not think of me as cut off from the family, although absent so long.

You may all rest assured if I live that I will do my duty by you all in the matters to which you alluded.

Chyman July 6th/71

Dear Sarah [Christie]

I answer and return thanks for your kind note at once. Much obliged to you for writing for Will had just concluded not to go, and I am so miserable that I have to be urged to go anywhere or do anything. The Valerictory proved to much for Will. I imagine how happy they will feel in Munro and had no idea we would be so pleased until the news came. We shall not get down until Monday or Tuesday.

Eliza Reese and Miss Turner threaten to be there the last day, on their way down to Mr. Reeses, though I hardly think they will get started in time. If they are coming they will write most likely. Miss Turner is a merry little old maid, that is I guess she is as old as I am.

though perhaps not quite.

This hoarse lung complaint makes me feel quite down hearted, and I am glad your letter came urging me, for it seems impossible for me to do anything when this comes on me, without someone else's bidding or urging. You may expect to find me tanned up a good deal the Dr. tells me to keep in the sun and so I do ^{riding my horse} If there is any news to tell I will remember it when I get there. Love to Annie and I

remain yours faithfully
Helen

Will says that if he ^{comes} goes you and I will hardly see him. He means to have a good time camping with the boys.

He may come down on Saturday, and I would too if could get ready, but it seems to me as if I had not been expecting to come, for I have nothing ready, and cannot hurry very much. Joke Will about Ella when I told him they spoke of going he looked as if he were afraid he would have to be the cavalier. I know he'll ^{if possible} escape, but I think they will not come.
Helen



ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT

 COMMENCEMENT,

BELOIT COLLEGE,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12TH, 1871.



ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. SALUTATORY ORATION, in Latin.
ALLISON D. ADAMS, Union Grove.
2. ORATION, *Hugh Miller and the Free Church*
ORVILLE S. SMITH, Delavan.
3. ORATION, *The Elements of Prussia's Greatness*
ROBERT RITCHIE, Beloit.
4. DISTINGUISHED ORATION, *The Pulpit and Reform.*
JOHN P. HALE, Milwaukee.

MUSIC.

5. ORATION, *The Influence of the Bible upon English Literature.*
EDWARD R. JONES, South Wales, Great Britain.
6. ORATION, *Coleridge's Work Complete.*
FRANK F. BARRETT, Dunton, Ill.
7. POEM, *To-Day and To-Morrow.*
SEDGWICK P. WILDER, West Eau Claire.

8. DISTINGUISHED ORATION, *Individuality, not Individualism.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, Lima.

MUSIC.

9. ORATION, *The Aristocracy of Culture.*
CHARLES L. MORGAN, Minneapolis, Minn.
10. ORATION, *Count Cavour.*
FREDERIC B. PULLAN, Janesville.
11. ORATION, *The Defect of Modern Scientific Culture.*
ALLISON D. ADAMS, Union Grove.

MUSIC.

12. PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION, *The Intolerance of Truth.*
SEDGWICK P. WILDER, West Eau Claire.
13. *MASTER'S ORATION, *National Apostacy.*
L. S. SWEZEY, Chicago, Ill.
14. ORATION, *Education and the Sensibilities, with the Valedictory Addresses.*
THOMAS D. CHRISTIE, Rapidan, Minn.

*This oration was delivered before the Alumni last evening.

MUSIC.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

PRAYER.

APPOINTMENTS.

Class of 1871.

VALEDICTORY ORATION.—

THOMAS D. CHRISTIE, Rapidan, Minn.

SALUTATORY ORATION,—

ALLISON D. ADAMS, Union Grove.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION,—

SEDOY^{WAC} P. WILDER, West Eau Claire.

DISTINGUISHED ORATIONS,—

JOHN P. HALE, Milwaukee.

ANDREW J. SMITH, Lima.

ORATIONS,—

FRANK F. BARRETT, Dunton, Ill.

EDWARD R. JONES, So. Wales, Great Britain.

CHARLES L. MORGAN, Minneapolis, Minn.

FREDERIC B. PULLAN, Jonesville.

ROBERT RITCHIE, Beloit.

ORVILLE S. SMITH, Delavan.

Commencement Oration,
July 12, 1891.

J. D. Christie.

halls when souls are fed. And so it ^{is} by reason of ^{and in spite of the intervening centuries,} ~~clearly~~ in spiritual appetite, that some of you who hear my voice today, ~~in spite of the intervening centuries,~~ sit habitually side by side with Mark Antony at his revels, some with Boetius at the Symposia of the Philosophers, and others with St. John the Divine at the holy feast of the Agapae.

Everywhere & in all things the law holdeth true, that what we love we feed upon; what we feed upon we assimilate, build into our souls, make a part of our being, to abide in us throughout the eternities.

Rightly then does the genius of human destiny confront all educators and all Educational Systems with questioning finger, and ask, - ^{most} what names and dates the youth are committing to memory, but with what life are they coming in contact? Not simply what are they being taught to see, but what are they learning to love, what to abhor; not only what methods are you teaching, but with what enthusiasm are you feeding them; Not, are they being made competent to define such things as Truth and Virtue, but are they being filled with a noble passion for Truth and Virtue?

I have shown that the Sensibilities are powers, - the energizing, assimilating, organizing forces that carry on all the processes of the spiritual life. But all power, and the power of feeling is no exception, is not an end, but a means; the end is found in the use to which the power is harnessed.

With the right use of the Sensibilities Education has

much to do, but I forbear speaking at length in this direction, because I believe, with you, that those very habits of mind which develop the power of Feeling, also determine in great measure the objects and uses of that power.

One suggestion only in passing: If feeling is a means, not an end, it should never be called forth for its own sake merely, for then it is wasted, and apathy, - that most terrible of all porositics, - will surely be the result. So that the man who drinks to intoxication, because it makes him "feel happy"; and the man who works himself up into a high state of ^{an excitement} ~~what~~ he is pleased to call religious, for the sake of the enjoyment it affords him, and without showing proportionate increase in the fruits of the Christian life, - these men are more blameable, because they are wasting higher and more precious powers, than the improvident fellow who piles his winter's supply of coal in the street and sets fire to it that he may enjoy the excitement of seeing it burn.

Nor is this continual excitement of feeling the true method of its culture: The pond does not become the ocean by your versing its surface, though you stir never so assiduously. To deepen true feeling the whole nature, the whole man must be deepened. Let the Truth be seen, not only in its lower, but in its higher relations; in its relations to life, to the soul and to its wondrous destinies. Thus let Truth be vitalized, and thus contemplated: so will its contemplation call forth, ~~and~~ rightly exercise, and strengthen all the powers of higher feeling; thus will the Sensibilities be made to be ^{in the soul} the sources of truest happiness and unfailing power.

Beaver Dam July 16/71

My dear Alex,

Your favor of 5th inst. came to hand in due time I suppose, but I was absent from home all last week and only came home last night.

But to the subject. I will say that I will let you have the money you want sometime this fall. but ~~cannot~~ not say exactly when. but believe soon enough for what you wish to do. that is if your Father can pay you (as part of it) what he is owing me which would be \$320.00 note & int, due Sept 4th, but there is one thing I cannot concede to, that is I can't let you have it at 12%. perhaps you can get money in Minnesota at that rate but here we don't do so. now I will tell you what I think I can do.

Providing your Father is able to pay me what he is owing me when due. I will direct

him to pay it to you which as I said
will be \$220.00 and I will send you
the Balance \$80.00 as soon after that as
I can get it which might be about
the first of October perhaps sooner and
might be later. and as you propose giving
me security you can execute your Mortgage
and get it Recorded and send to me free
of all Expense of Record. And make your
Mortgage and Collateral Note. Due in
3 years or 2 years as you like best. with
interest at the Rate of 10% per Annum after
date until paid. And Interest to be paid Annually.
I would like better to have you pay me all
at once than to pay me \$100.00 yearly as you
propose. Of course I know nothing of your
Security but your own Honor and Honesty
will be guarantee for that.

Now I want to know what you are
going to do. are you going to get married
and settle down on the farm? or are you
only going on your own Hook thinking to
make more money? in either case I admire
your Pluck and will help you as you propose.

Is this Land some you have bought? or is it
a part of Dads farm? and if you leave him
will it not embarrass him? and leave him
with too much to do. or does David stay at
home and work the Place? You know you don't
want to lop off too many of the Branches at
once so as to weaken the Parent Stem. but I
judge from what you say about your father
pay you in place of me that the matter is
amicable all round. I hope it is. for by
my making this arrangement with you I
would not like it to be the means of holding
him in the Light.

We had a Letter from Sarah inviting all to
come down to Beloit to Commencement. but
Circumstances would not permit the Acceptance.
Rozine had gone off visiting over in Columbus Co.
and I had to go off on my Revenue Biz. and
your Aunt said she had so much work to do
taking care of the Berries in the Garden that she
could not come. I should have enjoyed it
much. I have heard that Cousin Willie
went down on the Saturday previous and
Helen on Monday. and I also have heard

Tom has got a school somewhere in Illinois for a year, but can give you no particulars. I presume Tom will write you I hope he will do well pecuniarily as for the rest part of it I have no fears.

so you are teaching in Garden City - well I think that was the prettiest little village I saw while I was in Minnesota. I took dinner there and staid some 3 hours and looked it over pretty thoroughly. Went down to the mill and into the Stores. but as you remark I thought there were people enough to them to do the Business but there is some vice about them in my judgement. You must write me a long letter and let me know what your arrangements are, and about the time you want that money so that we can have every thing understood. also write me all about the folks, how you are all getting along &c - we are all in usual good health now, but had a very hard time this Spring. Rosine had a very severe attack of Latent Pneumonia. The Clyman folks all about as usual. of course it is not in the nature of things that Grandmother can live a very long time, yet she is comfortable but getting weaker both in Body & mind. I must now close. Answer this soon so that I can

know whether my arrangements were suit or not
Respect & are friendly & remain yours very truly J. B. Davis

Lowell Hicouen

Monday Afternoon July 24th - 1871

My Dearest Cousin [Sarah Christie]

I am all alone and would like so much to have you here with me. Jim has gone a harvesting so that I am alone all day long from early in the morning untill about dark & I assure you I feel quite lonely. We both felt very much disappointed at not being with you during the commencement - I might have gone alone, but did not feel as though I ought - or in fact didnt care to go unless Jim could go with me.

I done my washing today and that with my other work has about tired me out - I have felt quite miserable ever since I commenced house-keeping untill ~~untill~~ within the last week I have actually hardly been able to do my work but have managed this far & now am feeling so much better that I am quite encouraged.

And now Sarah I write especially to ask you to come up and make me a visit. I want to see you ever so much. Jim too wishes to have you come and Tom also, we want you both to come. That picture of Tom is a good one but we had rather see the original.

This is the only letter I have attempted to write since I was married so you will please excuse the penmanship - this is the only kind of writing paper there is in the house and I use it because I feel too tired to ~~go~~ over town after note paper as I should have to come back and write my letter & then go over again to put it in

the Office. Mother was here two weeks ago today came in the morning & staid all day. had a nice visit. Annie came with her also William & Hillie - Annie staid until wednesday evening & then went from here to Juneau with Martha & Eda Lenth. Jamie has never been over yet but will come after school is out. Tell Sarah come if you possibly can and make Tom come with you. I wish you would write me a line right away & let me know if you can come & what day I may look for you -

I want to see you particularly - dont say no.

And now good bye I must go and comb my hair and change my clothes and then go over to the Post-Office.

Your loving Cousin

Jessie Lenth

P.S. we recived the Beloit Paper.

Near Amboy, Ill.

Wed. Morn. July 26th 71.

[Sarah Christie]

Dear Sister: I drop a line to tell you of my safe arrival and present occupations. This is a beautiful country, a little low perhaps, in some places - unbroken prairie, waving with numerous fields of corn and with meadows of Timothy and Clover. I never saw so rich a region, but I do not like the people - they are too well satisfied with the good things of this world, which are given them in such abundance.

No intellectual or spiritual cravings to be seen either in their faces or their conversation. It is very, very sad. Of course there are exceptions, and of course the family where I stay, - Rev. Mr. Brower - is one of these. The old gentleman reminds me much of father, is a graduate of Williams, - but you would take him for a rough farmer and nothing more, till you begin to talk with him. He is doing the work of two men: preaches on Sunday twice, and carries on, with the help of a little son - 14 - and just like Dave at that age - a large farm - I think 150 acres. He is a very quick, impulsive man, and is, I think, wearing himself out with our work.

The mother is an exceedingly pleasant little lady: educated in a New York Seminary, and full of life in conversation. She and the daughters do all the housework, but you would think she never knew what it is to be tired, to hear her merry laugh and her fresh tones. She reminds me very much of Mrs. Knox.

There are two daughters, the younger being a pleasant girl of some 16 years, troubled with toothache, - the eldest is 19, and fresh from the Seminary. I send her picture and you may judge of her for yourself. You shall get no opinion out of me. We have been over a good deal of the country together, behind one of the six horses of the farm; and this morning we start for Dixon - 14 miles - to see a host of cousins and friends. I shall look out for schools while there.

Expect me on Monday or Tuesday. Remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Merri-
man, to Annie, and to Mr. Millette.

Your affectionate Brother,
Thos. D. Christie.

Dear Ambrosy, M.L.

Thurs. Morning, July 27, '91.

My dear sister: [Sarah Christie]

I sent a letter to you yesterday from Dixon. I saw there Mr. Smith, Principal of High School on South Side. Learned from him that the High Schools in Aurora & in Freeport wanted principals. In Aurora the Supt. City-Schools is Mr. Powell - Whom I knew well in the army as a Lieut. of the 2^d Ill. Battery, in the same Artillery Brigade with us. He is a brother of the one armed major who commanded us in the Ticksburg Campaign. I go down there today by rail, & return to Ambrosy tomorrow. I wish you to send me two dollars, as this trip to Aurora will cost me I think about \$4.⁰⁰ & would leave me short of funds on which to return to Beloit.

I hope you got my letter, for there was in it a photograph of Miss Braver which I wish you to see & which I do not want to lose. I am leaving one of my cabinets with her. I never met any one who came so up to my ideal. She is high above me.

But I will tell you more about her when I see you -
I must get this into the morning mail.
My regards to all -

Yours affectionately,

Thomas D. Christie.

P.S. Pel. had a
coll. about two
months ago.

Beloit Wis -
July 27th 1871.

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

I suppose I need not
wait any longer for a letter from you
as this is your busy time. I do not write
myself to you from any other motive than
a sense of duty. For I feel used up
and lived out ever since commence-
ment: and, indeed, since school closed.
But I know you will like to hear
from us, and if I cannot feel like
writing a letter, a line or two is
better than utter silence. Commence-
ment is over with, as you will see
by the papers. so I will say nothing
about it. only that Ellen and Willie
came down from Chyman and stay-
ed through it. I see no change in either
of them. Folks in Chyman all going
on in the same old way. Grandmother

more feeble. keeps to her bed most of the time. After Tom graduated he went down into South Eastern Illinois to visit some new friends, and look around about schools. He has offers in different places. But nothing is really settled as yet. I expect him back next week on Monday. I am to continue teaching here another year if I am able. I am hired for the whole year.

Since Commencement I have changed my boarding-place to Mrs Merriman's where I expect to remain while in Beloit if she lives. She has had a severe attack lately of her old complaint of heart disease. But is now somewhat better and is able to be up again. Annie is having vacation of three weeks more, and is spending it here at Mrs Merriman's also. I had a letter from Father Mark lately wanting me to spend vacation with them. It was very kind of her. I sent her papers but have not

answered as yet. Of course, I will not go. But perhaps may, next winter vacation. She says that they are living in San Prairie, where Mark has a clothing store. and her mother is well and living with them. Agood. Charlie and Sam are all living on James in the neighborhood she says. The way she came to write to me was that I sent her one of Tom's photographs. I have been hoping to get a letter from Sandy or some of you. But I suppose it is useless. I hope you are all well and doing well.

You misjudged me in your last letter to Tom, when you said that I wanted you to take the responsibility of deciding for me about going to Minnesota. I didn't think of such a thing. I only tried to tell you truly how I felt about it. My health was such that I felt I needed the Minnesota air to help me. And then

again the expense was so much
but still it is nearly or quite as much
to stay here and pay board as I have to.
I simply tried to tell you that just
how I felt about it and you write
to Tom and tell him I wanted to shove
the responsibility on to you - sort of force
you to ask me to come home? All I
can say is it grieved me very much for
I didn't think of such a thing. Well it
no matter anyway - I am doing the best
I can - I read an account lately of
the terrible hail-storm or hurricane that
passed so near you - as I understood
it - it came from the west; took part
of the city of Hankato in its line and
swept on to the east - destroying everything
in its course. - How are the crops?
Do they promise well? Neither corn nor
wheat will come up to the average here
I believe. - I hope Dave is keeping well
and able to work as usual - Tell me
all about Sandy - I send love to all.

Affectionately -

Leviah -

all has gone so well with me, and that something at least has been gained of power with which to do good in the world.

I cannot express to you how full my heart is of thankfulness ~~and~~ rejoicing at the thought of the privileges that have been mine; not only in the opportunities of the College Curriculum, but in my Class Associations, - for ours was a true brotherhood, - in the blessed work of the Sabbath Schools, and in the joys of Christian friendship among the people of the City.

I do desire, my dear father, to make good use of what I have gained, and to give back in a life of consecrated labor the life-giving influences I have received.

But the greatest thing of which I have to write is that I have at last found the one who is to be my wife.

You never heard of her I think, I send her picture which I wish you to

restrained by the two Faculties; so that the first time our Class visited our sister class in R. - it being in the last term of our Junior year - we had to run away from College without permission, - going in to prayers at evening - in our own Chapel - with our coats on over our dress coats, and reporting at prayers again in the morning, having got back at dawn.

This was the first time I saw Carmelite, but was not introduced to her, and had no conversation. Again, last winter we had regular invitation, and permission to attend one of the literary exercises of the Sem, and at that time I had considerable conversation with Mrs. S.

I liked her very much, but you cannot tell much about a person in one of these gatherings where there is a room full of people talking; so that it was not until the time she graduated, a month ago, when three of our class were in attendance, and when I spent two days in the Seminary, that we got well acquainted. I found out that she was intending

to be a missionary, and that we seemed
to answer to the same key note in everything.

She put the whole course of four years
into three, helped herself through by working
^{+ by wearing the same dress for three years - the dress you see in the picture.}
had been the staunchest support of the daily
prayer meeting in the institution, and
was now going forth, ^{at the age of 19,} full of the noblest en-
thusiasm for all that is highest in
religion and in learning.

We were in full sympathy from that
time, and I made up my mind to win her
if possible. After she had gone home
I wrote her a letter, and received an answer
before I graduated. Its tone was encour-
aging to my hopes, and there was an
invitation to call and see her at her
home some time during the summer.

After graduating I wrote again, and
followed the letter ^{myself} on the succeeding
Monday. I staid a week, using part
of the time in looking after situations
in Dixon and Aurora. That week

3.
And so I have been compelled at last by
the conscience within me to draw back
my out-reached hands, and to think
that perhaps my ideal was never to be
found. But she is found, and I have
^{met} in the sweet girl who has given me her
whole heart, all, and more than all,
that my fancy ever painted as belonging
to ^{the} one who should be my wife. It has
made a change in me, very similar in
its effects, and almost equal in import-
ance, to the change wrought by my con-
version. None of the passing fancies I
have indulged in ever had anything of
this depth and power. In more ways than
one, I am a new man.

You see her character in her face. She
is the most extraordinary soul I ever saw looking
out of eyes of woman. Neither her father
nor her mother understand her; they call
her romantic: it is the romance that
belongs to noble impulses. It is such a
^{kind of} romance that it made her do extra work in
the Seminary, and go without her tea and
coffee, in order to earn money to give to

the Missionaries, ^{make her} and do a thousand other things that modern girls are too lazy and too selfish to do. She has her father's deep earnest nature, and her mother's demonstrationness - so that she goes beyond them both, and they are not able ^{strongly} to come prejudice her, - seize and hold her on all sides. But as to us - you soon saw two nations more in unison, - only she is high as heaven above me in spiritual instinct, and in all that makes goodness.

To let you see something of her thought I here copy part of a letter she gave me on Saturday morning, the next after the declaration. She reads the letter with the mottoes of her class and of mine - which you see have their significance - "Eo unum, via una" - One heart, one way, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum" - No steps backward.

and says: "What am I that God should bless me by sending to me the offering of a heart so true, so noble as yours!"

As I felt my school-life drawing to

a close, and knew that there would come to me, - for a sort of intuition made me feel and believe it true, - a time when I must make a decision that would not only affect my present life, but overshadow my whole eternity, and not mine only but that of other souls - I say, as this truth impressed itself upon me my heart troubled, and I prayed most earnestly that my Heavenly Father would direct me, that He would make me a noble woman, and send to me for my life-companion one whom I could love, feeling him worthy, with the purest, dearest love of my soul.

I little thought the latter part of my prayer was so soon to be answered; but now I see why it has been; it is that I may have your ^{to} help me work out for myself - God aiding us - the answer to its first part.

You have given your heart into my keeping, and I do, and will always, hold it as the most sacred trust on earth. Heaven itself could not tempt me to trifle with its love. I know you love me, and

your love is returned ^{by} ~~with~~ love that shall be
lasting as eternity. * * * * *

I think our Father in Heaven approves of the
course we have taken: it seemed last
night as I knelt in prayer that His smile
rested in my heart, and His voice said, 'go
in peace: for I am with you always.'

If the peace of God be in our hearts, and
His divine presence cheers us, what more
need we to make us happy in each other's
love? (Then follows a translation from the French)

"Heaven put us lack of trouble in our share
of life's allotments; and no want of care,
no easy path be ours; no flowery way to
escape the heat and burden of the day;
but brave hearts and strong wills, life's
tasks to meet, its duties to fulfil, and
when worn low and dimly Nature's fires,
and life's last shimmerous court the tallest
spires, around us light increase, and peace,
- the peace of God - the God of Peace." * * *

My dear father, what do you say
to utterances like that? and she is far
deeper than even this fragment shows. But here
is a leaf - what think you of the tree? as you
say -

I shall always remember as, - next to the
week in which I gave my heart to God -
the most important period in my whole
life. I need not give details; in
fact, we seemed to understand each other
from the beginning. On Friday evening,
July 28, - just a month from the day
she graduated, and seven years from
the day on which we fought one of the
fiercest, - as it was the most successful,
of the battles near Atlanta, - we went
through the form of a proposal and its
acceptance. We had gone with the
carriage (and one of the six horses of the
farm) to a neighboring wood to pick
blackberries. There, ^{after} having driven a mile
and a half into the forest, tied our horses,
left our hats in the carriage, and wandered
around till our dish was full, we dis-
covered that our conveyance was not to
be found; we had lost ourselves! Night
was coming on, the wood was very

large, and do our best, we could find
neither the horse, nor the way out. At
last I climbed a tree and saw the
prairie. We made for it and struck a
road. I left Carmelite at a house, and,
following the track by which we intended,
found the carriage. It was an adventure
very like the one that forms the basis of
Milton's Comus. Of course, we were neither
of us alarmed, but it made the young
Seminary girl show her endurance in the
way of walking and of good nature -
the test in both was satisfactory. And it
was in the carriage, on the way home, that
we made up our minds and pledged our
troth to walk hand in hand ^{henceforth} through "the
wilderness of this world." The father
and mother, when I spoke to them, were quite
content to let us have our own way.

And now I hear you say, -
"What's another love scrape for that boy?"

Ah, my dear father, I never was in
love before; I have reached out ^{after} and tried
sometimes to think I had found my ideal,
but there always was a flaw in it, so that
I could neither love, nor call forth love.

return in your mist. Her name is
Sarah Carmelite Brewer; her father's
name is James Brewer; her mother's
is Elizabeth; Coincidences, are they
not? Her father is a Congregationalist
Minister near Amboy, Ill.: from one of
the oldest families of Western Mass.: a
graduate of Williams College; carries
on a farm as well as preaches; his
only help being a son of 14. He, the
father, reminds me very much of you
in his clear insight, and his uncompro-
misingness as regards essential prin-
ciple. A plain farmer like man, but
I wish you could have heard the sermon
he preached to his farmer neighbors last
Sabbath, - so deep, so grand in its
truth and earnestness! The mother
is a loving little domestic woman; from
Western New York. Likes the farm house
better than the parsonage, and so has
finally got "James" to move out of the

village, among the corn fields, and the apple trees. Worships her husband, and scarcely understands her daughter, who has her father's nature. This little son of whom I spoke, and a younger daughter (of sixteen) with my "Princess", make up the family.

Before I go on with any more description you will be curious to know how I got into this pleasant little home down there on the Illinois prairies. You must know, then, that Carmelite, - for that is her usual name, - was a member of the class of '71 in Rockford Seminary, graduating there last month, after a three years' course. Rockford is only 17 miles south of Beloit, and the two institutions of learning are under the same kind of control, and do about the same work; so that there is considerable intercourse between the two; particularly - I might say only - between the highest classes in each. This intercourse is very closely watched, and very much



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Milwaukee, Aug. 9th 1871

My dear Tom,

I make a bet, Tom, that you're a queer chap! Look at this Poster: *Dec. 4th.* "The Crosby's Opera House" *LECTURE* (1871) "The Southern Cross." - 69 - Jnos. D. Christie A.B. Ph.D. Tickets 50¢ - Reserved seats 75¢. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Lecture to commence at eight. Reserved seats secured at Root & Cady's. Jingo! Sent that taking! From the Chicago Tribune of Opera house was last night and appreciative audience to of Mr. Jnos. D. Christie. The complete success. The speaker carried his audience along with him remarkably well. His subject was handled in a masterly manner. Firing full of sound reasoning; while occasionally eloquence, pathos, satire and humor were woven into the piece in such a way as to thrill or convulse his audience as the speaker chose. Especially in one part he was so humorous in one of his episodes, that several boys, three old men and one spinster laughed so excessively as to put their jaws out of joint; they were carried out of the hall and cared for by Dr. Abbott. Mr. Christie is a young man, and shows in many little peculiarities that he is a novice upon the lecture platform; but his early success presages a brilliant career for him. "Où se is là!" (Pronounce English method.)

How bright a gleam of golden light does the Sun of Hope reflect from the castles which we build of untiring plans. May the walls of those castles be of firmer stuff than dreams are made of!

Now Tom, you see, I am not going to throw cold water on your fire. I only caution you that you do not pile cord wood on your kindling, and so entirely put out your fire, with the cord wood yet on your hands. I do not discourage you, though I think your plan less ^{likely to be} successful than a \$1000. school. But you must take special care about expense. Now you see, you go into a town; you are unknown - you post your bills, &c. Bills, hall &c come to \$30.00 or 20. You give some complimentarys, as you will have to - only don't give many - and get a house of 50 or 60 and ~~lose~~ money. - Is the lecture worth so good. But if you can at first, at any rate, get some N. M. C. A. or some other body to guarantee you twenty dollars or whatever they will give, then you are sure of that, & they take the risk of advertising, if a bad night, &c., and if your lecture is taking, you get as much glory and laurel as though you staked your all on it. In a word Tom, be cautious. Enthusiasm is a good thing to set a man up in anticipation, but \$20.00 out - is a sure thing to knock a man down afterward. Don't go into big towns at first. They have so many such things, that an unheard of lecture by an unknown man will be sure to draw a slim house. Go to places of from 700 to 4000 people, and take a church at small expense; get the minister to make favorable mention of your lecture, and so come out ahead. And, Tom, if you do well at first, be sure not to grow extravagant over it, for the next time you may lose. Keep an umbrella for a wet day.



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Milwaukee, Aug 9. 187

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In writing a lecture of an hour's length, you will have some room for funcombe, and for a little humor. Your aim is to make money. Your lecture must be taking them to a popular audience. Have sound logic, but don't be profound.

If you remember a home lecture we had in chapel, when we were sophs. on Wit and Humor, you will remember that was taking. Mr. Don. that's advice enough from your old parental. Go on and prosper. I feel as though I had a personal interest in your success, and so I am solicitous about it. Get all ready with a revised edition before you start.

How pleasant it must be in our old room. I wish I could only spend a few days with you there. How we would live over again the good, old times. I shall always cherish them, Don. and I can never forget the talks of great things, so many of which we had, and which exerted, especially upon me, so strong an influence. Dear, old College days! When will others come so much cherished!

The Library of Poetry and Song has come. How beautiful it is! I shall prize it always, both for the value of the book, and more from its association. That autograph of Dr. Mayne under the first stanza of Home, Sweet Home! is alone worth the value of the book. I must write to Manchester soon.

I send you the Photo, I spoke of in my note Monday. Do you like it?

What a strain of mystery there is in your letter, Em. You know it is not natural for you to have secrets from me or I from you; so just divulge, lest you feel the tortures of the ironical dot. o

You know I never ridiculed your plans, and my expostulation or advice may be taken or not. At any rate, to whom are you engaged? Or if not, what's happened? Come now, be frank.

Just hear this from Ed. "I look upon filthiness now as the most desirable almost of all blessings." Great Gods & little Fiches! What a change in sentiment! Do unravel your mysterious self. I wish I could see you. Can't you come in? I must close. Write soon. Regards to your sister. How's Dutchie?

With love Your Chum Josh.

13 Newhall House.

Orland Ind Aug 16th 1871

Miss. S. J. Christie

Your note was received this evening, and quite happily, as I had not heard from Beloit since my departure.

Accept my thanks for your letter and please present them to Mrs. Merriam for her invitation to me to board with them.

I should like to comply with the request very ~~very~~ much, but fear that my resources for the coming year will not allow me to indulge in so expensive board, so that I feel obliged to decline.

I have already engaged a room

at Mr. Duncan's but have made no
arrangements for boarding.

Thanks for the news you
write. I certainly hope Lou
will be successful during the coming
year, though his plan does seem
a little strange.

It will be quite pleasant for me
to have your brother and yourself
in Beloit during the next year as
I shall miss "71" very much

Very Sincerely

Saml. T. Kidder

Rapidian August 17th 1871

My Dear Sarah [Christie]
Yours of the 27th ult. duly received.

and you misinterpreted me in supposing that I laid
any blame to you. it was difficult for you in view of all
circumstances to decide whether to stay or come (and in a
folio sheet which I sent to you by favor of Consett to translate
and which I am afraid you have not received) I did
decide for you and addressed you to come, thus turning
the unwilling scale in your favor. I had some feelings
as if I had done wrong when I reached that letter to Consett
if you have not had it. I shall not any more consider
that Jamie's honesty is immaculate. No doubt he must
have thought that such a long message to you must contain
something curious, if he kept it it may do him some
good and will I have him something, besides he is not
mentioned in it, and that my assistant tries to see that he
is not after all of so much importance as to be the subject
of a letter from me to you. be sure to let me know if you
ever get it or not. That letter cost me 3 hours in
writing and the more labor of composition. besides the
pen work I was not able to leave without regret.

I write with difficulty being much of the time quite unable
and I may now as so introduced just tell you of my symptoms
next month I am ~~too~~ 60 years and at that age it is not unusual
for people to have some prodigious trouble, although I think
that is about only two thirds of a human life.

4 to 5 hours unbroken sleep. (Dyspepsia because the stomachs slow and imperfect on account of which I take care to eat little, after going to bed all but hungry, a continual dull pain immediately under the left rib on the right side, extending a little towards the spine. Yet not reaching the kidneys, and sometimes when I am worst a little forward into the abdomen I conclude that it is my Liver which is diseased - Great weakness of the nervous system, and continual activity of the intellectual regions of the brain and especially of the imaginative faculty, so much so that, I can scarcely control it, there are some of the symptoms

But as I believe, for indeed I do not know, that all bodily disease has its origin in the spiritual disease that is, in Soul Elements, I have had little faith in medicine applied to the body. Unless accompanied by some action on the Soul itself, and indeed it does seem that this method of Homeopathy must be intended to act in or very near to the medium of connection between soul and body. It is an Action in which I believe that a healthy soul would of itself produce a healthy body, and perhaps restore to health a diseased one. Still on these subjects we as yet have no very certain nor clear light. Healthy souls are indeed very rare, and we have but few opportunities to see diseased bodies restored by soul actions. But I need not to complain, entered well into the climacteric what can I expect but to suffer from the accumulated results of unnumbered transgressions of that Law which is "Not Lust and God, I ever feel a kind of exultation in the idea of suffering under such merciful and just Laws which is God's provision was made to uphold the universe from falling into chaos, and to stop the triumph of evil. It is therefore well that we should suffer now, and thus fulfill all bodily righteous men by taking the penalty

of physical rebellion in our bodies. which is indeed kind by the ultimatum of our course the manipulation of the ways of sin.

We unquestionably have inherited diseased souls and bodies, a very real legacy indeed, and therefore the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins, that is to free us of its consequences, to say unto us take up thy bed and walk. The science of medicine is a branch of this power undoubtedly bestowed in the material order. But where God has bestowed the gift of faith we may rise into the regions of the supermaterial order of beings, and receive directly in our bodies a supernatural forgiveness and so be restored to health. This is marvellous, at which the unbelievers would laugh. "Oh show of heart to believe" they speak of that which they understand not. Part of this I have positively known in the healing of my lungs instantaneously, after being oppressed with disease in them for 35 years.

Still I think that there never should have been a divorce between bodily and spiritual healing, between physical and spiritual healers. I would certainly respect a materialist physician, although admitting that such could be in our case, any unbelieving physician is a monstrosity. whose art in its basis its aim and end is entirely earthly.

I have been thinking some of Homeopathy "Similia, Similibus Curantur" I cannot know that this is true unless seeing some proof of its truth in its results in practice. Of the method of demonstration I have seen nothing. But if this Action is true it must have a spiritual analogue, and I have been searching for it in that region it is a deep topic of thought, and as yet my search has been fruitless. Still I do not cease to hope that I will find it if it is in existence, nor would I positively disbelieve, because I might not find it although in existence. although, of course I could not verify, in this way.

I receive a letter and photograph from Tom. I also
answered his letter, but forgot to enclose the pictures
of which you will tell him. I intend to write and send
it soon. I am quite familiar with that face
and so said I andy when he saw. I have not
told Daniel of the letter as he wants of course
which to read it, and then all Republican would finally
get it. Of such things we I think should be at least
a little reticent, and I wonder from what source in
Tom's nature comes this meaning on the face of what
seems to me should be hid in the heart. Probably it
comes from his Open Affectionateness, and really
means "Oh friends, I am happy with me, enter into
my joy. It otherwise would be highly vulgar
I think this is its cause. Confided to the world
well enough, but publicly no! When Love
is within. Phoebe is ever at the door of the heart
so that when the beloved comes Gladness pours it from
being opened. We must conclude Tom has taken
us all within, and imparted the secret to us. We
must declare that he is mad. Venture the repeated
affirmations makes us ^{exclaim} ~~exclaim~~ that it is his Angel
and now where we have seen we are astonished
I trust the messengers of Love and Faith have entered
together, to take him up, higher

Special sends that this is no letter
as you would like it. You must excuse my
wanderings. Would you have liked me to fill my
little sheet with potatoes and potato bugs. I wish
and its infecting insects, with big rain storms.
and after all troubles a big crop? Well you have it
and your brother bread and toil over the wide field
to get it into the stack, but now thy Lord God waits
and we are truly grateful for God's good news continue
to us so long. Because of too much study in vacation
time or indeed too much of any thing at any time
Believe me as ever Yours with Affections and
renewed desire for your welfare. J. B. White

If we don't need to buy a horse, I may
be able to buy some Road and Spring.

P.S.

Rapidan Aug 20th/77

My Dear Sister; [Sarah]

I sit down to write, knowing that you must have a letter, having plenty to write about, and yet at a loss to know how or where to begin. Perhaps my best way will be to begin where Charity does, (per the old adage) but not end there. (per later and wise addition to the same.)

We are, all of us, well. Just at the beginning of harvest - to be more exact, the 18th ult. - Dave was taken with a severe return of the Asthma, and, on word being sent me at Garden City, I gave up the school (though I had but 3½ days more) and came home. Found Dave better, having got some more of the "Asthma Cure", the specific he has been using since his first serious attack last July, and the want of which caused this spell.

to be so serious. On the 20th he seemed to be entirely recovered and rode into town with me, where we got a self rake for the Kirby (\$40⁰⁰, on time) and other necessaries for the harvest. I dashed into the drug store and bought out the whole stock of "Asthma Cure" - only two packages, I am sorry to say, but enough to last a long time. The 31st we commenced cutting and binding grain, and I am glad to say Dave has had no returns of the affliction; but looks so hearty that no one would suspect he is subject to it or anything of the kind. And now in relation exclusively to the harvest. It has been the most tedious I was ever engaged in, and is not done yet by a good week! In the first place, the Club wheat was ripened suddenly by disease and crumbled down before it was

possible to secure it. This added so much to the labor of harvesting it, and we were delayed so by rain and high winds, that the life was struck by the same disease and put in the same or worse condition before we could get to it. Oats were all down flat from the first, being a very heavy crop. In the ~~for~~ second place, (second here, but first in time) on the 6th ult. "Morg." died, and a day or two after "Dick" was found in his stall "stuffed" in both hind quarters (which rendered him unfit for work) thus leaving us with but one horse, our good old "Jug" who would have pulled the reaper for us alone if she only could; so we made the best shift we could by joining in with the Strattons for the harvest, they to furnish 3 horses, we one, and attempt to cut their 90 acres and our 50 with our

reaper, changing horses to expedite the work. But there were so many things against us:— rain, wind, wrinkled grain, lodged grain, etc., etc. That it has almost worried the life out of us, and we are not done yet. Let me describe one scene, that you may know how we have been used. — We had just finished at noon ^{the 3^d we had devoted to them} of the third day, a piece of very heavy oats of ours. They were the heaviest crop any of us had ever seen (we estimate them at 75 bushels) and the worst lodged, so badly that we had to cut them all one way and bind them every way in immense bundles. As the man best acquainted with the science of extension and figures in the abstract, both Analytic and Synthetic, I should

My last request to Annie - where is
she?
your loving brother Sandy.

Write me a good long letter and
ask me questions to jog my
memory for the next.

been appointed to shock them, and
in the estimation of all (myself included
of course) had succeeded admirably.
We had cut around a piece of wheat
several times after dinner when we
noticed black clouds lying along the
edge of the horizon in the northwest,
and apparently stationary. But they
did not so remain long. After they
began moving in our direction
I noticed they were in a wonderful
state of commotion, expanding
from centers in a wild way, and
coming on more and more rapidly.
I told all hands to "put for the house."
(I always see danger first) and the storm
burst upon us ere we could cross
the fourth of a mile that intervened.
What wind! It stripped the leaves
from the wheat and literally filled

Oh, this spring of love with
the uncertain glory of an April day,
which new shores all the beauty of the sun,
and by and by a cloud with all our
(She'll be here)

the air with the whirling fragments;
turned 50 acres of shocks outside-in
or rather, inside-out, making our
9 acres of oats, on the workmanlike
appearance of which the rest had con-
gratulated me and I, myself, but an
hour before, look like as if a lazy
boy, an extremely lazy boy, had
been employed there "gathering bun-
dles." Think of the work that made
us! Rain "every-other" day, wheat
in such a forlorn condition that
binding was out of the question
and stacking loose the sheet anchor
of our hope — "in short" (as Micawber says)
a desperate affair all round.

Just the other night a gale from
the south blew over 3 of our stacks,
having so much force that old
settled stacks were scattered about
like loose chaff. Everything is
cut, but we have over a week's work

in stacking yet. Weather of late
has been favorable. We worked
two Sundays — are resting today.

Wheat will go about 16 bushels
per acre and our oats are so large
that I can safely put them at 70.
Indian corn is larger than usual,
and much larger than we ever
had it before. Potatoes are quite good.
In spite of all our hard work (I
cannot add "and worry", for we have
not worried any) we have good
reason to be thankful. Many
a man in our own County
has lost all his crop and is
ing out for other men. I believe
you read of the hurricane which
passed north of us some time
ago. The reports in the papers were
not exaggerated. Hail fell ~~in~~
in places six inches deep, and
the wind was so violent as to

it is a more permanent affair than
anything present. But two or three
years will give them no way of per-
ceiving for clearing their minds
that there is no deity what with

drift it into ravines and hollows
to the depth of two and three feet!
I see by the newspapers that other
parts have had little visitations.
But I will dismiss the topic.

I had a very fine letter from
Little Willie a few days since
in response to one from me last
Spring. I will write in return
next Sunday. I have also recd
two from Uncle David. I was
writing to him on business.

His responses have been very
kind - generous. I must send
him a good long letter soon.
But I gave you the preference
of course. I think it was through
you we heard of your being hired
for a year at \$40 - How is your
health
for such an undertaking?

about my wife it. It says well for
my heart but has for his head, as
many other things do. I am very
glad that he has succeeded so well
and, do you know Sarah, I think

I will need to teach school this com-
ing winter to buy a horse; all
other debts the crop will in all
likelihood clear off, but "Dick"
since recovering from that other
mishap has proved very "talky"
(he learned it of Pet) and we are
not able to do much with him.

I was intending, (I had wrote you
to that effect) to expend the money
at Ann Arbor or Cornell, but
when "Dick" stood still the other
day (as immovable as the sun on
Libanon) I saw that it was incum-
bent on me to stay another year,
(my classical course following suit
like the moon in the valley of
Ajalon.) There is something in an
old book about him who has
makes haste to get rich (in the
of Greek and Latin literature, say,) P. 100

Will you please to caution being
against saying anything about me
before there is the first chance that comes
discussing of the whole subject.

not being ~~likely~~ to preserve his in-
nocence, which I feel and know
to be true.

Men need not to roam into for-
sign lands to find opportunity
to sacrifice themselves in a good
cause; such opportunities present
themselves at their own doors.

I often entertain the resolve to
devote myself to raising the
intellectual, moral, and affectional
natures of this people; and were
I good enough myself, I think
I know enough to undertake it.

Were I free to take a long course
in College and University, I would
go abroad to introduce European
civilization among the eastern na-
tions and to study their religions
both ancient and modern. It
would be a life-work. I would
go abroad, because, not having

You send us a letter containing photo-
graph (the return of course) of Caroline
and a rather lengthy and ingenious
argument.

subscribed to a Creed I
could do little at home. That
is what makes me so useless here.
But I think I can put down or
"put-up-with" the opposition I
would have here. The people
here are in a sad way. They
get no healthy instruction from
the pulpit; they are not encouraged
to seek the light in any way, and
are in a dead-alive condition.
Ignorant babble about things
which are said to have taken
place ages ago is continually
in their ears, yet nothing practi-
cal; everything is far away
- The contraction and the payment
of the debt is very remote - and
it don't seem to them that they
have more to do with their own
or the world's improvement than
they have this minute with the

I have not heard from Brother You
for a long time and shall write
soon. He is having a hard time in
the harvest field & out doors.

Sea of Tiberias or the Waters of Merom.
A little ^{13 year old} boy, who has attended S.S.
for years, finds a cow-bell. He knows
his parents know, and I take pains
to tell him, whose bell it is. But
it does not suggest itself to him, nor
do his parents suggest that he
should return it! Such things
are common, and, I may contin-
ue in the words of Rienzi, I have
known deeper wrongs. If my
college course falls through, as
is very likely, I will try what
I can do here for this pagan people,
and if the blind leaders of the
blind oppress me I will clean
them out if possible. They do
little more than foster an ab-
surd and bigoted formalism.
If we are to have an empty formalism
let it be impious and not humble

Madison, Aug. 24. 1841.

My dear Sandy:

I am just now enabled to assure you of my appls. to the place in regard to which I came. Certain things were working unfavorably to me, & it was well that I was on hand promptly; I came straight through Beloit without stopping, though I was left with only three cents after buying ticket to M.

Things were decided only this evening. The place is higher than I suspected - Freshman Class in Eng. Lit. & in U.S. History & another class in Rhetoric, Work begins tomorrow, so excuse brevity - Compensation not settled yet, but not to be less than \$800. with room free in University Hall. Everything is all enthusiasm here; students in throngs; It is a noble institution,

Handwritten notes at top of page:
I and Cadogan.
J.S. Fry & Co. My election by the school this
month was unanimous. Salary \$800 a year.
with privilege of absence. My educational work is with the
normal school. I had a good deal of work in the morning
and evening.

All my old love for it is revived;

This is the place for you to
prepare in. You can take
what studies you want, & by
devoting your whole time to
the Languages can make most
rapid progress. Prof. Sterling tells
me you can pay your board by
work on the U. Farm - a shilling
per hour - & there is regular drill
by a fine officer. Come right
away so as to take this term;
or write me in reference to it.

I am to room in U. Hall, but
do not know whether you could
be with me or not. Shall try to have
it so & perhaps may manage it.

I am assured of a Professorship
here in a year or two should I choose
to go on. All this is very great
news, - but it is all true. I am back

Your success is quite startling
I hope you will stay at the
University. You can do good there.

Rapids, Minn.

Evening, Aug 30th 71

My Dear Brother, [Thomas]

Yours of 24th came yesterday, and I will send this the first opportunity, so that you will not be hampered in any way awaiting my arrival. It cannot be this fall. Things are not in "ship-shape" yet, and I must teach a term to "raise the wind." No; not now, but in the Spring of '72 I will commence college life. That is, if everything goes well here. I see quite many things that might go wrong — not least in importance, Davis' health. If he stands the winter well, I will consider him able to take care of himself; but if he don't stand it well, I must take care of

him. Still, I hope everything will come out right after a while, and indeed think it will.

I will push on through the Mathematics, evenings, and put a good share of ^{them} away safe.

Do you use Loomis at the University?

His Algebra is not so good as Robinson's.

If I come, you may calculate on my taking a full course in the College of Letters: — nothing less will satisfy me. I am willing to give my years to it in the hope that good will come of it in some way, to me unknown at present. H

I find it absolutely necessary to the preservation of my health that I do some manual labor each day, and am rejoiced that an opportunity will be afforded. It will

help pay my way, through: — but so far as that is concerned, I would prefer staying out a term or two and teaching.

If I can get regular work, I will spend two hours per day at it.

Is the work regular? And do many avail themselves of the opportunity?

We will finish the harvest tomorrow.

Recent unfavorable weather has precluded our working at it, but in all we have been nearly six weeks getting the grain into the stack: — the most tedious affair since the siege of Derry. Have cut some hay; — hay very light this year. Also, nights very cold, and danger of frost. Indian corn about out of danger. It is a very heavy crop.

Glad to hear from Pet. Dick threatens to be a balky horse — we

will see.

Have not heard from Brother
Wm for a long time. Got a letter
from Cousin Willie in response
to one I sent him last Spring.
It is a real good one. I see
he has changed considerably
in three years.

Father and Mother are in the usual
health. Dave is troubled consid-
erably with the Asthma. He jokes
about it and looks quite philo-
sophic while gasping for breathing
(for it is quite severe at times)
but it is a dreadful state of affairs.
It seems to me that I could shake
it off if I had it.

Twenty-one years ago this night!
What changes have taken place
since then!

Yours affectionately

Sandy.

a mare & is to be black all over. — a very fine little animal. Mr. Farnsworth was very reasonable in his charges for keeping it since January.

I have not been idle this summer while waiting for a situation; several have offered, but none to suit me — none where my best judgment or intuition favored my acceptance, and now I have reason to rejoice at not having been hasty in taking any of them — for, all things considered, this at Madison is far the best of anything yet offered.

But while corresponding &c. I have been busy collecting materials for a lecture. My work on it has progressed enough to let me see that I can do well with it, and if I go to N. I shall try & finish it in time for a vacation lecture tour some time in the winter.

Sarah writes me from D. that she was to start on last Saturday for Lowell, to spend a week with Jessie; coming down through Madison in time for her school.

I recd. a letter from you and one from Sandy since coming to Aubury; I like his very much, and shall answer from Madison. In yours I was very much disappointed. I did not care so much for your evidently low appreciation of my oration: I wrote it in four days & spoke without revision, and a mind can say but little in the allotted eight minutes

on such a theme — but I did care about the tone you use in reference to my new prospects in life. I thought my letter to you should have had an answer in a different strain.

Then I opened my heart to tell you of that which has changed me more than anything we discuss — my Conversion, of that which is now nearer to my whole future happiness than any other prospect or thing on earth, ~~and~~ of that which I fondly thought would give you the deepest and most grateful joy, — the one thing I expected from you was an utterance from your heart, not from your head. And then to open your letter so ~~carelessly~~, and to read it with my dear other life beside me, her cheek on mine, — to find you talking to me as if I were a child who had never studied Physiology. — Bah! it disgusted me. And I felt like writing you a long letter to tell you that I have studied all those subjects with the help of competent Christian men — yes, far deeper than you think, with the earnest desire to make right use of all the powers God has given me; that I have also studied Mental Philosophy; and that I do not care a fig about mysticism, except the mysteries of which the Holy Spirit is the only Teacher.

And I felt like sending back your letter with the request that you send back mine with the picture, and ^{and telling you} that you are not to write to my Carmelite, and that I am ruled with you, and, and — in short, my

College. I shall write doubly & come to Mother & I am to be dear father, it was a sore disappointment to me.

But then I remembered that you were in the press and hurry of harvest, such a harvest as my brother describes, that you had been working Sundays and every day, and that of course the conditions were not the most favorable to your sending me a letter fresh from your dear, good heart; so you kept on the lower ground all the time. Well, I forgave you, and felt like crying over the thought that after all you do not yet know me, and you do not know what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for me; and you do not know my wife that is to be, - who wrote in one of her letters to Beloit, - "I know I shall love your dear father, of whom you think so much; I feel now already as if I could put my arms around his neck and kiss him, and call him father". O my dear father, throw away these miserable rush lights, and come out into the sunshine. As you are now you cannot stand beside him who wrote that Epistle to the Ephesians.

But I can write no longer: and I scarcely know whether to burn this letter or send it; but perhaps you should see it that you may know my feelings.

If I did not love you as I do I should not care, but you know how sensitive I am to your state of feeling towards me. I send love to Mother, to Emma, to Dave & Sandy.

Madison, Aug. 24, 1871.
Thurs. Evening.

Dear Sarah: [Christie]

I have not written before because of uncertainty in my prospects, but now I am glad to tell you that I have the app^{ts}. in regard to which Mrs. C. wrote me. I rec^d. your letter & then on Saturday & started on Monday, coming straight through B. without stopping, as I found the Madison train almost ready to start. It took my change to the last 2 cents, but I thought best to come at once. Have stayed ~~with~~ with Prof. Sterling. If I had not come up at once I would not have got the place; certain things were in progress which were working against me, but my prompt arrival helped matters. As it

was, I have been kept waiting till
now for certain issues to be decided,
particulars when I have time.

My work is to be higher than
I expected - The Freshmen in Eng.
Literature & U. S. History, & another
class in Rhetoric - only 3 classes.

Compensation not decided upon
yet, but not less than \$800, Room
free in University Hall. Splendid
library, & an atmosphere of work and
enthusiasm. I shall study twice the
hours I did at B. with nothing to
distract my attention.

Please return to B. as soon
as you can, coming this way,

Write & tell me when to expect
you & by what road. I wish you
to send my things up as I have
nothing but a satchel.

My love to Jessie & to Mr. South, to Grandmother
& all at Clyman - In haste yours affly Love,