



James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Madison, Mass. Morning.
Jan. 4. 1872.

My dear Sister: [Sarah G. Christie]

I snatch a moment between classes to write you a note. I enclose a letter from Sandy - which came last night. My long letters to himself & to Father written at Christmas do not seem to have reached him. I wrote of this silence in not writing to you, & now he complains of your silence. What is the matter? I also enclose a letter from that old skinflint - not to be too harsh - Mr. D. It made me mad.

But fortunately Prof. Irving is just moving back into the room I have been occupying so that I have to go back to Mr. Deaky's room - where you saw me. I have therefore sold back the furniture to Prof. I. and send you \$19.⁰⁰ Please pay Loraney & send me the note. Pay 50 cts. to young Talcott for me - I could not send that, or any other to Rockford - because I forgot - Mrs. Farnsworth.

I wrote both father & S. in reference to you,
saying you would, likely, go to W. next summer
on. I am much obliged to you
for attending to that business, The
magazines have come.

Rapids, Jan. 8th 1872
[Sarah Christie]

I received a little note from you
some time ago. in which you inquired
my opinion of your Sister of Charity
I had spoken to you of that Business
in my last to you. I trust you received
it, it was a (Quarto sheet) & no mail day
last received papers from you, for which
I thank you. Here read those articles
marked x in reference to Deaconesses.

Yes, this is an Order of which I would
approve. of Women Young and Old who
from having either a Greater degree
of the Spirit ~~of the Spirit~~ of Love
are distinctly Called to its ministrations
to others, in all the varied work of
of either a Christian's benevolence and
sympathy ministering both to soul
and Body. or for those Women also
who having from whatever Cause missed
finding themselves in matrimony
may (being qualified) devote

themselves to the Allegations
of Human Ill. To me it seems
such institutions should naturally
come out of the Church. being called
for not only by the necessities of our
Condition here is a suffering Humanity
but also, as being necessary to
organize and conduct in an orderly
manner those Women who really
have no other outlet for their
Loving Activities. Who hitherto
among Protestants, have grown up
as Aunt Marys, and Peggy in
in almost every family's relationships
sneered at, suffered, and daily used
untold without sympathy themselves
without support and approbation by
the Church. They either fall into
the Type of the Strong Maiden, or wither
into the Low, pitiable and contemptible
Class called Old Maids. These sometimes
of Love all turned into Zeniths who's
although it feels also always is dark
and bitter.

It only needs that the Church
should show open doors for such
that they may be preserved.

The first mentioned Class Collect of
the Spirit are exceedingly rare in
all Communities. The second always
numerous. Yet I would not advise
you to give yourself to such work
unless you feel peculiarly called
to it. I would rather see you visit
a little family of young Christians
of your own. Combining the Mother
and Sister of Charity in the inside
little world, instead of going
yourself to the large household of
General Humanity, and for this
sole reason. You are better fitted
for the one than the other.

Yet you must decide
for yourself. I will not be sorry
if you should choose this life
if under Protestant auspices
no irrevocable vows, no
forced monachism.

Ann. The one ail is Arden's
health. Daniel is free of Orthopedic
attacks. Yet he has a Cough, as
a legacy from which I think he
never will be free. Emma Will
in a few weeks I think be a mother

Tell me how Ann does now
in that school, if Catholic ignorance
and bigotry
is engulfing her, or if they let her alone

please to continue to send
Brookers paper. The spirit of it is large
and liberal, Sandy is thinking some
of going to Madison after his school
is out in spring. I should be
happy to see you here on a visit
to us next summer, for your
own health, besides my pleasure
and comfort also. We could speak
of many things, that it will not do
to write about.

Believe me ever my Dear Sarah
filled with kindness and
Love for you
Your father,
J. Christie

Madison Jan. 10, 1872.

My Dear Sir:

I recd. your note this evening. I am glad that Laramy is at last paid. I recd. a letter from Mr. Ritter the other day, notifying me that my note to him was due. I sent an answer, asking an extension, & promising \$50⁰⁰ March 1. Recd. tonight a kind little note - saying he was satisfied & would wait.

I contrast his treatment of me with that I have recd. from some others in Beloit - much to his advantage. I wrote a long letter to Mr. Ballard last week, explaining circumstances, & asking for time in which to pay him all with interest. Have recd. no answer as yet. I must write soon to the Watertown creditors for the same purpose. - and then my conscience will be relieved. I should have told the whole truth about these things before - It would have saved us both much trouble.

This is a good letter from Mother Will. I wrote him a long letter on Christmas, enclosing the photograph of which he speaks. He returns it in this. Please send back Sandy's letter & his when you write. And, by the way, E expresses surprise at your not writing to her. I shall say nothing more to anybody henceforth in regard to her: I am tired of urging people to do that which is prompted by the commonest sentiments of propriety.

You speak of your poor health: I am of opinion that you should go to Minnesota at once, when you will be at home, and free from all these harassing cares and torments. Just give up everything and go up to father. You can save money by forgoing such expenses as are so high. I have no doubt you can obtain steady employment in teaching up there - both for you and Annie. I am afraid - as you tell me nothing of your money matters - that you are not making both ends meet on that slender salary: and if this is the case - even to the

highest extent - it were far better you should go to Minnesota. I do not believe there is any prospect of your being advanced to a higher salary in the Beloit-Schools: they are all on the wrong system then, and you can do no good by staying. - particularly in your present health. My known advice is that you make up your mind to leave Beloit, and that you go just as soon as you can get away.

I will work through all these embarrassments in time, and I will do it alone. All I ask is that you take care of your health, and refrain from everything that would increase these terrible burdens. A. D. writes me yesterday that Fred has secured a position at Little Rock - \$138 per month. John wrote me a good long letter recently - full of affection: I wish I were with him. A Christmas letter from Karl, dated at Laramie, is full of anticipations of vacation sport, hunting black tailed deer, antelope & bear with an old Trapper in the Mountains. I think that he and Sid

and A.D. will enter June next. Fall.

I shall receive about three letters a week from C. - although she is very busy with her school. Her health is still good, in spite of my fears to the contrary. I shall think the troubles of life are all over when we are married, in two months from this time. I shall have to work very hard, but it will be no longer alone.

Why, when I think of her, I seem to realize how infinite is the distance between her and Miss Dutcher, or even Miss Memill: and I wonder at the folly of which I have been guilty.

Surely, God has guided me through many perils, in spite of myself. I consider that my future is safe from such dangers - now that one so noble and devoted is to have such an influence in it. I shall have hard work; I fully realize that; but if God favors me I shall be ready for the ministry by the time I am thirty five I think - which will not be later than the time when A.F. is to begin his work. I send you a scrap cut from the Congregationalist C. sends me. It interests me much, as pertaining to a noble soul. I hope you have paid Talcott. I shall be glad to hear from you soon - Yours in Love, Thos. D. Christie.

Post Office,

Madison, Wis., Jan. 30, 1872.

My Dear Sister:

I send two P.O. Orders amtg. to \$58⁰⁰. Pay \$50⁰⁰ to Mr. Simmons, and have it indorsed on the note. See at the same time how much remains due, & tell me as soon as possible. Pay the \$8⁰⁰ to Mr. Farnsworth at the first opportunity, and tell him I am obliged to him for his waiting so long. I am well and hearty, and going along steadily with my work. I trust your health is improved. I expect a long letter from you sometime soon. C. has not written me for a week; I expect a letter tonight, and trust nothing is the matter beyond pass of duties.

I write in haste. Your loving Brother,
Thos. D. Christie

Madison, February 2, 1872.

Friday Noon.

My Dear Sarah: [Christie]

Yours of yesterday morning I recd last night. I am glad you attended to the business so promptly. I think people will make no objections to waiting upon us if they see that we are paying promptly all that we can, and as soon as we can. As to the small pox, we are amused at the reports that are rife about us. - The fact is - there has been only the one case, that of young Englebreth, who died. Everything goes on as if no such thing had ever been in the institution.

We heard this morning of the death of one of our Juniors who went home sick. His name was Clemens, he lived in Rockford, and died of inflammation of the brain. You might send word to Talcott. I do not think you will take diphtheria: I did not suppose it was contagious.

Ida Carson has a tumor of it every winter. She had it about two weeks ago, but it did not seem to trouble her much. If you should be sick you may count on my coming down at once to see you.

The ladies here are thinking of bringing out the Liberty Court. Should they decide to do so they are going to pay my expenses to Beloit to get the parts & to consult with Mrs. Merrill. In that case you will see me perhaps next week - but otherwise not until the end of time. Term is out six weeks from today March 5, but I think I shall get away on Wednesday or Thursday - so as to be married on Friday. Of course you will go down with me

as that time. Carmelite's letters are full of chat
about her saving and her school - Her father is giving
her quite an outfit - not only in dresses &c, but
also in bed clothing, table cloths etc. for housekeeping.

I ran over town yesterday afternoon in search
of a house. Shall not pay more than \$150 per
year, & want one on the lake shore - rather hard
to find.

You and father amuse me
with your dreams. I shall begin to return myself
a second Daniel or Joseph if interpretations con-
tinues to be demanded of me. You read father's
long account of "Prisoners and Scoundrels".

Nothing that I tell him makes any difference - he
still "sticks to it" that his fancies are true - all
the scholars to the contrary notwithstanding.

For instance: Caesar was not brought into the world
in the way he supposes - but my telling him so makes
no difference: he forthwith goes off at another tangent
as wide of the mark as the first. But he is a dear
old man nevertheless. I wish he could have had
a better education, that would have directed
the flight of his wonderful imagination to some
purpose.

I read you his last letter recd. last
night. I must write to Sandy at once. He will
probably be here by the middle of March.

"Io Triumpho": you can find in any Latin
Lexicon. It was used as the shout of exultation by the
Roman soldiers, particularly when celebrating a triumph
on the Capitoline Hill. "Io" is our word "Ho!" and "Triumpho"
is the vocative of "Triumphus" - a triumph.

My Regards to all friends - Yours affectionately.

Thomas D. Christie.

Rapids, Feb 4 '72.

My Dear Sister, [Sarah Christie]

The winter is wearing away rapidly, and yet I seldom think of it; never did I take so little "note of time", not even by its "loss". I am, and have been busy, "as busy can be", and so can not say that any time has been mis-spent;— what with singing-schools at home and abroad, and study, I have generally occupied myself till past midnight—often till near morning. Although I am not by any means friendless, I have done little of what is termed "visiting"; for I take little pleasure in talking over the farm machinery for the ninety-ninth time, as is usual here, sandwiching with a little uncharitable gossip about

it is a subject for which no man is fitted to investigate successfully. A few plain and simple truths are sufficient for the regulation of our lives, and it seems that there is nothing more granted us.

Dave and Emma are in good health and seem to agree as well as ever. I may say I presume without offense, that Dave goes sometimes to singing school, and of late, instead of talking Emma, he takes me and leaves her at home!

I have written to Prof. Davies of Madison in relation to my mathematics and going to college. He requested me to write him, Tom told me in his last, and seemed to take considerable interest in me. I wish to hear what he says before going, for I would not care about

going there or to any college at
my time of life, unless I
could sail in and along un-
der more favorable circumstances
than beginners generally enjoy.
If I go to college, I will make
a long and thorough job of it.

How are you getting along
with your German? Do not
rest content with the ability to
translate the Reader, but go
on till Goethe and Schiller
cease to be an enigma.
If I go to Madison, I will
take up Latin, Greek, and
German abreast, and give my
whole attention to them.

Do you ever hear from
Chyma now? I wrote to
Filiba Reed last summer, and
got no answer, and am almost
willing to believe that Helen
got it first and Helen got it

tional feeling.

Our Sabbath School broke down last summer when I quit attending. That had something to do with it. It is a great loss to the children, and should be revived in spring. There is preaching only occasionally, and very few attend. I have no reason to think particularly well of the cause or its champions, yet I am sorry to see the decay of religion amongst us. The Creed is susceptible of a better exposition than it usually receives, yet even as we hear it, it is incomparably superior to the general tenor of our lives. But I must close. You must write us a line or two and let us know how you are. And you must tell me all about Tom's wedding, and tell Carmelite that we are all delighted at her becoming "one of us" forever more.
Audie S. Christie.

Madison, Thursday Morning -
Feb. 10, 1872.

My Dear Sarah; [Christie]

You will excuse the appearance of this half-sheet - it happens to be the last paper I have. I do not think I can go to B. before the end of term: I have heard nothing of late from the ladies, and shall not, of course, say anything to them first in reference to my going to Detroit on their business. I am well and hearty - have had no cold this winter, and have astonished people by going without an overcoat through nearly all the cold weather. I trust you are better than you are at date of your last letter. I send you part of C's last letter; in the other part she says - Your father's letter interested me much. I am glad your brother is coming; you shall see how I will prove my love for you by being to him a sister, - just as much so as if he were my own brother by birth. I am confident that under the right influences he will become a Christian. I was sorry to hear that Sarah was so feeble: If I were not so laden with work, and nearly sick with a cold myself, I should certainly write to her telling her how I sympathize with her. Please

tell her I always send love to her in my letters to
you. I send her letter that you may see
what she is doing, and what the plans are for the
ceremony. I am reconciled to having it in the
Church, although I shrank from it at first, for
the reason that so many attend on such occasions
who are not at all in sympathy with the parties.

But the people there have been very kind to C., helping
her with her sewing &c. and I suppose if it is right
they should see her married. I wish you to
accompany us until we reach Beloit - that is, to
Dixon and Rockford - I will pay expenses.

Mr. Brewer and Mr. Carver of Amboy, are to marry
us. I shall go down from here by the noon train
on Wednesday, March 13. Meet you at Beloit - I do
not know how much time there will be between trains,
and we will go west on the 3 O'clock Passenger:

From Freeport there is a train south, so that we
can reach Amboy at 8 O'clock the same evening.
We shall spend Saturday and Sunday at Dixon, Mon-
day at Rockford, - and then come straight to
Madison on Tuesday. Prof. Sterling and Mrs S.
invite us to stay with them - I am boarding there now -
until our house is ready. I am not yet sure of the place, but
hope to get it - a very nice house, somewhat tattered, but
near Prof. S. and some more of the Faculty, within one block
of the Institution. Rent 12 dollars per month.

Beloit - Wisconsin

Saturday Feb. 17. 1872.

My Dear Father [James Christie]

Another Saturday has come
round and although I have a multitude of
things to do and see to. I made up my
mind this morning that - after doing up
my work, I would devote the rest of the
day to writing to you and to Sandy and
Dave. - You see I have no time any eve-
ning through the week - everyone is occupied
in some way - so that - for the last month
or two I have written no letters whatever
excepting a note once in a while to Jim.
And then too I have not been well - the
Saturday before Christmas, I took a heavy
cold - and have been feeling on more or less
little while since - so that - I have been
half sick all the while - and having to
be in school too has made it - harder

we talk and read until time for chapel lecture at 8.45. - Sometimes I go, but - I am usually so kind of used up after the Church Service and Sunday School that I do not feel able to listen to another long sermon so soon. - Sometimes I lie down and try to take a nap, but it is something I never succeeded in doing yet, in Berlin.

We have supper at 6 P.M. every day in the week - and the first bell for Church ~~sings~~ rings at 6.30 - I usually go ^{to} home about 9. and to bed about 10. - Monday Morn. Breakfast at 7. - I rise at 6. get ready for school and as I have a long walk over to the west side and away to the extreme north-west part of the town - I start generally before our first bells ring at 8.30.

Monday Evening Miss Walker and I study German together (she is Prin. of the Germ. School on this side) one Mon. eve she comes to my room, and the next I go to hers. - Tuesday eve. My Sunday School class come to my room to be taught English - Wed. Eve. our German Class meet - Thurs. Eve. Miss Walker comes

hones and from you - I do not think I
would hesitate long. Father. if you were not
in the world - I cannot bear to think
of not being free to go where you are if
there were necessity - or if I so desired. -

I believe you are wrong in what you say
in one respect - I think I could belong to the
Roman Catholic Church without - being a hypo-
crite in any particular. - I think I could
bring myself to say in time. I can't imag-
ine such a place for me - that all is true
that the church teaches because it is the
Church that teaches it. - Receive all with-
out question. - I can imagine myself doing
so. and I believe I could. - Of course, I do
not now. I neither believe or disbelieve
all of their doctrines - but I see no harm
even if I did believe all of them. - There
are a great many problems to be solved
yet in the future - and it is a question
with me whether the Roman Catholic Church
with its multitudes of the degraded and
ignorant - is not bringing them nearer to
Perdition than the Protestant Church with its
pangs of intellect leading continually into
doubt and scepticism - and its too often
irreverent discussion of holy things and

comfort in thinking of them and provide also
that I have just such brothers as I have.
But I have thought of it in this way. They
will all be married soon and have separate
interests and although I know they will never
cease to care for me still a man with wife
and family has quite enough to think of.
But as I said before, I think I have ceased to
think of the Roman Catholic Church as my
refuge - For the inauguration of such an order
of Deaconesses in the Episcopal Church will
be a grand thing - It will be the building
up of that church and its right arm of
power if carried out - and used aright -
I hoped in it for myself at first - but
there is no use - they will not get it
into working order for years - and it
will be too late for me. - I will send
you some "Churchman" with ^{a continued} articles by
Mrs Pierce on "Married or celibate deacon-
esses" - will send you the first three -
the rest have not come - tell me what
you think of it - I think her plan
would work in such cities as Boston
or New York - wealthy families - where
there are always to be found married
ladies of wealth - and education - who

over immediately after tea, and we study our
S. School Bible Lesson together until 7, when
the last bell for church prayer meeting rings.
We go, and it continues one hour, until
8. After which is Sunday School Teachers
meeting, until 9, conducted by the S. S. Supt.
Prof. Porter. - Friday afternoon our
schools close at 2.30 but we have
teachers meeting from 3. to 5. P.M. in the
High School building when all the
teachers in the city come together and
talk over difficulties that may arise, or
discuss methods of teaching - It is conducted
by Prof. Eastman. Prim of High School
and of the other Public Schools -

Friday evening there is usually a lecture
in the Opera House down town - they
are having a course - I have attended
all but the one last week - I was un-
able to go out. - The first was by
Lutie A. Taylor of La Crosse. Edith - on
"Margaret Fuller Ossoli" the 2^d by Rev.
Mrs. Whiting D.D. of Janesville, on "Home and
Schools" 3^d by Prof. Boardman of Chicago Theo.
Sern. on "The uses of poetry to practical purposes"
4th by Prof. Emerson on the "Beginning of History"

5th By Washington Gladden Editor of the
"Independent" on "The Best Society"

6th By Miss Abba M. Hamlett of Rockford, a
young lady Lawyer, on "Woman and Business"
There are several to come yet - the whole
course costs only \$1.50 - Miss Walker and
I have gone together. - Sat. Eve. I have my
girls come again to learn English - Prof.
Hendrickson got some Norwegian and English
Testaments for me. so I teach mostly from
them. - After a while now. I shall have
them come but once a week. - And then
I will have one evening to call my
own. - And so one week after another
goes by, and I don't find that I have
accomplished anything. - All these various
little duties are so distracting. - There can
be no real study or concentration of any
kind. - I have enjoyed the lectures to a
certain extent; and yet I don't think
much of them - I liked Prof. Emerson
the best of all. There was some body to
it - but he is a grand man. - A lecturer

to be popular, must please the people.
not make them think too much
and not strike too deep on any question
of reform he happens to touch on - sort
of non-committal - just make the
people laugh a little. say a few fine
things. tell some good stories, and send
the people away in high good humor,
pleased with the lecturer, and with
themselves, and feeling generally, as if
they had been having a good time.
I am kind of disgusted with lecturers.
I have been disappointed so many times.
Men that you expect to hear some-
thing grand from, getting off some
light-surface, newspaperish trash - from
which you can glean nothing that is
really worth treasuring up - or remembering.
I had forgotten to mention the lecture
which I did not attend, that of a
Judge Smith of Madison - on the
Authenticity of Shakespeare. Those who
heard him, think he proved conclusive

by that Lord Bacon did write; what we
call Shakespeare. Now I want you and
Sandy both to tell me what you think
of it. My faith in Shakespeare remains
the same. I have learned to like him better
almost than anything else I read. Within
the last year I have read a great deal
of him. I have read all the plays
once, and some of them more times, and
it makes me so angry to hear Mr. Millard
and the Professor bringing up Smith's argu-
ments to prove that poor Shakespeare
wasn't anybody in particular. Our
household cannot come together at any
meal without the subject being brought
up and discussed. Now, I know that you
and Sandy have read all about it, at
some time, and I wish you would take
pains to tell me what you think
of it. — About the Society of Charity Ladies,
I think I have sort of dropped the subject
from my mind, at least, am trying to.
I know I could be happy with them
in their work. But it would be such
an almost entire cutting off from
my past and from present associa-

have the time and the desire for the work. But in I fearish out of every 10 her plan would fall through. Besides she almost entirely cuts off all those unmarried women who would most desire to give their whole lives to that work alone. - For instance, even in such a place as Beloit - I am pretty well acquainted in the Episcopal Church, and I cannot think of but two women who ~~not~~ would have the time, and are fitted for the office in my estimation - and I think I am a middling good judge of character. (that is married ladies, the two I speak of.) Please to read carefully what she says and tell me if you approve of all her plan. -

You say father, you would rather see me combining the office of Mother and Sister of Charity in one over one little circle or inner world, instead of giving myself to the larger household of all humanity - something like that - father you said - and I suppose it meant - you would rather I would get married. - Now that is all well enough to talk about - it is all right in theory, but fact

are fact and stubborn things - Marriage
does not come to everyone, and it has
not come to me - It is an easy thing
to get married, if that is the aim. But
if not from the very highest motives.
Not to them and to their children to
the "third and fourth generation" the
world ~~is~~ is full of them - marriage made
at the instigation of Satan for the destruc-
tion of the race - The best, and the truly
harmonious marriages are exceedingly few
they do not happen every day, and far
better it is to remain single forever in
my opinion - than fall one degree below
the mark - It is not possible such a
marriage can ever come to me - so I
shall remain as I am - I do not think
of it, and when I think of my future,
I lay my plans without reference to marriage.
I have seen the time when a girl ~~thinks~~
of mine was that a woman might,
and that it would be a good work
to do it, marry an inferior, and sort

of educate and elevate him up to the
right place - but I have seen it proved
a failure in practice here in Belo -
in every case, the woman is degraded -
and her spirit broken before long -
When the other way, that the man is very
much the superior of the two - and the
woman has not the capacity for rapid
or even slow growth up to her husband -
he selfish as men usually are,
ceases to care for her - and if it doesn't
end in wickedness - her life at least
is made miserable and wretched -
The life of Chas. Dickens and wife is
an instance of that - great man as
he was - What a rambling, strange sort
of a letter I am writing you father -
I must say to you, father while I think
of it - that you have not sent back the
photographs I sent you to look at - Abbie
Liker's - Mrs. Millette and Charlie Morgan's -
Please send them in your next -
And do tell me father, I asked you

once before what-did you talk about-
to me in that letter that Jimmie Hunt
got - It was a long letter, and you must
have said a great deal. - Give my love
to Mother. I hope she is well. I am glad to
hear of the prospects of David and Emma -
I wish they would give me the pleasure
of naming the little one - I know they
wouldn't dislike anything that I would
give it. - It made me quite happy to
hear of it for I was very anxious to hear
of such a blessing to them. - Tell Emma
I will help her next summer, ever so
much. - I will engage to take care of
Baby all day, if nothing else, and if Dave
is so occupied otherwise, that he can't hold
it all the time. - I know he will want
to. - Won't he be proud though! I am afraid
that between the father and the Grand-
father the child will be spoiled - Well,
I must stop, and begin a letter to
Alexander - But whatever I write, is for
all unless I say otherwise - if you are
pleased to let it be so, that is. - Do write
me a long letter soon - One of your good
long letters is good for me, for a month. Affectionately
- Sarah -

Saratoga Knower County Minn.

[James Christie]

February 18th / 87

Dear Father We received your long and highly interesting and instructive letter, some time ago, and if you can or will write such letters to me often, you would help me more than you are aware of. I cannot read the Bible, as I think I should, so I seldom read it at all, therefore it was some time before I could find that saying in Genesis, 48, ch. 22 and 24 verse. And that brings me to your questions about Masonry. Well it claims to be as ancient as anything in existence in connection with the moral or spiritual advancement of mankind. It recognizes the Brotherhood of Man, God is the all Father, and the Saviour of his children. Christ is recognized also, for in the prayer used in opening the Lodge, the expression ^{used in} ~~is~~ Thou hast said, that wherever two or three are gathered ^{together} in thy name Thou wilt be in the midst of them.

But God as seen by the Hebrews, that is in a sense, is the God of Masonry, or how could Protestant, and Roman Catholic, Turk, & Jew, be members of the Order, so you see we are of one Brotherhood, having God for our Father, and a Lodge is I think supposed to be built after the pattern given on the mount, to Moses, If masonry were fully lived up to, it would teach all the members

of the Order the exact sciences, such as Geography,
Topography, Astronomy, Mathematics, in all its various
branches and in fact all that pertains to the visible universe,
and a strong faith in the everlasting hope of a grand reunion
of all the Brethren in that Lodge, or Temple Eternal
in the Heavens, is continually held forth as the incentive
and the ever be sought reward of all good Masons.
Now a firm belief in God is the ~~is paramount~~ ^{is paramount} to all
other things, before you can be a Mason; then you must
(or ought to be strictly moral,) be strictly moral, and
virtuous in all things having the full government of your
passions, ~~fully under control~~ ^{industrious as the bee,} like thanks ascend
continually, like the smoke of incense, to God,
from Whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

Now as to what the Uninitiated Brethren may say about masonry
is more than I know, or care to know, I take it as
it is and not as ^{it} may be used, so I cannot tell whether
they speak truth or not, but that is all I can say
about the subject at this time. Let me have all the
light you can get on the subject in the Bible and do
me good. You urge me to speak of Christ to my little
ones, I would like to do so, (for I believe in him
and strive to follow him, it is without doubt a
far way off) but I do not know how to begin, I am
so weak myself I cannot do as I would like, and
I often find myself thinking, that they are to

young, to see Christ as he should be seen,
And here let ask a question. Do you think you could
have done in many ways, and think in many in many
ways, at forty as you do now, I can answer for you, No.
For let me tell you we are more alike than you are aware
of, or will own, ^{perhaps} in our organizations, and methods of
thinking, that is taking our earlier ways of life, and surrou-
-ndings into consideration. I am now in the middle of life
with an ill trained mind, with the past as a dead load
on me, and the present now, ever taxing my bodily
powers, to meet the wants of a rising family, and I do not
claim to be able to hold up anywhere near what I feel
to be a higher way of living, and seeing, and doing as I
would like too, for Bread and butter and all the wants
of the body, must be seen to and ^{as} John Crosshairs, folks
say "God assist us," it takes me pretty steady at the oar
to live decently, pay my debts ~~and~~ in a way, and sleep
when I should. We are all well, and thank God, I share
not the burden of doctors bills, whatever other weight
may be laid on us, Willie is tall and stout, five years old
the 5th of last month, he is now shelling through lessons
of three letters, but it seems to him some work, as for Fred
he is not in any way interested in a b, ab, at present,
as for James, I think if he is spared he will be the largest
of the three, he is now about eleven months old, and

Speak but little, and cannot walk yet
I have written a letter to Sarah, the first in many
months, indeed I do not find convenience or
time to write as often as I wish, for our boys
all need help, in many ways, and I have to
help them, I have been doing a little of something
almost every working day this winter and am
personally in good bodily health so far, Mary
is kept in the harness all the time and has her
patience and endurance ^{well tried}. She is a good wife, and
a kind mother, and I feel blessed in many ways
and have ~~no~~ reason to complain, for I
feel God's goodness is round about me continually.
Now mind this a long letter for me to write and
so you will have to be content with it at present.
We both wish Mother health and happiness,
you ditto. Let ^{us} hear something of David and
Emma, Love to Both, tell Sandy he owes me
a letter and if I am a poor hand to pay I can
clear, 'Good night, and Joy be with you all'

Yours Wm. J. Christie

Madison, Feb. 22, '72

Dear Sarah; [Christie]

I wish you would look among the books I left at Beloit, and find the Hymn Book mentioned by Mr. H. I gave it to Barrett once to take out & he was stopped by rain. I think it is in Dr. M's house. If you find it, please give to Mr. H. or to Mr. Ward. I have written to the former. The other matter is a mistake.

While I think of it - A. J. wrote me lately asking about his slipper case; you have it I believe. He is anxious about it, as it is a keepsake. I have not answered yet, and shall await your answer before doing so.

This is a holiday, and I have occupied it in writing long letters to father, Southwick, John P. and Rob. I must write to Carmelite this evening. Your letter I recd. on Tuesday. (By the way, Sarah, you should remember that the names of the days of the week should always begin with a capital.)

Neither C nor I have any scruples about being married on Friday: we were engaged on that day - which is the time when any mischief that may result was done. It is really the only day that suits us, for various reasons. I am glad you wrote to Co. Is there a train west from B. at 3 P.M. or thereabout? I send regards to Annie and to friends in town.

Your Loving Brother, T. D. Christie.

Bellevue Feb. 21/72.
T. D. Christie Esq.:
Madison:
Dear Sir:

We have
charged upon our books to
Mr. Ward, 1 Sabbath Hymn & Song
Book, June 10/71 2.25 & 6 Fresh
Sawds June 24 2.⁰⁰

Mr. Ward was in today & says
he did not get either of them.

As we find another lot of Fresh
Sawds chd. to him June 10th
which you paid for we think
perhaps there was a mistake
in charging these items to him
& perhaps you can enlighten
us in regard to the matter.

Please let us know what
you remember about it if anything
& oblige, Yours truly: Hobart Bros.

the highest! My mother to North, to study to Sam and Emma. In Rome and Naples, Florence, Rome
to a human bond. May we all be led into the truth and into the right path
your living a short while in the divine life is the highest gift of God
that I am enjoying continually in
but a word of my affection and
Thursday Morning.

My Dear Father: [James Christie]

This being Washington's Birthday, we are given a holiday: I intend to use it in writing letters - for there is a stack of unanswered ones in my trunk, and among them two from you, - which shall receive the first attention. You have not used a letter before, for the simple reason that every bit of my time is so occupied as to leave me no leisure - beyond what is necessarily taken up in writing the three letters per week which all go in the same direction.

Three hours in the forenoon are occupied with recitations, - one in Virgil (a private class), one in Geometry, and one in Rhetoric and Elocution. A good part of the afternoon is taken up in hearing rehearsals and in giving men special drill in speaking: twice a week I go down to the city after supper and hear a young lady recite in Virgil, - and what is left of my time is spent in preparing my lessons and in looking over compositions for correction. (I have a hundred and twenty young men under my instruction in English Composition, and they each write twice during the term, so that I have good opportunities to become well versed in the art of fault finding.)

Do you blame me, my dear father, for doing as little of intellectual labor in the way of letter writing, as I possibly can without wholly

neglecting my friends? While I am speaking of my work, I may say that I have taught neither Shakespeare nor Caesar this term, as by a new arrangement all the Rhetorical work of the Preparatory Dept. in addition to that of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes, was put into my hands soon after the beginning of the term, and so I was relieved of all other duty except the teaching of one Class in Geometry. Next term my duties will be the same, except that a Latin Class (Cicero) is to be given me in the place of the Geometry.

My health never was better: as a proof of this I assure you that I have had not a bit of cold during the winter, although I used no overcoat even in the coldest weather. Every winter before this has brought me a very severe cold, settling on my lungs, so that I would be compelled to leave off study for two or three days and take measures to throw it off. I attribute my hardiness this season to my habit of cold water bathing nearly every morning.

I use neither tea nor coffee and sleep soundly my allotted seven hours. I give you these bits of information that you may know my hard work is not injuring my health - it simply takes up all my time.

The term closes three weeks from tomorrow. I shall get away on the Wednesday previous, take Sarah with me from Beloit, and reach Aubrey that same evening; we propose to have the wedding in ~~the~~ Mr. Brewster's Church on Friday evening, and reach Madison on the Tuesday following, coming via Dixon and Rockford. I have secured a house near the University, with the privilege of quitting in July if I choose. Carmelita's school closed

last Saturday, she having given such satisfaction that they wanted her to teach another month. - She also has received the offer of a situation as Assistant Teacher in the Seminary at Rockford.

Her letters are full of accounts of the sewing she is doing and having done. By the way, you have not sent back the two letters I loaned you: Please do so as soon as possible. And I wish you would think to mention C in your letters: She has a right to your recognition; and although she has not said so, yet I think she feels your want of cordiality toward her.

I had a letter from Sarah on Tuesday: She has had a very bad cold, so as to be out of school for a few days - but is now better and at work.

I urge her going to Minnedota. The place in Beloit is too hard for her. She could get permanent employment near you, where she would be in charge of an entirely different set of scholars, and could really save more money than in Beloit. Sarah is living alright, and is doing much real good where she is, - but the scholars she has to deal with are vicious City boys for the most part, so that the government of them is too severe a tax upon her strength. She does it conscientiously, and does it well, but at a great expense of nervous force. This is the main reason why I want her to leave the work as soon as possible. Your quiet and orderly boys and girls would not call for a tithe of the energy from her that is demanded in the Grammar School at B.

I am anxiously waiting word from Sandy in response to my last letter. He should not wait for a letter from Dr. Davis, as the latter has been sick, and his duties

take up all his spare time. I saw Sandy's letter to the Doctor the other day: he is decidedly in favor of Sandy's beginning study, and says - "your brother under rates himself; he is just the kind of a man who should go through College." Tell S. that I wish he would write me before I go south, in order that I may arrange things for his reception.

I am so engaged with these realities, my dear father, that you will pardon my not going very deeply into some of the matters you asked me about in your last long letter. You are mistaken in thinking that Caesar was born in the violent way you mention: There is a story, not very well authenticated, that the name is derived from Cauda, to cut, on the supposition that the founder of the house entered the world by the death of his mother. As to Suetonius, he wrote the lives of the first twelve Caesars, dwelling particularly on the personal traits of each. Naturally, the impression produced by his narratives is not favorable to their subject. Poridonius was a Stoic Philosopher contemporary with Caesar, but wrote no life of him. He delivered on one occasion a discourse before Pompey, the object of which was to prove that nothing is good which is not honorable.

I wish you could come down and stay a month or two with me next Fall. I want you to become acquainted with Carmelite, and I also want to talk with you on subjects interesting to us both. I have been studying the Epistles to the Romans and to the Ephesians this winter, wishing many a time that you could be with me.

I have no time to write long letters, and I cannot bear to send a short one. - so that our intercourse is quite irregular. But you may always

other Party. perhaps it would be better for
you. It would make no particular
difference with me either way. If I
knew that I would not use it myself
I can't say what kind of a move it is for
you. you must be your own Judge
in that. I mean in a pecuniary point
of view. otherwise I presume it would
suit you all right. I hope you will

No.

J. J. WILLIAMS,

Collector of Internal Revenue,

4th DISTRICT OF WIS.

Beaver Dam,

IN RELATION TO

is succeed in making an
arrangement some way
if you think it is for the best
am glad to hear you are
all well and prospering

No. of Enclosures,

one of Internal Revenue must fill out the endorsement and brief
on the back of each letter to the Department.

We are well as usual
have had a long tedious winter
plenty of snow and cold weather. but it
is now beginning to thaw and I hope soon
to see the naked Earth again.

Let me hear from you again
and if anything turns up I will let you know
Kind Regards to all

I Remain very Truly Yours
D J Bertie

United States Internal Revenue,

Collector's Office, 4th District, Wis.

Beaver Dam, Feb'y 26th 1872

My Dear Alex^r

Yours of the 19th inst. received
at present I cannot say whether I
can concede to your Request or not
for the Reason that this Collection
District has been Consolidated with the
5th Dist of this State and a New Man Appointed
Collector who lives at New London. We Expect
the Change to be made any day - and will
probably occur within ten days at the furthest.
In that Case - unless I can make the New
Man believe he wants a dep^y in this part of
the Dist. I will be out-Employment and
may go into something where I would have to
use what means I could Command. And
as you would require to know pretty soon to
make the Arrangement you speak of before
you left Minn^s. I don't know what to advise
in the Matter. but would say that if you
could make your Arrangements with some

a blue dress with a
white waistcoat would look
very pretty. One is apt
to think I could not thin
white. Don't run any
more about your habits.
Now Sarah don't put
yourself to any more
any trouble. Give her
your own
judgment.

Wednesday
I feel
much better this
morning but
my doctor is not
able to get up.
and find for a
few days will be
useless. You see
we are not very
comfortably situated
my family and mine regard
it as such for now.

Amboy, Feb. 27th 1822.

Tuesday Evening.

Dear Sarah [Christie]

Your letter reached me the fore
part of last week but this is the first
opportunity I have had in which to
reply. I am glad your health is improving.
You must come up to Madison next summer
and let us try our skills in doctoring you
up. I think you need rest - just what you
shall have with us.

I suppose you have told you ^{we} were to be
married in church at the Mile Society.
I dread it very much as I dislike a great
display. However I see no way to avoid it.
(to some degree.) My father has been acquaint-
ed with the people here, many of them, for
twenty-five years. As he is now their
minister they feel a personal interest in
me because I am his daughter.

They are constantly doing little things to help me in my preparations to leave.

As we are all nearly sick we cannot think of having a wedding party, so as the next best thing I have consented to the above arrangement. Of course I am glad to please the kind people here. Many of them are dear friends of mine. Now ask what you shall wear. In the first place, dear Sarah, do not kill yourself to any extra expense on account of the occasion. The Church is only a little country village where but very few people dress much.

I shall be proud of you as my new sister. In any dress, I am to wear white muslin. The waist with a luffed yoke. The kuffes having white satin folds between them. Flowers in my hair &c. My sister who will stand with you will probably wear white muslin. If she can get blue tartan will trim her dress with blue kuffes, wear blue flowers. My sister has light complexion. Blue eyes &c. I think the same things would become you. Either your blue or white

dress would do very nicely - perhaps the white would look best. But ^{my} ~~your~~ own taste in the matter. The two young ladies in my Sabbath School class, are also to be bridesmaids. I meant to have seen them before writing you but have not been able to do so. I think their hair near white. One of them wears near garnet colored silk trimmed with white satin but I think not. Some words are being he does not know how he was to get a ring to fit my third finger. He thought he would have you get it in. I have a ring I wear on that finger. I will send it to you for a pattern. This ring fits quite loosely, as my little fingers are much in better. - As to Friday for a wedding day why, I enjoy forming the old custom. It seemed to me very foolish if not wicked. I allow myself to be influenced by a silly fancy as to luck. Are we in the hands of a Chinese deity? Or are we rather, in the case of the Great God who governs the universe by fixed laws? What is a day to him? However, I have a new plan I am a relation to him. If he can get here Wednesday evening we might be married Thursday evening and then have time to get to Scotland to spend the Sabbath. You are not the only one who objects to Friday. Many here communicate with me on the subject. - I am very nearly sick. Last night I was to see Mr. the doctor with chills and chumps. I was so faint it was some time before I could get any one woke up. I got down to the floor and soon was better. All day today I have felt very miserable but have eaten up most of the time. I have eaten a little. My dress-maker talks to me with very many things. My work seems slowly on account of my poor health but especially on account of the state of the family. Sister Addie attends school and is nearly sick - has just gone to bed

University of Wisconsin,

Madison, March 10., 1872.

My Dear Sarah: [Beloit, Wis.]

I shall be in Beloit. if all goes well, at midnight on Tuesday, as I have permission from our President to leave on the evening train. Shall go straight to Dr. M's from the train. By taking the Forenoon train the next day, I shall be able to reach Amboy at 7.30 on Wednesday evening. The ceremony is to be on Thursday evening, and we are to go direct to Ripport that night, arriving in F. about four in the morning of Friday. Shall have a couple of hours to wait there, and can be in Rockford by 10 A.M. I am afraid Friday will be a sleepy day for both of us, but we shall rest and visit there until Saturday afternoon, when we plan to take cars for Harvard and go to Allen's Grove, among C's friends for the Sabbath. Shall visit her friends in Clinton on Monday and reach Madison on Tuesday. We do not

wish to stop in Beloit at this time, - so you
will see Carmelite first when you come up
to visit Sandy. She does not want to meet
any one in Beloit at present - feels rather
diffident about it, - but we shall probably
go down at Commencement. I acknowledge
the force of your reasons for not going down
with me, and think you are right in your
decision, - although it would add to the
pleasantness of the occasion for you to be
with me. However, you must come up and
spend the Spring vacation with us. By that
time we shall be settled in our own home,
and Sandy will be with us. Part of the
Bridal trip, as now determined on, would be
very exhausting to you: it will be better for
you to make your new sister's acquaintance
in the quietness of her Madison home.

I have no farther word from Minnesota.
In hope of seeing you very soon, I remain,
In sincere affection,

Your Brother, Thos D. Christie.

Rapidan, March 10. 1872.

My Dear Sister; [Sarah Christie]

I write to inform you that Emma rejoices in the possession of a fine little boy, born at 15 minutes after noon on ~~the~~ Thursday 7.; and that both are "as well as might be expected."

There is no end to our rejoicing over the little fellow, - who, manifests his perfect indifference by sucking his fingers, yawning, and making the sweetest little grimaces with the little face that looks so like what Dave's did a few years ago. He is blue-eyed and light-complexioned, very large, and able already to lift about his own head like a child of six weeks. ~~all~~

Dave assumes the responsibilities of a father with great nonchalance; and Emma hardly knows what to do with

herself, she is so glad. It was a very serious affair for a time, and so there are more reasons than one for feeling good over the result.

My school will be out Thursday 21," but I will stay here about a week to help Dave, and I must stay a while with Willie; so that, though I shall go direct from Saratoga to Madison, I will not get there for some time after term opens.

Don't go up there 'till you hear of my arrival. Let Dave know about the boy, for I do not wish to write again to anybody. I acknowledge the receipt of your long letter of the 17th ult.

I was up all last night, and am sleepy,
So Good Bye for a day or two
Sandy.

Saratoga Winona County Minn
March 24th 1872

Dear Father Were I to date this letter in accordance with the weather we are having I would say December, or January, instead of March. Snow and Frost is the order of the day, and stock feel as well as humans, as though they have had winter enough. We are all once more in good health, or nearly so. We have had a severe cold each one in turn, and although we have had no doctor we would have been excusable in calling in one, but I have no faith in many doctors, round here, and so we get along without them indeed were it not on account of public opinion. I do not think I would ever have a doctor, in any case, unless it were a matter of broken bones. Mary had a letter from Maggie, in which we are informed, of Tom's marriage, to Miss S. C. Brewer, so you are blest with another daughter, and have a fair prospect of keeping your favorite son in the United States, for I think he has eventually barred himself from any missionary labor, except homework by the step he has taken I really think it is well for him and I have no doubt but he will be happier and better in his wedded life, than if he had ^{gone} to Bozagoogaga, or any other place. With the permission of a dead ^{chance}

church on his longest end with which to save the distant
heathen, while the heathen, at home are going to the
Christian's Hell, Wholesale and retail; I do really hope
Tom will be happy and useful in his calling as a preacher
or teacher, and that he shall be blest with a household
of sturdy lads and lasses, that would be as wise and good
as wisdom and knowledge can make them.

We have been looking for Sandy for the last three
days, but he has not come, so we think he has not gone
east. Maggie said they were looking for him there
this week, and she also informs ^{us} that Willie
Christie is going to the normal school and would
be gone before Sandy could get there. She speaks
of Grandmother's health as being lower than usual.
She is full of years and it would not be strange if she
were to go to the Inner life at any time. She has been in
^{the} past good to me, and so I know she shall surely reach a
good reward, when she leaves us, don't you think, those,
who have gone before, will give her a hearty welcome
and God speed, in all her new duties, I do. As for
Sandy, I think perhaps he is not going to Madison
after all, but it may be he has gone past us, well if
he has it cannot be helped but I would really liked him
to have devoted a small portion of his time to seeing
us just as we are, not much to see, but seeing we are

as we are, I suppose we can't be any more,

What is David doing, has he got all his plowing
done so he can go on with his seeding, when the time
comes, I have about ten or twelve acres to plow besides
my corn land, I have been hauling out manure this winter
and have more to get out yet, I had some clover
seed cut this last fall, but owing to the man that
agreed to cut it, ^{not} doing so, ^{in time} I have not had it hiked, but
I think it will do to run it through an old thresher,
it is so rotten the seed will I believe, come out in
good shape. James your name son has ^{not} learned to walk
yet he was a year old the 7th ult, he is not very well
these days, owing to his teething, and cold, at the same
time, As for Willie, and Daisy they are stout rugged
boys, and are quite tall of their age, their mother's hands
are kept full sewing and cooking and washing for
them, Bread and milk meat and potatoes go out of
right amazingly, the first two principally, and clothing
wears out, and Doctors bills are nothing, for the which
I give God thanks, Daisy, hoping Mother and you are
both well and enjoying yourselves in a rational
way I will close, by requesting you to write me a long
and useful letter Love to Dave and Emma and
Sandy, let him speak for himself. W^m J Christie

As for reading the Bible and studying it, I do very little at it. Now what does it matter to me if Methuenduzzee eat grass as an ox or ass. Asa, or whether Jephthah's daughter was sacrificed, or a girl became a nun; and then why are we told of the Prophet that testified against Jeroboam the ^{son} Nebat, being deceived by another Prophet, and then slain by the Lion; now what use are these things to me, any more than a chapter in "Frodothart" ^{not so much}.

So you see the way I look at these things, makes the Book, to me worse than useless. I can see but little good in it, what a story for a child to read, is that of Judah and Tamar, and Lot and his girls; then there is that story of the Levite and his concubine; divided into twelve parts, and sent out to all the coasts of Israel; if the Hilllanders or Redskins would do anything like that; what a mass it would make in the Papers, nowadays, and how quickly the priest would be an inmate of the nearest county Jail. So reading the book with light makes it darkness. Now do not think I am trying to draw you; Badger fashion, no sir. You can't be drawn, and without reason. a light of some kind better than I have now I must just look at as I do.

Good Day

It has slack'd rowing.

Wendato, ^{Evening} April 10th 72

My Dear Sister; — [Dear Christy]

I am

staying tonight in town,
will take the 9 o'clock train
tomorrow morning, stay
over Sunday with Mr.,
and reach Madison
Tuesday 16th —

I bring no bedding, in
accordance with your in-
junction.

All the folks are well.

Hoping to see you soon
I subscribe

Yours Affectionately
Alexander.

Williams. April 13th 74.

My Dear Father:— [James Christie]

The train arrived at St. Charles about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday. I had spent my time during the transit reading Geometry, for there was nothing new to be seen by my eyes in that wide expanse of prairie that separates Massena and St. Charles; and I felt that I was now surely nearing the day when some grave product of the Schools would ask me what I knew; so I critically scanned the 7th and 8th books, took another glance at the 4th, and got off the train in a very contented frame of mind.

I lost no time in setting out for M's. My valise was quite heavy, but I cut a small scrub-oak, swung the clumsy thing over my shoulder and trudged on. I am not a fast traveller; but

my eyes are good and I generally see the other end of the road ere giving out. I found Mr. nailing up a board on the wheat-bin, his two little boys sitting on the ground beside him, and all busily engaged in an edifying conversation, the little fellows making quite a hum with their little musical voices.

It was a strange sight to me, and I was just falling into a philosophical train of thought on the mutations of human life, when one of the boys discovered me, and there was nothing left but to give a whoop and surprise Mr. at least. He was a little sur-

prised, for they had concluded I was ~~not~~ going to college; and I think he was agreeably surprised too, for they coming probably relieved him of a most disagreeable suspicion that I had gone off long ago.

They were in excellent health, Mr. looking much improved on his appearance

four years ago, Mary quite well and more like a woman and a mother; and well she might, for she has three very healthy, large children about her, weighing down her arms and tugging at her apron-strings.

I cannot pass over the children without more than a passing notice; they are worthy of something more extended.

Willie is quite large of his age (as indeed are they all), of a nervo-sanguine temperament (if I am right in my opinion) quick in his intellectual perceptions, with a tolerable physique, but somewhat warped in his moral nature.

I notice that he is excitable, and given to having things his own way when he can. He will make a smart boy, and their care should be to make him a good boy. Savy is a better organized child - one of the prettiest little fellows I ever saw, and so healthy in ~~mind~~ ~~the~~ soul and body. He will

never succeed in making the school-
ma'am think him a "genius" in Arith-
metic and Orthography, though he will
not be dull by any means; but I am
much mistaken if he ever proves him-
self anything but a help and a joy
to his parents. He looks very like little
Sarah Ellen in Chymman, and in his
laugh reminds me of Annie very
much. Jimmy is a good-looking
child, able to walk about the house
in a way, and just beginning to try
to express himself in words.

I must say that you and Mary have good
reason to be thankful for having such
a family of "likely" boys.

I got a little book for Davy to go
with Mother's for Willie. They were both
highly pleased. The latter has a Primer
Book, and is able to read a little,
and will go some to the school this
summer.

He has got about 12 acres of grain
sowed, and some spring plowing
done, has hay enough to last his stock,

short of feed for hogs, wood enough
for summer, part chopped,

On the whole, I see no good reason
for supposing him unable or
unwilling to make things go.

He is quite well up with his work.

Even if the weather were favorable, I
would not have the pleasure of sowing
any grain, for he and Abbott have
got a seed on shares - a "Buckeye",
which works well.

The fact of the matter is, I am well pleased
at the way I find them here, and
shall go away feeling much relieved.

He takes The Tribune, The American
Agriculturist, Mil. Sentinel, and
St. Charles Herald. He has, in the past,
been quite hard up for newspaper
literature, and having an opportu-
nity to get some of these cheap, he has
got a surfeit of the stuff. He gets
Harper to borrow, and once in a
while a book. He now has a

small volume borrowed entitled ~~the~~
"The Hierophant" etc which undertakes
to explain many of the scriptural
narrations according to an ancient
Astro Theological symbolism.

It deals with ~~all~~ that mysterious sym-
bolism on which it claims are founded
all religions and secret societies.

I have glanced through the first
90 pages, and I find he holds many
things in common with you.

He gets very close to what you know,
and makes a nearer approach to
your views than anything I ever
saw elsewhere. The author is G.C.

Stewart, the work was entered in
'59, and may be had of Ross &
Poucey, 121 Nassau St. New York.

I intend getting the work, and so
soon as I can read it, I will send
it to you. —

In our progress from Mankato to
St. Charles I saw many putting in

grain, but not one sowing by hand.
There has been little or no rain here, and
the land is quite dry enough for
sowing. Yesterday was so very windy
that all work of every kind had to
be suspended, and it came out
so cold as to freeze the ground
last night. Willie and I hauled
a little manure this forenoon,
and this afternoon he is plowing.
I do not think there is any dif-
ference in the season here and
there; there appears to be no more
wheat in here than there is in
Rapidan.

After looking over this farm, I am
more favorably impressed with it
than I was four years ago. It is quite
good, and if there were the right
kind of neighbors, I would like to see
^{my} team stay here.

But I have written myself out,
and will go and relieve you

at his work. I will take the
train again on Monday for
Madison. I suppose Thursday
brought a scolding letter from
P. S. but by this time he has
my Counter-proclamation.

Yours Affectionately
Alex. S. Christie.

P. S.

I spoke to Mr. about Mrs.
There are some features of the case
more favorable to him than
we knew of, and besides,
his mind is now easy about
the future, and for that reason
I would advise him to go on
paying his yearly install-
ments. I believe he has done
right in insuring. It would
not pay you or me, but it
pays him.

Madison, April 17th 72

My Dear Father: - [James Christie]

I left St. Charles by the 4 o'clock train on Monday 15th and reached Portage about 12 midnight, where we lay over waiting for the train to Madison until half after ten. Arrived here about 1 o'clock P.M., found P. J. and Carmelite at home and overjoyed to see me. P. J. is in excellent health, and getting on well in his teaching. - Cut of that again. Carmelite - if it be right to speak of her in this underhand way - is a very fine woman, somewhat girlish in her personal appearance, but with plenty of sound sense and very little nonsense, though a product of the schools. I can see quite easily that she is a thoroughly good girl, with aspir-

ations after better things than this world can bestow, and imbued with a sense of the responsibilities of life.

She does everything that she can to make me feel at home here, and I feel assured I will be very pleasantly situated while I stay. The Chamber which they assigned me, is a very large, finely situated one, and fixed up inside in good shape.

Tom will do all in his power for me. He has little money, but he has credit, and will get his pay at end of term. Then I will be able to refund before Fall term begins. I shall board with them. They do get along economically, as Tom anticipated, and I will find it more healthful, more pleasant, and not much more expensive to board with them, than by myself.

There is a likelihood of one Norton Alcott coming to lodge and board

here also, and I will let him have this chamber and take one in the other end, which, though smaller, is quite large enough. Tom, and especially Carmelite, objects to this, but I can easily see that it will be quite an additional inducement to ^{Alcott} ~~him~~, who is of rich parentage; and Tom needs to turn the house to as great an account as he can.

I was up at Tom's class-room today, and heard him put a class through Cicero, and another through Quintus Curtius. Tom has the art of teaching; and seems to do it up well. If anything, he errs in not understanding the sinister side of human character.

Two other young men start in with me tomorrow at 12 o'clock. One has had some drill in it, but the other is as green

cent as myself. I have been studying at it this evening, and though quite difficult, I think I will like it. My gigantic work will be in Latin, since Tom thinks best that I go into L. Curtius at once. I presume he is right, but what with the endless amount of Grammar, Lexicon, and the change of pronunciation to the Continental; I expect a terrible time of it.

J.D. was giving four lessons per week in Arith. and Alg. to a young man named Fitch. He turned him over to me today, and I had the pleasure of being once more engaged on Robinson's Practical. Tomorrow ~~at 2~~ from 2, till 3, I hear him in Alg. About 20cts per lesson. But I must wind up.

Sarah will come up Friday Afternoon. I will write more in faith on Sunday or, ~~some~~ after. Tom is sitting up tonight with Prof. Irving who is sick.
Yours aff - Alexander.

I find I must continue by post. as I have not yet seen appeared the subject of the Discretion at all send of

last evening upon my disappointed talk
I am not able to write as I would
I shall try in my next to do better
make haste to assume me of your Mother and
believe me ever your Father
(Daughter, Sarah. [Christie])
Hobbs

Rapids, April 21st 1872

Quite a long time ago I received
yours and several times I have attempted to reply to it and never finished
I expected a letter from you again after your trip to the Marriage of
Thomas, and not receiving it I fear that you are not sufficiently well
to write to me. You know by this time that Alex^r is in Madison, you
if well enough may have seen him. I received a letter from Thomas and
Consuelita after their return to Madison, enclosing a picture of Consuelita
I am expecting yet a letter from you about this Marriage and all the
little things connected with it, and you must write it for me,
Alex^r will tell you all about us here. Now my dear Sarah
How can I write a reply to such a long letter as yours was to me. Writing
is a real labour to me not only in the manual part of it, but also in the
necessary thought which it requires. However much and how I give unto
you. I find in your letters a something which persuades me
that you are generally suffering from nervous exhaustion. It is easy
to be its cause. City schools and City Society ^{are} so exciting, exacting of so
much energy. No period of rest from school work that has not to be
given to some of the demands of your social position. No place or time to
retire from the everlastingly demands, reading, talking, hearing and seeing
so much and so many. People of robust Health or sluggish Temperament
alone can bear so much. I should be glad to have you come home in
your vacation, and enjoy the 'Dolce far niente' of our isolated life
the sweet doing nothing is so delightful to the tired soul and untroubled
nerves. You and I could wander or perhaps ride a little by the woods
or the river, resting sometimes on some Lichen covered Boulder or
fallen tree, or some Green Bluff, or in the shade of the Umbra trees
woods. Where we will philosophize a little, as we feel the natural
inspiration, not being in City Society we can look stupid when
we feel stupid, look tired when we are so, say silly things when we
feel silly and all so naturally and without effort. And so not having
to learn to be wise and good and beautiful all the time, we will
be ourselves, and so honest, and so more naturally happy.
This is notary. at times we will feel the inspiration that flows
from all around us, and listen to the profound and strange tones

which Nature forever presses into the hearing and Willing Ear.
The voice of all of Beauty, and lectures and lectures which are here
a something of man in them. But listening to the voice that
proceeds from Creation we will hear the Glorious Gospel of God
spoken in the Universal Language, disinterested of issue, and all the more
amazing. The whole final it speaking to us in coincidence with
Scripture, and so final that Scripture speaking from Heaven
is endorsed. All that Nature teaches us from the North, there are two
Witnesses which agree with one another,

This however is not
to the topics of your letter of which I must say something, and first
of that delusion in relation to Shakespeare and Bacon. it amazes me
to think how people can be carried away with every wind that blows.
I heard of this new theory years ago and it seemed so absurd that I did
not make any inquiry into the home the Metamorphosis had been accomp-
-lished. I thought at the time that it was an outrage against Nature
which would sink very soon, as no doubt it will into ~~an~~ Oblivion.

I need only to look into the face of the two portraits of these men to
see that this new persuasion is a Lie. God, on the face of all of His
works writes in unmistakable Glyph the name of the thing or the man
which He has made, and we read this writing instinctively. Volens volens

Look in the face of the Artista Verulam. Mentally a God of Truth
the strong and clear reasoner. Yet without may be seen the lines of
the crafty and crooked man of self and the world. The square brow
and far sight of more talent. A growth of the earth, and no gift of
the Gods.

Look now in Shakespeare. on that open face, that
lofty and graceful forehead marked by every line of beauty.
His poetry itself, representative to all time of the inspired of Nature.
Here we to look for a model organization by which to typify the
Poetic man. We would choose just such as the portraits of the
immortal Bill gives to our view. Through just such organ-
-ization Divine Nature gives her portraiture of truth.

In just such Tabernacle Divine Art makes her home
to paint with magic finger all the forms of Life. Behold
that Head! Imagination's throne. Mistress of embodiment, by whose
Union ^{Heaven} All thought and thing, but touched, assumes the Human
Aspect. and walks forth instinct with active Life, immortal
they live forever in the thought and heart of record Mankind.
The difference between these two natures does not lie in
any essential opposition of their natures, it is only as the
Greater differs from the lesser. Shakespeare has the additional

37 / I think you possess additional Endowments. beyond those
The Divine endowments, all but Universal. With a fullness
of all those powers which lie as it were between the regions of
feeling and of thought. I think I am unable to give any analysis
of their Character. But to me it is quite superfluous. Any comparison
of their difference or their similarity is unnecessary. I am content
to be told and believe, to read the words of God which He has written
in His Works. I can only find cause for this Vicarious delusion
in the supposition that in these decadent days when the nobler faculties
are benumbed by luxury in these evil times when sacred dissipation
has debauched the public taste. When Morality is more sought ^{after} than
truth. And a Lie woven in with literary tinsel becomes the homage
of the Multitude. When Good coming often filch from Good being the
the Guardian of Morals. And triumphant Hacked looks through the mask
of truth in this oft sick of time the Phisic of the Pencil becomes the
federal some willing instrument to aid in robbing Shakespeare of his
just reward. In greedy love of praise (or happy else) he tries
to filch from Greece and Carthage the laurel Lurel. to crown
a Contending Broom. vain effort. He seeks a second Bismarck
his long and last exile come swiftly on. And Rome gets up to
club him. Recall, ~~and~~ half front's opening him from the Court
of Nations. Hearts and Brains. Nor triumph on his bridged
head. The shell dismiss by the power of the old and true Garter this
the have illusions to its right place and forget all base power and her
imposed form.

I should ought to write to you of this
matter of the Vicariate. after you have read the Article of Mrs
I forget who. I also remember of your talk of the Sisters. Age indeed they are
~~only sisters of Charity~~. I should much prefer that they were Brothers of Arms and
— you will see I had started to write of them disparagingly. But I could
not for pity. poor things many of them suffer the fate of the Crozier
Nobles and are consumed in the slow fire of irrepressible material
Conditions, like any unless arising from a certain virginity of
soul is entirely unfit for Common Humanity. The river of material
Love and Life needs a powerful Barrier to stay its course and turn
its current. to as it were transfigure it into Heavenly Love and Life
this cannot be done by mere human resolution. as St Theresa's
would be common. God forbids that it should be as in His Wisdom
and it is presumptuous to attempt such things in the mere force of

Human Will. Disappointed Human Love finds no
true refuge in the Christian, unless through Divine
transfiguration. Cannot be accomplished. The feminine
as well as the masculine mind and heart alive are unable for
such an effort, considered by the Spirit of G.D. This is indeed the
true Crucifixion, through which the nails pierce all the Affections and
Lacerate every Thought. Few are able to bear it. Hence it necessary
It is not religion of us. I indeed admit that all sexual feeling must
be extinguished in whatever tends back to the memory of Marriage,
that I think is plainly taught in the Bible. But it is not to be done in
Human Power nor by Human Will. Christ Conquered, and by faith
in Him this Conquest was for us. He will bestow the Pledge of
spiritual purity upon whom He will. and from whom He withholds
it is impossible. Still it is required from all that they should aspire
in spirit towards this final Object, the Ascension. The sincere Will
is a comp. test for the accomplishment and the who are unable are
not compelled to undergo this Crucifixion. I do not need to point
you to the unconcealable results of Roman practices in this matter
The Bible is ^{that} without a very visible supernatural Assistance it is
very presumptuous to Attempt to extinguish natural Affections
which are so potent, and should not be attempted by any one who
is not sensible of this supernatural Assistance. This is not a topic which
I care to bore up to you, and write you in writing. The very sensitive
talk of this matter if you come up to see us.

Now Protestant Discernments it seems to me is needed as
an Order in the Church. Not only for its ministrations to the poor, but
as a School in which the whole Church may be trained in the
practice of Christian Charity. I consider the position and functions
of a Deacon as above that of the Teacher of Doctrine, it is indeed
the very Embodiment of Christian Love, as indeed all Christians
are by their very professions Deacons. Yet what is every ones business
is generally found to be no ones, it is ^{made} necessary ^{therefore} that there should be
Appointment made of those who form whatever Causes are best
fitted by Natural Qualifications, Gifts of the Spirit and peculiar
Circumstances for this very function, as between married and
unmarried Mercy ministers. let them be as it may be, as they may be found

Now as to the Qualification necessary for this work. The first and
Essential is a Spirit of Love, the Spirit of Mercy, of help giving. This is the
Christ in Action. But Christ is also Wise. Therefore a well trained
Experience, Christianized Intellect is just the most necessary Qualification.
For not alone the ministrations to the Body is the function of this
Diaconate. I must conclude this letter to you by next night. You will have seen
out my heart, and receive this fragment to certify you of continued
affection and Love for you Your Father James Christie

W. ison. April 28th 72

My Dear Father; [James Christie]

I put off writing again until today, not having a moment to spare from my studies, and knowing moreover that you would not get it till Thursday in any event. I am very anxious to hear from you, and confess that were I not so pressed with hard work at the Latin and Greek, I could be suffering from a severe attack of homesickness. I hope you are all well, and that the weather has not been so unfavorable for farming operations there: as it has here. I understand that little has ~~has~~ been done in this vicinity toward getting the grain crop in, and farmers are beginning to feel blue about it.

Sarah came up on the Friday afternoon, after I arrived and stayed until Sunday evening. She was looking better than I expected to see

An extra lesson in Latin to make up what has been ~~passed~~ or read by the class heretofore.

Thus much of my present work. Of the future, none of us know much.

I have had no time to devote to looking about me. Though living within 60 rods of Fourth Lake, a beautiful sheet of water - I have not as yet been any nearer to it than my road to the recitation room takes me. After I am better acquainted with the surroundings I will write of them to Dave.

Young Dalcott is living here. He is a young man of good disposition - about 20 years of age - and we get along well. He would have been a member of the Freshman Class at Beloit if he had not been somewhat deficient in the languages.

His father sent him here to be put through by Tom so as to pass next time at Beloit.

And now - as to Tom. You will be interested to know what I think, with whose modes of thought and views you are so well acquainted.

practically approve of this marriage.

I am sure my Carmelite finds a place in your heart as a daughter, and that I have not forfeited my own place there by giving her to you and to our family.

So let us feel that we understand each other perfectly, and are in perfect sympathy in all things. Alexander is much improved since I saw him last. What a head he has! He is occupied at present in translating the life of his namesake, written by Quintus Curtius, and in mastering the Elements of the Greek. The latter has found hard work, but he will soon be out of the most difficult part, and into the reading of Xenophon - when he will feel repaid for all his trouble. Sarah was well at last accounts.

She came up to see Sandy. We had a good sermon today on "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I command you?" I have an interesting class in S.S.

and Co. and I gather the children of our neighborhood every Sunday afternoon in our little parlor, & have music and study together. She sends "ever so much" love to you, she says. My love to David & Emma, to mother and yourself. Ever with the same affection Thomas.

Raposa April 29th 1872

My Dear Sandy

The summer of 1910.

The received Yours -
two letters and feel thankful to You for your careful consideration
in so writing I am much pleased with your Accounts of Mary and her
family and affairs. Love and Complements of course you found with
their illuminations and Mary's side turned towards you and yet must
not for any small matter turn away from them. They will prove true
and steady friends to you hereinafter at all times your Highest Good
is view. If you shall receive them in the ^{Song} spirit in which they come
to you. You will much increase their and your own happiness.

I am glad that you have taken up Greek and Latin these two Languages with the Mother Tongue contain ^{nearly} all that is known to the Sons of Japhet. Besides they form the introductory Letters which will admit you to the Doors of them. (Although by their means you cannot enter His House.) The enlargement of your Linguistic Power is more necessary for you than any Mathematical acquisition in the Realm of Man Thought lies in Chaos without Language in that it first assumes Order and finds an Outlet. Manifest itself when the Spirit of God moves on the face of the Soul it is to produce Thoughts, and the Word must contain them. So the all Language formed this faculty is the Word of the Mind from whence Utterance (Verbum) Manifestation, External, External power. Thence Nature and Operative Being. "His Word has gone forth to the ends of the Earth" and it shall not return unto me empty" an intimate knowledge of Language gives facility of force and fineness of Thought Words are so many Water pots filled with ideas from which one selects and simply pours out upon the ear their Contents.

In the Acquisition of these Ancient Languages the acquire all they
contains by reading the labels affixed by Grammarians

I know you wish to do good, to Emancipate yourself and others, by attacking
error. Language thus is the sling you must use to plant stones ^{with} in
the foreheads of the Giants and by all means get it if you should sell
your Government to buy it. It is truly the instrument of Conquest
as it was the loss of its use which defeated the Builders of the Tower. You
will see the necessity of getting it, and using it both to build up and to pull down
strongholds.

the Liberator, and Servants of these days who regard the raising of
 also obedient to this rule insofar as possible, and do not utterly change that which, I could not be
 easily forgotten
 with existing facts
 directly refers to
 the public mind
 in persons for such
 it takes place
 I think this is
 as it should be

two letters
 in its writings
 family and of
 their illness
 but for any
 and steady for
 in view, if
 to you. You
 I am
 two Languages
 to the sons of
 will admit of
 cannot enter
 journey is made
 in the soul of
 it first appears
 when the spirit
 thoughts, and
 this faculty
 manifestative
 operative
 "and is shall
 of Language
 words are so
 reflects and
 in the body
 contains by
 I know you
 error. Large
 the form here
 Your Guardian
 As it was the
 will see the necessity

Note from page 4, continued.

I could say much of the mystical on this whole topic. Yet I forbear and use only a few suggestive sentences to you. My vision is not indeed empty, and you can pull out for yourself.

My feelings again tell me to Quicken you in a strong Love for your Brother. He is indeed true and genuine, full of a strong Love toward you, ingenuous, and unsuspecting, simple in heart, correct in the right, altogether worthy and deserving of your strongest Attachment, and for Love of one another we must bear and forbear with all of one another imperfections. We all have them. Yet what need of my lettering to do that which I know Nature has accomplished before me. Blood is indeed much thicker than water.

You and Sarah must have discussed the situation all round up here and elsewhere. Tell me if Sarah intend coming up. I have received no letter from her since before Doug's marriage. I should like much to have Sarah here. I have not been so well as usual since you left and I need some one of you about me. (David has put all his seed in only a little oats. About 46 of wheat. They are all in good health.

The little Boy grows well, in brain as well as body, and his and me are particularly acquainted. The little rogue laughs just as soon as he looks me square in the face. I think his little spirit recognizes me, and I try in his eyes to pierce the mighty mystery of our being, or rather to gaze and wonder. My constant prayer is that he may learn the right way and grow up to walk in it. I never take him in my arms but my spirit lifts itself up in supplication for him.

A few days ago looking over Mochimus I incidentally came upon a note containing the statement that the Menichaeans, believed that souls returned to God by way of the Zodiac, and also that Clement, Alex. said that Plato taught the same thing. I was quite pleased at this. Because you know that independently of him I had come to see some thing in these 12 baskets also. Unquestionably they are ancient Hieroglyphs. Exceedingly so for if Plato understood literally what is said of him above in his Day. (But I cannot believe that) the true knowledge of their significance had already been lost. Yet unquestionably the people believe all this as literal. So you see the intellect could affirm with the Multitude in this as in many other things, and yet not believe

With the Multitude. Now it would be premature in me to say just what is the truth hid in these symbols. But daily I see more and more in them. I consider them to be of great importance, as derived from a Universal Philosophy, and of the same character as are our Scriptures. Containing a full statement of the way of the Lord, in history, and in men. prophetic as well as philosophical. "God at sundry times and in diverse manners spoke unto our fathers by the prophets", I consider these signs as having been delivered through prophetic insights, or visions as I see above from a philosophy which itself was a Revelation and why should we be astonished that other Nations and other people ^{besides the Jews} should have some truth in their possessions, the final Moses getting credit for possessing the wisdom of the Egyptians. It will not do to suppose that he was applauded for the possession of that which was no true wisdom. I consider then that these Medical Signs contained all of this wisdom, so far as it related to the spiritual progress of men, and the way or manner of that progress. Should it lessen our Love and Reverence for truth that we find it coming to us from a Quarter from which we did not expect it. This was the error of the Teachers always. They always exclaim. Can a prophet come out of Gallilee? This is an age of progress. That is, the line is in Gallilee and we look to find prophets here and none, indeed all things are prophetic to those that can read. The blind may "search and look" and not find of course. Because they have closed their own eyes by concluding that there is nothing there. We reiterate the mandate. "Seek and ye shall find." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you" I intend to tap on each of these 12 Baskets and seek in them what they may contain for me. And whatever I find if I do not consider it inimical to your welfare I shall give it to you. But now I hear you telling me that all this is a waste of time. It may be so. But if I did not find that I am old and my sculler visibly failing to myself, & with the advantages which you are likely to have unto look into the origins of the knowledge which has come down to us from the ancient days. Then indeed it seems to me that those signs which the Philosophers, Priests and inspired of the Divine truth thought fit to inscribe on the Celestial Map, as by place indicative of Divine Origin should contain no word of truth for us. That they should be only considered the legends of a clatter of Imaginations faulty.

Christendom is able to acquire all knowledge and all truth of the how and why of things, but she must first appear to be necessary that it should speak in many courses and show those things which it shall be good for us to know. I think indeed that I can already discover the whole Gospel scheme of Redemption in them, and why not? I do not the Lamb of the Cross, who is the Head ^{over all things} and the Beginning of the Jewish Year, the peacemaker, the Lamb of Moses? Who was slain from the foundation of the World. Why not this sacrificial innocence be known by the symbolic Pass to the Egyptians initiated? But there are signs that the modern initiated are looking after these things. What does it mean that Mr Thompson New York Minister of State, quite preaching the Gospel to give himself to Egyptology? (they are beginning to smile a smile, and a big one too, they must investigate and cover up. Gopher was is just popular amongst the initiated faithful, and needs to be for the Gospel of the people.) I say indeed blessed are they who believe and yet have not seen. But what is to be done for the benefit of those who cannot believe? Who cannot travel the Way of Life unless they see? Evidently they must see. They must get the truth direct of symbols by initiation into the knowledge of Divine things, or a philosophy they must receive the "Rational" which harmonizes Religion with Philosophy, as it ought to be, true religion cannot be irrational nor yet can any philosophy to truth is Rational he has them. Religion all truth ought to lead the wise to its wisdom. (Oh I weary you do I?) Well this morning's lecture is all spun and you have it.

Now I am glad you tell Tom and Carmelite that I will write to them just as soon as able. I send a letter to Sarah this morning also. I have so many more sections ahead (whom so long as I am in this world I wish to keep in communication with) that it is a task to me to write to them all. Let them write to me although they get no letters in return, they are all more able than I am. I wish to hear of all your doings especially if right. And I am glad you ought to lay a tax or toll on yourself for my Eternal benefit. Let me know of your progress in all directions and by what roads. If you can spare the money I should like much to hear from Mrs. Microphant you spoke of. Send it to me soon. The wheat west of us looks quite green this morning. No grass yet. The ^{precious} all become so black. I see dark horse's horses 3 days ago. The thunders have been as far as Minneapolis City tell Tom not to think of coming up, can tell this afternoon, if they knew our Tom they would not suspect him however any more than Philly, the Apostle, or myself who also am a lover of horses. Chris. Brown and Davis and Col. Smith are helping me to get in his talent. That is Christie's. You know how to excuse my rambling whenever you have been so long time with me. Truly, I believe

[James Christie]

Not a word from home yet, and this is the third week of my life here. Is it possible that you are all in a mess of trouble and do not wish to write till you can do so cheerfully? This is the thought that comes home to me, do what I will to avoid it; and I cannot go to bed tonight without writing to you. Writing can do you but little good if you are in trouble, but if I cannot get a letter from you (be the cause what it may, I will send you one. This shall be of my impressions regarding the religious atmosphere in which I now live and move, more or less. - Our Corps of Professors are of various denominations, the institution is of and for the State; hence ~~strictness in the~~ no direct work is done in the College to influence students in the formation of their respective Theories of life and its ends, nor are there so many forms to which one must strictly live-up, as at Beloit. This may be an evil, nor am I sufficiently acquainted to say what effect it has on the students: but as yet I see no difference. Young men at College are much the same everywhere, I presume; - a set of jolly fellows,

who "put their life in every limb," and generally wide awake intellectually. Here and there you see one graver than the rest, though not necessarily better in consequence; but there is little of religion.

One of the Sophomores died suddenly the other day of inflammatory rheumatism, and as a matter of duty and respect I attended the funeral services. He was a Roman Catholic, and for the first time in my life I saw the ceremonies of "Mother Church" over the body of one of her dead children.

At 8-30 A.M. the hearse started from the University grounds for the church, followed ^{in a carriage} by the immediate relatives of the deceased. Then came the Faculty and Students two-and-two, at the head Dr. Dumbley and Prof. Sterling, the rear brought up by the Janitor. The marching was done in a style that reflects little credit on Major Nicodemus, the most unsteady, rabble-like affair I have seen since the Grand Review of May 23^d & 24th '65. But I cannot stop to describe it, even were it not indescribable. I was not a part of it, for I hate affairs of that mismanaged stamp. I entered the Church alone, in advance, and was shown to a pew half way down the long aisle by a gentlemanly young Irishman, who did his part with much good grace, as his countrymen usually do when they try to. I had a fine opportunity to look about me, but I did not. I was too much of an Irishman not to know better, and so I sat looking calmly to the front, though I knew that pictures of Saints and crosses, and multifarious relics of Paganism were all about

me. There was enough in front, within the Altar-railings. Then came the procession, and I beheld the strange sight - Linial descendants of John Calvin and Comenius and Luther, marching up and talking their sects, with all their horticultural learning, within a few feet of the Sanctuary. The students and Faculty occupied the central rows of pews, the strangers with a few of the congregation the sides. Just as the weird ceremony of oblation of the Mass for the dead, with its many accompaniments, began, Mr. Richards, the Pastor of the Congregational Church, came in and was shown to an isolated seat. I wish to speak of this man before I am done.

Of course, the Mass itself was anything but edifying, delivered as it was in that monotonous, inaudible tone that of itself would have rendered English as unintelligible as Biscayan. I caught a few words - "per omnia secula seculorum," "Et homo factus est" and "Domine vobiscum" - the benediction. But the bowings, kneeling, crossings, sprinkling, etc., were strange indeed. I was back in the Medieval Ages, if not further, and I confess, it enlarged my experience wonderfully. It is mummerly downright mummerly, and all getting down upon the knees spreading abroad of the hands closing the eyes, etc., so common among Protestants is but a part of it. The mysterious, all-permeating Being expresses himself in form of beauty, and men should grow into the most beautiful of them all - the perfect statue of a man in the highest. But to substitute for this one thing satisfactory, the servile and childish method, of paying unlawful (unlawful to a true man a Poll) homage and deference to an earthly sovereign, is not to be thought of - it is like stripping the gilding from the palaces of the Caesars to render the image of God more glorious! There is nothing more true than this - God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." It's, it's, it's, a thousand times - I can never be implicated concerned with such nonsense. Tom asked me to accompany himself and Carmelite to the Cong. Prayer-meeting this evening. To please them and possibly to benefit myself I acquiesced. But I was disappointed. Everything went off well for a time. The subject for all speaking was Christian difficulties. But at length a negro whom they call "Brother Joe" got up. Everything that he said was sound and well said. But he was in earnest, and the rest were not, and while he was expressing his sense of the terrible struggle a Christian

life is and must be. The rest began to laugh. Began to laugh, just because his diction was so natural and unaffected, because he actually did do what they all came to do, viz. to tell earnestly and pointedly of the difficulties of a Christian life. There was not one word in all that he said that excited laughter in me and you know how easily I lose my balance. It is true, I laughed before it was done, but not at Joe. I laughed at the force of their getting up. Forty men and women going through the ceremony of reading Scripture, singing spiritual songs, praying to God, and talking of sacred things, turning suddenly round and laughing at one ~~one~~ of their own number until he was glad to sit down in sorrow and chagrin — the minister grinning like a fool, and talking of sacred things for a half hour afterward with a twinkle in his eye and a half-developed smile in his cheek.

Oh! what will become of us, if these formalists are the salt of the earth! I trust there are a few true men who go to such places from the battle field, its doubt and despair, or its victory, and in any event, its terrible scenes of blood, so fresh in memory, as not to be moved to laughter by a tale of the conflict. Were there a Jesus of Nazareth, how has his likeness passed away! His footprints in the sands by the Sea of Galilee are not more completely effaced, than are his words from the hearts of men. I would despair of doing any thing in the Church. In God's own good time I may do something toward benefitting the human race, in however humble a capacity, but it will be by aiding a return to those simple ways of "doing good" and growing up toward God, that I feel to be the substance of what is taught in the New Testament. Let us not despair, but endeavor to be worthy; and when the banner is trailing in the dust, men will not, and God will not, forbid a strong hand and a brave heart bearing it aloft, be their high or low degree, a uniform or none. There is no help from men in our spiritual warfare. We must obey the promptings of our better nature. It is the voice of the Divine, speaking as never ~~we~~ a manuscript spoke, not appealing with doubtful blows to the outer walls, but asserting itself in the very citadel. I feel better now, and so bidding you an affectionate
good night. I subscribe myself, Yours truly, Wm. S. Christie

Madison. May 4th '72.

My Dear Sister :- [Dear Sister]

"It is now past midnight." - That is, it is May 5th. But I intend sending you a line before I call the last day ended. I have been in quite a mess with my Greek and Latin, and so had no time for anything else.

I never so much as thanked you for all your kindness in fitting me up so nicely; but I do so now right heartily.

I am getting along somewhat slowly in Greek, but the Lat. is opening up quite rapidly, and I hope to understand it some day. My linguistic abilities are not of the highest order - (to put it mildly) and I do not ex-

fact to establish a world-wide
reputation for my achievements
in these philological fields.
But still, I am pegging at it,
and who knows? Who knows but
I will, at the least, attain to a
sufficient knowledge of our own
tongue as to be able to dispense
with the classic phrase - "pegging
at it." Were the expression ~~neat~~
how beautiful! ~~How~~ interesting!
But the expression is not ~~neat~~
~~for~~ so we call it "low" or "vulgar."
There is some excitement among
politicians today over the nomi-
nations of Greeley and Brown
at Cincinnati. I am on the
affirmative for a public debate
a week from next Friday -
"Resolved; That ^{the} action of the Cin-
cincinnati convention deserves
the support of every American
citizen." I am highly delighted,

and shall do my best for
Hod, not only on the present
debate, but until November.
I am sorry the debate is not to
be held in the Chapel in a
more public manner. Some of
the disputants shrink from pub-
lic scrutiny, and so we are com-
pelled to hold it in our room
up three flights of stairs, and
in a building from which la-
dies are excluded.

A. J. Smith gave us a call on
his way from the Seminary to
Baraboo, where he is to preach.
He is one of the grand charac-
ters, sober, serious, deep in his
soul nature, and one who has
suffered much.

I have had not a word from home,
and fear something has gone
wrong there. If you have had a
letter, let me know at once.

For once in my life I have been
in a Catholic Church and ^{heard} a mass
for the dead. It was on occasion
of the death of one of our Sophs.

What a strange, pagan affair
it is; — it suggests nothing but
the ancient rites of the nations of
which we read, Sun-worshippers
and mystery-dramatists.

Men may talk to me of a present
Savior, of a mysterious working of
the Spirit of God on the hearts of men,
raising them from the degradation
of sin and leading them on and
up to high spiritual places; of the
phenomenon of regeneration, of its
radical nature, of its necessity, etc,
and I will listen — even believe.

But they need not refer to the past.
Any attempt to make me admit
that they know anything of the
origin of their most holy religion,
or even of the true significance of
its forms, will certainly fail.
I have no faith in anything they tell me
of the Past — I have no faith in their knowledge.

No; No; I am alone, and must
trudge on without aid of them.
If I long for anything, it is, not
for an assurance of what has been
nor what will be, but rather to
know what is; to be filled with,
not a hope for reward over a fear of
punishment, but a living, strong
desire to do what is right. The In-
telled should have nothing to do with
the question "What shall I do?" Our
actions should be prompted by a
good heart: there should abide
the motive-power, and the intellect,
like the hand, should be but an
instrument. These are "glittering gen-
eralities." To be more practical and
to the point; — We should not
dream our life away, especially
in dreams about ourselves, as dreams
generally are; but be up and do-
ing, esteeming it the greatest of
pleasures ^{give me} to give pleasure to others, and

Especially to love and care for
our own flesh and blood, our
own fathers and mothers, sisters
and brothers. Keep families
together, living in the bonds of
mutual amity - the lightest of
any in the wide world to wear -
to be ever standing with our can-
dle burning slowly down to the
socket, making no use of it for
our own selfish ends (for we should
have none) but that others may light
theirs at ours and go on their
way rejoicing. That is the life
of the true Priest and Teacher.

But how many are equal to this?
I am sure, I, for one, shrink from
the undertaking.
I wish I were at home again and
a boy, at home whether boy or man.
I cannot be happy away from Father
and Dave. I may stay away in order
to get a little education but I will
return to them - nothing but
this thought sustains me.

Drop me a line - Now Brother
Sandy.

Refudum May 8th 1872

My Dear Sandy

Good morning to you.

I trust you enjoy better health than I do. I have passed a most restless night, sultry yesterday, last night a thunder storm and much rain. The Grass has shot up into light suddenly and is green this morning. These are the times of the apocryphal, from our High and Mass all untold for the Earth blooms with hope for Man and Beast. And behold in the mid Watch of night I dreamed a dream, Methought I was in a House, and saw you as a child of 3 or 4 years, another, a tripling with whom you were, while you earnestly exhorted that you wanted to go home, it seemed also that it was night and you had arisen from your sleep, desiring to go home, and when I heard you I sought to give you assurance and peace, but the with whom you were it seemed took you up to an upper Chamber, the passage to which I could not see, yet we were still in communication, and I told you your were with me, and that I was at home. This seemed to give you rest, and behold I awoke and it was not all a dream, the young man with whom you were as it were I did not know, yet I thought he was your brother, I then remembered you had two brothers whom I did not know and I consoled myself in the thought that you were cared for that the Watchers were around you, I give no interpretation unless interpretation is given ^{to us} as well as the dream. We are as likely to err in reading a text, owing to the fact that all ocular imagery and language is given under the Natural Law of Correspondence all which is capable I think of 5 readings, beside there is I think also another use of such things, which is to give knowledge to those beyond of our conditions, these things are used as tests to discover the state of our spirits, by the thoughts and emotions raised in us by the presentation of the dreams, they throw up a wire strains to see the way the Mind follows, and so the thoughts of our hearts are revealed to them, they also are finite and limited like you and me, and ask questions in these ways men and women in another state of being. That is all. Sometimes our opinion is worth as much as theirs,

When the windows of Heaven are opened they look in upon us
and they were last night. and I think (I mean that) of all I have
said above) that it rained, yet we ought at all times
to get past our own Conscience and these foolish ideas true
and high principles. He that hath a dream let him tell it as a dream
and he that hath my word let him tell it truthfully. What is the chaff to the wheat?

Now Sandy in spite of the fact that you have been often bored
with my dreams in the morning. I would say in view of this one suggesting to me
some thoughts about you. That you in the first place should get rid of your
homosocialness if you have any and stick ^{to} the position you are in.

The General providence of God (including at all times all particulars) have
placed you where you are I think for your good, for your uplifting. You
are indeed at home and I am with you in heart and soul. for I expect
it will eventually lead you to the true home. Besides you know that
here where I am is not a place of progress. You at present are in
Galilee. and you must select Nazareth as your residence, that you
know is the City of Self Denial. These all learn to carry the cross willingly
while they also acquire the power to do good. Now, let this Master be
your Nazareth. Anticipate these first and when you begin to
be about thirty years of age you also may be enabled to go forth
into the world and work those things which shall be given you to do.

I know that the difficulties of your position are great arising
from your own personal conditions, and beside the want of
pecuniary means. But this is a thing you can remedy very easily
now let me suggest to you that if you could dispose of to anyone
this 100 acres of land you would be enabled to go through
quite well and have something to spare over. Besides giving
yourself the power to assist your brother in his difficulties
What in comparison is the possession of so many tons of the dirt
of this earth to the possession of a bright spirit? "Tell all that
you possess and come follow me" is binding in your case.

You will be enabled to buy a new plough to turn up the furrows
in the field of truth. Not to speak of the possibility of your having
bestowed upon you the sword of the spirit. You may at least
get a bow and a spear. Now I suggest this to you in the hope
that you will really see the propriety of trying to do this.

This would be much better than most things. Because you do not know
although by this means you can acquire an education. Thus you can
recover worldly means of it. Which after all is the balance against

I am going to take to the mail also that new money note for you which mother finished last night. And

so much higher attainment is mother's know than just.
I say that Launch your work, although in the
dark. Yet the stars shine and they will give you
light. Nor will the moon refuse her shining. Fear
nothing, and if you should reach home in a day out
(which you have done before) you will get there, and all will be
well. (David needs nothing from you, besides he knows

but on what to spend his means to profit. Let his Loil also entice
He also learns to follow the true path. The road he is now on does
not directly lead to glory. Yet I hope if sufficiently straitened he
also may have his eyes opened. I have nothing to say against
David. He does nearly as well as he knows how, and I do not
do my duty to him either by precept or example. I pity David

Now Sandy do think and act in this matter,
suppose now you could realize 1600 \$ for this land, let what
you could do. However I only suggest for your consideration
please to take time to let me know all

about his liabilities, I am not very able to bear the cares I have
for you all. Yet I should like to know the truth.

And what of poor Sarah? The visit came to me
and think probably I have forgotten her. But it is not so.
I daily bear a burden for you all, I complain not. it is my duty
and is laid on me. Let me hear your opinion of her state
if it is genuine and ingenuous or full of guile?

tell me if you think she should come to Prof. class?
I wish much to be her myself anyway at her location
and pray tell her so.

Once again Sandy let me suggest to you that
you should perhaps try John Ford either to buy from you
or if you rather choose it to lend you on a mortgage a small
sum say of 200 or so. Now excuse me for attempting to push
you into this thing, I won't. Have you not been thinking of this
some what?

I am tired, my ability to write
lasts but a short time until my spirit exhausts the
worn out old frame and then I suffer all day. Yet I desire
to say at least a little of my day. Excuse my ^{that I am} gossamer like
gossamer. And believe always Sandy, exceedingly
anxious for your well-being. I must close up and away
to the mail with this. He is ploughing with David about the garden of
your father, James Christie

Madison. May 12th 72

My Dear Francis: — [Stevens]

I send by tomorrow's mail, a little work descriptive of Jerusalem and its surroundings, and another containing a slight sketch of the manners and customs of the East. I beg you to accept of them as slight tokens of my regard in pleasant remembrance of the many hours we have I hope, pleasantly and profitably spent together.

I got a copy of *Keble's* *Poems* for you, but on looking through the book I found so much that would be harmful to read, and not being able to find any other Edition in town, I was compelled to give up the idea. I returned the book, and send you these instead, hoping that neither the subjects of which they treat, nor the manner of treating them will be wholly uninteresting to you.

I hope you will be able to read this account of them are very interesting and amusing. We are glad to hear of your success in your studies and in your travels. I have made it a rule to read a new book every day.

We are now schoolboys alike, and must, of course, remain in full sympathy. While you are poring over your books in the old, familiar schoolroom, I hope you will sometimes think of me engaged as I am in the very same work of learning what I never knew before. I wish you could be present at one of our recitations in Latin, which takes place from eleven till twelve o'clock each day. If you possessed "Alladdin's Lamp," you could easily accomplish this while one would wink; but as it is, I will try to give you some idea of the way we do it, or fail to do it. There, ^{are} about 25 young men and a few young ladies in the class, and my brother is teacher. The room in which we always recite is about the size of our schoolroom, with a chair for each student, but no desks, and blackboards all the way around the walls except at the windows and doors. We come from our rooms and enter the rec-

itation room, ^{at} eleven o'clock exactly, - were we one minute too late we would be reported. After the Roll is called. The work begins with repeating several pages of Latin Grammar. This we do by sections, one student after another. Each has but a small part to recite, but must learn ~~it~~ and be able to repeat it all. We then read the lesson from Quintus Curtius, a Roman historian, just as you read in the Fifth Reader - each one in a section in turn, first just as it is in Latin and afterwards in English; - the ^{former} first is quite easy, but the latter often difficult. Some in the class, who do not make a business of studying, occasion many a hearty laugh by their ludicrous blunders. Their translations often remind me of the readings I have sometimes heard from our English books in school, and they arise from the same general cause - a lack

of thorough preparation on the part of the pupil.

I recite Greek from 3 till 4 in the afternoon. I find Greek Grammar very tedious, There is so much to be learned "by heart" and remembered.

But with all the hard study, it is very pleasant to be learning something new every day. I hope you are taking an interest in your study this summer, and agreeing with and liking your teacher.

I think of you all very often, and of the days we have spent (sometimes misspent) together. A true friendship

Francis is one of the noblest things we meet with in this world, and I hope ours will grow stronger as the years go by. I wish you to write to me. Don't think that you cannot do it. Just try, and I will warrant success. My best respects to all.

Yours Sincerely,

Alex. S. Christie.

Madison University
May 12th 72.

My Dear Father :-

It was with no little joy that I read your letters of the 29th April and 8th May, and found that you were still as I left you.

I am glad that Dave has got in so much grain, for I feared the weather would prevent it. I feel just as if I were still at home, and hope I always will; and I want Dave to write me the particulars of the farm, so that I will have a connected knowledge of the place from the beginning: and especially of its financial matters. I cannot get any money of you to send Dave now but when end of term comes I will get him to advance me ten dollars for that purpose. You have no ready money. He runs bills like the other Profs and pays at time of term settlement. So do his horses are gone, are they? Look out for ones for it would be as hard task to run them off.

I am making some headway in Latin, but I can see but a short distance into the Greek. But that will come in time if I stick to it.

I am really homesick. I do everything I can to keep it at a distance. I study, sing, whistle, joke and laugh; but still

I feel lost, castaway, often hopeless, and
wishing I were helping Dave drive
fence-posts for the pasture fence, or
teaching my school again.

I know, as well as anyone can tell me,
that there is no use of feeling that
way; but that does not rid me of the
feeling - the thoughts that crowd upon
me. I dream quite often of the old
place in Oregon and the folks there,
and in my waking moments feel very
strange when I reflect that I am
but ~~that~~ hours ride from the old
house and the old place with its fam-
iliar spots, its haunts of yore, its
scenes of toil, its every tree and stump
and place so, so familiar, so wrought in
as a part of our very being, so sug-
gestive of all those days gone by.

Is it not a strange thing that we shall
never live those days over again?

Father, I feel that there are no holier
ties than those of mutual blood and
long association; and that it is a
sin to go contrary to the yearnings
of our own spirits in this matter.
I have made up my mind to stay
about college more or less, probably
less, and then go back to you and
Mother and Dave and Emma in
that new land which we took with
our axe and our plough when we
went into the land of Canaan.

I would be sorry to leave home, for I feel
bound to him with the old love
I felt in the days of our boyhood; but
he will always be in circumstances to
see us when he will.

I protest against this breaking up
of families. It is contrary to the plain-
est revelations of the will of the bra-
tor; and I, for one, will not stand
it. I shall square all my calcula-
tions to get home in eighteen months
and get a position in the schools of
Maine, or go to farming.

And, Father, all this talk about
doing wonders in the literary line
is nonsense. All this about fathom-
ing the myths of old, devoting
our life to learning fragments
of Egyptian lore and so doing
our fellows good, is of a par.

We can do most good by living
a reasonable life, setting an
example of sobriety, lending
a helping hand to the helpless,
in fact living a home life, and
making our home the abode
of a large heart and a strong
hand. I see the excellencies of this
literary life, and this life of the
true Christian. But their excellency
of the latter does not lie in famil-
iarity with an old spelling-book

Greek or English; it is wholly independent of learning; and the former is not worth the effort - the cost. "Enough is as good as a feast," and more is injurious.

I aspire to get the elements of Greek and Latin, with an experimental acquaintance with a few of the Natural sciences, and then go back to active life. This booby play will not last with me. This literary life is not a happy one. I see that. The greatest blessing it confers is exemption from manual labor, and that exemption is a curse. Its curses are manifold, and not one of them can be resolved into a blessing. Don't fret about my leaving you, - I'll be back again before many seasons pass by, and back to stay.

As to that book I saw at Mrs. I omitted taking the pub. address but can get it off 2nd M^o. I have no money now, but will send for it

at harvest time. You must not
think of these things. Vanity
and vexation of spirit - nothing
else. I doubt not you are
on the right track in interpret-
ation, but what good? and
what that is not good? Now (and)
I should let these things alone -
it will do harm to meddle. You
should read Biography and
Travels instead of Mythology and
Astrology, and if I can I will try
to send you a good book of that
stamp. And if you do discover
or anything of importance, it
will at least do us harm to tell me
and will be a relief to you; but
write such things on a separ-
ate piece of paper, so that Tom and
Oscar - may read your letters
to me. But by all means give
up such investigations; they
will carry you off ere you are
aware.

As to borrowing money to pay my
way in College; I would not

supposed they do not know that
he is here. Dr. Davies was
at Appleton soon after the boys
left, and, of course, heard of
them. Tom tells me he ran
across McIntyre, the Baptist min-
ister who used to come out of Wat-
terstown to the ~~Evangelical~~ Sunday
School. It was at a Teachers En-
vention. He was disagreeably
surprised. The man who seemed
so good, so noble to his boyish
eyes, is a poor stick.

I wish you to understand, further,
that Tom is no longer the fierce
defender and enforcer of the Faith.
He has learned wisdom. He be-
lieves as strongly as ever but he
sees the folly of his former ways
of attempting to do good.

There is a wisdom in everything,
and in this he has found it.
We get along like twins, and
why shouldn't we? But I must
wind up. I shall write to you
every week. Yours Affectionately
Sandy.

Madison,

Eve, May 19th 74.

(My Dear Sister; [Dorothy Christie])

I have not time,
nor strength to write a letter, but
I must write you a few lines to
keep you from thinking I have
forgotten you.

You have got I presume the
letter forwarded in regard to
Grandmother's death. As a thing
long expected, it did ^{not} surprise me,
but the more I think of old times
the less am I reconciled to ~~this~~ it.

Had it not been, that I did not
wish to see Helen; I would
have seen Grandmother even
she died; but it is too late now.

So do we all go, one after an-
other, and leave behind nought
but a shadowy image in the
fleeting memories of others!

Were it not that down deep under our unbelief is a substratum of faith in the goodness of God, and in the final happiness of all, where should we turn to find aught but an ever-present sense of the tragical nature of human existence?

I cannot believe but that God will yet show these Theology grinders, that ~~he~~ can do things they never dreamed of.

I think it was intentional neglect not letting us know of her death till too late to attend the funeral. But I cannot blame anybody. They must have thought it outrageous that I did not call. I must try to let Uncle Mike know that my ~~motives~~ were good.

But I will not let him know anything more than he now does of that affair.

I am getting on very well with my studies. There are 4 weeks more, and then I will look about me.

And now, before closing — a word about another matter. I said nothing to you about your financial status when you were here.

I hope you are not getting into more debt now. If you are Sarah, what are we to think. I want you to tell me about it.

I will not go in debt here. I will rather give ^{up} all idea of an education, than indulge in that ruinous plan of

raising money.

I have heard but once from
home, - too little from Father.
May 8th They were all well.

You need not write long let-
ters Sarah, if you are not able,
but drop a line once in
a while to me.

I intend seeing Mr. Reynolds,
City Sup. of Schools in relation
to prospects here for teaching.
If I were once in these schools,
I could get you here.

I am not altogether without
hope of getting a place, for
Mr. Reynolds would help in
his mathematics, and would not
be a bad auxiliary.

Yours in haste

Alexander,

My dear Mother
I have a letter from
the bank but not time

Madison, May 17 73

My Dear Mother, [James Christie]

You have heard me tell
of the death of Grandmother. Helen wrote to me
a few days after the funeral, expressing regret
that they had not let us know of it sooner. So far
as distance is concerned, we might easily have been
there in time for the funeral, even if we had waited -
for it is but a days' tramp: by train through
San Prairie it is but a matter of two hours.

I think it was an intentional neglect on their part,
owing in great measure to their offering us very not
paying them a visit before coming here. I regret
it exceedingly now, for I might then have seen
Grandmother: she would have known me too, for
at that time she had begun to revive just before
the final extinction. You know of course why
I did not do what was so desirable - see her
once more and look again on our home of
long ago. And it troubles me to think too
that Uncle Wm. and the rest will consider it an
indication that I do not care for them, not know-
ing all that I know. Some proposed that he be

and myself should run up there this last Monday
afternoon and stay over Sunday. Had Helen
simply said "let bygones be bygones" when
she spoke of me, or even said nothing at all
about me, I would have gone. But she talked in
the same cold way, and I felt that I should
not go near her. I asked Dan to tell me what
he knew about it, but he would not, "dodged"
as if I had shot at him, and answered not
a word on the subject. He acted very strangely
and taken in connection with his conduct in Maine
when I spoke of it, I conclude that he knows it
to be a matter of importance. I told him it
was not using me as a brother, and refused
to go. I have ~~no~~ doubt she is partly crazy
and who knows what she might do or not
do.

And so grandmother, after so long a
life, has met the common fate of all, and
we shall look upon her no more, save in our
dreaming here and our waiting there. It is long
since I knew her, - away back in the shades of
a more remote antiquity, she danced me
on her knee before the old fireplace, and stirring
the embers till the "soyers" flew up the chimney,

she told me a simple tale in nursery rhyme
that soothed all my sorrows to rest; perhaps it
was nothing in itself, and yet it opened up
to me a world of wonder: it gave me an-
other glimpse of this world, to me at that
time a wonder-world. That is my first
memory of her. Of the years that came and are
and came again and always brought me in
her a friend, parted to me because I was
called "Sandy" when her Sandy was far away,
I have many a pleasant memory. Of the hopes
and wild fancies about the world to come
do you not think this as reasonable as any?
That there we shall be ever youthful in
this respect at least - we shall have the
same wondering enjoyment of the mar-
vellous truth: I would that I were assured
that in that land far away I may yet be
a little boy again, to drink in the sunshine
to bask with delight the flowers of spring
to follow the meanderings of the little
creeks and make of it a friend, to
people the "beyond" with shadowy con-
diss, and to enjoy once more the sense

of confidence in a hand leading me, the
hand of God. Somehow, I have an abiding
faith deeper down than all my doubts,
that we shall yet all dwell together in
a land better than this has ever been to
us or to any of the sons of men. How
it is to come about I know not, no more
than I used to know what - no more than
I now know - what brings the flowers
of spring or the snows of winter.

The more I think about it, the more am
I convinced that I must be guided by a
simple faith. I cannot in ten lifetimes
assure myself of the truth of one article
of the Creed, if my own intuitions do
not say to it Yes. And what I cannot
be assured of, I cannot believe.
I think what the majority of men re-
quire is just what I need; to be ap-
pealed to to do right, just because it is
right, for we feel that we are in God's
sunshine when doing it. To live accord-
ing to our higher aspirations; not knowing
all the relations of things, nor even what

Things exist. To insist on ones knowing
how God manifests himself in the
world, to be sure of historical narrations
which the truth of which stand on a very
precarious historical foundation, to un-
derstand mysteries, at least suffi-
ciently well to be assured that they con-
tain sublime truths, and all such,
is too much to ask of a reasonable
being, or an ignorant being.

As a poor, ignorant, finite being,
I cannot understand these things of
The Breeds; and not understanding, I can-
not, as a reasonable being, accept of them.
Nor do I deem it necessary. A child
may love his mother, though ignorant
of ~~strange~~ things which the word im-
plies. He knows nothing of ~~Psychology~~
her Psychology or her history, and yet
he can love her not one whit less, may
happ more than if he did understand
The mysteries of her being, his being,
and their relations. Yes, and a
little learning is a dangerous thing;
all our knowledge of divine things

There is an old book containing a vocabulary of the Celtic tongue, with definitions in Eng. and in Lat. and some account of Grammatical structures. I devoted several hours yesterday to ascertaining what the Library contains, and be able to find what I want without doubt now.

Carmelite is a really good girl, not knowing everything that she should, (like the rest of us do this), but of great native goodness. And that is the kind to last. I know, you would like her amazingly.

Tom and she are the most romantic couple I have ever seen, just like little children in their simple, open-heartedness, and really trying to live up to their ideal of life.

I wish you would write her another letter. She cried last night at not getting one from her own father. Don't write about gloomy matters, but something cheery and poetic. She sends her love. But I must say Good Night. Sandy.

Peoria, May 29th 1872

Alas?

Yours of the 12th read a week ago

Am much pleased that you are in health and that you all
live so agreeably. Now let me tell you in the first place
of our selves. David is in apparent good health. Emma
ditto, and as for Jennie she grows like a cottonwood sprout.
He has a tremendous animal energy. Laughs, cries and faintly
exults at times, with a shining luster in the eye and a
swelling up of himself he goes in for fun. He will need to
be looked after. His head continues to grow in the upper
region. Well but I am afraid it will stop, doing as to look on

Mother as usual, away into town this morning with Arnold
to sell ^{12 1/2} but and ^{1 1/2} 8 cent. Emma and Mother together make fully
20 the per week between them, and they keep themselves in stone
good. David will finish breaking that 13 acre in two days
a rolling prairie on, two of one and he now drives for himself
Anticipation to break some 20 acres out that Alas.

A very nice season for small grain. But too cool
for corn, we have very little in. Some 3 acre on the hill. and that
the little striped Goph. is taking out.

Since you left I more and more feel it necessary
to warn you of too much study. If you wish to succeed
you must attend to all the departments of your being. Be careful
to take enough exercise of your muscular tissue, devote
a given portion of your time to walking and running
Be ^{careful} abstemious in food as it regards quality, in quantity moderate
I now eat water cake for bread. ^{meal} 7 cent per lb in market
and Mother has taken her first lesson in Scotch cooking
It is a rough looking food. But there is much force in it. Besides
I do so like it because of its old association with my home and
my dear old mountainous Scotch Land. With its purple heath
and sparkling streams, with its firm set rocky foot planted against
the heavy and stormy seas, Scotland's stone home of the restless
wanderers in all fields, fruitful nest of the far flying Eagles
nursing mother of the energetic race. He alone who has slept

Report mine, and found that this was to be 650 off.

under the Grey Misty Mantle. Can I sense thy kindly
and soul fostering spirit. The Ever-Meal Banquet has
lifted me into the region of — Reversing, and the Song
of the poor Child Mountains Comes home to me
My heart is in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart is in the Highlands chasing the Deer
Of chasing the Deer and following the Roe
My heart is in the Highlands Whomever I go.

The music of this rises with each line until it terminates in a long
Udd in Alto in the last line, and I hear it resounding up
the rocky Glens until lost on the slopes of the Blue Mountains,
And thus it ever. Whatever Palace the Universal We fix our
affections upon, must sooner or later be let go of, if we would ascend.
This is the true Santa Scala, upon which the Angels tread,
Which Jacob of happy memory saw in his dream, as he rested with his
head on a pillow of stone. Dury? What great truth was it? So let us
Lay our heads upon The Great Truth and dream in joyful peace, we also will
have vision, and vista's opening into the light lands.

Again I look for a letter from you tomorrow, and one
from Sarah. I have received none from her since before Thos's wedding, I must
like to get one from her also. But I find excuse for him in his many duties
there are imperative always and for Thomas & Mary must leave father and mother
and leave unto rectitude. Her's I perceive is a poor letter and writing you
this morning. But I thought of you all and you must take just what is
cast up by the flinger of the passing hour. I feel more and more that the
Wonderous Mechanism is failing to evolve any power because of waste
and wear of its tissues, incapable of expressing or indeed of receiving
the life-presence of the Deatless Spirit, my prayer is that the Spiritual
Body may be full of Light, clothed upon of the Heavens, perfected and
therefore incapable of Decay. An Eternal Tabernacle.

I have had no letter from William since you visited him, and I
wonder at it. I have had one from Uncle William, telling
me my mother has left this world, worn to a thread, life worn
she has passed away, mystery surrounds us for ever, and we dare
not speculate of departed souls. Peace and rest we hope has now
visited her.

Give my best wishes
to Carmelita and Sam. You must hear to me, and take much
Exercise & study if you wish to win. I keep in order the whole man
and so be a whole man. Always be done to youward. H. W. H.