James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Mankato, Evening April 10th/72

My Dear Sister; — [Sarah Christie]

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

I bring no bedding, in accordance with your injunction.

All the folks are well. Hoping to see you soon I subscribe

Yours affectionately
Alexander.

Williams. April 13th 72.

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 Itasca 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 artfully scanned the 7" and 8" books, took another glance at the 4", and got off the train in a very contented frame of mind.
I lost no time in setting out for Pt'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 are giving out. I found Wm. 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 Wm at least. He was a little surprised, for they had concluded I was not going to college; and I think he was agreeably surprised too, for idny coming probably relieved him of a most disagreeable suspicion that I had gone by long ago.
They were in excellent health, Wm 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. Davy is a better organized child — one of the prettiest little fellows I ever saw, and so healthy in ~~mind~~ or soul and body. He will

never succeed in making the school-ma'am think him a "genius" in Arithmetic and Orthography, though he will not be dull by any means; but I am much mistaken if he ever proves himself anything but a help and a joy to his parents. He looks very like little Sarah Ellen in Olyman, 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 Will 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.

Wm 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 feed in 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
Kasson 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 that mysterious Symbolism on which it claims are founded all religions and secret societies.
I have glanced through the first 90 pages, and I find he hold 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 H. C. Stewart, the work was entered in '59, and may be had of Ross & Tousey, 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 Spitting-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 difference 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 ~~them~~ stay here.
But I have written myself out, and will go and relieve Mr

at his work. I will take the train again on Monday for Madison. I surpose Thursday brought a scolding letter from C. D. but by this time he has my Counter-proclaimation.

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 installments. I believe he has done right in insuring. It would not pay you or me, but it pays him.

Madison. April 17" 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 J. D. and Carmelite
at home and overjoyed to see me.
J. D. 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 undu-
hand 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, 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 Quintius 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 Greek with me tomorrow at 12 o'clock. One has had some drill in it, but the other is as ignor-

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
Dow thinks best that I go into
L. Curtiss at once. I presume
he is right, but what with the end-
less amount of Grammar, Lexicon,
and the change of pronunciation to
the Continental; I dislike a terrible
time of it.
D. 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 seeing once more
engaged on Robinsons Practical.
Tomorrow ~~at 2~~ from 2, till 3, I
hear him in Alg. About 20 cts
per lesson. But I must wind up.
Sarah will come up Friday afternoon.
I will write more in full on Sunday
or. I one after. Tom is sitting up tonight
with Prof. Irving. who is sick.
Yours &c - Alexander.

Loc. Lonesome upon my disjointed talk
I am not able to write as I would
I shall try in my next to do better
make haste to assure me of your
believe me Ever Your Father
Rapidan April 21st 1872
Neath and
J Christie

Daughter, Sarah. [Christie]

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 is in Madison, You
if Well enough may have seen him. I received a letter from Thomas and
Comrades after their return to Madison, Enclosing a picture of Comrades
I am expecting Yet a letter from You about the Marriage and all the
little things connected with it, And you must write it for me,
Alex 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 such as I have I Give unto
you. I find in Your letter a Something which persuades me
that You are Generally suffering from Nervous Exhaustion. It is easy
to see its Cause. City Schools and City Society are 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 pleasure time to
retire from the Everlasting demands, reading, talking hearing and seeing
so much and so many. People of robust Health or Sluggish Temperaments
alone can bear so much. I should be Glad to have You come here in
Your Vacation, and enjoy the "Dolce far niente" of our isolated life
the sweet doing Nothing is so delightfull to the Tired Soul and Nerves
Nerves, You and I could Wander or perhaps ride a little by the Woods
or the River, resting Betimes on some Lichen Covered Boulder or
Fallen Tree, or on some Green Bluff, or in the Shade of the Umbrageous
Woods. Where the While 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 Beautifull all the time. We will
be ourselves. and so Honest, and so more Naturally happy.
This is resting, at times We will feel the inspiration that flows
from all around us, and listen to the profound and Strange tales

Lucy Ann Broadus Mr Lubyard Mrs Deacon Mrs Hart Mrs Lubyard Mrs Deacon Mrs Hart Mrs Lubyard Mrs Deacon Mrs Hart Mrs

which Nature forever pours into the Hearts and Willing Ears
the while Genius of Books, and lectures and Sermons which all have
a tone thereof in man is them But listening to the voice that
proceeds from Creation the will hear the Glorious Gospel of God
spoken in the Universal Language, divested of "isms" and all human
annotations. She will find it speaking to us in Coincidence with
Scripture, and so find that Scripture speaking from Heaven
is Endorsed by all that Nature teaches us from the Earth, 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 to obscure that I did
not make any inquiry into the how 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 Oblivion.
I need only to look into the faces of the two portraits of them 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. Holens. Volens
Look in the face of the Astute Verulam. Frontally a Son of Anak
the strong and Clear reasoner. Yet within 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 on 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
Were We to look for a Model Organism by which to typify the
Poetic Man, We would Choose just such as the portraits of the
Immortal Will Gives to our View. Through just such Organ-
-ization Divine Nature pours her portraitures of Truth.
In just such Tabernacles Divine Art. Makes Her home
to paint with Magic finger all the Forms of Life. Behold
that Head! Imagination throne. Mistress of Embodiment, by whose
Wand, Heart all thoughts and things but touched, Assume the Human
Aspect. and Walk forth instinct with Active Life, immortal
they Live forever in the thought and Heart of round Humanity
The difference between these Men Neither, does not lie in
any essential opposition of their Nature, it is only as the
Greater differs from the Lesser. Shakespeare has the additional

3/ Shakespeare possesses additional Endowments. beyond Bacon
The Lewd imaginations. All but Universal, Both 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 demonstration
of their difference or those similarities 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 Diabolic delusion
in the Supposition that in these decadent days when the Nobler faculties
are benumbed by Luxury, in these evil times when Mental dissipation
has debauched the public taste. When Novelty is more sought after than
truth. and a Lie woven in With Literary tinsel receives the Homage
of the Multitude. When Good seeming often filches from Good Being the
the Guerdons of Merit, and Strumpet Falsehood looks through the mask
of Truth, in this Age of Lies the Genius of the Vernal Equinox has
seemed some willing instrument to aid in robbing Shakespeare of his
just reward. In Greedy love of praise (unhappy elve) has tried
to filch from Greece and Careless Will the Ancient Laurel. to Coronet
a Centuries Brow. Vain Effort, He seeks a second Banishment
his long and last Exile comes swiftly on. And Fame Gets up the
Club her rascal, ~~Time~~ half frantic Spurns him from the Court
of Human Hearts and Breaks Her trumpet on his Soiled
Head. He will dismiss by the power of the Old and true Faith this
the base illusions to its right place and forget all But Poesy and her
immortal Son.

I surely ought to Write to You of this
Matter of the Diacrnate after You have sent me the Article of Mrs ——
I forget Who. I also remember of Your talk of the Sisters. ~~Aye indeed they are~~
~~only Sisters of Charity. I wonder much proper that they two Brothers of theirs 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 Pate of the Crowd
Pariahs and are Consumed in the slow fires of irrepressible Natural
Conditions, Celibacy, unless arising from a Certain Virginity of
Soul is Entirely unfit for Common Humanity. The rider of Natural
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. or 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 forces of

Human Will. Disappointed Human Love finds no true refuge in the Cloister. unless through Him. this transfiguration Cannot be accomplished. the feminine as well as the Masculine Mind and Heart alike are unable for such an Effort unaided by the Spirit of God. This is indeed the true Crucifixion through which the nails pierce all the affections and Lacerate every thought. few are able to bear it. how is it necessary It is not required of us. I indeed admit that all sensual feelings must be extinguished in whatever world seek to the Heaven of Heavens. this I think is plainly taught in the Book. But it is not to be done in Human Power nor by Human Will. Christ Conquered, and by faith in Him His Conquest was for us. He will bestow the Robe 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 aspiration. the sincere will is accepted for the Accomplishment and We who are unable are not Compelled to undergo this Crucifixion. I do not need to point you to the unconcealable results of Romish practices in this matter No doubt 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 Supernal Assistance. This is not a topic which I care to Open up to you, and with You in writing. We may sometime talk of this matter if You Come up to See us.

Now Protestant Diaconism 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 profession Deacons. But what is every one's business is Generally found to be no One's. it is made necessary therefore that there should be Appointments made of those who from 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 summons. 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 holy Giving. this is the Christ in action. But Christ is also there. therefore a Well trained Experience, Christianized Intellect is next the most necessary Qualifications For not alone the Ministrations to the Body is the function of this Diaconate.

I must Conclude this letter to you by next Mail, You see I have run out my sheet, and I reserve this fragment to Certify You of Continued affection and Love for You Your Father James Christie

Madison. April 28" 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

her, but neither so healthy nor so cheerful as she should be. She brought some bedding, pictures for the walls, articles of various kinds for the writing stand and wash-stand with which she has furnished me, etc,

And now about what I am doing here. Tom put me into his class in Allen's Latin Reader, where they are at present reading from Quintus Curtius' account of Alexander's campaign in Asia. The class are now in the last term of their second year in Latin, and you may believe it is no child's play to keep up with them, limited as is my knowledge of Latin Etymology and Syntax. Were it not that I am tolerably familiar with English in the signification of its words and the structure of its sentences, it were impossible to attempt this. I like the Latin and am rapidly becoming acquainted with its structure. By keeping with this class, I can be prepared in Latin to enter College one year from the end of this present term.

I have commenced Greek in a private class of four which recite to Tom five days each week. He gives us very long lessons, so long that I have on two or three occasions failed to get them. Greek Etymology is much more difficult than is the Latin. The endless rules for the euphonic changes taking place in its words, as they are varied in declension or conjugation, almost make me despair. The third day, I made up my mind to give it up and go into a class in mathematics instead. But I did not. I ought to know the Greek, and I shall at least try to learn it. I have them, you see, but two recitations per day, one in Latin, one in Greek, and both to Tom. The two lessons give me all I can do, and will to the end of this term. If I am able to attend next fall, I will be able to take

an extra lesson in Latin to make up what has been passed over read by the class heretofore.

Thus much of my present work. Of the future, more 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 aquainted with the surroundings I will write of them to Dave.

Young Talcott 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.

Jane is living a real, pure, spiritual life, striving every day to come up to his high ideal of what a life should and can be. You cannot imagine how much he has risen in my esteem. For his learning, which is surprising, his heroic efforts to attain to higher spiritual elevations, the cheerfulness with which he bears the burdens of life, (and he is not without grievous ones,) his ever young, hopeful, affectionate heart, - I have almost a reverence. Father; he is living the true life, and he will be blessed forever. You must not think that he is always gloomy and severe. He is never so. He laughs like a little boy, plays the buffoon for the sake of driving the blues out of everybody so afflicted, is so perfectly abandon that he cannot be surpassed. And yet everyone respects as well as likes him. He has been very fortunate in his wife. She is a very superior woman, and will be to him a true helpmeet. I really like her very much, though her education has been and her views are, so very different from mine. You have good

reason and so, have we all to feel proud of Tom, and thankful that he is as he is. You must write a cheery letter to Tom and Carmelite, and in all things treat her as your own daughter; for I can see that she feared our family were not very well pleased with this movement on Tom's part. I saw it in her anxious behavior the day I arrived. Now that we are all on so good terms, I intend to have a talk this evening with Tom about his erroneous notions in regard to your views of his intended marriage. I have postponed it thus far in order to let them both see first that I feel right about it, and now my word will go further. Both are doing their best to make me feel welcome here, — I cannot imagine how anything more could be done for me by them. I am somewhat fagged out today, and will try to write & have a good long letter next Sunday, when I hope to feel more able. Believe me, I am still with you in heart, & not can this so busy, so different life cause me to forget you. I look anxiously for word from Home. My love to you all, and to all my friends near you.

Alex. S. Christie.

My Dear Father: You see we are all here in a kind of School of the Prophets — all studying away at our Greek, Latin, History &c — laying up goods stores for use sometime in the future. I am overjoyed at Sandy's being here: he works hard and is working on the right plan. I have so much teaching to do that, as I tell him, I seem like one who is constantly occupied in opening doors for others to enter, without having time to go in and see the beauties of the rooms myself at all. But I feel that I am thus being prepared for some original work of my own some day.

We are all very happy: the presence of my Carmelite is enough to bring Cheerfulness any where. Sandy tells me, in a talk I had with him this afternoon, that I must have misapprehended your feelings towards Carmelite and in regard to my marriage.

Whatever may have been your philosophic views of marriage, I know now, both by your last letter and by this conversation, that you

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 families.
So let us feel that we understand each
other perfectly, and are in perfect sympathy
in all things. Alexander is much im-
proved 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 finds
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 troubles. 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 E. and I gather the Children of our neighbor-
hood every Sunday afternoon in our little parlor,
& have music and study together. She sends "ever so much"
love to you, the boys. My love to Dave & Emma, to Mother and
yourself. Ever with the same affection Thomas.

Rochedale April 29th 1892

My Dear Sandy

I have received your two letters and feel thankfull to You for Your Carefull Consideration in so writing. I am much pleased with Your accounts of Tom and his Family and affairs. Tom and Cornelletta of Course You found with their Illeminated and Warm hearts turned towards You and You must not for any small matter turn away from them. They will prove true and steady friends to You heirafter at all times Your Highest Good in View. If You shall receive them in the Spirit in which they come to You. You will much encrease them and Your own Happiness

I am Glad that You have taken up Greek and Latin there two Languages with the Mother Tongue Contain nearly all that is Known to the Sons of Japhet. Besides they form the introductory Letter which will admit You to the Tents of them. (although by these means You Cannot Enter His Heaven.) The enlargement of Your Linguistic Powers is More necessary for You than any Mathematical acquisition in the Soul of man Thought lies in Chaos without Language in that it first assumes Order and finds embodiment. Manifestation Then the Spirit of God moves on the face of the Soul it is to produce Thoughts, and the Word to Contain them. So then all Language formed This faculty is the Womb of the Mind from whence Utterance (utterance) Manifestation. External, Eternal Power. Thence Active 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 efforce 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 You acquire all they Contain by reading the Labels affixed by Grammarians

I know You wish to do Good, to Emancipate Yourself and others, by attacking Error. Language then is the Sling You must use to plant stones in the foreheads of the Giants and by all means Get it if You should sell Your Garments 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.

I thank You for your Kind regards to Mrs Dobson & Family. I Must endeavour to write more often

(Note from Page 4, Continued)

The Letters and Declinations of those also Adverbs & Prepositions, and do not absorb all your attention

I could say much of the mystical on this whole topic. yet I forbear and use only a few suggestive sentences to You. My Desire is not indeed Empty. and You can fill us for Yourself.

My feelings again take me to Question 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. Earnest 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 infirmities We all have them. Yet what need of my Attempting 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 us, here and Elsewhere. take Me if Sarah intends Coming up. I have received no letter from her since before Lous 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. (Daniel has just ate his Pud in only a little Oat. About 46 of wheat. They are all in Good health.

The little Boy Grows Well, in Brain as well as Body, and him and me are particularly acquainted. the little rogue laughs just so soon as he looks me square in the face. I think his little spirit recognizes me, and I try in his Eyes to perceive the Mighty Mystery of our Being, or rather to Gaze and Wonder My Constant prayer is that We 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 Mosheim I incidentally came upon a Note Containing the Statement that the Manichaens, Believed that Souls returned to God by way of the Zodiac, and also that Clement Alex. said that Solon said the same thing. I was Quite pleased at this. Because You know that independently of them I had Come to see something in these 12 Baskets also. Unfortunately they are Ancient Hieroglyph. Exceeding by so Much if Solon understood Literally what is said of him Alone in His Day. (But I cannot believe that) the true Knowledge of their significance had already been lost. Yet unquestionably the people believed 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 divers Manners Spake unto our Fathers by the prophets", I consider these Signs as having been delivered through prophetic insight, or derived as I said above from a Philosophy which truly Was a Revelation and Why should We Be Astonished that other Nations and other Peoples, besides the Hebrews should have some truth in their possessions, the finest Moses Gets any 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 Mediecal Signs Contained all of the Wisdom, so far as it related to the Spiritual progress of Man, and the Way or Manner of that progress. Should it lessen our Love and Veneration 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 Allways Exclaim. Can a prophet Come out of Galilee? This is an Age of progress. that is, the Line is Galilee and We look to find prophets here and now, 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 Venerate the Mandate. "Seek and Ye Shall find", "Knock and it shall be opened unto You" I intend to look 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 faculties visibly failing to Myself, I With the advantages which You are likely to have Unto Seek into the Origin of the Knowledge which has Come down to us from the Ancient days. How Absurd it seems to Me that those Signs which the Philosophers, Priests and Inspired of the Ancient times Thought fit to inscribe on the Celestial Maps as by place indicative of Divine Origin Should Contain no Word of Truth for us. that They should be only Considered the Agaries of of a distempered Imagenative faculty.

These signs assuredly are representative of many things and
speek in many Conversations there things Which it Would 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?
does not the Lamb of the Godeil. Who is the Head over all things and the Beginning of the
Jewish Year. the Paschal Lamb of Moses? Who was slain from the
foundation of the World. Why not this Sacrificial innocence be known by
the Symbolic Rams to the Egyptian initiated? But there are signs that
the Modern initiated are looking after these things. What does it mean
that Mr Thompson. New York's Minister of note Quits preaching the Gospel to
Give himself to Egyptology? (they are beginning to smell a mice, and as
Big one too, they must investigate and Cover up. Gopher Wine is Get
popular amongst the initiated Faithfull, and needs to be for the
Good 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 desireted of Symbols
by initiation into the Knowledge of Divine things or a philosophy
they must receive the "Rationale" which Harmonizes Religion
with Philosophy, as it ought to be, true religion Cannot be irrational
nor Yet Can any Philosophy which is Rational be less than. Religion
all Truth ought to bineck the Mine to its Obedience. Oh I weary You
do I? Well this Morning's lecture is all upon and You have it.

Now Sandy You tele Tom and Carmelite that I will write to them
just so soon as able. I send a letter to Sarah this Morning also
I have so many more Sections about (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 Sandy You ought to lay a
Tax or Tithe on Yourself for my Especial Benefit. let me know of
Your progress in all direction and by What roads. If you can
spare the Money I should like much to Hear from Mrs Wenophant
You spoke of. Send it to me soon. the Wheat part of us looks Quite
Green this Morning. not Grass Yet. the prairie all Burned and Black. Joe Dorly
herd his Horses Stolen 3 days ago. the Thieves were Traced as far as Winnebago City
tele Tom not to think of Coming up on tele this discovery. if they knew our Tom
they would not suspect him however any more than Phillips the Apostle. or Mystery Who
also on a Team of Horses. Chris. Brown and Davis and Col. Smith are helping
Joe to Get in his Wheat. that is Christian in Manner You have been so long time With me. You know how to excuse my seeming
Truly. J. Christie

* Christianity is able to Assimilate to herself all Knowledge and all Truth of this Kind. But by them Truth & Wisdom is meant the Doctrines & Spirit of the Gospel as revealed in the Scriptures. This has Caused much Evil in the World by Enthusiasts & Fanatics attempting to explain

Madison – May 1st 72.

[James Christie]

Not a word from home yet, third week of my life here. Is it possible that you are all in a muss 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 more, 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 respectives 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,

Your kind card [illegible] Tell me how you are succeeding with the Army work and collection. We received the Early Dawn and Mother's Journal – it seems like a stranger to me away from home. Evening devotions and walks in the woods are a thing of the past. I am in a church choir and am trying to sing as well as I can. Shrophire & Allen have run away from home. – Hall,

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. Twombly and Prof. Sterling, the rear brought up by the Janitor. The marching was done in a style that reflects little credit on Major Hicdemus, the most unsteady, rabble-like affair I have seen since the Grand Review of May 23" & 24" 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 multiform 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 — lineal descendants of John Calvin and Arminius and Luther marching up and taking their seats, with all their heretical learning, within a few feet of the Sanctum. 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 — a chanting 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 saecula saeculorum," "Et Honor factus est" and, "Dominus vobiscum" the benediction. But the bowings, kneelings, crossings, sprinklings etc, were strange indeed. I was back in the Medieval ages if not further, and I confess, it enlarged my experience wonderfully. It is mummery, downright mummery, 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 forms of beauty, and men should grow into the most beautiful of them all — the "perfect stature of a man" in the highest. But to substitute for this one thing satisfactory, the servile and childish methods of paying unlawful (unlawful to a true man, a Tell) 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 wherewith to render the throne of God more glorious! There is nothing more true than this — "God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." So, to be 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 disgusted. Everything went off well for a time. The subject for all speaking was Christian difficulties. But at last 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 Elocution was so natural and unaffected, because he actually did do what they all came to do, viz. to talk 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 farce of their getting up. Forty men and women going through the ceremony of reading Scripture, singing spiritual songs, praying & told, and talking of sacred things, turning suddenly round and laughing at one ~~the~~ 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 could despair of doing anything 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 together 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 weak manuscript spake, not appealing with doubtful blows to the outer wall, but asserting itself in the very citadel.

I feel better now, and to bidding you an affectionate good night I subscribe Alex. S. Christie

Madison. May 4th 72.

My Dear Sister :— [illegible]

"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 Latin
is opening up quite rapid-
ly, 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-

spect 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 expressions week-how beautiful! How interesting! But the expression is not weak, for so we call it "low" or "vulgar."

= There is some excitement among politicians today over the nominations 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 Cincinnati convention deserves the support of every American citizen". I am highly delighted, and shall do my best for Hood, 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 public scrutiny, and so we are compelled to hold it in our room up three flights of stairs, and in a building from which ladies 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 Characters, 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 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 made 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 aught they tell me of the Past — I have no faith in their know

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 hath been nor what will be, but rather to know what is, to be filled with, not a hope for reward nor a fear of punishment, but a living, strong desire to do what is right. The Intellect 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. Those are "glittering generalities." 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 doing, esteeming it the greatest of pleasures 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 candle 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 Christ 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 - Your Brother

Sandy.

[illegible] is Mothers more than Dust.

Rotuchum 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 Lights suddenly and looks green this Morning. These are the Times of the Refreshing from on High and Mans all unlooked for the Earth Blooms with hope for Man and Beast. And Behold in the Mid Watches 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 stripling with whom You were, While You Earnestly pleaded that You Wanted to Go Home, it seemed also that it was Night and You had arisen from Your Sleep, desirous to Go home, and when I heard You I sought to Give You Assurance and peace, But He with whom You were it seemed took You up to an upper Chamber, the passage to which I could not see, Yet He Was Able in Communication, and I told You You were With Me, and that I was at Home, It 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 there~~ 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 my self in the thought that You were cared for That the Watchers were around You, I Give no Interpretations unless interpretations is Given to us as well as the dream, We are liable to err in readings as not, Owing to the fact that all Oracular imagery and Language is Cyphers under the Natural Laws of Correspondence which is capable I think of 5 readings, Besides 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 Excited in us by the presentation of the dream, they throw up a Strain to see how they the Mind Flows, and so the Thoughts of our Hearts are revealed to them, They also are finite and limited like You and me, and ask Questions as these they Man and Woman in Another State of Being. That is all. Sometimes our Opinions 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 (Notwithstanding all I have said above) that it rained, Yet we ought at all times to Postpone our own Convictions and there founded upon 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 faithfully, 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 things about You, That You in the first place should get rid of your homesickness if You have any and stick to the position You are in.

The General providences of God (including at all times all particular) have placed You Where You are & think for Your Good, for your uplifting. You are indeed at Home and I am With You in it 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 prospect, You at present are in Galilee, and You must select Meganetta as Your residence, that You Know is the City of Self Denial. There all learn to Carry the Cross willingly While they also acquire the power to do Good. Now, let this Mediation be Your Meganetta. Matriculate there 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 Besides 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 want to be enabled to Go through Quite Well and have something to spare over. besides Giving You only the power to Assist Your Brother in his difficulties

What is Comparison is the possession of so many tons of the Dirt of this Earth to the possession of a Bright Spirit; "Sell 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 Mortgaging. Because You do not Know although by this means You could acquire an Education. that You could recover Worldly means by it. Which after all is the Balance against so much higher Attainments is Nothing more than Dust.

I say then Launch Your Bark, although it is the Dark. Yet the Stars Shine and they will give You light. Nor will the Moon refuse her shining. Never nothing, and if You should reach Home in a Dying (which You have done before) You will Get there, and All will be Well. Daniel needs nothing from You, besides We know not on What to Spend his Means to prosper, but this Evil also entails We also Learn to follow the True path. The road We is now on does not directly lead to Glory. Yet I hope if sufficiently Chastened We also may have His Eyes Opened, I have nothing to say against Daniel 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 Daniel Now Sandy do think and Act in this Matter, before now You Could realize 1600 $ for this Land, See 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? She writes none 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 Ropsdom? I wish much to See her Myself anyway at her Vacation and pray tell her so.

Once again Sandy let me suggest to You that You should perhaps try John Good 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, Dear? Have You not been thinking of this Somewhat? I am tired, My Ability to Write lasts but a short time until My Spirit exhausts this Worn out Old Frame and then I suffer all day, Yet I desire to say at least a little of my Say. Excuse My Grammy like Carelessness, and believe Always Dandy, Exceedingly Anxious for Your Welldoing, I must Close up and away to the Mail with this. Jane is playing with David about the Garden Post

Your Father, James Christie

Sam Going to take to the Mail also Post for You which Another time will Come

Madison. May 12th 72.

My Dear Francis: — [Stevens]

I send by tomorrows mail, a little work discriptive 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, as pleasant remembrance of the many hours we have I hope, pleasantly and profitably spent together.

I got a copy of Hoppe's tables 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 could be wholly uninteresting to you.

Yours truly

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 "Alladin'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 recitation-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 a section in turn, first just as it is in Latin and afterward in English; - the former 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 on the afternoon. I find Greek Grammar very tedious, There is so much to be learned "by heart" and remember. But with all the hard study, it is very pleasant to be learning something new every day. I know you are taking an interest in your studies 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.

Your Sincere Friend,

Alex. S. Christie.

Madison University
May 12" 72.

My Dear Father :—

It was with no little joy that I read your letters of the 29" April and 8" 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 his financial matters. I cannot get any money of Tom to send Dave now but when end of term comes I will get him to advance me ten dollars for that purpose. Tom has no ready money. He runs bills like the other Profs— and pays at time of term settlement. So Joe's horses are gone, are they? Look out for ours, for it would be no hard task to run them off.
I am making some headway in Latin, and 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 Elyrian and the folks there,
and in my waking moments feel very
strange when I reflect that I am
but three 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 stone 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 Tom, 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 Crea-
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
Minn, or go to farming.
And, Father, all this talk about
doing wonders in the literary line
is nonsense. All this about fathom-
ing the mysteries of old, devoting
our life to learning fragments
of Egyptian lore and so doing
our fellows good, is of a piece.
We can do most good by living
a reasonable life, setting an
example of sobriety, holding
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 this excellency
of the latter does not lie in famil-
iarity with an old shuffling-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 loaf & 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 drew at Wms. I omitted taking the sub-addr- but can get it off 2 yrs. I have no money now, but will send for it

at harvest-time. You must not think of those things. Vanity and vexation of spirit — nothing else. I doubt not you are all the right track in interpretation, but what good? and what that is not good? Now as I should let those 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 anything of importance, it will at least do no harm to tell me, and will be a relief to you, but write such things on a separate piece of paper, so that I can burn — 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 Edda, I would not

accept of such aid, were it offered. This going into debt is a devils invention, apparently for the ruin of this family; and I shall do all I can to add no more to it, rather help clear off what there now is. Tom is staying my way this term, and I will earn it vacation. But I think I will take a school during the winter and raise the wind. That way a very good way indeed.

As to Sarah, I do not know what to say. There is no knowing what she is doing or not doing in Beloit. I did not dare ask her for fear of some new revelation, or new deception. I believe her intention is to go to Maine, this summer but not to stay. Before I would consent to her staying, I would insist on her not intermeddling in household matters, nor in running in debt. I will write to day to her and speak seriously of these things. Be cheery about everything, Father. As to Dave, he is doing the best he knows how and will come out all right. Don't look on the gloomy side of his affairs. All these women are much alike and Emma does about as well as any of them. I hope he will not be taken down this summer. If he is, I want to know it promptly.

I was through the historical Library in the Capitol the other day and walked up and down looking at the backs of books for an hour. After all a man cannot read them all. One who has all he can time for, is as well off as though he were here.

I find no time for reading anything but my text books. Tom talks of going out sometime to see the Noyes's. He says he

purposes 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 minister who used to come out of Watertown to the Summit Sunday School. It was at a Teachers Convention. He was disagreeably surprised. The man who seems so good, so noble to his boyish eyes, is a poor stick. I wish you to understand, Justus, that Tom is no longer the fierce defender and enforcer of the Faith. He has learned wisdom. He believes 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 should we not? But I must wind up. I shall write to you every week. Yours Affectionately

Sandy.

Madison,
Eve, May 19th '72.

My Dear Sister: [Sarah 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 it.
Had it not been that I did not
wish to see Helen, I would
have seen Grandmother ere
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 Will 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 — two letters from Father.
May 8th they were all well.

You need not write long letters 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 needs help in his Mathematics, and would not be a bad auxiliary.

Yours in haste
Alexander.

Madison. May 19" 72.

My Dear Father, [James Christie]

You have heard ere this of the death of Grandmother. Helen wrote to Jane 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 walked — for it is but a days tramp: by train through Sun 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 offence at my not paying them a visit before coming here. I regret it exceedingly now, for I might there 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 knowing all that I know. Jane proposed that he, &.

My dear Uncle James,
I am a little disappointed
I can't hear from you.

and myself should run up there this last Friday afternoon and stay over Sunday. Kid 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 Tom 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 Minn 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 waking there. It is long since I knew her, - away back in the shades of to me a remote antiquity, she danced me on her knee before the old fireplace, and stirring the embers till the "sogers" 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 wonders: it gave me another glympse of this world, to me at that time a wonder-world. That is my first memory of her. Of the years that came and went and came again and always brought me in her a friend, partial to me because I was called "Sandy" when her Sandy was far away, I have many a pleasant memory. Of the thousand 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 marvellous 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 hail with delight the flowers of Spring, to follow the meanderings of the little brook, and make of it a friend, to people the "beyond" with shadowy wonders, and to enjoy once more the sense

of confidence in a hand leading me, my hand of God. Somehow, I have an abiding faith deep down than all my doubts, that we shall yet all dwell together in a land better than this has ever been to as as 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 moons of winter.

The more I think about it, the more am 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, Yea. And what I cannot be am not assured of, I cannot believe. I think what the majority of men require is just what I need; to be appealed to to do right, just because it is right, for we feel that we are in Gods sunshine when doing it. To live according to our higher aspirations; not knowing all the relations of things, nor even what

things exist. To insist on one's knowing
how God manifests himself in the
world, to be sure of historical narration
~~which~~ the truth of which stands on a very
precarious historical foundation, to un-
derstand mysteries, at least sufficiently well to be assured that they contain 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 Creeds, 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 ~~sciences~~ things which the world im-
plies. He knows nothing of ~~Psycology~~
her Psychology or her history, and yet
he can love her not one whit less, may-
hap more than if he did understan
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

is open to this objection, and all experience and all our reason assures us that it must ever be open to that objection. I had a long talk with Pom last night on the subject of my present condition. I find that he is deeper far than he was six years ago, and far more reasonable. Pom has more native goodness of heart than the generality of the men with whom he associates in the Church; and too, he looks more favorably on Goodness in deed or aspiration wherever found than he did a year or two ago. He begins to see, that after all, those simple matters of love of home and kindred, honesty, candor, warm-heartedness, etc, are a great part of it all; and where these simple, home virtues are lacking, graces is of little avail.

But I am wearying you with this strain. I will turn to other things. You know that I have access to libraries here. Now, when you lack books on any subject, I might be able to find what you want and send it to you. I can devote two hours each Saturday to this work, and would gladly do so. I see several relics of interest here in the Hist. Rooms in the Castle. One which is specially interested me is the thistle and motto, (the rest is cut away) from a flag carried by Prince Charlie's troops at Culloden. It was handed down by the Clarksons and finally presented to this collection. It is a strange sight, especially to my eyes. The thistle surmounted by the Crown, and over add "Nemo me impune lacesset, 1714". As I gazed at it I thought of the wild clansmen who were wont to follow it, perhaps one of them our own ancestor; of the weary disorderly march in the dark night by the Strain, the wild attempts of the hungry clansmen to break the Saxon lines, the defeat, the flight to the fastnesses of Badenoch, the despair, and the scaffolds of the South. I presume this was a captured flag, for the Clarksons are a lowland family.

There is an old book containing a vocabulary of the Celtic tongue, with definitions in Eng. and in Lat. and some account of Grammatical structure. I devoted several hours yesterday to ascertaining what the Library contains, and be able to find what I want with less trouble now.

Damelie 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, Vou would like her amazingly. Vou 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.

Rosedale May 29th 1872

Alex:-

Yours of the 12th read a week ago

Am much pleased that You are in Health and that You all like so agreeably. Now let me tell You in the first place of ourselves. David is in Apparent Good health. Emma ditto, and as for Jamie he Grows like a Cottonwood Sprout He has a tremendous Animal Energy. Laughs, Crows and feels Exult at time, With a shining Twinkle of the Eye and a doubling up of Himself he Goes in for fun. He will need to be looked after, His Head continues to Grow in the upper region Still But I am Afraid it will stop, doing so too soon

Mother as usual, away into town the Morning With Minott to sell Butter and Eggs. 12½ cts 8 cts Emmee and Mother together make fully 20 lbs per Week between them, and they keep themselves in Good Cash. David will finish Breaking that 13 acres in two days a rolling Creation on. two Span and he now drives for himself Anticipate to Break some 20 acres out West also.

A very nice season for Small Grain. But too Cool for Corn, We have very little in. some 3 acres on the hill. and that the little striped Gopher is taking out.

Now Alex I must tell you that 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 Compelled to take Enough Exercise of Your Muscular tissue, devote a Given portion of Your time to Walking and running Be Cautious in food as it regards Quality, in Quantity Moderate I now Eat Oaten Cake for Meal. 7 cent per lb in Market and Mother has taken her first lesson in Scotch Cookery It is rough looking food. But there is much force in it. Besides I do so like it Because of its Old associations With Boyhood and My Dear Old Mountainous Native Land. With its fragrant Heath and Sparkling streams, With its Primeval Rocky frost planted against the heaving and stormy seas, Scotland! Stern home of the restless Wanderers in All fields, fruitful Nest of the far flying Eagle Nursing Mother of the Energetic race. He alone Who has slept

1/2 Bank Shares, and Small Lots to Buy & Sell

under they Grey Misty Mantle. Can I trace thy kindly
and soul fostering Spirit. The Never Meal Bannock has
lifted me into the region of —— Heaven, and the ~~Song~~
of the poor Exiled Mountaineer Comes home to me

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the Deer
A chasing the Roe and following the Roe
My heart's in the Highlands Wherever I Go.

The music of this rises with each line untile it terminates in a long
Wail in Alto in the last line. and I hear it reverberating up
the rocky Glens untile lost on the Slopes of the Blue mountains
And there is it ever. Whatever Blows the Universal We fix our
Affections upon, must sooner or later be let Goo of, if We would Ascend.
This is the true Jantea Scale. upon which the Angels travel,
Which Jacob of happy memory saw in His dream. as he rested with his
Head on a pillow of stone. Query? What Great truth was it? So let us
Lay our heads upon The Great truth and dream in Holy still peace. We also will
have Visions, and Vistas 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 Thanks Giving, I would
like to Get one from her Also. But I find excuse for her in this many duties
there are incumbent Always and for them a Man must leave father and mother
And Cleave unto Rectitude, Then I perceive is a poor letter I am Writing You
this Morning. But I Thought of You All and You must take just what is
Cast up by the Surges of the passing hours. I feel more and more that the
Wondrous Mechanism is failing to evolve any power because of Waste
and Wear of its Tissues, incapable of expressing or indeed of receiving
the Life pulses of the Deathless 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 here. 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 done
Not speculate of departed Souls. Peace and rest We hope has now
Visited Her.

Give My Best Wishes
to Carmelite and Tom. You Must Hear to Me, and take much
Exercise Sandy if You Wish to Win. Keep in Order the Whole Man
And so be a Wholeman. Always Be Dare to Forward. Aldritte