

James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Lucia Rinkell — and her Cousin Nora, who lives 6 miles off, and when the girls laugh that her face cracks and there I lie & like Calliope to hear telling her the [illegible] like a lark & the Brighton [illegible] (Oh Sweet little dear!!) and sings away again like a nightingale with a Canchiad of feelion. (Dear little angel with golden curls, and bright ribbons & all the fairy mark on Mistress's the hair) My heart! Divine love Of course. Nothing like it since we left Nora, and Lucia, and Rosa Ray, Allie Benson (little Amy) and Celia Vedder and Kitty Knowlton and others. I like them all, but they are pretty well, but they don't compare with you. Do you still love me? What, all? Well, I am glad to hold them all.

interested in all you say, both in relation to home and College matters. Have not heard but once from home since you wrote me thence, and had no idea of Jimmy's being so sick. Was it not fortunate you were there to manage his case a little? As to Gibson — I think I remember the man as a humbug old fogy who came to Mr Stratton's one winter and attended evening meeting once. By Father's letter I see that the crop is light out there, — bad business. But most of all do I regret Mary's poor health. If God prospers me, I will be with him before many years. And perhaps I will shall be prospered. There is a movement in this and other parts of the Superintendents District in my favor, and that I shall be the next incumbent is among the possibilities. Of course, I do not make calculations with that possibility as a firm foundation; but still, I cannot fail to see a small cloud hanging over the sea, and it may bring us rain. Jim stopped me this evening to give me his best wishes and pledge his best efforts without balting his party, and tells me Bob. Irving and Carroll and many of the Clyman and

Yours received this night. I was much

Emmett democrats advise my nomination by the Republican Convention, with the hope of beating Slavonia. They intend to be on hand to influence the Convention, representing an element, as they do, which would be sufficient, it is thought, to break down the Dem. majority on the Superintendency. You see there is a possibility. My friends are at work for me, and I have some good ones in both parties.

Glad that you are having success. Will send Alford as soon as I draw a little money — $4 ij in a week; but Shaw's manual I never had and never saw. Tom has mistaken in that. Before the winter is out I intend to put something in print on Grammar — of course Lindley Murray and Gould Brown may reenact the Kilkenny tragedy if they choose — the world will not miss them! At present I am reading Geography — more particularly Maury's book, — and singing, drilling the singers for a Concert in the Methodist Church. Have done nothing but meet and sing for the last ten days, and sit up copying music and words. Mrs. Wright, Moe, and the young folks have backed me up to the extent of their ability. Already on good terms with John Coleman's folks, they who are now in Miller's house. Mrs. C. is a sister of Bruce, the Cobblehman whom Father used always to stop his team to talk with Lang Syne, and

- who lived near "Alwater's Pond." Their daughter Annie a girl of about 17 and a very fair scholar, comes to school. School gets along quite well. There is no longer admirable order down stairs, however; scholars galloping about at any hour. Jennie attending here. Josie's folks well, but Grandfather troubled with bowel complaint, and Helen far from good health.

Dr. Miller's case was undertaken by the Dist. Att. today at Oak Grove before a Justice; and after all the evidence was in, the prisoner was ordered to be discharged, as there was no sufficient basis to warrant prosecution at the next term of Circuit Court. The legal evidence was quite insufficient; though most people, even his own counsel, have little doubt it was a case of seduction and abortion — the latter very successful. Of course you are aware Dr. Miller is considered a successful practitioner in that line — the women say so, and large numbers of them here ought to know.

Miller has escaped the clutches of the law, The girl has got through it all right, and has refused to be the witness - stand to say aught against him (of course for a consideration — she has friends and he money) Hibbler and his wife will be turned out of Church for

being guilty "art and part" in opening their house for such work, and on the whole, things will quiet down. The girl has been instructed pretty well by a member of Congress and an adept in obstetrics — an M.C. and an M.D. — and will be able to make things appear pretty well anywhere she is questioned. Mrs. Grundy is coolly told she doesn't know anything; — this was a case of false pregnancy — and if the girl chooses to substantiate the tale, who can say further.

As to your doing anything in it, it's simply absurd. The world is full of even worse cases than this; but we must make our own boat float. The case against Miller might have succeeded if honorable men had got out the papers against him. But how could it stand in Court when proved by Breyer, Hunter, Montgomery, etc? Men guilty of everything of that same character. The longer I live I will continue to rise in my own estimation. They'll need me in some good place to fill out a quorum for the transaction of business.

Do you go on with your own work, and don't meddle in any of the myriad cases demanding our sympathy. We have a mission and that mission is the payment of debt. — Slowly, but surely.

I am glad to hear of Estella's being with you, and I hope you will do all you can to help her on in her studies. Tell her I have not forgotten her, nor the days we have been together in my little school on the Hill. I look out on other faces and hear other voices; but oftimes I think I am again in the presence of my little school in the old log school house in the edge of the woods; and again I see them all, and among them Estella, knitting her brows over Rob. Progressive Practical or Kirk's Grammar. I send her my best wishes.

Do not write too much, but stick to German

Sandy.

Northfield Minne.

Thurs Morning Early Oct 6/78.

My Dear Father. [James Christie]

Only a word this morning. I was so occupied yesterday that I did not find time to write you a letter, as I had intended - I am well, & enjoying my work more & more - & take more time for sleep. & find myself better - I know I am well liked. If people are not consumate hypocrites - & I know they are not - so that unless I marry (which is no case likely or probable) I may expect to remain for years. - I had a nice long letter from Alex. on Saturday - He is well - school going off well & he studying each night - The singers of the place are praying for a concert on the Sabbath - church - He says they are talking strongly again of nominating him

for Co. Sept 1st - We like one, that-
you wrote him of cops being light- I
think there must be some mistake
I am anxious to hear from- it-
Tell me- in the- journey or Dave, how
many books of each cop he brought
out- My love to Emma, Mother Dave
& yourself- & some of you or all of you
kiss little Jimmie dear for me -
Sarah. -

Have you heard from Tom? I have not,

Lowell Miss.

Sunday Evening October 10th 73.

My Dear Father: [James Christie]

Just a line to let you know I still live, am in excellent health and buoyant Spirits.

Was a candidate for Superintendent before a Republican Convention at Beaver Dam yesterday, but was beaten. Informal ballot 22 for my competitor. 14 for me. Formal ballot 2 more over to him.

Had canvassed more, he had been very active.

Will write a full letter.

Love.

Got up the singing for
quite a S. School Concert
last week.
No letter from Sou, though
I have written him.

My love to all
Alexander.

Excuse this dirty paper & yellow envelope all there is in the house this time is very pretty & thank you

Lowell Mich October 13th 1873

Dear Sarah [Christie]

I received the money & also the letter of a later date please excuse me for not writing at once, I have been so very busy all the fall making carpet=(that is) getting the rags ready) and have not yet done yet— Jim has gone to June and to attend Court which will last about three weeks me are all well Jamie is to be here again this winter to go to School Frank talks most everything he is learning for the pencil & Jo after he write Jim has taken a

school for five months, the one that he taught last winter. I will send you a piece of my black alpaca & also a piece of the trimming. and a piece of Frankies new dresses & panties this every day dresses I mean, haven't got him a nice suit yet. I have got him a new waterproof cloak-cape hood & ~~suit~~ sacque. this is awful scribbling. I presume you can't read half of it. Jim & I went to Watertown one week ago today Jim got me a nice pair of black kid gloves & a pair of buttoned shoes.

I will have to close for the present.

Good bye

Yours with much love

Jessie

write soon

Clyman Oct 13th 1873

Dear James [Christie] i Received letter
from Sarah Some time ago i
should have answered it before
this but i was waiting to See
Robert he was not home until
yesterday we had a talk with him
about going out to you this fall
he would go if he was going to
work on a farm but he [redacted]
intends to go to a trade this Spring
i also wrote Willie and got a answer
he is going to learn the Printing trade
the boys is all for trades i do not
know whither they will Succeed
or not we are going to Send
Jenny to Beloit this winter to
School we had a good Crop this
year i had one thousand and fifty
Seven + bushels of Wheat i have Sold

that forty i bought for ~~it~~
eighteen hundred Dollars i made
a little money on it Jerry Keen
had seven hundred and seventy
bushels of wheat on your old farm
i have no particular news to send
you i suppose William posts
you in all that is going on in
Clyman we all join in sending
our respects to you and the family
i remain yours

Thomas Reid

give our respects
to uncle James Arnott

Lowell Mich.
Evening Oct. 14th '73.

Have Sent #20 &c
Mr. Hall.
Should we continue up-
town have Turtle mitts, &c.
Pickerel.

My Dear Sarah: [Christie]

Yours of 12th at hand. I hope to soon hear of you being better. I am in the best of health, and good spirits; and this in despite of my defeat at Beaver Dam on Saturday. Informal ballot 22 Brainard, 14 Christie. Was called out to declare my politics, being accused of Democracy, and stated my theory so plainly that Formal ballot gave Brainard 24, Christie 12. Interesting incident in connection with it, which I will detail at another time. At present I will treat of Greatest Com. Divisor.

First, show that the three principles laid down in the books are true; viz — 1— A Com. div. of two numbers is a divisor of their sum, — 2 of their difference. — 3 — of any multiple of either. Show this from Examples.

Now, to find G.C.D. of 4382 and 5866

It must be a div. of their diff, 1484 —	4382	5866
of three times 1484 = 4452 —	4452	4382
of 4452 − 4382 = 70 —	70	1484
of Twenty-one times 70 = 1470 —		1470
		14

of 1484 - 1470 = 14, and cannot be greater than 14

By direct division it may be shown that 14 is a common divisor of the two numbers, and therefore their Greatest Com. Div.; but for purposes of demonstration, show from the mutual relations of the numbers used in the process that 14 is a divisor of the two given numbers.

14 goes in 70 (Exactly)

in 21 times 70 = 1470

in 1 " 1470 + 14 = 1484, in 3 times 1484 = 4452,

in 4452 - 70 = 4382, in 4382 + 1484 = 5866.

Greatest Com. Div of the two given numbers will go in any multiple of one of them, 29725. Performing division there is a remainder, 7275.

That is, it will go

in 48756275 - Mult of 29725 = 7275

in Mult of 7275 = 29000

in 29725 - 29000 = 625, in Mult of 625 = 6875

in 7275 - 6875 = 400, in 625 - 400 = 225

in Mult of 225 = 450. in 450 - 400 = 50

in Mult of 50 = 200 in 225 - 200 = 25, and

cannot be greater than 25. Now trace back and thus show that 25 itself is a Com. Div.

Quotients are not set down, because not needed.

29725	48756275
29100	29725
625	190312
400	178350
225	11962 7 N.B.
200	11890 0
25	7275 N.B.
	6875
	400
	450
	50

in mult. of 94374 = 9437400

in 9437400 - 9372496 = 64904

in 94374 - 64904 = 29470

in mult. of 29470 = 58940

in 64904 - 58940 = 5964

in mult. of 5964 = 29820

in 29820 - 29470 = 350 , in mult. of 350 = 7000

in 7000 - 5964 = 1036 in mult. of 350 = 1050

in 1050 - 1036 = 14 in mult. of 14 = 280

in ~~280~~ 350 - 280 = 70 and cannot be greater than the least of these numbers; viz. 14.

94374	9372496	
64904	94374	
~~39470~~	64904	N.B.
29470	58940	
29820	5964	
350	7000	
28	1036	N.B.
70	1050	
	14	

Now, bear in mind, we have not proved 14 to be the G. C. D. sought. All we have proved, is, that the G. C. D. sought is found among the divisors of 14 — and may be either 1. 2. 7. or 14 itself. Hence the necessity of tracing back through the work to prove that it is 14 itself. Thus,

14 is exactly contained in 70 and in 280, hence in their sum 350

also in mult. of 350 = 1050, in 1050 - 14 = 1036

in mult. of 70 = 7000, in 7000 - 1036 = 5964

in mult. of 5964 = 29820, in 29820 - 350 = 29470

in mult. of 29470 = 58940, in 58940 + 5964 = 64904

in 64904 + 29470 = 94374, in mult. of 94374 = 9437400

in 9437400 - 64904 = 9372496

Analysis — Grammatical. Examples.

1— "A strong shield is the safety of Commanders."

A simple, declarative sentence. "A strong shield", is the subject; "is the safety of Commanders," is the predicate. "shield" is the subject-Nominative, limited by the adjective "strong" and rendered indefinite by the article "a."

"is" is the predicate-verb, with which is combined the phrase "the safety of Commanders", an attribute of the subject;— in which phrase, "safety" is the principal word, limited by the prepositional phrase "of Commanders", and rendered definite by the article "the". In the phrase "of Commanders", "of" is the leader, and "Commanders" the subsequent.

2— "The man who is most slow in promising is most sure to keep his word." Rousseau.

A complex, declarative sentence. "The man who is most slow in promising" is the subject. "is most sure to keep his word." is the predicate. "Man" is the subject nominative, rendered definite by the article "The", and limited by the relative clause "who is most slow in promising,"— in which "who" is the subject nom- ~~denotified~~ unlimited, "is" is the predicate verb, with which is combined the phrase, "most slow in promising," an attribute of the subject "Who". In this phrase, "slow" is the principal word, extended in signification by the adverb "most" And restricted by the prep. phrase "in promising,"— of which "in" is the leader and "promising" the subsequent.

"is" is the predicate verb of the principal clause, and with it is combined the phrase "most sure to keep his word" — an attribute of the subject "man". In this phrase, "sure" is the principal word, defended in meaning by the adjective "most" and limited by the infinitive phrase "to keep his word". In this latter phrase, "to keep" is the principal word, restricted in meaning by the direct object "word", which is itself limited by the possessive "his".

Note.) You will notice that in both instances ~~the~~ "most" does not necessarily extend the meaning of the adjective, but rather fixes ~~the~~ ~~of~~ the degree of the quality as possessed by this man when compared with others. In my next I will analyze a few more. By the way, the first form of an adjective is not a degree of comparison. The comparison of equality is "as good", of inequality "better" and "best". When we wish to express the result of a comparison of objects as regards a quality, we never use the "positive degree" so called. We glance at the East, and, without observing any other part of the sky — no comparison is made — we say — "The East is cloudy." Comparing the East with the west, we express the result of that comparison by these forms, —

Comparison of equality — The east is as cloudy as the ~~West~~ west.
" " greater inequality " " " cloudier than " " or "more cloudy"
" " lesser " " " " " less cloudy " " "

Glancing all around, we say,

The east is cloudiest of all, or most cloudy. (Greater inequality)

or — The east is least cloudy of all. (Lesser inequality)

Least reasonable
Less reasonable — than etc — Comparison of lesser inequality.
As reasonable — as etc — Comparison of equality.
More reasonable
Most reasonable — than etc / of etc — Comparison of greater inequality.

Least just — of etc
Less just. — than etc —) lesser inequality.
As just — as etc —) equality.
More just, or juster — than etc
Most just, or justest — of etc —) greater inequality.

It matters not what names be used, — these are the five degrees of comparison, and I am surprised that it should be necessary to call men's attention to the fact. Make thorough work of Grammar. I am going into the Anglo-Saxon this winter, in order to discuss Eng. Grammar intelligently. I have re-read and now send "The Queen's English."

Yours aff—

Alexander.

Genie Jones Mr. is sending her & all of
home. Love dear Mama.

Beloit, Oct. 15. 1873.

My Dear Father: [James Christie]

Your short letter came this afternoon, and I was glad to know by it of the safe arrival of the money orders. David should have notified me before, for I have been quite anxious about the matter.

I am very busy this term, doing more than ever I tried to do before, and writing is not permitted even to any great extent.

The work is literally piled upon me, and while I thoroughly enjoy doing it, it still drives me as if I were under the tail of one of the old time threshing machines.

Just look at it: I teach six hours per day, which is my regular work: then I have a class on Tuesdays in Sacred Geography, and am

now starting a singing school among the students to meet on Tuesday and Friday evenings - this will bring in $25.00 this term, and fit more singers for our Chapel services.

Then I attend Faculty meeting every Monday night, Church prayer meeting every Thursday night, and our Faculty Literary Society alternate Saturday night. On Sunday I conduct Sabbath School at Manchester, and preach there once a fortnight, writing my sermons. The last was on the Message of John to Jesus - "Art thou the one that should Come, or do we look for another?"

Am now engaged on this text: "From the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force".

Besides these occupations, we are in one of the College buildings, and I have Charge of twenty four young men rooming in the same.

Well, you draw a long breath, I suppose, and wonder how I stand it. But have no apprehensions: I never went at work with such a bound and such high heartedness before.

That trip down the Chippewa gave me a perfect fulness of physical and intellectual vigor, and I came here running over with Eagerness for work. Then is nothing that Can make me so happy as just the stress of all this work of mind and heart and body that is on me now. I sleep sound - when Bessie lets me - and have good appetite. When off duty - which is at meal times - I think of nothing but fun. Then is nothing that will roll the burden off like a good hearty laugh.

Mrs. Prof. Whitney said to me a little while ago, that whenever she heard

[illegal]

me laugh the discovered the secret of my ability to do so much work, and there was not truth in the remark. Well, I have a great deal to make me happy; my heart is at rest; I know I am in the line of duty, and my conscience never upbraids me with not fighting a good fight; the fight might be better, perhaps, but after all, it is a good fight. "Brethren, if our heart Condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." I feel that blessed confidence, and doing my daily work - "as even in my great Task-Master's Eye," I can look up to the Father of my spirit and know that He is smiling upon me. There can be no greater joy than this.

I am very happy too in my home. Carrie is a true helpmeet, always ready to encourage and cheer me. Her affection is like sunshine. Her brother is with us, and Bessie

requires Constant care and attention, and yet this heroine of mine does all her work alone, not suffering me to hire a servant, — that the debt may be paid off and I permitted to go the sooner to the seminary. Not only this, but she takes upon her mind the whole burden of household management, so that beyond the mechanical doing of a few little matters, I am left entirely free from Effort in this direction.

Had I to Keep on my mind the things She thus relieves me from I could not do more than two thirds of what I can now accomplish. I have to thank God for a good and noble wife, one who is a true helper in every sense of the word.

Of Course Bessie, whose picture I send, — (choose one & send back the other) is filling our heart with more and more of hope and joy. She has now six nice teeth, and for intelligence and activity can not be surpassed. Everybody loves

her, and she has received many valuable
presents in the way of clothes from her
admirers among the professors' wives and
others.

I should have written
before but for what I have told you; and
yet, to tell the truth, my dear father, I
came away from Rapidan with a sad
heart. You can well understand the
reason: to my mind there is only one
basis on which all the family relations
can rest satisfactorily — that basis is
Christ. In a double family life, such
as we found you in, it is still more
necessary that your house be built
upon the Rock; there can be no harmony,
no joy, no satisfaction of any kind, other-
wise. Let me speak plainly to you
When I say that there is something lacking
with you that gives the charm and the
sweetness of a true Christian home.

And further — I cannot but see that
you might make things different.

You have the experience of a life time
to instruct you, there is much of that
light for you which comes over from
beyond, — you know what is right,
and yet your influence for that which
is good is not what it should be in
the family. What is the reason?

O my dear father, if you will
permit me to use great boldness of
speech I will tell you. Need I tell
you that it is because the Spirit of
Christ — you know what it is — does
not shine forth in your daily life.

Your influence with the younger members
of the household has not the power for good
you desire it to have, simply because
it is not Knowledge but heart and
life, that is the power of powers in
this world. You know all about religion
and about many other things; but the
question for us all is — whether we are
living religion, every day, in and

out, before men and before God.

Now, father, if the life of your family is ever to be lifted up to what it should be, the reformation must begin at the house of God; that is, with you.

Try the power of a new life, try the power of the Cross, try the power of love expressing itself in word and deed; and you shall see a wondrous change for the better.

I could write all night on this theme, but you know all about it already. I write only to say that I came away with sadness as I saw the state of things in what was once my home, and when so much of my best love is now.

Alex. has written me a letter that grieves me more than anything he ever did — a letter of most fierce accusation and abuse for my having taken the part I did in his troubles. How changed he is from what he was last winter! his heart seems gone from me altogether since then. I shall try to get him down at Christmas, but I have small hope for him. Got a good letter from William & Augusta. Sent him & the boys some reading. Have not heard from Sarah except by Miss Lilo who visited her in Northfield.

Northfield

[W. L. Stevens] Colo. Mar 15 10

Dear father I will write you another
letter to see why you do not answer
my other letters this makes six times
that I have written and I have
received one answer I want to hear from
home just as often as you want to hear
from me and if I cant receive more than
one letter in six weeks I think that I
shall have to try the same plan you
said you would if I didn't write +
has it snowed there yet it snowed here
the twenty second so the snow was about one
inch on the level then it melted off again
yesterday morning it commenced snowing
again and it is snowing yet tho

I snow is about six or seven inchis in the levil now if it keeps on snowing till night we shall have good slaying we shall have fine funn going to ~~Church~~ church I shall have to go a retty soon now I shall not tll you how I am getting along in my studdies you will have to wate till you get a letter from Miss Christie before you find that out, you have not told me how when you wer going to send Thomas I told you that I wanted to come home and you as I now just what you will say you will say I knew you you would want come home in a CIRCUS which it is but I can stand it till vacation then I am coming home anaway if you dont like there then I can come and visite at my other home cant I I wont me to come alone Miss Christie is coming home then and I can come and visite Mamma Clark I I have fine times here we girls can have all the fun we want saturday and in the evening last night we all had our share of fun in the litterary society met in the hall last night and they went alow any spectators so some of the girls practise music and went down and some of the other girls went to and they could hear all that was said. I dont know what to say any more except that if some of you dont write oftener than once in six weeks that I shall not Ok by the way who is going to teach the School this winter I wish I was there to have some of the Butter nuts and Wall nuts that the boys gathered before I came a way they are all dry know I should think that you could afford to send me a few of them I have not seen any since I came here and I am getting ~~for~~ ~~them~~ ~~and I dont~~ ~~care~~ ~~for~~ ~~them~~ love some I should like to come and stay just a day or too and then come back cant I ~~can~~ come home next saturday and then come back mondays how are all of

my old friends getting a long Eddy
I guess you have forgotten what I told
you to do just as soon as you got my
letter I have waited three weeks and
have not got any letter yet I shall
not write any more if you cann not
~~be~~ be more ~~from~~ punctuas than
that - you have not told me whether
little dairy has come yet or not
if it has I want ~~you~~ you to sent
it up. I guess that is all for this
time so good by and if you dont
write never you never hear from me
very soon again. give my love to
all Estella B. & Steve P. S. tell
Emma that I am getting tird
waiting for her to answer
my letter and that I want
here to write a good
long one I give you my love to all

Govd Thunder Oct-20,1873

My Dear Friend [Alexander]

I presume by this time you have made up your mind that - you are forgotten by at - least - some of the people in Minn. but - although I have been very negligent - in answering your excellent - letter we have not - forgotten you. and will try & write you a few lines to night. We are all favored with good health for which I hope we feel thankful and trust - you are favored in a like manner. have been up to the Stratton school House to S.S. to day as usual the Boys of the neighborhood were all There but - the Older people do not - deserve a credit - mark. however we manage to have a pleasant - and hope a profitable time. our singing does not - amount - to much

the scholars appear to have forgotten a large part of what you learned them and I dont think I can sing as well as when you were here, however we do the best we can which is all I believe that is required of us. I was sorry to hear in your last letter that you doubted almost everything. I do not believe it is a safe foundation on which to build for Eternity. I used to think you would soon become a believer in the Savior and although the matter looks somewhat discouraging I believe you will yet change your belief concerning Him, as for me I could not for a moment think of entrusting my eternal intrests with any other. I firmly believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God sent into the world to save sinners of which my own conscience teaches me I am one and I think you will believe me when I say that my experience in a Christian life (I believe) confirms my belief in this direction. I spend no time that affords me as much satisfaction as that spent in religious exercises and often when doubts present themselves to my mind I do not immediately expel them but ask myself seriously the question do I Know that my Redeemer liveth and my doubts are gone, can you then blame me for my faith in Christ, but perhaps you will live of this though there is no question I believe on which you think more. How does your school prosper, though I need hardly ask this where a teacher takes as much intrest as you do, nevertheless we would like to hear all about it. is your health good yet or does hard studying make inroads on your Iron constitution I am not troubled much with dishepsia although obliged to be more careful in eating than I used to be. we are having

considerable pleasant weather this fall
and hope it will continue for some
time yet as the most of people (ourselves
not excepted) are considerable behind
with there work. wheat does not turn
out as well as we expected about 14 bu
per acre being an average crop and good
prices are needed to make this pays
It has been very dry here since harvest
so we have not been able to run our
mill steady but have done pretty fair.
we hope to have rains yet before winter
sets in to give us water. it is pretty
late and the folks are all gone to bed but me
so I guess I will close this please do
not delay writing as long as I have
we wish you all needful good

Yours truly

Henry Dyer

Saratoga Mineral County
[Sarah Christie] Mines
Oct. 26, 1873

Dear Sister,

That Letter so long looked for, and wished for came at last, and I tell you we were glad to receive it, and glad to hear of your welfare. Settled at last in our Mountain State and doing the good and great work of edifying her growing Citizens. On a higher and better level, than they could or would perhaps occupy, without that Knowledge, which you will give them in your position as teacher. We are glad you are well, and that you are now so near Father. That you can spend your regular vacations there, perhaps it will be so next summer, you can come and stay with us, and see how we poor benighted "Creatures" get along as for your idea of me selling out I do not see at present how I can do so, or even rent my place, for as much as we would like to be near Father and David, for we are now

in the lurch there is no way of getting out only by hard work and the strictest economy. So you see as far as we are concerned we must just rem bide what we are, till we can do better. and there is no use of me as far as I can see selling out at present, for I could not get what it has cost me. nor get even what would set us up much if any better than we are at present, I started here with livery they at high war prices, and debts do not seem to grow much less, although our expenses are increasing on account of our family. But although I speak in this way you must not think that we look on our family as a burden, not by any means, but as yet our little men are absorb a great deal of means, and can not as yet add to the common fund, they are three sturdy fellows, and look as though they will have the bodies and brains to get along in the world as well as any other people can. This season Mary and myself took off our harvest I bought a marsh harvester, of course going in debt for it,) she done the driving and I bound it, she managed the mules first rate, and so we took off about 40 acres, and instead of paying money to hired men, I will pay part of the Harvester I believe we would have been better off had we began this kind of work before, had a letter from Sandy Lutty in which he tells us all our relations in Cheyenne & Lowell are well, he is going to teach school again there and thinks he has a chance of being superintendent of the county schools, he boards with Doctor Benson instead of at Jessies, my grain this has not come quite up to the average of this part of the county this season, on account of me having sowed to much of my land to (on proportion) Oddessa Wheat, fife yielding better this year than it has done other seasons, the Oddessa rusted, Mary is well at present, but she will probably confined about the end of next month,

Hoping you will be blessed with every
blessing, and find you rewarded in the
in all righteousness, and the full knowledge
of Christ, feeling in him every comfort
I'd remain your ever loving Brother
and Pastor,
Wm L & M B Christie

Northfield

6th November th 1873

[Wm. Stevens]

Dear Fiather I am all well at presant and I hope this will find you the same I dont know what to thinke a bout your not writeing to me you ~~wad~~ wok so afraid that I would not write to you, ~~you~~ I have writen to you once a week and you have writen only once ion seven weeks I gness that you will have to tak that back what you said to me and tak part of it to your self, we are having real winter weather here it has stormed nearly every day this week and all girls are having fine sport aunty ~~Susie~~ Boys will not let us go to school when it is so stormy and she has got nearly all of

the girls in the building knitting. (cut for them selves) I I wish that I had enough money to get chinchilla enough to knit the boys each a scarf I have learnt how to knit them and bring them home for a christmas present, do you have slaying here yet it is all slaying here we do not see any wagons there now the river is frozen over so hard that the boys can skate. I have just got home from church Mrs. Strong has convicted her class up to see her next wednesday. I am well satisfied with the school and I with that Buell was comming I know that he would like it I dread my part of recitacles for next friday we ar now preparing for public recitacles. how does every thing procper at home and abroad did you go to see Nelly Thoma this fall if you dont write any more so I dont know what is going on at home, I guess that I will have to close so good by for this time give my love to all, P. S. if you want to hear from me again you will have to answer my six letters first Estella Stevens

is as usual. as for myself I am getting worse and more nervous that is more easily excited. having a great difficulty in getting sleep from 4 to 5 hours being all that I can get. My imagination attaining a great power over me. I am not to read or write but very little because when I get my brain fairly at work it is indeed quite a difficult affair to get it stopped again. besides if continuing to think for just a little too long I am taken with a sudden fear of insanity a most terrible feeling. I believe it originates in an exhaustion of nervous force. I must take great care that my fear shall not be realized some day.

But now what of yourself? (Do you really like your position?) and feel free, and, Equal to all your duties? have you any pleasurable feeling in your work and surroundings? that would be quite a support in the midst of hard work. Do you have any one who room with you and who take the part of companion, if not you should endeavour to have it so. Nothing is better than a friend whether we may be in joy or in sadness. such isolation as must needs be to live alone in your rooms however nice they may be, is not favorable either to health or comfort. tell me of these things in your next. I beg of you if you can to continue sending the Independent by subscribing another year. it is an excellent paper, to my liking in so far as not being afraid of the "Odium Theologicum" Do not Gail Hamilton very bold, very acute and very Common sense? yet all these, are not able to unravel the mysteries of the subjects she treats of. there is a something in the sacred Books that the best Common sense cannot grapple with. nor yet Uncommon sense. not indeed to be understood unless one has been admitted into the "Imperii Arcana". You will remember how "Gail" holds up to ridicule the ff's of Jacob. Now turn to your Bible and read for yourself what were those things he worked for in his Contract with God, and you will be surprised at their moderation and their simplicity taking all literally. But see also how indispensible they are to life and peace. And when you lift them up into their Spiritual sense. see how necessary they are to the health and happiness of the soul. "If thou wilt lead me in the way in which I go" to Heaven." and "Wilt Give me Bread to Eat." food for the soul "Holy Affections," and Raiment to put on" the Robe of Righteousness, that is the Glory of Conferred Justification" and "Wilt bring me to my Father House in peace" the Great Consummation which we do seek, you will then see that Jacob was a man who knew what was of the only intrinsic Worth, indeed you will see it is apparent that he asked for the Greatest things. the only things that are worth of asking for. as they include all that is necessary for the Welfare of the Spiritual Man. "the Lord Jehovah" he proposes in return for all this is that God should be his God. And observe you this is all that God requires of us. That we should "Worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." Adieu, Your Father, J Christie

I shall look for a letter from you to-day. the 6th Inst. and perhaps you will have received my guineas. the allowance is quarterly. and as Christmas is coming on apace I am thinking of you more frequently than usual. you should write home more frequently. I am looking forward to your visit. this Christmas. but I fear it will be impossible. but Plotting never does any good.

Reardan, Wash Ter Feb 5th 1893.

My Dear Sarah. [Christie]

Your little note to Jarvis received Yesterday, You Complain of our Silence. But We are not to blame as You think. I sent a letter to You more than a week ago Giving You just the information you requires of us. it lay one week in our Stupid P.O. and instead of being sent to You, it came back to me, being sent as if from You to me. The Blundering Stupidity of the Post Mistress I take to be the Cause. I am not Quite willing to believe that they did it intentionally. Perhaps they Wish me to Write to Washington and put them out of the Office. They are not Qualified to do its Simple Business. the place was offered to me before they took it. But I do not Wish to be troubled With it.

Well your letter after Coming back to me. I kept it looked old to me, besides they had Spilled the Envelope by letting it fall on their dirty floor I suppose. I repeat now its Contents so far. We have threshed out 850 Bushels of Wheat, 350 of Oats and a little Barley. the Oats Wheat is Second Grade all of it Which does not fall below that even. Averaging some 16 per Acre. Which is Yet double of What Shattucks and Mosser had, and Neither 2 Bushels of What the Very Biggest Crop has been in this Locality. Nearly What I anticipated indeed. I feel Quite Thankful it is so much. Seeing how small has been the crop of our nearest Neighbors. Arnott had about the same Yield per Acre as us, in all he had about 500 of Wheat. The roads are bad. and Stone Rogers are Clamorous for Settlements from the Farmers. Burning letters are thick as leaves falling from the Post Leg all over the Country. the price of Wheat also is poor. being for No 2 only 78 cents. We yes there been high, and farmers are truly Jollyfied all round

Jarvis has many Excellencies, owing Barley some 80 #. Joe 50 # Threshing 56 # Jarvis about 36 # Stone Bill, at least 100 # Blacksmith & Wheelmaker probably 40 # besides other Extras. If he can save out of the Crop enough to pay Jarvis Debts I shall be Extremely Glad, as it is high time those Debts were paid. Economy is not the rule here either although it ought to be studied Especially by all Who are in debt, indeed by all, Now as to the Health of the Family. Little Jamie is in fair Health although having a Cold on his Lungs. Jarvis is better here than in the hot Weather of Harvest. Emma is Well enough and Martha

Arnold left us to-day for Spokane Falls. Intends to winter there. Will return in Spring. Has rented his farm to Stanley Wilson. Jarvis to take charge of Arnold's Stock. Arnold and Stanley to Conquer.

[Nov. 8, 1873]

Rapidan, Nov 8 1873

Dear Brother,

A long interval since I
wrote to you. And you must excuse me. I cannot now as here to fore take
up pen and devote ½ a letter to the Cause. I do not feel able
for Writing but a little too much Chapter. So much to Chronicle
Excitement afterward that I'm Confronted and Upset to Chase myself.
But I see no reason Why you should not have a little Letter to me.
(David Writes to me one) and if I do not then you all think the how whether
Love nor thought for or for you. But it is not so. Of Course you are
Busy. Yet a little time taken in Writing to me Should not in the Whole
injure you or hinder your progress. We here are much as usual.
David has had to go as I know the attack of Asthma since the Hot
Weather Ceased. Little Jennie is terribly Hale Hearty only a Slight
Cold Speaks Sufficiently Well to be understood in nearly all the words to
Say. Eugene is Mine and Sally Jostenuphs are properly trained. Wade
Make a Good and smart man. Mr Martin as usual. Martha and Lizzie.
The Workings is done. And the result is 850 Bushels of Wheat
350 of Oats. a little Barley. Some Corn. And potatoes. The Average per acre of
Wheat 16 Bushels. This is much above the Average Crop in the Neighborhood
Eberhart & Sons Rent 17 & 18 in Wheat. Hooper & Stratton, 17 & 8 These are
the Greatest on the least I have heard of. Barrett Many Some as low as per Acre
ten Bush first fell. 50 Barrels below Any Estimation before they began to Cut.
The Oats was Attacked by the "Smidge" and Consumed before filling the Ear.
"Like" Cracked 20 on the Average. This Smidge a very small affair has Swept the
the Harvest of this County of Nearly half their Crop because the Went in too Strong
on "Oats". Whether David intends trying to pay Uncle David. I do not know.
He tells me of Some of his Business Cares. Work. Neither He nor his
Wife seem to understand Economy. Especially She, and this keeps Needy a
Crowd about them, that it is hard to Keep Straight. But a little time
Will I trust Open their Eyes to the Necessity of Care and Economy.
I receive Letter Notes from Sarah Occasionally. She says
She likes her position at Northfield. I hope She Will keep down her
Expenditure for the Sake of Honesty and for her Relatives and Friends. Even if
She does not See that it Necessary for the Sake of her own peace. I Should be
So Exceedingly Glad to See that the Reminiscences She has Gone through has

shall have effect on her Character. I cannot but pity her. for I know what it is to contend with Hereditary Legacies of Character. Acts laid upon us through the Circumstances of our Father and Mother. The inheritance of Nervous transmitted along the Ages. Let us be forgiving if we could wish to forgive ourselves or receive forgiveness from others. There is nothing so becomes Humanity as that. It is Divine. I received a letter from Tom lately the most home. filled with details of his work both in College and Collegiate Labours outside. Tom's heart is right Sandy. When he knows it is necessary of defect in Judgement. He incidentally told me of receiving a letter from Your. Mentioning no particulars. Yet seeming it has hurt him much. Do keep Your heart is Estranged from him. I judge You have dealt some words to him in reference to the past he took his Own Affairs so little up here. You have done wrong. Tom often Errs in Judgment. But he always means well. Why Will You be Savage When You should be Wise? Why Will You injure Your Brother. When he would indeed do much to retain Your Love and Respect; friends. Send indeed Tom is not always Cautious; not always Prudent. for the Good Heart is the root of all true Wisdom.

You had been discontented with Yourself When you penned the letter which has hurt him so grievously. and You Vent all the Bitterness upon him.

You also had been singing too much. a little music is Good But my Experience in this World has shown me that a Man who Gives much time and thought to it in its practice Generally Kings all the Aroma of his Moral Nature away. I know not how it is. But I have seen much which assures me that such is the case. Example after Example in persons of my own Acquaintance. And I am glad You have again taken to some Substantial Studies and pursuits. I still have more hope for You if Chasing "all Meteors round the Moon" than if Chasing La. Sol. Lu up and down the Scale. it is really a poor occupation for Masculinity to Give itself up to the production of sweet sounds. I do not care of what Character the Music is. if Religious. and the Emotions it should call up, are not forthcoming in the inner Man it is after all nothing but description. its Effect is to Weaken and lower the Noblest Qualities of the Soul. A Man can sing all Moral and Religious truth out of himself. I have known any number of Unmitigated Scamps who led the Lovins in public Worship. Let us a truce to it. and let the declaring Lecture be followed by the Joining and the Base. I am aware that there are other Arts than these old fashioned. But it is Questionable if they can long withstand deteriorating. I for my part should rather say nay to some suggested problems in Instrumentation or Keystrungins and Get on Gee Haw Brooks. than Blow my soul out through a Ram-horn or sing thro the fife for the passage of Israel. Let us listen to the Music of the Spheres. and try to take in their Rythmical Dance of Righteousness. Let us try to understand the Consequitivity of the Noble Ordered Laws. the Eternal Patterns of the principle Emotions.

SONGS

FOR

THE GRANGE

DEDICATED TO

THE ORDER OF

Patrons of Husbandry

IN THE UNITED STATES.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. A. Wadenseller, Printer, 23 N. Sixth St.
1873.

Songs for the Grange.

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

This collection is offered to the Members of the Order of Patrons, to supply a long-felt want, and with the hope that it may induce those favored with musical talent to speedily bring out something more appropriate.

Members of the Order are most earnestly requested to send their compositions to the Secretary of the National Grange.

OPENING.

AIR—*Come, come away; or, Crambambuli.*

O come, come away, from labors now reposing,
Let busy care awhile forbear,
O come, come away.
Come, come, our social joys renew,
And here where Trust and Friendship grew,
Let true hearts welcome you—
O come, come away.

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illume the night,
O come, come away.
Come, join your prayers with ours; address
Kind Heaven, our peaceful Grange to bless,
And crown all with success—
O come, come away!

TUNE—*America.*

Come Thou who made this earth,
And to mankind gave birth,
Bless us to-day!
Thou who hast taught the worth
Of *labor*, bring us forth
From East, West, South, and North,
In proud array.

Bless Thou our efforts here,
Each drooping spirit cheer,
And care beguile;
Wipe Thou away each *tear*—
Cement in *Friendship*, dear—
Removing every fear
From those who toil! A. B. CURRY.

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

Great God, we bless the gentle care
  That watches o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempter's snare,
  And guides us in the heavenly way;
We bless Thee for fraternal love,
  That blends our labors all in one—
That bids us look to Thee above,
  To bind us all in unison.

Our Father, in this evening hour,
  We cast our cares in trust on Thee—
Whatever storms without may lower,
  Be peace within, and make us free!
And when life's joys and toils are o'er,
  And evening gathers on our sky,
Our circle broke—this Grange no more—
  Oh, may we meet and sing on high.

(Altered from S. S. CUTTING.)

CLOSING.

P. M.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
  Darkness and light—
Who the day for toil hast given,
  For rest, the night—
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
  This livelong night.

BISHOP HEBER.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Brothers and sisters, now we must
  Give each the parting hand,
Beseeching God, in whom we trust,
  To freely bless our land;
To bless the Grange assembled here,
  Our hearts to Him incline,
And make us pure as PATRONS were
  In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

A. B. CURRY.

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

Good-night, one song before we part,
  Of purest friendship and delight,
May love flow sweetly from each heart,
  And each bid all Good-night, Good-night.

Good-night, dear friends; may happy days
  Make every vision fair and bright,
And each one bathe in golden rays
  Where none will say, Good-night, Good-night.

LABORER.

(Sing one or both verses while candidate is conducted to Lecturer on first entrance.)

AIR—*What Fairy-like Music.*

Come, Patrons assembled to bow at our shrine,
Who walk by the plow, or take pride in the vine,
While travelling in love on the green lawn of time,
Sweet hope shall light on to a far better clime.

We'll seek in our labors the Spirit divine,
Our faith to renew and our heart to refine;
And thus to our members a tribute we'll bring,
While joined in true friendship our anthem we'll sing.

(The following after obligation, as candidate retires to preparation room:)

AIR—*Home, Sweet Home.*

Be faithful, O Patron, thy promise observe!
May truth to each other our union preserve!
Keep each obligation a gem of thy soul,
'Mid every temptation untarnished and whole!

(This verse as candidate returns and passes around to Overseer:)

AIR—*What Fairy-like Music.*

See order and beauty rise gently to view;
Each brother and sister so perfect and true.
When order shall cease and when temples decay,
May each, fairer Granges, immortal, survey.

(Or this:)

L. M.—*Hamburg; or, Vanhall's Hymn.*

God of the universe! whose hand
  Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying Thy command,
  Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race.

How vast the region where Thy will
  Existence, form, and order gives!
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
  For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

Lord, while we thank Thee, let us learn
  Beneficence to all below;
Those praise Thee best whose bosoms burn
  Thy gifts on others to bestow.

WM. TAYLOR.

HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

Happy are we to-night, friends,
  Happy, happy are we;
The hearts that we delight, friends,
  With us may happy be.
Friends should laugh with those who laugh,
  And sigh for those in pain;
The most of us have met before,
  And now we meet again.
Happy are we, &c., &c.

Many will be the mile, friends,
  Many, many the mile,
That we shall rove and smile, friends,
  With friends we ne'er beguile.
The voices we have often heard,
  And faces we have met,
Like tones of sweetest melody,
  We never can forget.
Happy are we, &c., &c.

(Slow, and with feeling.)

Weary we may return, friends,
  Weary, weary at last,
But memory will learn, friends,
  To love the happy past.

Age may bring us gloomy hours,
And time may make us sad;
But we to-night are free from care,
And all our hearts are glad.
(*Spirited.*) Happy are we, &c., &c.

MAID.

(*As candidate enters, the following:*)

AIR—*Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us; or, Greenville.*

Welcome, sisters, to our Order;
We shall need your help and care.
In the harvest and the vintage
You shall have a rightful share.
Welcome, welcome,
Welcome, welcome.
Heaven bless you is our prayer.

(*After Obligation, the following:*)

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

For those now seeking for the light
That knowledge sheds o'er error's way,
A dazzling gleam bursts forth this night
To turn their darkness into day.
And for their cheer a welcome here
Spontaneous trills on every tongue,
Dispelling fear with Patron's cheer,
And welcomes from both old and young.

Break error's chain with wisdom's might,
Let truth and science have full sway,
Join in the warfare for the right,
Make art and progress rule the day.
And for your cheer a welcome here;
For those whose trust is placed in heaven
Will banish fear, while joyous cheer
To you by Patrons will be given.

A. P. CURRY.

(*At close of Degree:*)

AIR—*Flow gently, sweet Afton.*

We bid you here welcome to altar and heart—
We bid you here welcome, no longer to part—
We bid you here welcome, to shrine and to hall—
We bid you here welcome! thrice welcome to all!
Ye Reapers and Fruiters and Florists, rejoice,
And here in thanksgiving *all* lift up the voice;
Oh, never may discord heart-music destroy,
We'll sing the high chorus, the chorus of joy!

We'll sing of the grain that graces our shrine—
We'll sing of the fruits of the tree and the vine—
We'll sing of the flowers of garden and wood—
All teaching the lesson, "Our Father is good."
Thus ever from gift to the giver should rise
Our thanks for the blessings His wisdom supplies;
And ever should we His protection implore,
Whose power is dispensing His love evermore.

CULTIVATOR.

(*As candidate enters:*)

TUNE—*Zion.*

Welcome brothers, welcome ever,
To our social, friendly band,
True and faithful naught can sever
Brothers pledged in heart and hand,
Whilst our Order,
Reared in Love, shall ever stand.

(*On going from O. to L.:*)

TUNE—*Sparkling and Bright.*

O, come at the call,
There's work for all,
And a great reward for labor.
No work offends
Or want attends
The kind, true-hearted neighbor.

Then here to-day,
Our hearts so gay,
And heaven smiling o'er us,
We all unite,
With warm delight,
To sing the farmer's chorus.

Then come to the plain
Where the waving grain
Awaits us with our neighbor,
And the bounteous yield
Of the harvest field
Will repay us for our labor.
Then here to-day, &c. A. B. CURRY.

(*After Master's Lecture on planting the seed:*)

AIR—*Greenville; or, Like a Shepherd lead us.*

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatso'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

(*On going to Master to be instructed in the use of the tools:*)

AIR—*Greenville.*

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hand shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

SHEPHERDESS.

(*On entering:*)

S. M.—*Olmutz, Mornington, or Olney.*

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

MONTGOMERY.

(*After Chaplain's Charge:*)

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

Nay, speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
Then let us reach a higher mood,
The noblest summit of the mind;
For life is but a passing day,
To the oldest how brief its span;
Then in the little time we stay
Let's speak of all the best we can.

(*After Lecturer:*)

S. M.—*Olmutz, Mornington, or Olney.*

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

MONTGOMERY.

(*Close of Degree:*)

AIR—C. M.

Go, gladly, with true sympathy,
Where want's pale victims pine,
And bid life's sweetest smiles again
Along their pathway shine.

HARVESTER.

(*After Lecturer's Charge:*)

AIR—*Who'll be King but Charley?*

We'll join to sing how happy he
Who handles plow and sickle,
And who is hap'ly ever free
From freaks of fortune fickle.

When seed he soweth, and while it groweth,
Dame Nature is ever a charmer;
And we agree that none can be
More happy than the Farmer.

(*After Overseer:*)

The Farmer knows his life is one
Of labor, and not mere ease,
And that by toil alone is won
The blessing-smile of Ceres.
For him she poureth the fruit he storeth,
And proves a bountiful charmer;
Her plenty horn is full of corn
To bless the faithful Farmer.

Her kindness he to all repays
  Without a word of parley,
And folks may glean his rows of maize
  And fields of wheat and barley.
For him the fruiters, Pomona's suitors,
  And Flora, the flower charmer,
Their gifts will bring, and all will sing
  The home-bred joys of the Farmer.

A. C. THOMAS, (altered.)

HARVEST HYMN.

(On return from harvest-field:)

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Brown o'er the wide extended fields
  The heavy harvest waves;
Its treasures to the reaper yields,
  And forms the ponderous sheaves.

The loaded stack, the spacious barn,
  Receive the plenteous store;
The blessings of the coming years,
  The riches of the poor.

Now, grateful for the bounty given,
  Let constant thanks arise,
For every blessing that falls from heaven,
  Each hope beyond the skies.

HARVEST SONG.

Come, Autumn, crowned with ripened grain
  And fruits of richest flavors,
With notes of joy we hail again
  The season of thy favors;
Our hearts and voices strike the chime,
  The harvest time, the harvest time.
[Repeat at pleasure.]

The harvest sun, how bright at noon,
  His richest radiance throwing!
And, oh, how bright the harvest moon,
  As she with joy is glowing!
And fain with us would strike the chime,
  The harvest time, the harvest time.
[Repeat at pleasure.]

Our land is broad, we've every clime,
  And all some gift possessing;
And all enjoy the harvest time,
  That makes each gift a blessing;
Then let our hearts and voices chime,
  The harvest time, the harvest time.
[Repeat at pleasure.]

(Or this:)

AIR—*The Mellow Horn.*

In spring, Dame Nature gaily wakes,
  In all her proud attire,
And sunshine o'er the glassy lakes
  Reflects like liquid fire;
All nature smiles to usher in
  The blushing Queen of Morn,

And farmers with the day begin
To plant the yellow corn.
Chorus.—The yellow corn, the yellow corn,
The yellow, yellow corn.

As summer days grow long and warm
Around the laborer's cot,
And flocks and herds on all the farm
Seek some more sheltered spot,
The farmer still, with patient toil,
By faith and hope upborne,
From day to day he stirs the soil,
And hoes the growing corn.
Chorus.—The yellow corn, the yellow corn,
The yellow, yellow corn.

When Autumn comes with tinted skies,
And falling leaves proclaim
The harvest time, the farmer hies,
With ardor still the same,
To gather in from tree and field
The ripened fruit, from storm
Secures his crops, and counts the yield
In bushels of golden crown.
Chorus.—The yellow corn, the yellow corn,
The yellow, yellow corn.

Old Winter comes with roaring blast,
And drifting snow and storm,
The flocks and herds secure and fast
In well-closed barns are warm.
The farmer by his fire at ease
May sit, and laugh to scorn
The howling of the wintry breeze,

And sell his surplus corn.
Chorus.—The yellow corn, the yellow corn,
The yellow, yellow corn.

HARVEST DANCE.

(*Dedicated to the Patrons of Husbandry.*)

1. Forward and back.
2. Cross over.
3. Chassez.
4. Back to places.
5. Grand circle round.
6. Balance.
7. All promenade.
8. First two down the centre. Next, &c.
9. Cross over.
10. Swing.
11. Back to places.
12. Balance.
13. Swing.
14. All promenade. Seats.

GLEANER.

(*On candidate passing from O. to M.:*)

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

To praise the bounteous Lord of all,
Wake all your thankful powers;
He calls, and at His call come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

His covenant with the earth He keeps
  His goodness we will sing;
Summer and Winter know their time,
  And harvest crowns the Spring.

—

(*Passing from L. to Chap.:*)

Oh! not in the outward world alone
May the beautiful be to the soul made known;
In its far depths, in its inner life,
Silent and pure in its spirit rife.

—

(*Going from C. to M.:*)

Speak kindly to the erring!
  Thou may'st yet lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
  From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
  And sinful may yet be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
  As God has dealt with thee.

—

(*Close of Degree:*)

AIR—*Tyrolese Song of Liberty.*

Heartily let us join in singing,
  Heartily, O! heartily, O!
Nature e'er with joy is ringing,
  Merrily, O! merrily, O!
Heart a free domain ever craveth,
Where the golden grain Ceres waveth,
Joy and blessing ever flinging,
  Plentifully, O! plentifully, O!

Beautiful fruit Pomona groweth,
  Beautiful, O! beautiful, O!
And her varied bounty showeth,
  Merrily, O! merrily, O!
In the orchard fine she delighteth,
And to bush and vine, taste inviteth,
While the song of joy there floweth,
  Merrily, O! merrily, O!

Towering trees in wood were o'er us,
  Towering, O! towering, O!
Flowers springing up before us,
  Merrily, O! merrily, O!
Everywhere are found happy voices,
Garden, lawn, or wood—earth rejoices,
We will join Creation's chorus,
  Merrily, O! merrily, O!

Joyfully—gratefully—happily—heartily—cheerily,
  Merrily, O! Cheerily, O! Merrily, O!

HUSBANDMAN.

—

(*Any of the following, or parts of them, may be used in this Degree:*)

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

AIR—*Vacant Chair.*

There are many friends of Summer,
  Who are kind while flowers bloom;
But when winter chills the blossoms
  They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action
  Friends of worth are far and few;

So when one has proved his friendship,
  Cling to him who clings to you.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor—
  Do not deem his life untrue,
If he makes no great pretensions,
  Deeds are great though words are few;
Those who stand amid the tempest,
  Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endureth—
  Cling to those who cling to you.

When you see a worthy brother
  Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal
  Till he reach the shore again.
Don't desert the old and tried friend
  When misfortunes come in view,
For he needs friendship's comforts—
  Cling to those who cling to you.

DEXTER SMITH, *Boston.*

L. M.—*Hamburg, Park Street, or Vanhall's Hymn.*

The last full wain has come—has come!
And brought the golden harvest home;
The labors of the year are done—
Accept our thanks, All bounteous One!

For the green Spring, her herbs and flowers;
For the warm Summer's blooming bowers;
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet Autumn decks her brows.

For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn and cheers the day;
For the round moon, whose mellow light
Gilds the long labors of the night;

For the rich sea of shining grain,
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman;

For the soft herbage of the soil;
For ruddy health, the child of toil;
For *all the good* the year displays,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

BRETTELL.

TUNE—*Bonnie Blue Flag.*

[Most respectfully inscribed to Dakota Grange, No 15, P. of H., by the author.]

Now, Patrons free, of each degree,
  Who fill this spacious hall,
We'll join in joyful harmony,
  In chorus one and all;
We'll sing of heaven's gracious plan,
  To cheer the good and brave,
The true and honest husbandman
  Can never be a slave.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The *bravest* on the sod
Is the true and honest husbandman, the noblest
  work of God.

He turns his furrows deep and straight,
  His honest bread to gain,
With heart elate, he doth await
  The sunshine and the rain;

In faith he scatters wide his seed,
He deems the promise true,
And trusts that heaven for his need,
Will send the kindly dew.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Most *trustful* on the sod
Is the true and honest husbandman, the noblest work of God.

And when the harvest crowns his pains,
Who then so glad as he?
As grateful thinking o'er his gains,
He bends a thankful knee.
With heart so light, his eye so bright,
With glances kindly range
O'er brothers of the mystic rite,
The "Patrons of the Grange."
Hurrah! Hurrah! The *happiest* on the sod
Is the true and honest husbandman, the noblest work of God.

FARMINGTON, MINN. CAYENNE.

TUNE—*The Brave Old Oak.*

[Respectfully inscribed to Dakota Grange, No. 15, P. of H., by the author.]

A song to the plow, the brave old plow,
That hath ruled the wide world o'er
For life and good fare on his strong steel share
Shall depend forevermore;
There is strength in his beam, as the toiling team
Turns the furrow so long and deep,
While it mellows the sod, we have trust in God
That His promise He surely will keep.

Then a health to the plow, to the brave old plow,
Who hath fed all the nations gone;
And glory as now to the brave old plow,
When a thousand years have flown.

Thou hast seen the time when no pealing chime
Was heard the wide world through;
When the king's broad hall and the cottage small
Of a Christmas never knew.
And many a day along the highway,
Have hundreds starving lain,
They are dead, they are gone, to earth's bosom borne,
But the plow it still doth reign.
Then God speed the plow, the brave old plow,
Who hath fed all the nations gone,
And glory as now to the brave old plow
When a thousand years have flown.

Thou hast seen the time in many a clime
When the bread was hard to win,
When both great and small, at hunger's call,
Were led into deadly sin:
But thou ne'er canst say thou hast seen the day
When want bowed the strong man's head,
The righteous man's seed, in his greatest need,
Ever begged for his daily dread.
Then God speed the plow, the grand old plow,
Who hath fed all the nations gone;
And may glory as now encircle the plow
When a thousand years have flown.

CAYENNE.
FARMINGTON, MINN.

TUNE—*Red, White and Blue.*

The farmer's the chief of the nation—
The oldest of the nobles is he;
How blest beyond others is his station,
From want and from envy how free!
His patent was granted in Eden,
Long ages and ages ago;
O, the farmer, the farmer forever,
Three cheers for the plow, spade, and hoe!

In April, when nature is waking,
And bluebirds are fast on the wing,
His plow now the fallows are breaking,
Whence the beautiful harvest shall spring;
Then broadcast along the brown furrow,
We hasten the good seed to sow;
O, the farmer, the farmer forever,
Three cheers for the plow, spade, and hoe!

When Summer in beauty is glowing,
With fresh early morn he's away,
And skilfully guides he the mowing,
Or tosses the sweet-scented hay;
Then casts him at noon at the brook side,
Where gaily its bright waters flow;
O, the farmer, the farmer forever,
Three cheers for the plow, spade, and hoe!

But when, in the clear Autumn weather,
He reaps the reward of his care,
So busy and joyful together,
What monarch with him can compare?
His barns running over with plenty,
His trees with their fruit bending low,
O, the farmer, the farmer forever,
Three cheers for the plow, spade, and
[hoe!

Then sing me the life of a farmer,
With comfort and health in his train,
And heed not the voice of the charmer,
That whispers of speedier gain;
With all the rich treasures 'tis teeming,
That Heaven on its child can bestow,
O, the farmer, the farmer forever,
Three cheers for the plow, spade, and hoe!

MATRON.

(*After Chaplain:*)

AIR—*The Ingleside.*

All blind and deaf the soul may be
To God's o'erruling plan,
And nothing hear and nothing see
Of truth exalting man.
But they who look with curious eye
And list with spirit ear,
Shall see bright visions ever nigh,
And heavenly music hear.

(*Going from L. to O.:*)

AIR—*Flow Gently, sweet Afton.*

The breezes that blow o'er the broad fields of corn
Is music to them who of spirit are born;
The blossoms that blow on the tree and the vine
Direct, by their beauty, to wisdom divine;
The voices unite to impart
A lesson of trust to the lonely of heart,
And sounding from earth to the kingdom above,
Is heard the high anthem of gladness and love.

(*As Grange join hands, the following song, page* 44:)

AIR—*Good-by.*

Come, Patrons, let us join our hands
  Around our sacred shrine,
We'll pledge to each fraternal love
  As sacred and divine.

—

Chorus after Master:)

We pledge fidelity,
  Hold fast unto your vow:
In love, in truth, and charity,
  The pledge you give us now.

—

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

AIR—*Greenland.*

'Tis toil that over nature
  Gives man his proud control,
And purifies and hallows
  The temple of his soul.
It startles foul diseases,
  With all their ghastly train;
Puts iron in the muscle,
  And crystal in the brain.

The Grand Almighty Builder,
  Who fashioned out the earth,
Hath stamped his seal of honor
  On labor from her birth.
In every angel flower
  That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches—
  THE HANDIWORK OF GOD.

SPEAK NOT IN HASTE.

Time to me has taught this truth—
  'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend for want of thought
  Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey,
  There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
  There's a tone in which to say it.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
  Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys
  Which no human aid can touch.
So in many a lovely breast
  Lies some canker grief concealed,
That, if touched, is more oppressed;
  Left unto itself—is healed.

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
  Touches on a chord so aching
That a word or accent wrong
  Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
  Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
  By a quiet voice of kindness!
Time to me this truth has taught—
  'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend for want of thought
  Than from any want of feeling.

SMILE WHENE'ER YOU CAN.

AIR—*Farewell, Good-by.*

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
It is the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can!

Why should you dread to-morrow
And thus spoil your to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached!

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought, that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be *something* wanting
And tho' you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel, *Health!*

And tho' you're strong and sturdy
You may have an empty purse;
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse!)

But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up you mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can!

KATE CAMERON.

GRAPES OF THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

THINGS REQUISITE.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged; and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow, a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

AIR—*The Lone Grave by the Sea; or, The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

A smile is but a little thing
  Unto the happy giver,
And yet full oft it leaves a calm
  Upon life's boisterous river.
O, gentle words are never lost,
  However small their seeming;
And sunny rays of love are they
  About our pathway gleaming.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

AIR—*Girl I Left Behind Me.*

The burden of a good old song
  Says, "better days are coming;"
And though I've waited somewhat long,
  I still the tune keep humming.

They are not past, that all admit;
  Few think them yet begun,
Which makes the proof but clearer yet
  That they are still to come.

For if 'twas true so long ago,
  As minstrels all allow,
Though they've been moving very slow,
  They must be close by now.

Then look beyond the cloudy skies
  Where shines the future's sun,
And dry the tears that dim the eyes
  And sing the days to come.

SAUL PURDY.

WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
  Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
  Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
  And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
  And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
  Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
  Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
  Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead,
  Than alive when his work is done.

Down and up, and up and down,
  On the hill top, low in the valley,
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
  Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan, or without a plan,
  And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first-hand, like a man—
  The best way to know is to do.

Down and up, till life shall close,
  Ceasing not your praises,
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
  Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
  And the rain in its time will fall,
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
  And the grace of God through all.

ALICE CARY.

THREE OLD SAWS.

AIR—*Down by the Mill.*

If the world seems cold to you,
  Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
  Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own,
  To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
  "Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
  Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
  On the wind to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
  Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and meal invite
  Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
  Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
  Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
  Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
  Blends with Hope's bright river.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE GLEANER.

When the earth is crowned with fatness,
  And the yellow harvest yields
To the sickle of the reaper,
  Toiling in the sunny fields,
Mark the glad contented gleaner,
  Gather one by one her store—
Every act of cheerful labor
  Makes her richer than before.

Envy not thy richer neighbor,
  Though he owns a large estate;
Messengers from Heaven coming
  Do not tarry at his gate.
Open wide the cottage lattice,
  Enters in the balmy air;
And the great sun brightly shining,
  Glads the heart that worships there.

Golden treasures thickly scatter'd,
  Strew the world's great surface o'er;
Man is but a humble gleaner,
  Finding knowledge, seeking more;
Step by step he plods his way,
  One by one his blessings rise;
He who binds his store together,
  He alone is truly wise.

JUDGE NOT.

Do not rashly judge thy brother
  If he stumbles in the way;
Life's beset with sore temptation—
  He has fallen—and we may.

Let us rather kindly help him
To regain the pathway lost;
Gentle words are never wasted,
Freely give—they little cost.

Take good heed unto thy footsteps:
Round thy walk lurks many a snare.
If like him thou should'st be tempted,
O, my brother, watch, beware!

For we grope our way so blindly
Through the darksome shades of life;
And the best will err so often
'Mid its tumult, toil, and strife,

That I think it ill becomes us
Thus to judge our brother's case;
Let us wait until we've triumphed,
Standing in the self-same place.

SONG FROM GOETHE.

Many thousand stars are burning
Brightly in the vault of night;
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upward, with a fond delight.

Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky!
Weary of the world's sad story,
Ever would we gaze on high.

Odes in Funeral Ceremony.

TUNE—*Montgomery.*

Friend after friend departs!
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

TUNE—*Greenville.*

Mourner, joy! an angel's pathway
Brightens with thy treasured flower;
Wings unseen its perfume bear thee,
Sweetest in life's darkest hour.

Patrons, joy! no tie is broken—
All love's strength thou may'st retain—
God removes, but Faith has spoken,
Heaven shall yield thee all again.

Let us rather kindly help him
To regain the pathway lost;
Gentle words are never wasted,
Freely give—they little cost.

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All love's strength thou may'st retain—
God removes, but Faith has spoken,
Heaven shall yield thee all again.

TUNE—*Araby's Daughter.*

Forget not the dead, who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe—never doubt—that God who bereft us,
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears;
Other joys may be lost, but their names shall not perish
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember
The last look of life and the low whispered prayer?
O, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
When love's tablets record no remembrances there.

Then forget not the dead, who are evermore nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted beds,
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd, they are by us;
Forget not the dead—O, forget not the dead.

Castle Garden Nov 8th 73

At a meeting of Castle Garden Grange held this day, the following Wor' Bro's were chosen delegates, to attend the next County Council viz: Wm L. Stevens. N. B. Meade & Wm Blain. on motion the delegates were given power of Substitution. in case they could not attend.

Master.

Attest. Wm W. Clark, Sec.

[Nov 9, 1873]

Sunday morning about 9 o'c I sat down into [illegible] Yesterday Anything because I thought You might be inquiring The Cause forgetten You. You see it is not so. I may be mistaken in my Conjecture about the Cause of Your Laboring to Com. as perhaps You may have thought You had Good reason for retaining Your Displeasure against Me. Well, it may be so. But the Moon Echo with Comfortable interest Attempts to Ameliorate Discomfort but to fail over the Wood. I am driven to impress You with the idea that I am Present Where I am it is and Endeavour to Establish the State Quo Ante Bellum. Assuredly Your Brother would not Willingly do anything to Offend. He desires Your Welfare in All things and You Either Will not Listen because You Cannot Hear, You have some Lurking Grudge at him Which seek Opportunity to Vent itself. You must forgive my Plainness of Speech, because I suggest these Reasons to You for Your Good. Examine Your Heart and See What is the Matter, and Then Say to me just What You may Think I also Need Said to Me.

I am not Very much displeased You did not Get the Nomination, defeat in Such Affairs is not always defeat. Endeavour always to Acquiesce in the Expressed Will of the Gods, I presume You are not Disappointed, Indeed You had but small reason to think You Would be Successful Through the Virtue of Your Friends to place You before the people, You Labored too much like Cowardness, did not appear in the Market place. Not in Hand Politics, that is Secret Open as my palm Without Flatteries, Cowardice Will be the rejected one the best, Yet it is very Visible that this Country is not Victoriously Governed, No indeed.

Now let the Day that after so long an Absence I feel that Your Return to Republic and Home Would be Very Agreeable to us all. Brother often Expects Your Advice, I am Satisfied You needed to Go away and see Others. You Should obtain all the Benefit possible from Your Voluntary Exile from Home. But I also desire much You were here. Tom Finke Commences tomorrow to teach per School at 40$ four Months. 50 Have been Voted this last Annual Meeting for the Beginning of School Tuition. Finke boards with his Brother Lewis in Lake Crystal at 4 $ per week, keeping Horse and Buggy Supporting Father & Mother and two Sister. They are Compelled to Give up all their Land I hear after having paid Mortgages. Cannot make it pay, besides all Misfortune because of the Loss of the Son and Brother last Winter in the Storm.

I have not received any letter from Uncle Wellcome in a long time. How is he, and Aunt Grandfather, and indeed I wish to Know Each- the Whole Household. All are. I regret I am not able to write to All of them. I wonder I know that they are Lonesome. Yet I wonder Willingly for me to Excuse Myself that they are.

Now I would like suggest to you that while being with Dr Benson you should occupy yourself in your leisure hours in Acquiring some knowledge of the remedial power of the physicians what more desirable, than to be able to do Good to the many diseased to to the poor whom you should wish to help. Especially

I think you could acquire sufficient knowledge to at least be able to cure some of the penalties of poor Humanity, at least so much as to be able to say where a Physician were needed. See what Prentiss would recommend. if the suggestion is agreeable to you. I am certain you would much Enjoy being able to assist in any case of suffering. Besides such knowledge Gives one a certain Authority to dictate to the ignorant it is Generally only Well received from one whom they believe possessed with such Authority. think of it. Besides it would enable you to take better Care of yourself, you should acquire by such Study a greater reverence for the Welfare of the Body: by having it impressed upon you "how fearfully and Wonderfully they are made

Saturday Morning Nov 10th I do not feel Well enough this morning to do more than close this in the shortest way. Be pleased to write to me as Soon although I write none or little do not you Cease to Continue letting me know your Whereabouts Mentally and Morally I am Always anxious on your account Bearing about With me Sweet Care for every one of You. Daniel Ayer Visited to you Yesterday. Tommy Dyer asked me to ask if you Write often to me. and I Shall tell you Dan not answered his last or He would not Grow Sober upon so long a Stem today. Thomas Burke came here Yesterday. Brought over from Crystal Lake by Daniel. Both of them Speak as if Acquainted With You. Tom is a Member of the Congregational Church in Mankato He seems much pleased With us. is a More sober Boy than Daniel. Sam also Daniels Superficial of Cas. He is Studying Greek and Latin as he Can. Without a Teacher, and intends in Spring to Go to College somewhere I Presume Means to Go to Beloit or Northfield. He seems Earnest and Anxious to Learn. Boys Gather it in Sometimes I know not, although I do not remember Seeing, they intend Staying over Sunday here, to See me. It is So long and Changeful Year since I Lived in Dundee much. They Get Newspapers from there, and tell me that a Bridge is Building there Across the Estuary of the Bay at Dundee 2 Miles long. being the Greatest Bridge in the World.

While I must close here, and Content You to Continue Writing, letting the forgetting that I should also Write to You.

My Signature as Your Father ought to Express all kind Regards. J. Christie

Rothfield Miss. —

Nov. 15th 1873.

Mr W. L. Stephens.

Dear Sir.

I have h- one
bearing date of 10th & 14th inst- I received
this Evening - also check for $20.00 en-
closed - I will act il it cashed on Monday.
Estella is well as usual, & doing well. -
I endeavor to act the part of a friend
to her at all times, & she has ever found
me by the kindness & thoughtfulness with
which she listens to, & acts upon, at
once any advice or counsel I may
give her. - She read a letter this week
from her Cousin Lottie Smith from
which she learns of the death of an
Aunt. - It affected her very much - I
don't think she slept much the first

night after getting the letter & the next morning, It was with the greatest difficulty I could get her to go down to breakfast. -

She is always much pleased when she gets letters from yourself or her brothers - I hope the boys will write to her often. - I thank you very much for having mentioned our people in your letter - No matter where I am, I can never get over being homesick a little at times - & am always glad of any word from home - It did me good, even to have David's name mentioned by Boodle, in his letter to Estella. -

We are always expending money here, so please excuse the brevity of this - You must give Estella credit for being a good daughter in writing to you often as she does - for very few here do it - Here is not time - but Estella improves every minute on Sundays for that purpose - The money you have sent I feel quite confident will be enough for all expenses - but if not will be glad to do as you say - Hoping this will find yourself & family well & remain

Yours Respectfully,

S. J. Christie. -

to say nothing of new ones, now you may think we live high or dress well, or do some other thing to waste means, Now it is an actual fact, that $1 50 dollars covers all our expenses in the for the last twelve months, including everything we have eaten drunken or worn. So you see we are not heavy on such things now mind this is our own bread and meat included and there is a family of five steady besides occasional help at odd times I had a letter from Father last week in which he seems to think I have nothing to do but be a Christian, or some such thing as the Churches recognize as such, but I have no idea that there is any need of being one of them when it dont make any better men of them than I see, and as a general thing hear tell of Mary is well as yet, the boys are hearty and well, and David is swelling round in his first boots

Had a letter from Sarah, she speaks as though she was settled for life at Carleton, Your loving Brother

[William D. Chesterton]

Saratoga
N.Y. Nov. 16th 73

Well Brither o'mine [Alexander]

Whit way are ye, are ye weel, an doin weel, I houp sae, and that ye are brawsome, and mirry I wad fain see ye this winter, an sae I houp ye've been elected that muckle office ye war thinkin about, Jan my wife an bairns are a weel, and roond about our daily work, but I canna had out much langer wi' my blatherin kind o' talk or I'll be sair tired o't,

But no matter about the above, have you yet been brought into the light, and if you have, how do you like it, and I realy hope you have succeeded in your first try at an election, for such an office as you were looking for and that the people among whom you live, have laid aside party prejudice and religious bigotry and put you

the right man in the right place I would not advise you however to go into politics on a party basis or in any away to ~~trouble~~ dirty your hands. for the sake of any office, politics today are like sheep ticks the poorer they are killed off the better and a new crop of useful economics brought into their place, your school I suppose is accepting your time and utmost attention and as there will be but little from you in any way, as for me I am not in the right way or I would do better than I am doing or likely to do, I believe in the us. here are growing poorer every season a greater load of interest and debt is eating out our life blood from day to day. just think of it Wheat selling at 74 cents. for no 2 in St Charles and nearly every bushel that goes there is graded as such & and I do well as others are actually forced to sell at such prices

Now Dandy I am not writing for effect not by any means, when I say I am swamped as sure as fate in one more year if things go with me as they are going, I am always falling behind. and having a greater log to over from one season to another, What this fall would I think have been worth more only for the smash East, but that is no comfort to me. it is not bringing cost price and that is the rub Jay Cooke can bust, and live in a 100000 dollar house, and so on, with many others, more or less in the same fix while we poor mud sills must work hard dress poorly, and house meanly and help to make up poor Cooke's losses, and so it goes grind grind. for me and all such as I am while he and such as he build Churches and cheat and pray and so forth. and such no matter,. I have sold more than half my wheat if I had seed. and has not done much to clear off old scores

Dear Quartet

Mrs Bois and Lee,

Hefner Low and Christie

Will you individually

and collectively afford me the

pleasure of your company

this afternoon to "Tea"

Come as early as you can

and thus make happy one.

L. B. C.

Nov. Je 21 —— 1873.

Sowell Wisconsin.

Nov. 23d, 1873.

My Dear Father: [James Chuste]

I have owe O

you a letter for many days, in answer
to your excellent reminder of my duty
as a son. I will try to write you
often in future, not expecting one
from you always in turn. It is always
a glad day to me when I get a line
from you: but I know how writing
exhausts you.

I was in Beaver Dam on Friday afternoon, Evening, and Saturday morning, stopping over with Uncle Dave. I fixed financial matters with him, by giving Dave another year on that note, and I promising to let him have the past year's interest soon. Dave can send to me at Reeseville by

Express and I will attend to it.

Uncle David has received the appointment as Guager for Manitowoc Co- - a place worth, say $120 per. mo. Everybody likes "Dave" or "Bert." - as they call him - for he is an excellent business man and a better companion: always cheerful and full of wit and good sense. Whether the hemoroids trouble him or not. This seems to be the condition - for there is hardly any other - of success: just have "gumption" and make folks forget their cares in your presence. Uncle said to me the other day if he both loved and respected me, and I have good reason to feel grateful to him. Now that I am a Mason I am no further from him: Now, you are surprised! Especially at my not mentioning the matter in advance. My reasons are many: Chief among them, that I long for human sympathy: - alone, far from home, I long for that sympathy which only brethren feel and freely proffer each other: I feel about in the Infinite Deane to grasp a Brother's hand. This ancient and honorable Order are bound to each other by strong ties as brethren of one family, filial love is a cardinal principle in their creed inculcated by precept and example from time immemorial: and here, as at home, I feel the responsive heart throb. There is too little of this in the world. It is not wrong that the brethren keep the secrets of the family, and possibly may have punished those who have betrayed or attempted to betray them. How is it in any

family? How ought it to be?

Again: If I would be successful in life, I must mix with my fellowmen. I cannot and will not do this, either at the altar or at the bar. I must do it somewhere. There it left me the secret order. I have chosen the secret order par excellence. You see this view is mercenary. So be it; we must be mercenary or hurt mits. I may say, I went through two degrees in better shape than anyone ever did in Lowell. And next month I take the third. Of course, in time I will go further. To be a Master Mason must content me like my pursuit longer: this ~~last~~ costume $30. O.S.B. is a Royal Arch degree. But I must dismiss the subject. I will write Henry Dyer concerning the greatling, and

Yours truly,
Allyn Cousens.

Dear Cousins,

Lowell. Evening Nov. 24' 73.

My Dear Sister: [Sarah Christie]

No letter from you yet in answer to my last. I trust you are in health and only busy in your vocation. I am. Of course. The usual duties of my School, which now averages 48; The blackboard work for Mod. Singing School, and the hidden mysteries of Free Masonry, take up the most of my time. I keep jogging away; and God were not God, did nothing come of it.

Send Dear Alford to you by mail a long time ago: but Shaw's Manual I never saw.

If you have a chance, read "Mulligans Structure of the Eng. Lang." I am trying to get hold of Latham. And will try to do a little at Anglo-Saxon. These long nights must not go by unladen,

There was a Musical Convention at Paper Mill last week, Conducted by Emerson of Boston. I let out School Friday and took part in the afternoon and evening Concert. 70 Singers. Hawley ran the organ.

Emerson is the incarnation of poetry and music, and I would he spoke Grammar.

Uncle David has received an appointment as Guager in Hamilton Co. at about $120. per Mo. All the folks as usual. Have not been in Clyman for three months.

Of course you know Slavin was elected by a large majority. Had I got the nomination I would have been beaten.

How does life in Northfield? Do you like your situation, and do you think it permanent?

"I sent him to bring the book."

Analysis.

A simple, declarative sentence. Subject, I; predicate, sent him to bring the book. Sub. Nominative, I - unmodified; predicate verb, sent, limited by the direct object him and the infinitive of purpose (a phrase), to bring the book. In the latter, to bring is the principal word, and limited by the direct objective phrase the book, in which book is the principal word and is rendered definite, or its definiteness is indicated, by the article the.

Parsing of to bring.

To bring is an active infinitive of the irregular, trans. verb bring, here modified sent by indicating the purpose of sending, and has him as its subject.

I do not call to bring a present

tense, for it is not, neither by primitive signification or present use. As you may not have access to Mulligan, I will say further, that the Anglo-Saxon verb had no future tense. It had definite past forms, and a form which had no coherent indication of time, which Mulligan calls the Indefinite Tense, because it might be used in any tense. Most grammars call this in the present tongue the present.

In the expression above, to bring denotes an action future to the time indicated by Sent, and further we need not, for we cannot go. No one can tell whether it ~~denotes an action~~ has the bringing stands related in time to either the ~~writer~~ writer or reader. But with this latter we have nothing to do. In the example, this form to bring seems to be a future rather than a present.

But I must close. I write one a line, however short.

Yours affectionately Alex.

Rapidan, Nov. 27th 1873

Daughter Sarah [Sarah E. Christie]

I am surprised you have not written to us lately. I had a letter from Willie this week in which he said you had written to him. He gave me a very sad account of his affairs. Whether from the want of judgement or from what I cannot tell, under low prices he is nearly broke down. Seems to lose energy in the struggle. Rode he started his married life on that place in debt and has been kept down ever since paying interest, he is sober, works hard, his wife also assisting and yet I am afraid he will Go to the Wall. I cannot assist him and it Grieves me much. I cannot even Go down and see him and look over his affairs and devise some method to Get him out of his difficulties. The man that starts farming poor, unless possessing health and strength, Great prudence, & sound judgement and Extensive knowledge besides a Good farm will always be poor. Daniel has Signed both him for 200$ to save his Farm being taken from him last Spring, and now I do not really see how Willie will ever be able to pay it unless he sells out his farm.

I expect to hear that You are in Good health and should also like to learn from You if Your duties in College are discharged to the satisfaction of the proprietors and those more immediately Connected with Your Department, indeed I long to see You and learn all from Yourself of Your present position. I write this now at 5 A.M. on this Thanksgiving Morning and look back to the past and at the present and feel how much I have to be thankfull for. Especially in My own personal affairs. I have indeed much to be thankful for. All of it being undeserved, as in fact I find that I shall justly forfeited even the right to Life and the place of Hope. And I am Given to see how Merciful God has been to me. Yet the trouble and the Cause of the trouble of My Children Grieve me much pain and at times a terrible anxiety. There are many reasons to Say I should have their Society and I shall not forget them.

We expected that you would have written to us about the note due some weeks a few days, and Expect that next mail day you will give us notice to go to the Express Office for the money. David has already received notice from the Bank of the period of its Expiration. He has already sold much wheat at low prices and has not been able to make much Clearance of his own debts. On this Topic I need not say more to you. You know the need of promptness in this matter, and should immediately draw upon the Treasurer of the College and forward it at once.

I may say we are all in the usual state of Health. Did I tell you that Thomas Kirk is teaching our School and boarding with us? he is a Good and Amiable looking young man of 21. feels himself Quite at home with us, I think I mean his father in Dundee, and would like to see the Old Mans who lives now at Lake Coyotat, they have had to give up their Farm, are not able to carry it on, and Make it keep them and pay what they owe on it. David Kirks is teaching on Lake Coyotat and keeps the whole family. I anticipate You will be here at Christmas time for I am Anxious to see You and learn all about Your present position. I have sent a letter to Uncle Tom Reid and Lettie Jamie's picture to his Great Grandmother, I think I could have sent her something more But I have Nothing. One letter only from Tom since he left here, very few from Sandy, I scarce know his present Move I hear so Little from him. I have received no letter from your Uncle Wm in many Months. And I am not able now to Write letters.

I think You due to Stella Stevens, She needs Looking to. I perceive She Writes letters to Laura Hathaway. Remember they are all of them a poor, ignorant, race of people as ready to lead one another astray and more so than anything else. Really in much more danger, and also more dangerous than their Old Acquaintance the Irish.

Now it is Daylight, Grey, Cold, Cloudy and Gloomy, While November Month of repentance. full of Convictions and Sadness. Without Life in Anything, Stript and Naked, Leafless and Bare the trees etc. etc. but there arms implore Mercy. and to be again Clothed like us looking for the Resurrection, it While Come, let us not despair, But, doing What We can. Certain Assured that the Mercy will again return. that the Sun of righteousness While yet arise with Healing in his Wings: for You, for me, for All Praying for his Coming.

J Christie

H. Edgerton 1763-1849

John Galt 1779-1839

Prof. J. Wilson 1785-1854

Baron Bunsen

Miss Austen 1775-1817

Theo. Hook 1788-1842

Jane Mollope

Miss Mitford 1789-1855

Bon Bedford 1759-1844

Thos. Hope MD-1831

"And he that overcometh & keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations."

Rapidan, Wednesday 10th Dec 1873

My Dear Sarah, [Christie]

Your to me, and another to Davie Both Bank Drafts all received duly. I must say I feel Especially Glad that You were so prompt to the day in the Payment of Shaubuts Note.

It is so agreeable to find the Response returned in the same Way to the Note Requested in the Conscience, it Establishes our Confidence in one Another. Mother And I ought to thank You and I do. Yet I know You have no Money to Give away. I would much rather think that You had Observed the Cash of Economiousness for the time, and that You kept your Purse firmly Closed to all but Creditors. Else You must know have Nothing Which is our own, entitle Me "some to Mean anything". This Generosity is a besetting Sin of Yours, and I suspect has led You into an Immense Amount of Trouble. That is a Pleasure Which You must learn to deny Yourself of. Here, right Here, You must learn to take up the Cross.

I did not mean to Offend in What I said about ingenuousness. Not at all but simply Wished You to Abandon that Reserve Which is Customary in an Ordinary Correspondence between Friends, to indeed Write freely to me as I presume I am that Friend of Yours Who is most earnestly Desirous for Your Welfare. Yet I know it is nearly impossible for a Woman to do so. They weigh Every Word so Carefully Which has any reference to their particular Personality. And Yet I ask for no Secrets. Simply a Free Intercharge of Thought, untrammelled by the Conventional Reserves of Society.

Here in our School House there is to be a festive Gathering of Young and Old on Christmas Eve. A Tree is to be set up an Address, Singing, Santa Claus and Candy for the Children. I am not pleased You Both not be here. Mrs Clark and Emma are to solicit and Arrange the Eatables. Mrs Clark Was Enquiring if You were to be here at me on Sunday according to What You say. David Will have to Come to Manhatt for You on Christmas day. It would best be Well either for You or him to Come out After Nightfall on Christmas Eve, because he must Accompany Emma to the School House. If You cannot Arrange Differently, and I know not How You Can, You Will reach Home on Christmas day.

I had a letter from Sandy last Week and he tells me he has become a Mason, is to take his Third Degree Shortly and then Will be a Master I have not as Yet Written to him since. Has he told You?

I have received but one letter from Dow since the

left I think. And I feel as if Carmie were driving a wedge between him and me. I am conscious that there is a cold Going on between us, and I regret it if it is necessary for his ~~God~~ I am willing. I can wait without Explanation into the revelations of all secrets. Nor would I like to trouble him by any vindication of myself. I think Time means this always. And I hope he may not be blessed in a merely Conventional Religion. Nor imbibe the prevalent Self-Righteousness of Modern Pharisaism. There is a Quick Aristocracy of the Elect then there order which looks down upon poor Sinners like me only to Give us tracts and Speak to us of our Shortcomings. I am not yet sufficiently Humble to take their patronizing Talk patience. If I were to become bold as they are I would tell them some things would make their Ears tingle. More here the Devil tries to get in and would make me say perhaps those things which would be Utter Nonsense.

I feel Quite pleased and Grateful to president Young for his Kindness and Confidence in you. There can be Nothing more pleasing and sustaining to a Servant than the Expressed or implied Approbation of his Employer. I long enjoyed that position while serving the Government in Ireland. and fully understand the Satisfaction you must derive from it. None sincerely I think that I have sufficiently Worthy to receive the praise of the Unseen Master under Whose Eye We are all placed. But I am Quite Conscious that I have not as yet reached so far - indeed pretension for as to presume to look for it. I sometimes take refuge under the Shield which seems to present itself to me in these words of the Apostle James - "If our Hearts Condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth All things". I can plainly see two readings to this. Which are these. If our hearts condemn it must be because of Consciousness of demerit, and therefore God who sees our Hearts and knows us better than we Can ourselves, must Condemn us Also. Because He sees our demerits better than we can.
But I read this Way. God who knows all things to the utmost perfection of knowledge, knows the many difficulties of our position, our intrinsic Weakness, and the Hereditary taint of Sinfulness which We have born heirs to. He therefore, although our own hearts do Condemn us, yet does not. Because "He remembereth that We are but dust (and instead of Condemning) pitieth us as a Father pitieth his Children" Tell me which do you think is the Correct reading of this Scripture? I cannot fill the other half sheet, and must Lay Aside for a time, please write a little note of ten Minutes length if pressed for time or want of Ability. I get few letters now, and think it is because I do not write many. It should not be so. Therefore enable I become my Children ought to be more to make up for it. Seeing you soon. Yours in the pleased anticipation of
Affectionate -

I wrote to Mr. Thos. Waterman
five Sabbaths ago
for that
Mrs. Sarah
Walker
to Sabbath
14th inst
the last

Lowell Mass.
10 o'clock AM. Dec. 10' 73.

Dear Father: [James Christie]

Here I am, treading in your footsteps of thirty or forty years ago, studying Chemistry while "good men sleep;" so that I may be able to talk with you of "protoxides" and "bicarbs" even if I turn it to no other use.

Now I am as fond of mathematics as the average boy, — of the beauty of its matter and the unsurpassed, the unequaled precision of its manner; but I must say Chemistry unfolds to me a world of wonders perhaps more enchanting. I envy those who have the advantage of laboratory and lecture room, or even cash to pay for Chemicals and bottles, &c. — but I must just make them envy my industry, and maybe I will come out neck and neck.

The Doctor here has several works, to all of which he makes me welcome; and recently he purchased Liebig's complete works on Chemistry, much of which you probably read in Britain.

These are the Divine Mysteries, and those the divinely inspired priests of the Most High! And this the word of God! Beside the Mathematics, the Chemistry, the Geology of today, how pigmy the old books and mummery of religious sects and secret orders, — the abracadabra's and jugglery of 'ignorant ages.'

I say that science should constitute the basis of every religion, and Modern science at that. I firmly believe every system of religion is of human origin, built up on the crude and scanty knowledge of the universe which was possessed by the fabricators. Since we possess far more knowledge of the Cosmos, we can fabricate a better system than any.

I am sorry that Tom has been led to give in his adhesion to the losing side — to take his seat on an iceberg so rapidly nearing the Gulf Stream. I can hardly believe it possible that anyone should believe to gross an absurdity or to grand a scale as that anybody or any being could make this universe out of nothing! That granted, he may very consistently give his assent to less enormous absurdities, — and all others must necessarily be less.

By George, I stand in utter amazement at the spectacle of today: — myriads of what are called reasonable beings believing the thousand-and-one nursery tales and old wives' fables to be God's own truth, reading for Gospel what if they heard it in the corner grocery or blacksmith's shop they would pronounce to many whoppers, and the story-teller an outrageous liar.

I stand firmly opposed to the whole tissue of falsehood from Genesis to Revelation. I defy any man even to put in a good defense for his adherence to so gross a system as even the Christian. We can hardly call them grown folks who do; and do you know, there is something weak and puerile about them. It is your selfish who makes the mathematician and logician.

The Church too is actually more in need of an antiseptic than anything else, and I, for one, would as lief go to Utah's prison as join the Church. There is but one material difference as regards the company: in the former Church or Ecclesia they are kept busy in something else than each others scandalous affairs!

Perhaps you think I'm joking: but in less than ten years I will be the most determined iconoclast that has been abroad.

The winter here is open. The drizzling rain is freezing as it falls tonight.

Good night to all Sandy.

Sowell Hse. 13th. 73.

My Dear Selin: [Sarah Christie]

Yours received.

I am somewhat surprised at Tom's decision to identify himself with the Episcopal Church: for I thought he was tending toward ultra Calvinism. If he wishes to worship, certainly he is wise in leaving the Congregational fold: but dear me! he must take so much poison with his victuals! I am, heart and head, with the Protestants, Recusants, Dissenters and Dissenters of every Epoch: And I would that Tom were. But let him go on; he will read and think himself out of the Episcopal fold, and join hands with the Scientists of the 19th Century Ere he "scratches an old man's head."

shall reverently deny the possibility of disharmony at the advent of the barbarian Joshua.

Blind acquiescence in stultifying propositions is no panacea for moral evil: pray or saved not the Ville du Havre: nor in this age does the shadow go back on the dial.

Out beyond the landmarks set up near the cradle of the race, the men of the 19th Century sail: the great globe with its mighty Continents and circling seas lies before him: let him go out in quest of knowledge and wealth, nor fear the Leviathans of the deep!

En avant! The nursery, with its tales, is outgrown: the cradle is abandoned, and we launch the stately ships! Go back to swaddling clothes, those who will! Yours bro. Alex.

My sympathies are with the Deistic not with the blindly faithful. With Galileo as against Ptolemy, with Mac Laurin as against Usher, with Luther as against Eck, with Servetus as against Calvin, with Lambert as against Henry Eighth, with Washington as against George Third, with Tom Payne as against Holden, with Chemistry as against Alchemy, with Mill and Bacon as against Deduction and the Syllogism with Doubt, Scepticism, Democracy, Science as against unthinking acquiescence in the Ipsissima and Dicta of Kings, Priests, and Themistic Dreamers and Rhapsodists.

Success to Darwin and Huxley, and may weeds grow over the halls of the Propaganda! May the Anglican Church supplant the Roman, and the Enlightened human mind outgrow them both!

The giants of story slew lions and put to flight the Armies of the Aliens: the giants of today wear inoffensive paper-Collars, and bear in their minds the Infinitesimal Analysis and Chemical formulae. The dreams of old give place to the reality of today: idle Speculation is no match for the Industry of Kepler and Liebig: the lazy, inconstant Hebrew drops far behind his manumitted serf. The Teuton.

And from the heart of the human Brotherhood comes the murmur "So mote it be." Before the Grandeur of human possibilities, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, all must pass away; the disenthralled Chemist shall be more devout than the enslaved Alchemist, the wise Geologist than the Mosaic Cosmogonist, and the heir of the disinherited Ishmael

Rockford Seminary

Dec 17. 1878.

My dear Miss Christie. [Dead]

Yours was received, and I much regret delay in the reply. I have been absent & am not well to-day. I have been very busy, & have been very much troubled. Some as to wording of the memo. Please do not interpret any delay as want of interest in your own welfare or that of the noble work in which you are engaged. To answer your question, The use

Worcester's Outline of Ancient and Modern History, and continue the Study the amount of one year's time two lessons per week. It is taken by topic, in connection with other historical works of reading and study, and general instruction by the teacher. which I think is the only true way to teach history.

My kind regards to dear Mrs. Hunt. I will write to her as soon as I can. Please remember me to President Strong and wife, to your Matron, and also to your Professor of Nat. History who gave me such kind attentions when at your College. I have very pleasant memories of my stay at Northfield, & hope we may have the pleasure of a visit from you at Rockford at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly

Anna P. Sill.

Monticello, Dec. 17, 1873.

Dear Friend; [Sarah Christie]

I have been thinking much of you for a day or two and want to write a little while. O how I would like to come into your room, sit down and have a good long talk. Some way I can talk with you. There are so few with whom I can feel perfectly free and can say just what I want to. I think I am different from many. I have I suppose a heart and affections, but they are so seldom stirred, at least anything more than superficially. You don't feel that way I know for your nature is so different from mine - you are naturally sympathetic and affectionate. Well, I suppose I am to some extent but so many times I have seemed to myself a cold

heartless selfish creature - - - - Here comes the thought so well expressed in the saying. "Self depreciation comes not of not humility. It comes too often from pride." So I think, but how hard it is for us to come in to the right state of mind. We try to be humble. Perhaps we are but the very knowledge of feeling that we have humility has in it an element of pride. What shall we do about it? It is for us to grow in christian character, but we cannot do it by looking constantly inward, by watching too closely our virtues and our defects. Like the plant, which, totally unconscious of its own growth and development, rises toward the sun drinking in light & heat and absorbing moisture from the ground, so we are to look upward to our Creator & Father for strength & nourishment. If we do this and exercise our powers in their proper sphere we shall develope noble character. We must look outward, upon those around us helping to comfort & cheer them, then shall we be comforted ourselves. We shall be happy. - - - How we theorize - how little do we practice. I do think we can put some of our theory into practice and I am trying to do it. There is opportunity for me here at home to do it. My brother Frank, fourteen years of age, occupies my thoughts much of the time. He is a thorough boy, rude in some things as having some bad peculiarities yet a boy that will make a man if he takes the right course - that depends, in great measure upon surrounding influences and there is where the responsibility falls on me with others of the family. In some things I alone have his confidence. O I do hope I may not abuse it but may do just the way best for him, treat him just the right way. Last night he wanted to have his hair done up on papers so we fixed it. You ought to have seen him this

morning. Such a hat! It was a little
too much even for him, and before
he went to the school room his curls
were all combed out. He could not
risk being an object of ridicule.
Well, this interests you, don't it?
Miss Upton wrote me a nice long
letter and told me so many things that
I like to know - just how the girls are
doing, that she did up your hair for your
pc. I'm so sorry she is so troubled
with a cold. You must not let her
get real sick. She is so far from home
and deserted by her roommate. She is a
dear good girl.

Almost time for you to go home.
I shall think of you with that dear
old father of yours. Won't you write me
when you are home and give me a
good talk just as you would if I were
with you at your home! Remember
or perhaps I should say, introduce me
to your father. Tell him I wish I could see him.

How is my health? do you ask?
I am better than I was in ⁂ — decidedly yet not so fully recovered as to feel certain that the winter term will find me in school again. My stomach is in a better condition and I have much more strength yet I am not as I need to be. I have done very little work of any kind since coming home. Mother won't let me. This morning, however, I cleaned the pantry. That, you know is a long, slow piece of work.

How are all the girls? Do Miss Sheldon's eyes so she can see them? and does Miss Starr keep round! I hear that the new piano is set up. Now, gymnastics will go off. Wish I could try the new instrument. The new hymn books go nicely of course.

Remember me to Mrs. Lee, Miss Dow and Mrs. Boice — all the rest too.

Tell the girls I want to write to them and will get to them before very long.

How about the scarf? Did you get
anyone to crogn no crochet it for
you? I supposse those little stockings
are done — lots of love in every stitch.
We are to have a Christmas tree here
and I expect to do something both
for entertainment and for presents.
Martha is well for her mineral
well. Sister Kate gets along finely in
school has two more days — then a
vacation of two weeks.
What beautiful weather we are
having and such sleighing! I just
long to follow the jingling bells but can-
not for my brother-in-law has let
some one else have his horse for
the winter — but I come walk and I
do — am out of doors a good deal.
I have been just an hour writing
this letter. I cannot now go and
get my dinner Goodbye.
Yours with Lots of love
Myra Brown

Lowell Wis. Evening Dec. 19th. 73.

My Dear Father:

I closed out the first term of this school year today, and now I will be free for two weeks. I will stay here, to study and visit around, this latter quite indispensable. I find that a village schoolmaster must be no stranger at the firesides of the patrons, nor entirely unknown where'er they choose to congregate, even in the grog-shops. I drop into Wolff's Saloon occasionally to play a game of checkers with some friend who chooses to frequent the place, and perhaps once a week I take a glass of cider; in all this there is no danger and much profit to the philosopher; I tell it you, not to arouse your fears, but to allay them; for silence as regards my habits ought to excite suspicion more than an unvarnished tale.

This term has lasted over three and a half months, and has been one preëminently of hard work and results. Without squaring up the books for the last month, I may estimate the average attendance for the term at 45 in my room - a very fair school - and 40 down stairs. I insisted upon application to books and good order, and put it through. The majority I managed with a system of credit marks - a species of currency - and Monthly reports to parents; the remainder I "whaled" into good humor and right habits, not desisting though several left school and parents raised a howl. I even sent some off, carried everything with a high and strong hand, gave Lowell Village to understand I knew more about my business than they, and furthermore was ready at any moment to whip their ugliest man. I shut up every man disposed to grumble, talked like an oracle to the restive, and publicly dried up the two

I will stay here through vacation. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all, and many returns of the like to the old folks.

go to Baltimore.

Yours Truly
Thos. Augustus Edison.

There are two Tabernacles for Children - and they are: The Story of Jesus Christ, and the Babe of Bethlehem:

My Dear Wife
Write.
Yours affe -
Sunday.

or three avowed enemies. I gave them to understand I was built for a "row". It was "pastime" in the country I came from, and I was spoiling for a fight. You ought to see the different face this put on the matter. They looked me over, considered my build, complexion, powers of endurance in walking studying and going without sleep, and after all they thought I might be a book-worm and something more." I also wrought hard in drilling my pupils more thoroughly in everything than ever before. I laid myself out for any amount of investigation; - in the sphere of Physical Geography in connection with Colton's Maps. I looked through many books, Chief amongst which were Maury's superb book on the Physical Geog. of the Sea, (which Spt of Wills) and the Cosmos. Today was a triumph. My scholars acquitted themselves nobly in the departments of Reading, Arithmetic, and Grammar; and when I reached the globe and outline maps, they showed to the satisfaction of all present that they knew more mathematical and Physical Geography than the teachers of the County. One of the "three", an old school teacher, in a last flicker of opposition, unfortunately took exception to the parsing of a verb: but I saw the poor devil like a flash through all the grammars he had ever seen and many more, back into A.S. Anglo Saxon and Moeso-Gothic, arrayed against him the potent names and arguments of Mulligan, Latham, Dean Alford, and Becker, and made him strike his colors and capitulate.

With my hand on the globe, and my head full of loxodromic curves and the transcendental analytics, What care I for all the Gnostics this side Hades?

There is nothing like a man's being diligent in his business; and I have an abiding faith that he shall not stand before mean men. Work, work, this is the law: and a grand old law it is. This is the gospel to men. Worthy only of the Orient. That fable of the primeval curse of labor. Let the Teuton laugh at the sons of Shem, for labor proves itself everywhere a blessing.

I have read over Youmans little work on Chemistry, and intend going over several more, including Leibig's Complete work. To this my vacation and much of my spare time this winter will be devoted. Towards spring I wish to go as thoroughly into Anatomy and Physiology, while here with the Doctor, and preparatory to going into some other place and perhaps a "more extended sphere of usefulness". I wish you were young again and we together: for I think I am actuated with the same spirit that was yours when a young man, hungering and thirsting after knowledge and a supreme contempt for the nursery tales when they are set up for tests of divine inspiration. The intellect of youth may not discern many certainties in the realm of kindling fancies, but I think it has the power to grasp the truth and fact in this Cosmos, to reach out a strong right arm and lay hold of the stone realities of this nether world, whatever of airier spheres may escape its cognizance, or slip through its fingers.

Do you remember hearing of Grimsby, the Methodist Preacher in Watertown who married Willie and Mary, and whom Dave heard preach at the funeral of Anne Ford on the last day of '66? He was up at the school one morning early as a book-peddlar, his book entitled Something about Science and Religion, I forget what. After he had talked 15 minutes — these Methodist Preachers are most unmannerly talkers — I told him he could find the theory as originally promulgated by Hugh Miller in the Testimony of the Rocks. As he seemed to make light of the sceptics, I gave him a few facts: the flint-and bone remains in the gravel beds of the valley of the Somme near Amiens and Abbeville, the relics of the Stone age in the Lakes of Switzerland, etc, and dried his 4 thousand years theory up. What poor, half-witted fellows receive calls to preach!

I have not heard from Lou about this move toward the Anglican fold. With all its conservation of the time-honored reverence for the reverend, etc, this Church stands one step near Romanism, and Romanism is the conserved middle ages, and the middle ages are but one form of outrageous heathenism. Christianity is but a form of the heathenism of old. and Congregationalism is a species of Christianity partaking of the heathenism of the genus; but both are valuable as steps in the right direction, in the direction of freedom from the sway of priestcraft with its vain imaginings erected into a Cosmogony and Theosophy. Let all forms of guesswork - lazy guesswork, give place to the results of patient investigation: let the Hebrew Rhapsodist coming up from his wild musings in the wilderness, pour his ravings about this universe: - he has hardly noticed the color of the Dead Sea waters, nor can he tell proximately why sparks are prone to fly upwards; let him wrap his unwashed garments about his greasy hide, and be still, the miserably ignorant benighted barbarian, while the Lyells, Liebigs, Newtons, and Huxleys, come forth from their communings with Nature and tell us of the things that are.

Let the Cow that brought back the ark from Philistia give place to the railroad train with its load of pianos and threshing machines; the rod that budded, to Rochester apple trees; and the cloud that rested between the Cherubim, to the smoke which hangs over manufacturing towns. And let the bells of New Jerusalem ring out Hebraic myth, and ring in the science of today. A miserable going away backward is this of a light-complexioned heir of the scepticism of 40 years ago filling his face toward the holy Sepulchres and Stones of Akaba, the robes and sprinklings, bowings, kneelings, formulas and genuflections of the days of Henry Eighth and Constantine. Oh miserable! to take the book of Joshua as authority on Astronomical phenomena, and ignore the Principia Mathematica and Mechanique Celeste! To go away backward! To leave us for the shadow of the man of Rome! Well-a-day! But all you are worth, Oh thou who once was young and read Volney on Sunday, one of your boys will follow the lead of the Tindalls and Darwins of today, and let inspired penmen

Saratoga Winona County Minn

Dec 22nd 1873.

[Sarah Christie]

Dear Sister

Once more write to you although I have been lordz about it, to let you know we are blest with another addition to our familz. On the morning of the first of this month Marz was confined, and according to the high-landers way of looking at such things, you are once more an Uncle. Now do not feel vexed at us for not writing sooner to you, to let you know of this matter, for I could frame many excuses for not doing so, and each one would be valid, however we are both able to say at present Mother and Child are doing remarkably well, and I know you feel glad of that. Father was the first one to be notified of the event, then Tom and Carmelita then Sandy and mom Bon. We have had an early winter and I have been driving with work outdoors, and Marz has had all she can do indoors, and has a great deal of sewing to do yet that should have been done long ago, but we are both hopeful of catching up with our work, and getting it off our hands, I have been compelled to work away from home this season, on account of want of means and so my corn is out in the field yet that is some of it, and so it will be rather tedious to get it, Christmas and newyear, will be here soon, and I suppose they will go by with us as they have done here ever since we have been here, that is go by as any other day: I would without any feasting or feasting, a nobody just like it, But then there is always some pleasing memories

that.
raise in connection with the past, or pleasant anticipation
for the future, Annah, days, and I both busy. Mary and
me, will get be able to have a good time by our ain fire
side. with our ain Kith and kins when all shall be
happy, and full of the love of Christ, and have the pleasent
exchange of hopes and fears, that ever assail us at these times,
well I am a poor hand at expressing myself, Father might say
"It is because I have nothing to express, but surely I am not
an empty bottle, Willie & Clarus, is going to be here this
Christmas and as we have no use, or rather no means for anything
but matter of use, he is going to fetch a pair of suspenders
for Willie, David will have a pair also, he has donned his first
Boots, this winter, James has his pants and jackets, and he
thinks Santa will bring him some Candy, well it is
likely he will, seeing he has not been here since before
James was born, We have finally made up our minds to
have Willie attend School this winter and work after
this. Mary will try to have things ready for him,
We hope you are well and like the place you are now in
and that you may be as well pleased with it always as you
were when you first started We are, Tom and Parmelia
are well, we have reason to believe, as for Sandy he is
dumb, I think he may be coming with a letter to me
himself, would not that be nice, I guess so, Or rather
I might say, "You bet," This has been a snowy day
is steadily snowing now, and probably will all night
but our fire burns bright, and our hopes are not yet
quenched, and so praying God may bless us all
We are ever your loving Brother & Sister,
Mary and Willie,

Hudson Dec. 23rd 1873.

Miss Christie [Sarah]

My Friend.

According to agreement I will now write you a few lines, altho they must be very few. I have been home a week, and everything glides along smoothly with me, notwithstanding I am keep pretty busy.

I suppose school is out, and your vacation just begun, I hope you will enjoy every moment of it, and go back to school much refreshed.

How did the examination and rhetoricals go off? and how did Allie Polson succeed? I should have liked so

much I know heard her, I almost know that she did it well, please tell me all about it, I got a letter from her to day, she says that she has been in your room several Times since I left, and that you say that you miss me a good deal, I thank you & Mrs Christie for your friendly thoughts of me, and more so for your kindness to Allie, I am very glad that you two are such good friends, and am only sorry that we did not get better acquainted before I came away.

As I told you before I left, I am a very poor letter writer, so please excuse so short a letter, and write soon.

Very Truly Your Friend,

M. J. Ismon

Beloit, Dec. 26. 1873—

My Dear Sarah, [Christie]

I recd. the inclosed letter yesterday. I thought the balance of fifteen dollars (I think) had been paid by you. You remember let you have $10.00 for a shawl & you engaged to pay George, as I had been intending to send the money to him which I let you have. In my present circumstances it will be impossible for me to do anything in that direction. Tell father I have all his letters and will write at length from Oakfield, near Fond du Lac, where I go today to help Henry Simmons in his meetings for two weeks. I shall see Alex. today I hope, at Clymer & coming down shall spend a day with him. My own sympathies are, in

many things, with the Episcopal Ch.
but there are many reasons why I cannot change at this time, and so I must try do all the good I can where I am. I am in a great hurry to catch the train, I must close. Mr. Kirk shall have a letter from Oakfield. Yours Affectionately,

Thomas D. Christie.

Excelsior Dec. 30th 1873.

Dear Miss Christie:- [Sarah]

I wonder how you are enjoying this cold morning. I do hope you've had a very "Merry Christmas," & I wish you a "Happy New Year." Mary & I started Tuesday afternoon at 3.15. We were escorted to the depot by Belle C. Essie, Miss Cocklin, Miss Cork & Miss Hoyt, & last but not least came Mr. Monger - not to see us off, but Mr. Marcellus. Of course we had the pleasure of Mr. Adams' company. He is a queer fellow. I think he likes you. I did it mean the latter as a reason for his queerness. When he was bidding me "good bye" he asked me to write to him - & give him sisterly advice &c. As I did not feel capable of filling such an office, I did not promise

ize to do it. I think you are far more compelled to discharge the duty to his satisfaction.

Still at 5:30 we arrived at Minneapolis. We were furnished with Valises strap-straps & found it difficult to walk. I got off the track & we wandered around sometime before we got to our stopping place for the night. I found Father awaiting me. We had been listening to a lecture of Prof. Winchells. We reached home just in time to see the Christmas Tree in the Church. How did you enjoy your tree, & what did Santa Claus bring you?

It does seem good to be at home, but it would seem "gooder" if I knew I could go back to N. with Mary. I mean to be very careful & assure you — I recommend you see in this letter by taking no pains at all with the writing. — Father has been making a "health lift". I tried it this morning & lifted 200 the doctor says that is nothing.

This ere is the beginning of a series of meetings to be held in the church here. I shall miss Mrs Strong's Bible class & the good meetings we had there. I do hope it is my Father's will that I may be permitted to enjoy them again. It seems as if it was on me to make plans concerning anything for the future now. I cannot write any more of this scrawl, for my eye says, stop. I hope you may have a very pleasant term. If ever you have time, dear Miss B, do write a line to me, & think of me occasionally. I never can forget you, I shall never cease to love you for your kindness towards me. Give my regards to your father, & accept lots of

Minneapolis Dec 27th