Dear Maddie,

I am in receipt of several but not too many letters of yours. You cannot write too much or often to suit my taste.

Your letter describing the Boston Lady and her pretty daughter Elizabeth was so very good that I sent its descriptive parts to amuse my aged parents. I know your likely effusions will be more readable than any letters of mine could be. I think the young miss with gold bound spectacles would be a drawing card in any Anne museum or any picture - so please visit.
Your letter to Mama was just sent to me so then I sent it to Mama and she returned it here. I thank you for remembering my birth day so very agreeably. I gave two essays though differing widely in style well each excellent. I read both twice and have sent them to Mama at St. Anthony Park with directions to read and send back promptly.

I like your biographical sketch or book notice. I do not agree with you as to your dislike of Welty's "browned" ideas into introductions. Works not of fiction — including retelling of stories are mine.
Open out of borrowed and trick
the easy was country to be written
by a romantic to set the heart.

But I was quite touched
by her book the bring water
from my eye out with an effort
when I read the sad pathetic
story of old Peter. It is
a picture true to may life
I am glad that you hym
Passion with such a noble
though humble—awkward—
subject. Lurmid are not
down those of fiction.
Your interest in the mission
work of the young ladies in
the field is the sublime of
New York city is quite capable
to others. They are good once
Did you dress please per obit. It is best exceed your limbs. How is your present financial outlook? That is always vital with the Nellie's, but the Nellie's are without soul or poetry. You must not be influenced by their selfish or cold nature.

Are your algebra three days? Though no doubt, but your patience will prove the laurels in a long fight.

Repose a good deal of pain from rhumatism. I am using a pesulent ointment. Mumma may not be back for 2 weeks yet. If you are in doubt about your health, take this advice. I will send to Papa.
Ball had been at Washington 5 weeks seeking an appointment as U.S. District Judge for N.D. At present the latest seems to lie between him & Col. Thomas. A few days is expected to tell the sad delightfull story.

All above was written Saturday night. This am I had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Balcer's recital. It was an instructable sketch of religious struggles in Switzerland - the memoir of Buonpa - Luther's Colom bead fragment Akord. He is a 97 year young man. Eyes rather small - short brown beard. Lines of lung - chest. Put his hand in his papa.
Columbia
Corner 2nd Avenue and Robert Street.

Fargo, North Dakota, March 16, 1890

Dear daughter,

Your last long letter to Mama was read with much interest and pleasure. We are both glad to find that your health is better and that you are encouraged to pursue an ambition as a writer. There is much hope for you in this field, and I am sure you are diligent.

A persistent, second-year mind is practical both in church and elsewhere. Much can be done by a sensible, practical young person with a good solid education. But no pursuit can be mastered in a day.
I am very pleased to hear from you and I hope you are well. I have been thinking about our plans for the upcoming meeting in North Dakota. It seems like we have a lot of work to do, but I am confident that we can accomplish it.

I have been working on some new ideas for our project, and I think they could be very useful. I will send you a detailed report in the next few days. Please let me know if you have any comments or suggestions.

I am also looking forward to our trip to Canada next month. I have been reading up on the history of the area and I think it will be very interesting. We should plan our itinerary carefully so we can make the most of our time.

I hope you have a good trip back to your home country. Please keep me updated on how things are going for you.

Best regards,

[Signature]
It requires from five to ten years to make a business success - either on the land, in invention or in commercial pursuits. I would not expect you to be all set planting in_lstmcoln OU after three years of fielding college. It is doubtless not expected you to be in a position that may pursue what ahead is bitter beyond eloquence from this time on. I am proud of who are undisciplined. Such persons indeed possess an advantage over people of culture because they base on a level with the average reader. I know what they
WANT - Can supply that

WANT. Moreover such units are
not our mine nor fashionable by
our peoples either of taste
or over refinements as to

Endorse. They know that
the sensualist pills are only
too willing to furnish what is
wanted. By the way our
sensations are sensual and

people of Palmdale?

If you aspire to enliven
be very sure my dear to

study & sympathise with the

measured. Don't allow their

coarse & common to erode

views of life to withdraw the

from you.
I am not clear on the exact details as the handwriting is quite faded and difficult to read. It appears to be a letter or a note, but the content is not legible due to the handwriting. It seems to be discussing a formal or official topic, possibly related to a legal or administrative matter, but the specifics are not discernible. The text is structured in paragraphs, indicating a narrative or explanatory style.
Well why not meet little down to the scheme that I of becoming a leader of certain immortality with the career of a writer in the distance as something to aspire and hope for. And think the first jussivir a school for the second. Read and study much under much of them — things not found in written pages. And had been the three powers of supply for all the great and useful minds recovered.
Will I have not heard that you have taken an opportunity to seek the advice of your trusted teacher upon the subject. I know they will advise it, but you must not have then advice if you conclude that it is unsound.

Don't come West to finish out of sympathy for your parents. Your parents are not on selfish as that.

But ask advice as to how to prepare to teach Latin - Emma or what is your best past graduate course as a Civil Engineer.
[Handwritten text not legible]
I remain a humble and sordid person as a teacher. I do not think the public would make you happy. You could not decree its highest honors to its office. But if you desire it, you may pursue it. That means Ann Arbor. Well my dear we are looking forward anxious to the time of our reunion. We expect to see you about July 1st.

Papa.
Ely in Ida. 2/6/91

My dear little girl,

Your very welcome letter was eagerly read and re-read, and it had seemed me so kind and so confidential that I have not made a mention of it except to my self. It is our usual habit to enjoy your letters together but this one I have kept all to myself. I do not think that I can say that I have recorded the blues that were coloring one at the time of my last letter. I have my troubles at home and in business and they have much to do with my happiness. I suppose I am a fool at least foolish any dupe.

The gizzard has much to do with it. The sand gizzare well richer days one day night sometimes. So far towards it that I can see how easily a confirmed and hopeless dystone is often driven
to insanity and suicide.
I worry about this and I need to worry. I imagine that imagination is vain and silly. I make myself miserable.
I am oversensitive, and if I keep on in this way you will say that I am a confirmed agnostic. I am glad that you enjoy knowing Mr. Sampfield. In this climate there is place for intelligence and such preaching as this is the hope of a duped world. I am all one with the "Scheme of Salvation". man makes and saves himself or he lies forever with the cloths. Jesus was the best type of the world's history and I can see how his abolishing rich spiritual nature led him to say "If you would see God see me."
God is within us or he is nowhere. Every beam of intelligence and every ray of culture looks surely.
Not this.
I don't know that I find fault with people in the way you seem to think. I should allow them everything. but they accuse me because I do not believe as they do. any point at me the finger of Christ and say to me I am better than you because I belong to a Church. because I trust in Jesus. they become themselves of all sympathy of all good toward one another to show as an angry God and an avenging, punishing God in one. That makes them do it? Simply their religious belief. I find not such a Spirit within naturally. it is only the result of the instilling, misleading, Spirit. Killing the theory that God works is not one and the same but is improved upon by the
acceptance of some fanciful and unfounded system of belief by eating bread and drinking wine in a manner entirely novel by committing a form of petition, mistitled prayer, in a tone that is anything but manly and with a snuffle that could come from nothing but a human being disgraced and despised in spirit and out of all sympathy to the kindness of God. I find not so much fault with the people as it is only with what their creeds have made them. Cruel has unnerved many a soul. The image of God has become an image of degradation, and reflects the effects of fear. The influence of a soul suppressed by one authority that seeks only to persecute a national kingdom
I have no doubt that if the many who do not believe in that climate exist to which by my subscription to subscribe should leave the orthodoxy alarm time would be a great going forth. And that is another thing that I cannot understand. How a man or woman can stay in a climate and by implication lose all time to think that he or she believes certain things that they don’t believe at all, in a position where perfection and honor are supposed to hold complete. Every one finds more truth or honor. It must be true that the act on the assumption that it makes no difference what one believes so long as they are in the climate and yet an outlawed must believe it and
play the risque part as
the insider clow or that out-
sider is not a fit person to
associate with the insider
and once will be.

The base dishonesty of it all! What
can be said of it? I cannot
think with John Billings. The
man I see of mankind is the
quasi-inferior I have for dogs.

These ideas of mine are
the result of a somewhat
variable and a peculiar,
doctrine of a somewhat
peculiar nature.

I cannot suppose that
they are very important to you.

But it is so necessary for one
to express my feelings and if
I do not make my actions
correspond, I shall not find peace.
We are all at home and have some good times. Florence is with us tonight and tells us many things of the outer world of Chicago and she is happy at the work, is finishing it with great celerity and is gaining the commendation of the teachers and the regard of her fellow pupils.

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I wonder that I could see you, my dear, and know of your life from your own lips. If I am a poor writer I love you passing well. J. W. Reckn
George to Madeleine sends greeting and good wishes. I have been waiting patiently for my reports to arrive so I would have an occasion for writing, but they have not yet in an appearance so I have determined to write without an occasion. I hope you have been having a pleasant time and I would sooner two than that you have for you know how to enjoy yourself. I presume you can pull a boat like me of the Harvard eight. Do you still the family with fish and at what price? In fixing your prices don't take advantage if your father because he far from the market. What is the shade of your face and hand? I presume you swim by this time. I would like to see that hair of yours about the time it was good and wet. I took a little squat in the water myself if the other day. I had to swim part of the way back, five in the boat, didn't like it. I turned Nelson's knife moist with me, saw it to have by mail. I have not done much in the way of business since canvassed Steele but didn't make much. Have been resting for a couple of days.
cultivating my garden. Please excuse the
shaky. I am afraid I shall lose
my reputation for modesty by next fall.
A lady the other day after I had talked
to her for an hour gave me a glass of
harmoade for my trouble, what I wanted
was her name. I had a glorious time
while in Kewaunee. People know all the
nice girls in the place. The Lorinc knows
what hospitality is. Peraj’s sister is a jolly
girl. When I came here from Oshkosh
I had to buy over in Rubaca about 2/12
I had been told there were a couple of
10 yr. There is a lady one of these yr. He gave
me a drive ride around town and over to
the other fellows place and said he will
take all of us to a good supper. We had a good time
while at home to, have an invitation to an
evening fancy gathering by the group of
ladies, but do not think I can go as I
must get down to work. Have not even put
some back riding yet, the horses are all
bad at work. Just think of it, about one
third of our vacation is gone. We will soon
be back to school, good. My two little nephews
were over the other day, had little of music
(my kind) They got out the bus it seems above
and played, I don’t know how long.
but I remember of having undressed and rolled off to sleep to the tune of "I'm the Girl I Left Behind Me". The next morning I rose to the tune of Yankee Doodle. The band went home about eleven o'clock out. The drummers had blisters on their fingers about half an inch long. The bass drummers' hands were all right and he thought "Murra wouldn't care if they stayed another night." My mother however thought they had better go. I have read Lythrod's Last Days of Pompeii and nearly finished Lucile. I am quite well pleased with it but it not to be surpassed with the other work. I must finish now for I have little to write but much that I should like to tell you. Please remember me to your mother. I am Jan. forever.

Jan. 10, 1911.
Rugby Junction, N. D., Aug. 19, 1891.

Miss Madeleine Wallin,
Detroit, Minn.

My Dear Miss Wallin:

Although we had considerable correspondence after your letter of July 31, still I feel that I have not really answered that letter, the one after that date being written simply in reference to arrangements for stopping at your pleasant retreat. Particularly as you tried to encourage and draw out my hidden talent, I think I was right to write you once more before the opportunity is lost. If one of its requisites for writing a good letter is a desire to please one's correspondent, as you say, I should succeed well this time. For I should like very much to write you a pleasing letter after such a delightful visit with you. I endeavored to express to you my pleasure at your entertainment; but I am afraid I did not succeed very well. Were I an adept at paying compliments I should say you were a veritable little queen of entertainers, but as I am not, I will have to content myself with the training you gave me in that line shall have developed more confidence in the art.

Yes, I think perhaps it is as well that you modified that statement about a "delightful young man." You see, a proposition gains in definiteness what it lacks in comprehensiveness. And by the modification you make it definite and clear that my early day efforts are more acceptable than I had hoped. And still from the way you modified it, I may hope that the comprehensiveness statement is somewhat true also. But truly, Miss Wallin, I court a good opinion from you very much and hope the ability to write a good letter may not be the only virtue by which I may
command respect. (You see, I am assuming that I am a pretty good letter writer, because you said so, and what can one do but believe a girl with the high regard for the truth which you possess.)

The boat ride from Buffalo to Detroit was very pleasant. I appreciated your forethought in telling me to take an overcoat for otherwise the trip would have been really unpleasant. When I changed cars at Jamestown I looked about to see who my fellow passengers were. The journey from there on was a little tedious and I was looking to see whom I should strike up an acquaintance with. Three fellows got on the train and sat down who, I could see, were probably engaged in scientific pursuits. They were some sort of a survey, botanical or agricultural. I found out later that they were your agricultural friends — Bolley (is that right?), Ladd and a boy named Wright. But of course I didn’t know that at the time. I turned around and tried to start an acquaintance. But I found it hard to get acquainted with them whom I felt with a Methodist girl at prayer meeting. They simply answered my questions and didn’t seem inclined to go any further, so I gave up in despair and lay back for a snooze.

It rather bored me, though, for I have usually thought that I could get acquainted with a man when I wanted to, though not quite as bold with the girls. But I had gotten out of them that they were connected with the Fargo agricultural college and began to suspect that they might possibly be your neighbors. Pretty soon Bolley and Wright (I learned their names later) went out on the platform, leaving Ladd alone. I got up and went after a drink of water and came back and sat down by Mr. Ladd and began talking to him. This time he thawed all right and I was beginning to get somewhat —
acquainted with him when she first came back and sat down. Pretty soon I learned that they were the neighbors I had heard you and Mr. Becker speak of, and found out that Bolley was a football crank, told them who I was and then had a very pleasant visit, particularly with Bolley. Of course it tickled my vanity a trifle when he said a confirmed stab, according to his own statement, and for which I didn’t blame him very much from his account of facts in his school. I told me that Phi Psi was the leading frat in Indiana. So I guess we parted good friends.

I am just been spending the past two days in St. Louis, where I have a brother. My sister and I went up together. My brother had twenty head of horses on his hands just at the time and promised me all the riding I wanted. There is a very pretty place situated in a narrow valley with very pretty rolling hills running off on either side, though which runs a small river (the Mouse) with delicately wooded banks. Am very sorry I did not plan to stay longer for my brother is just going to send 95 head of cattle to St. Paul, across thoroughly wild prairie. If I had time I should like to go along, but as it will take nearly five days I am afraid I cannot stay. About 1,100 Indians are to be at the fort when those cattle arrive to receive their rations. Probably you would think that hard and would like to be as far away as possible, but I think the saddle trip and all would be very pleasant and profitable, though of course it would involve some hard riding. But I cannot bear the time.

Yesterday my brother’s failure went out on the range for a herd of cattle. I got a gun and went and the old dog and went along and managed to bring home eight chickens and one - for myamps.
I am very glad indeed you allowed me to take care of the property of long letters from you. I am only sorry I can receive no more. As I have got as well acquainted with you as I could in three letters as sitting beside you a whole time under a tough, when you need to put me on the arm for getting through under the old codger's nervous questions. But however much I enjoy your letters I shall not imagine your goodness enough to expect you to answer this, for I know you must be busy as the time draws nigh for returning to school unless perhaps you should catch me on the road as to the time you expect to return to Minneapolis. You will probably arrive on the evening train and I believe I would find it very convenient to be waiting at Union Depot for a University car about the time your train comes in, if you should think of it while to let me know. I am going to start home the first of next week myself — I will arrive in Minneapolis Tuesday morning, Aug. 25. I suppose that great University will be all life and activity in a short time. And just think, we are Seniors. I don't feel half as grave and sedate as seniors used to look when I was a Freshman. Thus must have been giants in those days. Does it impress your that way?

I cannot close this letter without noticing your "family." It does seem to me must queer that you and I were hardly acquainted before we were talking theology. But I enjoy your sincere expressions on the subject and find them for thy harmonize in spirit though they disagree somewhat in fact, or order doctrine, from my own. I can not see now that you elevate (from me) the
humble Zagame when you take from him the character of a Savior and make him an example. That, if you will allow me to say it seems to me a weakness in the Liberals—they put an ideal away off somewhere too high for sinful mortals to reach. Do they not have a reason for the Incarnation—is not the justification for it in the effort to bring God closer to man? Yes, the Christ is to me the bulwark of the faith and that we differ. But I think we do not differ so much in other respects. What you condemn in the orthodox church to a great extent fails also to awaken a sympathetic response from me. But don’t you also find much in the Liberal church that repels you? I don’t with the orthodox church because I think it carries the truth, though admitting that it also carries error. But I think the Radical Liberal church has gone too far and thrown some of the truth overboard.

You ask me if it is not effort that measures the growth of the soul. I think so. And I think that you in following the rightfullness of your generous nature in the name of “him who is only an example of justified humanity” are nearer the kingdom than those who believe more and live less to the belief. When you said that those against the king who stood back in the corner were the kind you liked to handle, when I was speaking to you about the reception I thought that you had the right idea of good work. But I am always afraid to talk “real good” very long at a time because one is not good afterward and then he feels rather mean and wishes he hadn’t talked quite so good.
So to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, I wish you would not let it be known that I told you that story about Hal and Tim and yourself. I also to declare a good joke and when something so very called that I told and told it. And I can't see any harm in my doing it, and if it seemed to please you unusually, but others might think I was telling tales out of school.

I am getting all browned up out here in the sun. People will think I have been out all summer when I get back.

If I can't hear from you I will nevertheless, I hope be able to have a word with you occasionally. If we take the time he can express himself better by letter, but I get started and it's too slow, and I want to quit and tell it, though of course one can't do it so well that way and I find it more off to let out things that he wishes he hadn't.

I find my looking this out that I have used a bad pen or was a trifle nervous or something. I seem to have run my letters together so that they don't read so plainly. But as this is the last one until I have to read, I know you will be charitable. I have always found you so.

With best wishes for a profitable year,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Geo. C. Siber

get something to eat when you arrive. Mama says I made a mistake in telling you that we had 'pretty good meals' here, because you might be very much disappointed when you came. I don't know but our appetites have something to do with it. Better bring a pretty good appetite with you, and maybe you can get along. I shall expect a letter from you before long, telling what day you will arrive. I think you would like to get here at night best, because we have an open wood fire, and it looks cheerful.

I am glad you relieved my mind on the etiquette connected with the length of my letter. You may regret your permission however, for my pen is longer than my tongue, and that you may

Nallinwood Lodge.
July 31, 1871.

My dear Mr. Sikes:

You are really a very delightful young man—at least as a correspondent! Would you rather I hadn't modified it? But, if you have lived thus long cherishing the delusion that you couldn't write a good letter, I feel it my duty to disabuse you at once. It is a sin (as you, a Bible young man, are perfectly well aware) to hide any talent in a napkin. The talent in this case is an epistolary one, and the napkin is self-distrust, or ignorance of ability, or want of opportunity may be. I propose to tear that napkin in shreds now, and expose the talent to the light of day. So consider yourself from this time on...
as a young man who can write a very good letter indeed. Whether you do or not I presume will depend upon your feeling at the time and your desire to please your correspondent.

Now a little business. I am very glad that you have arranged matters so that you can stop here on your way home, and feel that I ought to make an apology for not writing sooner and assuring you of a welcome. We have had all the heat of company but they have gone now, except one cousin, who will be here until about Aug. 12. But as she is a very nice young lady, you need not mind her. No doubt her presence will be a great additional inducement for you to visit us. From your letter I infer that you will probably be here next week. It will probably be best for you to take the 9:35 A.M. train on the N.P., which will bring you to Detroit shortly after four. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings our little steamer makes a 6:30 trip over here from Detroit, so you better arrange to come on one of those days, if possible. Otherwise, if you took the morning train you would have to stay all night in Detroit. Every day the steamer crosses over here at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. so you can take the boat at one of those hours if worst comes to worst. Allow me to recommend you to bring a pretty warm overcoat, as the trip across the lakes is liable to be chilly, and if you come on the night boat you will not get here until about eight o'clock. But you will...
is easier to get down to the real thing with men, as a general rule. I believe they are more naturally more frank and sincere than women, and in general more trustworthy. Then, too, they look at things from a broader standpoint with less triviality and pettiness. Their judgments are more to be relied upon, and I think their sense of honor is keener. That may come from the fact that the sense of chivalry is developed in them in the contact with women, and that they learn to scorn meanness because they feel that it would be injurious to those nearer than themselves.

It is too often true that a girl feels it her privilege— and part of the spoils of war—to bend and befuddle a man as far as she can, thinking that any delicacy she practices upon him is remember, is pretty long.

I was very glad to be told about your doings since you last wrote, and found your account of Christian Endeavor experiences, etc., very entertaining. I certainly think Lloyd exceeded his jurisdiction in escorting both those young women to Minnehaha. It is a sort of offense that I supposed was rare among young men, since they are usually not anxious to devote themselves to two girls at once. However, I think you were compensated later on, when you proceeded in elucidating the proceedings for your prospective Phi Psi sister. I believe you are quite free from the amiable weakness which leads most young men to fall rather shy of engaged girls. They
don't usually find them very interesting. But I guess you would accept as soon as with an engaged girl as with one who was still free.

Nacht wahr? I shall take pleasure in contemplating your improvements — at least from the outside, next fall. I never felt quite sure about the propriety connected with "calls" at the Phi Pi house and have sometimes felt that the boys might think I came too often. I think a great deal of the Phi Pi, and wouldn't for anything in the world give occasion for anything but entire respect from them, if I can't have the liking for all. It would be horrible to have them think that I was too free up there, or that I wasn't as careful every way as I might be. I don't want to be a prude, but I do want everyone to know that I mean to be a "nice girl" any way.

I had a letter from Emma, but she didn't favor me with any advice of the character which you suggest. I suppose she thinks it would only be an aggravation to me, and wouldn't do any good. It is tantalizing to flaunt one's happiness in the face of one to whom life bliss seems to be denied. You know! I wonder if you don't want to take up with her suggestion? I believe myself that he is in love with Emma. Don't you? But I am not so sure about her. Girls are very queer creatures, aren't they? Sometimes I think that I understand and like men better than women. If
working in the Universe endeavoring always to bring themselves into harmony with it and those who, through ignorance or actual rebellion, do not endeavor so to do, is in the added spiritual happiness and growth of the former class. They have put themselves into the hands of the Almighty, and with their all shall be well. But I do not fancy that they are any dearer to the heart of the All-Father, any more his children, any more the objects of his wise tenderness, than are the erring ones over whose years with infinite tenderness, soul-triumph, the eternal victory of the God-implanted Good, in every human being. I believe to be the destiny of all. Through ages of sin and suffering, of rebellion, misunderstanding, and refusal, through burning fires justifiable on the ground that he is able to take care of himself. If people would only be honest with each other! There is so much trifling and shamming, and so little simple truth and earnestness. Sometimes I think that sincerity is the only true and adequate measure of character. Certainly it is the one essential, or rather the first essential, in my mind, to a friendship which is worthy the name. Be true, be true! If we could only make that maxim the passionate cry of our souls, the absolute necessity of our lives, how much nearer our ideals we should be! I hate a lie or the shadow of one, but yet I do not always satisfy my conscience by the manner in which I live up to my convictions. It Is hard—very hard, to be absolutely
truthful always. Sometimes common
decency seems to demand a slight
variation from the standard, but
I nearly always reproach myself
for it.
I haven't been rowing as much
lately as I did at first—had an
idea that I strained my back,
and better let up a little. I
hope we shall be able to give
you a fish-meal when you
come, but fishes are not biting
as well now. it is a little lake,
and our luck is uncertain.
Are you fond of fishing, and
would you like to have a try
yourself, or are you willing to
eat what others catch?

We had a service last Sunday
evening—half past six, conducted
by Mamie's pastor (Presbyterian)
who has a college down here.
It was held in "God's first temple,
and the surroundings are so serene
enough to awaken religious
feeling in the most obtuse—so calm
and peaceful, so full of sweet
Sabbath rest, and the Holy
Lush of a perfect summer
evening. I am sure you would
have enjoyed the service,—a
simple one of prayer and song,
and earnest spoken word. En-
tered into the spirit of the thing
more than I did into the preacher's
words. for I am seldom in har-
mony with an orthodox speaker.
I don't like to have people talk
about the "children of God," and
"God's chosen ones," as if God were
a partisan, and had his favor-
ites, who could coax him to do
ing things that other people couldn't.
If God is anything, he is abso-
lutely impartial in love for man-
kind. All are his children—all
are the objects of his tenderest
care; and the only difference
between those who recognize his
sovereign will in its beneficent
If any human heart, tried on holy ground. But boys especially are generally as careful to conceal the fact that they have any quieter or deeper feeling, that he is apt to think any effort to find such will meet with ridicule on their part—and girls are just about as much afraid of that as boys. There is really little opportunity for an honest friendship that is worthy the name, between a man and woman. It either develops into something stronger on one side or both, or it is hampered by conventionality and insincerity. But there is nothing so inspiring as a common work and common interest, and that is why friendships are more possible and more genuine in a co-educational school than almost anywhere else.

I haven't done any writing recently, on account of rhetorical work. Since I wrote you, I felt so much grief and repentance, through sickening pitfalls of guilt, and over mountain-tops of renewed striving—yet ever one; on, Godward and Heavenward. No one shall miss the final joy of pure life and glorious service of the Best, but it must be self-mor victory. We can not be forced nor cut Heaven, nor can the price of tenacity be paid by another. Therein you will not agree with me. For to you the Vicarious Atonement is the bulwark of the Christian faith. But to me Christ is an example, a personification of purified humanity, a spiritual goal, not a burden-bearer, or a soul-bearer. — I am certain that your mind is an honest and reasonable one, and that you are candid enough to take truth wherever you can find it—even tho it come from Mrs. S.
I would much rather you had disclosed your views on these great subjects, even tho' they are widely at variance with my own, if only your mind is open to conviction, truth, loving and seeking and that I believe to be the case. In reality, people of radically different views are not so very far apart after all. if only their zeal and sincerity does not lead them to forget how many different aspects truth may present itself, and how much more important is the spirit than the letter. After all, it is not accomplishment that counts, so much as effort. Our efforts measure the growth of the soul, don't you think so?

You need never be afraid to express to me any honest sentiment that you may feel, for you may be certain that it will be respected and prized. I am glad to disclose to anyone who I think will understand and care for it whatever I sentiment there is in my nature, and I am more than glad to receive a similar offering. People do not know each other, they cannot be truly friends, unless each has regard enough for the other to allow him to pass beyond the superficial meeting-ground of everyday acquaintance, and penetrate to the deeper things of the spirit. I know that you are sensible enough never to mistake maudlin sentimentality for the true and honest interchange of real feeling, and so I feel perfectly safe in admitting you a little ways into my sanctum sure that you will never abuse the permission. Truly, I hope I may never be guilty of reducing any genuine feeling, for one who is admitted to the better emotions.
as much when there is company about. I have had one or two
suggestions about quiet work from my editor cousin this
summer which I want to
submit to you. Also, he gave me
an idea about my own future
career after I leave college
which I would like to talk over
with you if you don't mind.
Think perhaps you could give
me some light.
I don't believe it will be neces-
sary for me to interpret any of
Nature's language to you. I think
you are fully as much in sym-
pathy with them as I am, and I
am not sure but you could
give me some pointers. I have
fancied you often saying
"Aint that pretty?" about our
lovely lake. I am going to take you
on a little rowing expedition
not very far when the weather is pleasant and
see if you won't like it.

There are no "Sparkling pleasures" in this letter, surely. It is extremely homiletic and didactic in its character. The preaching instinct seems to be strong in me, but I want to slay any of my victims the first time or two, so I think I better stop.

I hope for nice weather when you come. Nellinwood is a much more successful dry weather than wet weather place. Although we manage to be comfortable. If you are obliged to come either Monday, Wednesday, or Friday night, you can perhaps get Mr. McNiel to bring you over by team four place. He generally meets the trains but you would like the boat ride better.

Hoping to see you soon,

Sincerely your friend,

Madeleine Kallin.