

Oberlin March 31, 1880

Dear Folke,

It is mid week,  
and vacation, and stormy. We have  
just had a snow. The biggest one of the  
season has been reserved for the last. It  
has snowed without intermission for 60  
hours, and is still at it, though in a  
languid sort of a way, as if exhausted, it  
begon cold -  $25^{\circ}$  - with a stiff N. E. wind,  
but it is thawing now. The snow is about  
14 in on a level, but badly drifted. It will  
probably go off with a rush, and slush and  
mud will be present. A late spring is  
feared. I have been beguiling my  
time in various ways since the vacation  
begon, chiefly reading. I have read  
Ricks without Show. It has a good many  
elements of power, as a novel. As is al-  
most universally the case in novels, the  
two best characters break down slightly at  
the close - become less attractive. But this  
defect is not so damaging as in other novels,  
since the object of the book is not to exhibit

character, but the principles, and the characters  
varies as the principles are brought into view.  
This marks it as not a great novel. It is sound,  
wholesome, keen, and interesting; I might add  
comprehensive.

This I have seen in novels; and in real life  
too - that one does not really sympathize with  
a character in his joy and peace and pros-  
perity. It is when a character gets into a  
fix, that our hearts are stirred. The story of  
woe is heard, when the story of joy is not  
noticed.

Happiness seems to exclude us; it is  
as a veil. Sorrow is seen more easily, it  
attracts us.

Why should we weep over Uncle  
Tom; and feel lost, feel indignation, anger  
and commiseration, just for the fun of it? Do  
we take pleasure in weeping? Yes, when it is for  
another (I do not mean that ironically), part of  
that vicarious element in souls.

Nowhere is  
what I have said more noticeable than in Les  
Misérables.

From this I con-  
clude that sorrow goes deeper into a man  
than joy. Have you ever realized what a  
stupendous thought is contained in the last of

the Revelations, when John inquires "Who are they  
in white robes?" "These are they who <sup>came out of great tribulation and</sup> have washed  
their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

It is in such passages that we ~~catch~~ get gleams  
through into something that is beyond us, too  
great for us. Why should the Tibration, and  
the blood of the Lamb, be connected so closely  
with the white robes, and everlasting joy?

There are a number of paradoxical ideas in these  
sentences, viz, (1) Tibration, Thrashing, bruising,  
grinding, how does that connect with white robes?

(2) Blood - that red stuff that comes out when a  
man is cut or bruised, and <sup>for</sup> the lack of which  
a man dies - ~~is~~ and the Lamb, emblem of  
innocency, (3) Out of their own bruising  
and the innocent blood of another - they get  
their white robes. Apparent Paradoxes apparent only,  
Sympathy, love, are fed by sorrow, Without  
sorrow I doubt if we could have known  
God, and I know that we could not have  
known men.

Whichever thou art that movement  
let this thought be in thy soul,  
Thy sorrowing is a profecy.

Thou wilt sometimes find the whole.

By which I mean to carry the idea that he who  
is able to mourn has in that very fact the proof  
that he has something beyond him to come.  
Our longing is proof that some thing is to which we have

made itself felt in us; and the first emotion  
that we have that sense sleep thing is drawing  
near, is a longing, more or less definite ac-  
cording to the circumstances. Longing is  
merely another name for mourning. Mourning  
is a longing for that which we <sup>have</sup> had, but  
have no more; or a longing for some thing  
that is to come, or may come, but is not  
yet realized. They both have the same ele-  
ment - only the former is mixed with remem-  
brance - the latter with hope. They are  
both people's, the former of some thing to  
fill the vacancy - the latter of some thing to  
satisfy the yet indefinite yearning.

I partly agree with you. Father is the  
matter of money-making. But I think that  
the case you bring up as an illustration is  
just the one I want. What I maintain  
is that pecunia bears the same relation to  
other things - such as honorableness and the  
love of God, - as a mole hill bears to Mt  
Hood. It might be well if you had a  
\$50,000 to give us, but that compared with what  
you have given us - such an education that  
we are able to enjoy the truths and beauties of

nature, society, and literature — an example of  
of moralness and uprightness so good that we  
shall always feel proud to say that Rev Thomas  
Lyman A. M. is our sire — and a care so  
affectionate that we can ~~say~~ feel the  
force of that old expression "Our Father who  
art in heaven" — seeing that you have taught  
us what a father is — — —; a pultry \$1,000,000  
now, is so little, I abhor, <sup>compared</sup> with what you  
have given us, that it is really not to be  
mentioned at all. It might have been well  
if you had dipped into the Lord of S. F. and  
scraped up a few dollars, but I shall always  
think of you with more veneration as coming  
to a shore where gold flowed like molten and  
of a land, and instead of trying to fix  
yourself carefully with cold gold, was so  
interested in the welfare of men that you  
overlooked the gold entirely. I think better of  
you for having looked out for the good of men  
first, and for the gold afterwards, than for to  
do the reverse. I shall think of you most  
complacently riding a white eagle over the  
Portland hills with a sermon in one coat tail  
pocket, a few things for the children in the

after, and a carpet sack over the horn of the saddle filled with various household utensils selected with reference to durability and cheapness; arriving for home; the sun setting just about as you come down by the hill at the old Hall place; and ~~at~~ about ten or eleven o'clock, according to the state of the roads, you broke into the next door, all cheerful self, energy, and "spring" letting in a whole sea of gladness through raised door into the hearts of the inmates of the house; my heart runs over with admiration and reverence, when I recall it.

And when, all unconscious of your own manliness you think sadly of how you might have done better — got more money — for us —  
!!! I am willing up a terrible snuff of argument against you. Nothing could better illustrate my meaning than the illustration in hand. As for us, we shall all pull through all right. I feel the more confident as I have no doubt that God will give us a lift when we need it real bad. We have had, and do have, opportunities that prophets and kings sought for and did not get, on earth.

There is one thing I prize more and more the more I live, and that is air - atmosphere

I don't believe I could live without it. There is also another thing of some value — mankind's <sup>beautiful</sup> ~~good~~ character is about the most beautiful thing that God ever undertook to make.

I can't find it in my heart to smile at these regular fellows with neat little minds, who experience religion in the usual way. They are not these volcanic souls, spit out from the depths of midnight darkness of overlapping sedimentary strata, fire-scared, brimstone-burnt, cinder-plastered; ripped, jagged, ragged, unformed, masses of lava-made potentialities erupted into the midst of seas — but they are often as beautiful as coral islands. Honest, virtuous, making the most of themselves; trying to do as they would be done by; asking God to help them, believing that there is something better for them in the future than they have yet got hold of; ready to be missionaries, to give to those who have less than they have, and not seeking honor of men, they are not so bad. There are a good many such men in the seminary. I would not imply that they are inferior intellectually, but you don't see much of that restless ambition in them.

that devout men in the other professions,  
They are going to Africa, or China, or  
Turkey, some of them, where perils of sea  
natives, diseases, and climates lie in wait for  
them; honest men, with pure minds and  
wide views, and sympathetic hearts and  
a good many hopes, but quite regular.  
Of course there are men of all kinds here,  
Some naturally very ambitious, some of the  
critical cold kind, some restless and uneasy,  
some of the sceptical order. It sounds  
sort of funny to talk of sceptical theologues,  
but there are some here. They can scare up  
a doubt in all kinds of places. I think,  
however, that I can say that they are all  
manly and honorable, and there is  
only one that shows any signs of physical  
weakness. I think I have <sup>seldom</sup> seen a set of  
more robust, sound, active, energetic men,  
physically, than in the seminary here.  
It is probably due to their temperate habits,  
steady occupation, and good blood.  
Religion makes a man live longer. Worry, not  
work, kills, and religion tends to relieve worry  
— an old truth



We had sort of a show over at the hall the  
other night - quite successful. <sup>this evening</sup> I got a new  
napkin and put it on the table. It hap-  
pened to be unhemmed - new - I thought  
no one would notice it, until it should be  
washed, when I would have it done. Some-  
body got hold of it and hemmed it, I  
don't know who it was.

Oh Mary you're a jewel  
You have a cool black eye,  
- Black is <sup>the</sup> half-burnt fuel -  
You are not especially shy.

I am profoundly glad that you are hav-  
ing such good times at home. You are  
smelling in the heats of spring, and we  
are shivering in the winter cold.

I will tell you my program of day's work of  
last term. Rose at six, promptly, A's  
breakfast at 6:15; recited Greek at 9, and  
Pas. Ev. at 10. Dined at 12:10, German  
at 1, P.M. Supped at 5:30 P.M. retired at 9:30

Let the Hyacinths bloom, I say, enjoy  
their beauty and fragrance. I wish I  
were at home if you want me to be  
there, and I wish I'd little on my own  
account.

I was much touched, so to say, by your  
remarks as to my humble efforts to express  
myself by word & mouth or paper, Of course  
I like to write letters, — to you.

I am making a pretty heavy  
letter of this, so

While the earth turns  
On her icy pole  
And the sun burns  
And men have souls;  
While dogs bark  
And young colts kick,  
So long as night is dark,  
And moon makes a trip,  
My heart shall warble like a bird,  
Every sweet song I ever have heard  
Every bright thought that has dropped from above  
I've hoisted in my soul by love  
Shall ripple through my mouth again,  
And make rainbows like the <sup>drops of</sup> rain,  
That is good enough to end upon,

Good Night,  
Yrs. Fred,