

Berlin Feb. 19, 1881

Dear Peoples

The letters that

the bad weather has been de-
taining all came in a lump,
three of them as to envelopes,
four as to contents thereof.
And they were all long
ones. I am proportionally
gratified. I was a little
surprised and considerably
grieved to hear that the W. S.
scheme had fallen through.
Suds is life. The lost laid
plans of mice and men
may be split by the prede-
diced affection of some body.
I suppose that Mrs Jewell's
brother wished to have a hand
in or both hands in the business
and thought there would not be
room for him if you were

there. It was probably best
for Ford & Co. to light out
under the circumstances. Such
an enterprise depends for its
success upon the providence
and good will of the individuals
concerned. Yet it seems too
bad. It is very much too
bad. And for Patten to
be played out, too! I
look to see some of my
saw plans first litter, next.
To scrape along in a small
pulling way is undoubtedly
the common fate, and is in
fact, the natural way for
small people to go in. Yet,
as I usually add, life is
itself such a majestic thing,
that the little differences of
rich and poor, small and
great, noted and unknown,
viewed in the light of eternity

will seem inappreciable by
more on the top of Mt. Hood
would not add much to the
view he could command
by piling up a few stones,
and getting upon it them, to
see. Even so the vantage
and all that sort of thing;
all that is lost in us can
be used and enjoyed, and rein-
tillate its rage as well in a
low as in a high place.
And further — a dew drop
is decidedly nice in the
grass, but try to substitute it
for the sun, and would be-
come next unto being ridiculous.
I think we fall into just about
the place that fits us, somewhere
as we will. To prepare a
few of the dying for death, and
a few of the living for life, is
coming to be my ambition.
The rain drop helps to make a

rainbow, as it falls; then it
is pattern on the ground, and it
spills — not lost perhaps; it
may be raised in power.

We had a nice storm yes-
terday. It snowed furiously in
the early morning, then
hailed and rained, then be-
gan to snow as night came
on. But the clouds were
blown away during the night,
and this morning it is
brilliant, sparkling with frost.
Swallows and a few other
birds are beginning to come
around. They have been here
all winter, but have not
shown themselves much until
now.

I was very much edified
Sarah, by your detailed ac-
count of what you do each
day. It brought the picture of

things at home vividly before
me. I will try to get

some seeds of the water lily,
when I am in New England.

It would be well to have a
tub full of them. Since it
is likely that the old place
will still be ours, we ought
to adorn it some. I was
only the other day imagin-
ing myself leaning pensively
at one the outside of the fence,
looking at the cyprus trees,
and walnut trees, the violet
the violet, and the vine;
while stronger gazed coldly
from the curtained window
at them and wondered who
that old coddger out there was.
It is a pretty good place, and
I love it.

I love my home, I love my home
As long as you are in it some.

Suppose, Mary, that I, in my own name, and with my own land as security, should borrow a few dollars, say \$150, would that help you enough so that you could come here next year? You see that you could easily make up for it afterwards, by teaching music. Good music teachers always can get a job. Now just on Blatnap, there and Lewis and Clark, last summer, a teacher might have had eight or more scholars. Of course that was simply a little country place, and you would not wish to teach there unless you had a few m^onies in the summer, for recreation. But with your voice, and your musical taste, and your general broad culture, you

general always eminent, you
might become a remarkable
musician. Of course you
would not wish to study
music simply for the sake
of teaching it for a living,
but mainly for the culture
and development that it would
give you, so that you
would amount to more.

Music is the most delightful
way of giving and receiving
mental impressions. There
is a delicacy and a penetrative
ness about thought when carried
to the soul by the medium of
music, that is utterly wanting
in words. Music also is su-
perior to pictures. The uncul-
tured usually simply stare
at good pictures, but music
they can understand. It would
be a shame and a disgrace
for you to let your musical

Talent lie buried in the ground.
What do you really feel like
doing about it? How does it
strike you? What is your
prevailing sentiment? Providing
that you had the fat Turtles
all pulling around in your
pocket crying out to be used,
what would you think about
it? Is your opposition
all due to your belief that
it will take too much effort,
too much pinching and pulling
and scraping, to perform the
make it pay to try; or does the
matter seem inherently unde-
sirable? Of course I do
not wish to urge you beyond
your feeling, but I do think
that you will never again
have so good an opportunity to
fit yourself for a mixed career.
So far as Wilby is concerned

we can let him stand in
the background for a while.
Then you can give me your
note for what I lend you,
and I can collect it off of
him afterwards. I do not
wish to burden W. We need
not. He, the most benevo-
lent, the most long suffering,
the most generous, ought
not to and shall not, and
need not, be burdened. I
will just get some one of the
Sylvans to lend me \$150. I
should think that Uncle James
perhaps would do it. Or it is
possible that some other, some
Devonian might spare a little,
as a loan. I would give se-
curity on my land. That piece
of land ought to be worth \$3.00
an acre, now. If security on
fifty acres would satisfy them

it would be all right. My
object in getting it of a relative
would be simply that he
would be perhaps less hard on
me, and if I should love it
it would not go out of the
family, so to speak. I have
a notion to do it anyhow.
But perhaps I had better see
what you say about it first.
It would give you a general
prestige and opportunity, to
have studied at a first class
institution. If you should
try to take lessons at home
you would have so much else
to do that you would lose
half the benefit. There you
would take it up in a scien-
tific spirit, have all the im-
pulse that would come from
good teachers, and other en-
thusiastic students. I could

not possibly put my land to
any better use, even if I
should lose 50 acres, a 1/2 the
whole of it. Yet I do not
wish to do that. It will be
worth 20 or 30 dollars an
acre in a few years. It
will rise in value faster than
the interest of \$150. If I could
get money at 6%, the interest
per annum would be only
\$9. a year. Then, of course,
with what I know of language,
and my other accomplishments,
and only myself to take care of,
I could pay it up in a short
time, by teaching or preaching.
It seems to me to have so
few risks, and so many advan-
tages, that it would be wiser
for you to lose the opportunity
that a year here would afford, by
my not doing it. What
do you think? I feel im-

parative, I feel like saying,
Thou shalt. Of course if
you do not do it now, while
I am here, and even after you
you never will. And think
of that! you on the threshold
of life, discovering yourself
from a life devoted to divine
art! Of course you can do
more good by being more cul-
tivated, more experienced, know-
ing more of the world. Only
a simpleton would question it.
I am sure, I am not sure
I know that it is the best
course. This is not a theory of
an impracticable cabbage head;
not at all. I know
that you would dislike to
have me go in debt, and if
I had no backing I should dis-
like it myself. It is merely a
way of making my lord a =