

Riceville July 9, 1881,

Dear Talks, I have been
rotting here in this bag for some seven
days. I have not written to you during
this time, and feel the more for it. I
have been writing sermons most of the
time. I was to preach this morning, and
as I usually do, began to ^{write} ~~write~~ ^{about Wednesday} I wrote
one sermon, and did not like it. Then I wrote
another, and then another; wrote three sermons
in four days, and then quit. I don't know
how many I thought of. There was quite an
audience this morning, to see the "new man".
I suspect, I felt calm. There is this differ-
ence between sermon preaching and speaking a
ration. When one preaches he stands in Christ's
stead, and cannot forget it. It is an aw-
ful thought. Shall I bring some shame on
him who was spit upon, or some suffering
on him who was nailed to the cross? I render
my prayer that if I do dishonour him, that he will
strike me dead. By dying one might glorify
him, if not by preaching. It is a great thing to die
well. I preached as vigorously as I could

but somehow I did not think I did much. I was afraid that I did not improve the opportunity. It was a great opportunity. I have seldom felt more willed inside than when I closed. Some people said they liked it. I guess I shall stay here for a time.

I was somewhat encouraged last Sunday. I was preaching away indistinctly when I observed some girl whispering. So I turned by eye full on them and preached at them for about five minutes when they quieted down and troubled no more. This is an effective instrument in the possession of the preacher - to look people down, and to ~~take them up~~.

Monday July 10. There is something the matter of me, and I know what it is. I did not get any letter from home last week. I had not had it forwarded, and so must do without until it comes. I shall leave it out now that I know I am to stay. I am going to stay here until September. Your Mary had better make your arrangements I said, to stay a little time at Kellogg and Chicago, and come to Oberlin about the 1st Sept, or 4, of the same. We can arrange that. Now I wish to impress upon you

very deeply one thing. In travelling you must take care of yourself. It will be a hard trip anyhow, and you must take all possible precautions not to overdo. This will be where you will be most likely to hurt yourself, in irregularities of one kind ^{or} another, in the way; in fast, sleep, etc. Sleep all you can, let nothing interfere with the regularity of your meals, or anything else. There are some things unpleasant connected with life on the car, but you must not let them interfere with your health. If you should get a series of headaches by any of the carelessness, or get your stomach disordered, or otherwise disarrange your alimentary system, it would greatly mar your enjoyment of the trip, and unfit you for work when you arrive at Oberlin. Bear these things in mind. I should like to write them with a pen of fire on your brain, because they are so important. I have been through the mill, and know. I advise not my counsel. Well, I ate too much watermelon one day. I think in a former letter I told all about what things to get, how to put sheets around your bunks, etc.

You must come. I have at my mind
and heart on it. It will be good for you.
I shall make about thirty dollars clear
this summer, so I can help you some,
more than I expected. The Sammons
are an exceedingly interesting family, they
talk too much, however. ^{Mr. Sammons} He gave me an
awful compliment on my sermon. He said
"Well, that is the only sermon I ever heard that
was completely unanswerable. You did not be-
gin very loud, and I thought I would as how ma-
ny went to sleep. But when you began to bring
up your propositions, they said 'Well I must listen
to this', and they could not go to sleep." He
was frank enough to tell me not many days be-
fore that he was disappointed in me. I thought
this ^{too} was probably sincere. Mrs Sammons said
that I made my thought so clear that those could
could understand. This I valued the more as
I am always afraid of slipping into the gray-
mire of the incomprehensible. At least you
all tell me that I do. These things feed my
vanity pleasantly. But,
This is a short letter, but I will write again