

here. I will get a colico
~~your~~ cloth and wrap up your
face, if you go to weeping.

I do not know that I men-
tioned the Musical Union here.

It is a singing concern to
which any one may belong by
popping a satisfactory contribu-
tion. They sing at least once,
sometimes more times, a week.

The facilities here are all good.
I do not think you would be
disappointed. I honestly think
that the only hindrance to your
singing would be lack of money
and I think that you may
get around that. "Go East!"
does not the cry make all your
blood to tingle? I think I

it will give you a fund of ideas
and experiences that will give
you a better foundation for
your after life. The great horse
of people when they settled down

is that they fall into a set of little narrow ideas, petty cares that make life truly commonplace. One ought to struggle against this as much as possible, but broad views never thin, high plans sail away without you being attached to them, deep ideas sink out of sight, fine feelings break and snarl like fine silk, as the slow process of life goes on, unless one has a good stock of mind materials on hand at the start.

A day or so has passed since penning the above. The weather has taken a sudden turn. Yesterday the cloud at 65. Today it got up as high as 72°. The sky is not very bright and it slopes off on all sides to rest on a hazy horizon. It is

much like the weather last Sept when I came here and as I walked around the town in the dusk this evening I almost seemed to be going around, as I did one Saturday evening then. But a winter has passed. I have been studying—have I got anything? I am not sure. I do not believe my fiber is so tough in any direction. I count my stay in Germany as gain. So far as theological opinions are concerned, about all I have done is to soil them up. My "system" that I had got so well mapped out in my mind a few years ago, does not correspond with standard ideas, as I used to know well enough—but standard ideas are so strong here that I now feel more than

ever the difference. It is
not so much the way of opin-
ions themselves that differ,
as in the way of regarding
things. I seem to look
at matters at a different
angle. A ^{given} fact does not
mean the same thing to
me that it does to someone
else. For instance, the strictly
orthodox man likes to get
fixed things which cannot be
subd., and refer them to the
region of the infinite, as proof
of the greatness of God. I take
no pleasure in anything until
I find a rational explanation
of it. If the orthodox man
comes across an occurrence in
the Bible that may be regarded
as a miracle — as the case of
Ananias — he strives to prove
that it was a miracle. I feel
a desire to show that it is a

foundations, which could not be shaken, whose builder and maker is God. Consequently not basing their citizenship on earth, where citizenships were not very safe property - but in heaven, they weathered the storm. They did not drag anchor much, their cable of hope entered into the mud on the bed of their harbor and held them there so that they rode it out. They also had a few life boats out for picking ^{up} any straggling wrecked parties floating around in the water.

It is Sunday now. I was awakened this morning by such a chorus of robin music as I never heard, not even on Manj's Peak. It was nothing like as beautiful as that, because there ^{is} ~~was~~ no echo here to prolong the notes, as there. But it was a regular crash, as individual voices being disting-

as continuous as the frog music
at home. There is a certain
pleasure in the thought that as
the sun rolls over the world,
his first beams set in motion
a wave, or a whole system of
waves and ripples, of music.

By the way I have heard no
frogs here. In the still
evenings, when the sky to the
North West is still goldenly lumin-
ous, and the full moon is
up in the East, and the long
pale shadows of the densely fo-
liaged trees, with irregular darker
and patches of mossiness in them,
stretch away along over the tall
grass, and there is the odour
of summer clapsours in the air,
the murmurous notes of the frogs,
sounding somewhat like a surf at
a distance, with enough of humour-
ousness in them to destroy any very
melancholy thoughts - with the

stridulation of the ^{crickets} grasshoppers
and cicadas, the beetles droning
flight - are not unwelcome.
I think that classic and English
allusions and ideas are more
adaptable to the Pacific coast
than to this region: the reasons
are obvious.

To spend the sorrowful twilight hours
Under the dew-damp apple bower,
To breathe the breath of honeyed flowers,
And watch the stars appear -
That dilates the feeling soul
So that each one becomes a seer,
In him truth's unroll,

I may say that I can get
more inspiration out of Gethse
than out of Johnathan Edwards.
Beecher is inspiring reading.
Shakespeare has some good points.
The words of Christ are stars.

Monday morning. Sultry
weather! Then at 80 ^{including} too
hot to sleep all night. It is

raining now. I don't know
whether to look for another
snow before long or not.

Leaf is beginning to spring.
Relative to your coming, May,
if you can say whether you
will ^{come}, and when, if you do,
I should be glad to know, for
that I do not know whether
to try to get preaching to do
here this summer, or expect to
go East with you, this summer.
Of course we must go East to
see our friends sometime. If you
come before Fall, ^{say in June} we had better
^{go on as soon as you arrive} do it ~~now~~, as ~~soon as you come~~.

Kumtux? If I am to try to
get work here, I should be on the
lookout soon.

Ah, well-a-day,
Bey, Bey!

By,