

valuable. If you say that I don't
own the land yet - which I don't -
let me say that if it I should
have money ^{laminated} ~~lent~~ with
the land ^{for it}, and anything should
happen so that I should not
be likely to perfect my title,
my creditor would have a very
good reason for helping me
to perfect my title. He would
help me out, to save his note.
But I do not apprehend any
trouble in perfecting my title, &
may speak of it with confidence
as my land. I devote less
space to this than the importance
of the subject demands, but
think I must pass on to the
next head, which is,

Flatten's Book.

I think that the finger of providence
points toward that book, Flatten.
You can make an interesting and
valuable book. You now have

the leisure, and by looking up
your old journals and letters, and
bringing out from your memory
things old and new, you would
produce a book that a great ma-
ny would like to read. You
have the time now if you
will take the time, just as Mary
has the money for the Oledin
scheme, if she will take it,
Wilhelm, I think that if your
health permits, your place in the
college is a pretty good one,
\$1200, if you can, I
do not know of any place on
the Pacific Coast where you
would have so little dudsing.
At Seattle you would have to
teach six or eight hours per day,
and have charge of a room. True,
at Salem, or Eugene, you
might get a place, but they are
in the same climate, and salaries
are not so certain. Yours is by

for the best in the college. 15
Dr Herrick appears to be a fair
man, and the vile taint of
Mansfield can scarcely be so
pervasive and offensive as of yore.
You will probably wish to go
up East of the Mountains to see to
your land, and can explore
around in the grand coveils,
and up round Colville, and such,
I take it, that you take systematic
exercise. Why could not
you have the boys get dumb-
bells and clubs, and spend an
hour a day in practicing? You
could do that in the chapel.
It is reviving and exhilarating, you
could get that gymnastic justice
without a gymnasium. You
could do that with the college
boys, at least. It would give
you exercise as well as to them
Dinner bell.

It is now not only after dinner, but after supper. The day has passed in beauty away, and night has come stealthily, but introduced by two evening stars, the harbingers of spring, — the lengthening day — makes us feel somewhat vernal, though the little puddles of water in the road and on the walks have turned to brittle ice before the sun had set. I am thinking of my plans, of the means of a body made up of ~~materials~~ ~~in order~~ ~~of the materials~~ ~~and fragments~~ ~~are placed in the midst of~~ ~~life and mind and soul~~ ~~that with a purpose in view~~ ~~and upheld by him, and~~

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future that I am endeavouring
to reach. I have one factor
known - my own wishes; an-
other factor is less certain - my
own abilities; the third is al-
most ^{entirely} unknown, which con-
sists of the outer circumstances
that may impinge upon
me. To him who would
succeed the two first should
be large; preponderatingly
large. I am interested to
see just what kind of a
product will be made out of
these factors. It is something
that will concern me, at least.
You float above my plans,
and shine through them as
the sun through clouds. In
fact it is you that puts the
color on my vapory plans.
They would be gray, at least; per-
haps black, if you were not
there. I do not think I should

should have many plans if you should set, "What kind of weather shall we have?" "It will be fair weather, for the sky is red."

I have read that article by Scull relative to the spelling reform. It was sort of amusing. Scull is getting sort of exalted. It is a pity that editors ^{think they} have to spit out about so much irony and charge those who differ with them with impudence, in order to make their articles interesting. I also saw the article in the Independent in which you responded. That was a very good response. You rather had him both in argument, and in effective, good natured, satire, where you alluded to R. G. White and the Oregonian as the only eminent authority against spelling reform. Scull's

contempt of the matter, is itself contemptible, and shows here a man who has lived a good while ^{on} the low ^{level} ideas of purely business and political ideas is inclined to become one-sided. Scull can devote columns after columns to editorials on a railroad, the ^{main} benefit of which is to increase money, and sneer at any proposed reformations in the education of children. Any man who had studied Germany ^{and practically} would know how simple, & phonetic system of spelling is. Scull merely betrays his ignorance, although he does so in a large manner. What profable meaning does he attach to his statement that orthography is fixed, or changed by the laws of usage? What but this, that we spell a word in a certain way be-

cause some one else spelled it that way, or one way the spelling be-
cause we think we think a new
spelling more desirable. Spelling
has been changing all the time.
All that is meant by the spelling
reform is to change all ~~at once~~
together, under the so-called "law"
I have named. Scall is fond
of talking of some great laws
that govern all things - just as if
"laws" were not simply the way
that things as done expressed in fact.
But as I am not saying anything
new, I will cease harping on
that string. You, Obery,
must continue your journal
Put in all the incidents. I feel
sort of pined at Mrs Jewell.
I suppose that you don't care
much I. You were not so
very eager to go there, I believe,
Gough is going to speak here

next Friday. Probably I shall
go to hear him. 21

I have forgotten her
Excepting when I dream,
'Tis then that I remember her,
And with her one more seem,
And I do not wish to waken
Because I wish to keep
The look my heart ^{has} had taken
When she comes to me in sleep,
So let me dream forever,
Why trouble my repose?
Let my dreaming be a river
That laps and sparkles as it flows,
And upon it Tossing
Let my spirit ride,
'Tis a river we are escaping!
She is one, and by my side,
Half of life is spent in slumber
'Tis the dearest half to me,
My nights and not my days I number,
So in my dreaming let me be,
Why should day with dreary glamour
Break the edge of perfumed night?
Why with harsh and noisy clamour

Do you call me to the light?
Thine by day when I am unking
I only gather strength to dream
All the effort I am making
Is that with her I may seem,

At night I wash away my tears,
I sink my grief and sorrow,
After how many bad years
Will the Dark One bid me good-morrow.
I tore the screen of fate
And looked at black Savannah
But ask me not, I must not speak,
I must not tell. How can I,

It is a starry night -
And there is frost upon the snow.
With frost the stars shine bright,
And the twigs of the bare trees show,

I am prolonging this letter
unreasonably. Saturday night
is nearing along. Good night.

To make a long letter longer²³
I will add a few words to-
night. Sunday 7:40 P.M. I
did not go to meeting tonight,
Somehow I am not very
much edified by the preaching
here. I do not know what I
shall do. I do not seem to
be fully in whack with the
orthodox beliefs. There mingles
up in me a sense of opposition
when I listen to a real
sounding orthodox sermon. No
more I sympathize fully with
the Unitarians. Their beliefs seem
shadowy. They do not come
right down to the depths of
things. I can read Beecher's
sermons with a great deal of gusto,
and almost always sympathize
with him completely. Orthodox
seems little; heterodoxy seems
thin, diluted; Beecherism is un-
questionably rather uncertain.

The New Testament satisfies me
best of anything in that line,
Paul has a fringe touch of harshness
in his inexhaustible energy. It
is his energy and conviction, a
little too prominent. He does not
have too much conviction, but
too little, just a little too little,
appreciations. When the
ledges stick out of a hill, it
is not because there is too much
rock there, but too little soil.
Yet Paul is remarkably fine
reading. That speech on Mars
Hill, too earnest and sincere
to meet the classical dialectic of
the inquisitive Greeks, is one of
the most remarkable things
ever uttered. It opens lines of
argument that in the next fifty
years can be used effectively
on both old school Christians
with their contracted ideas, and
our atheists, with their materialis-
tic explanations of things.

John embodies that mysticism²⁵
which is the profoundest philosophy
that men have produced,
and which colour Paul's view,
John was a thoroughgoing mys-
tic, but avoided the follies of
a good many that were called
by that name. The philosophy of
mysticism is the result of
the saturation of the discursive
faculties by the intuitive. It
is the prophetic. You find no
literature that did not begin in
prophecy, of some kind. The
great literature of modern times
having such men as Goethe,
Carlyle, and Emerson, as its
apostles, has the transcendental
stamp on it; the mystic, the
prophetic. Putting the un-
world, the world of feeling,
spirit, and thought, as the real,
and the seen as the phenomenal,
is the essence of mysticism.

This is also the prophetic. When
a man sees a principle, a
truth, one of those things that
unveil all phenomena, very
clearly, he can tell what will
come of that principle when
it rises to the surface of the
experimental. It is precisely
the same kind of thing which
that can go through his toy and
discover the invisible principles
that blossom into occurrences,
that can follow a principle into
the future and see how it will
blossom eyes hence. You are
looking from phenomena to
principles in one case; from
principles to phenomena, in
the other. To the prophetic eye,
all stands out clear. To see
both either in the past or in
the future, takes the same kind

of our eye.

Mary mourns, Mary
go. brough, I am imperfect
with the good work you are
doing. I think Christ will
be more likely to say You
have been faithful over a few
things — than any other thing.
I like to read what
you said. It has a complete-
ness that you do not find
elsewhere. When I stand on
a little hill and see the
fields and other things, beautiful,
rich, satisfying, rolling away in
concentric rings of scenery,
expanding until it ends in some
very distant mountain on one
side, and touches the sky on
the other, I say, This is large,
but there is scenery on the other
side of the mountain, and there
is a place where that horizon is
its zenith. So in Christ's words

what I see is too good for me
to get hold of, and I see that
there is a great deal more that
I cannot see. It is behind
the mountain or under the
horizon.

I think of you very often
S. We shall have nice
times together some time again.
I should like to impress you
with the fact of my affection
for you, if it is good for
anything.

Now the wasted embers glow.
My thoughts are flickering in the smouldering
Drowsily my eyelids droop,
I think that I have said enough.

Good bye,
W. S. Lyman,