Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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My Best Beloved One:

Just a few words of goodbye. I don't know how much time I shall have later, so I'll take this time now while I'm waiting for the barber to come to this measly shop. He ought to be here at 7:00. It's 6:13 now and they say, "He ought to be here any minute," which is evidently true but doesn't give much light on the situation on board.

We have just left and are on the way. Goodbye—my own dearest. I shall think of you constantly and wish you were with us. But we shall be together again in one short time or these months, and they won't be long by railroad or by sea. Come to Maine. Farewell. With all the love of my whole heart

Yours forever.

[Signature]
My dear Best Beloved,

It is raining now, so you wouldn’t perhaps enjoy it here especially. But earlier it was quite pleasant, even the cloudy, and I wished you were here! Father decided not to work today and I was very glad to follow his good example, and we all came by here to the Park.

And on the way home we got soaked! Farewell. I shall write a real letter next time. Before more love than ever.

Edison
P.S. It isn't very pleasant to get soaked, but we didn't mind it much.
My own dearest,
I am afraid you will be too busy to read this much
but there are 3 things I want to say.
1. That I did get 350 out of my money and I suppose your will charge the girls' fares and yours to them and pay me. I don't know that you noticed which money I took and it might confuse your accounts if you didn't.
2. I think I left that gray cap somewhere around the dining room. Will you please have them look for it? It belongs to Father and there isn't any hurry about getting it here. They could bring it down on Sat. or we could get it next week. I can't tell
exactly when I shall meet you. But see no reason why it shouldn't be there by the time the last girl is off. Here's hoping the train is on time. We got to write to Raymond now before mail comes. As I send my best love and a sweet kiss. A good night kiss (at this end).

Always your own

Th. eve
My own "Dearer One "
It is 4:45, I have read
the Morning Star (a good
deal in it today) and got a
drink. And now I'm going to
write a little note to the girl
I love best in all the world.
This little suit case makes just
the forelest table anyone could
ask for.

Then I fell into a serene
Thinking of all the lovely
times I had had with you, my
sweetheart. Just before we
were a man selling prevent
came to and I remembered
that after the funeral I
had been tired and bought 5 $
of sweet chese. I only ate half
of it, but it wasn't hot so I
shoved away so I had the rest left.
Thanked tle I found it. And
in the meantime found you as
often so I looked this that
thinking of you all the
time. Now I am going to
write a few words more.
The scenery has been beautiful
but I have seen very little
of it. I decided to stay where
I was. And the young lady of
course has been perfectly
harmless. But when we haven't
been going the rock cuts,
freight yards, and the lake
the wind has been on our side
of the car. And she has pulled
down the curtain just as if it
wasn't worth noticing to
look out of the window most.
of the time. If our positions were reversed, I could have the curtain shield my eyes from the sun, and she could see the sky line — but not vice versa. That is the disadvantage of setting 6 in or so higher than other people. To make it worse, half the time (and more) when we have been in the advertised rock cuts etc. she has left the curtain down so I cannot read at all, and not once has she put it up so that I could get a first class light. That that sitting on the north side of the train I should avoid all difficulties with the sun. But it seems not. My mind has been filled with thoughts of the one I love most dearly. My joyful times I have had with her, and
The other good ones. I wish you could have seen you set at the front, but I just couldn't. I'm sure you got there safely. I do wish you were going with me up to the mountains. If we were only going together, it would be simple perfection. It is nearly 80 and I can see the sunset in the window ahead. So I must stop. I can imagine your excitement at the beauty of this sunset over the world.

With my very best love,

Ellenby.
My own dearest,

we are back at Sugar Hill and feeling easy now. I meant to write to you yesterday, but I just didn’t get around to it until after the mail had closed. That’s just the way we are doing now. We have done everything we planned to do and have come back here to relax and to get over the languor that comes in the process. We are not very ambitious. In fact I haven’t done anything more strenuous than read a magazine. Since we got back except to help a trunk for one of the ladies who was moving. We got in here late Thursday night and went right to bed. It is the best place to sleep we have struck—good beds, good air, and quiet. Friday morning we read magazines...
We did go to walk. But that meant only
that we strolled along the board walk
to a seat, read there till we got near the
end. I played solitaire after breakfast and
before dinner. I stayed up a few hours
after dinner before we started out.
I intended to get back in time to write to
you, but there wasn't even time for a
postal. I'm sorry, but I didn't notice
the time, and when we got back the mail
was closed.

After dinner Mrs. Brownell and others
told camp stories. Then after the last set of
games I played solitaire till father decided I
was ready for bed. I'm trying to get back
of the game before I go back to New York.
I think I can do all right. From present feeling
about the matter. This morning father
and I went for a similar walk. I guess
he is off this afternoon. I told him I had
to write letters and haven't heard from him
since.

First I think I had better write about
when I am to see you.  I am to arrive at
at about 11 o'clock, and I am anxious
to see you, my sweetheart as soon
as possible. I have been thinking all
along that Thursday would be the last night for me to call on you, but it has just occurred to me that I think Thursday afternoon at 4:30 is the opening of the new president. That is a pretty important thing, and I don't think it will afford to miss it. The new president makes his opening address, and I am old enough at least to appreciate the importance of such things. Of course it will be over by 6:00 and I could get out to S.R. after that. That makes it about 4:30 min for dinner, 30 min to get to the ferry, and 4 1/2 min from home to S.R. That makes it 7:45. I don't know the running time to S.R., nor what time trains leave home. But the time allowed for dinner and to get to the ferry is none too much. That seems to leave little leeway and a good deal of danger of my reaching S.R. late. When I would rather get there early. Next if you think you can't afford time to see me before Saturday, you don't have to decide about this question. But if you would like to see me earlier, when would you like to have me come? I can get to S.R. indefinitely early any day but Wednesday. If my train gets to you on time, I can leave as early as 2 P.M. for S.R. If you would like to go to Bloomfield for dinner, say the word and we do so.
If you do not you can't get read to leave Holyoke on Wed. at 5 early. If you can decide what you would like to have me do, and can write me so I'll get it from you, it will be very nice. But if you do so, please send a duplicate to me at the Sem. in case that for any reason I fail to get the letter at the Sem.

And if you change your mind you can write me at the Sem. or phone me. If I'm not around you can leave a message for me to go to that at such a time such a day and it will be given to me when I return. They are very good about that.

I am planning to have you go with me on your birthday. If it should not be pleasant we go on the first pleasant Saturday after that. And we must plan (by letter) if I don't see you what we shall do to celebrate your birthday in that case.

Aside from the formal opening of the Sem. there are no specialities till the following Monday. I shall devote my time to seeing you. Raymond, the Sem fellows fixing my room, and seeing the Masons. What is the order of their importance will keep.
I can do them any time. The first mentioned is most important and I want to be with you then all the time you can give, because it's the best chance I shall have to see you, my dear. If you could afford it, I should like to be with you all the time except the last part of Thursday from 10 A.M. from 10 A.M. till noon A.M. But I'm afraid you can't give all that time. So I shall try to see Raymond if he is still in N.Y. because he is likely to leave soon. And then the other people and arranging my room will take up the remaining time. But seeing you, comes first, my sweetheart.

Now I must stop. And write a little note to Raymond, because if I start on what we have been doing, this note may get crowded out. We used precaution. It's not long now before mail time and I want no risk of having this letter lie in the P.O. here over Sunday. So I must write write much more. Dearest but I shall have lots of things to tell you about if I can only think of them. We leave here family early Mon.
I'm and are due in H. about 3.45. I think I shall go on to Spt. if we are about on time. Get my things so I can have Thursday & Friday in uninterrupted. Have to board at 7.01 Wed. So you see my time is nearly as limited as it was two weeks ago. Just think two weeks and a day ago I left you. It seems like six months. I'm sorry I haven't answered your questions but usually I haven't had your letter at hand when I wrote. Had to close in a hurry. As now.

Please send me El & W and Eric time tables at H & NY. At convenient. Hoping to see you now. Very sorry my last I belated. Say.

Your own

Ellison

Sugar Hill

Sat eve.
My Best-Beloved;

First I am going to talk about plans, for mother sent me a letter the same time you did, and I will quote a long extract from it.

"We have been talking over summer plans.......I do not know just when we shall go to Laurel Park, but this we shall decide later. One plan proposed is to leave the park about Aug. 12 or 13 and go to G., possibly leave L.P. the 10 or 11, so we can start on the 12 or 13, and F. & I to stay till Labor Day Sept 7. The other plan, leave L.P. Aug 2 (Mon.) for G., so we can be there for "Gloucester Day" and F. & I stay till Labor Day.

For the first plan, father would come back to H. about Aug. 24 or 25 to see to business and be here for Aug. 29, then on Aug 30, he and you go off for another tramp,- his suggestion is go near Lake Winnipesaukee, tramp thro that region, go to Portsmouth, perhaps a day trip to Isles of Shoals, and get to G. by Sept 5, he coming home with me you going to R. for a little while before coming here for your start for school.

The only difference in plan No.2 is that he would leave G. earlier to put in more time between the two trips. Now this may all settle to talk only- he cannot plan definitely so early. His girl is taking civil service exam, he thinks with the idea of getting a City Hall job- if she could leave, he might be tied- he will try to find out her plans if he can, but he says tell E. what we have talked of and we will see what can be done later. What do you think of his ideas? Have you anything to suggest?"

My only suggestion is to go to Rockport directly after school closes, say on the sleeper train at night, or on Monday. That would give me the sureness of seeing Tid, and of visiting the family when
things would not be all in confusion on account of Marion. The dis-
advantage would be that it would not give you any visit at H., and
would make our time together this spring less than half as long,
because I would have to leave on Commencement Monday at the latest, from
Rockport. We might arrange for you to come out here on Sat.,
June 19, and stay till Monday afternoon, then go to Boston via Fall River.
I'll tell you about expenses here. It will cost you about $1. each way
on the railroad. To get a trunk from the Lackawanna to Cold Spring
or from Cold Spring to Grand Central or anywhere farther down town
would cost 60 cents. To get it from Lackawanna to Grand Central or
Fall River Line would be 40 cents. Stage fare is 25 cents each way
to the station. Board might not be anything, it certainly would not be
over a dollar a day including room, and perhaps less. I think you will
have to figure it out for yourself, including the finding out of what
you could do with your trunk if you didn't bring it out here.

If we go to Rockport now, I suppose I would be with you about a
week, and then not see you until about Labor Day, if father and I take
the walking trip. I should probably be able to get in a day then, if I
got to R. Sat P.M., and you went on the F.R. boat Sunday eve, and I should
probably be able to see you a little at G.R. on the way to Pa. The
advantages of that plan, are that I see Tid, avoid bothering the family
at the end of the summer, and if father and I go on the trip, it is the
only way in which I can be if R. When you are. The disadvantage is that
it shortens the time this spring, and leaves out your trip to H.

If we should decide to do that, I think the choice is (1) you come
out here, and we both go on F.R. Line Mon. eve; or (2) you go home
direct, and I come on the sleeper Sun eve; Or (3) you go to Meriden,
and I follow on Monday and we go on to R.

I am sorry that I haven't thought to tell you definitely that I
have a substitute for the Sunday in question, June 27. As you can see from mother's letter, you can't visit her at the end of the summer in H.

I have written mother that I had written to you about the question of our going to A June 21, and would write to her as soon as I heard from you.

Lovingly,

Ellison.
My dearest Lottie,—

When I got your letter last night, I was so glad to hear from you. I certainly must write Lottie at once. It's a shame that you didn't have a letter waiting for me at Walworth, and I didn't remember to post it. But you asked me to write you a letter at once, and then for a moment I thought the evening had begun. The postman had gone. I'm awfully sorry, that.

I have been a busy time this week, let you know. Mr. Allen only went to Beverly Farms, but we had a very pleasant talk. He says that Sunday school was very pleasant; it was a real emergency affair. He didn't expect it to be so hard. He hadn't done any preparations for the following Sunday. I don't know if the sermon was boring or not. The remarkable thing is that it was so good. They tried him on nice questions, and he rang true every time. He isn't a scholarly man, or a liberal theologian, or a cultured scholar, but he is a man, and I hope they think I think so. In the same way, I think he is doing good work in the right way, and ought to make himself much better fitted for work.

Just outside of Lynn we had a long wait behind a freight train, and then a slow ride with 6 stops before it reached Boston. But I just caught an Elevated, and just caught a streetcar at 6th St., so I made good time. Harvard only got to W. about half an hour earlier. He worked like a fiend the week before and was all in. I think this Friday is the day they all go to Maine, and Monday Howard had a chance to take a fellow to tutor three for 2 weeks and name his own price. So, with preparing for that, and general exhaustion Howard wasn't able to go to it. I stayed till the 4 o'clock, so I'm back and sent my rooms.

Howard is really in love with one of the teachers there at Arlington H.S. one Jane Eaton. If Bridgewater was strange to say, there's a lady named Amherst Eaton. Can you figure out what I mean?
Out about her. I guess I'm the only one Howard has talked about her. I think Howard will have just about the same kind of a wait as I had from a certain Thanksgiving to Kansas vacation. I hope the results will be as good. Howard is 18 years older now than Illinois. He is now getting $100 and has hope of the full pension in a year. He has changed his old ideas that he used to pour into me, about the necessity of earning $750 before marriage and thinks he is quite as able to marry financially, as Sam alike in other respects.

My Ike has grown a lot in the last six months. He certainly is a man now, and he never was before. I wonder how much falling in love had to do with it.

I stayed at home most and went to bed early. At 7 am I saw the pharmacist, who says the illness is caused by over-secretion of the mucus membranes in the conjunctiva, in other words cataract, and gave me some drops which ought to cure it in a week. He says my throat is all right except for a cataract, which will cease if I go to a dry climate, also said: No change. Glad to see you. The $1 comes in here every approximately other brands filled the morning. In the afternoon, I called on Mrs. Thompson and asked them if the new arrival was known as the little minister (which is a habit you young ministers fathers have, and after he said no. I present be in we have a "girl" the name is Donald (or Koand? ) M. Thompson.

I got on the Pullman car and rode over, went down to the house and registered, and saw everyone who was around. Went to the library and registered there and went to headquarters. It was then about time to take off uniforms, so I didn't put mine on, but brought it home in my suit case. I went up to the room to get supper, and went to the bank in the evening, where I had a most glorious time. Among others I met the Weens, Miss Brocks, Raymond, Helen Chapin, others, and lots of other nice people too. That girl that cousin David had found last year (Miss Rolls, I think) is Mrs. Brocks niece. She says he was up that afternoon and came up just to please her, and that "we all had a good time. She is a sweet little girl."
Raymond is still on 3 dp. I had a fight with everything to get him a seat on the train car and stopped all the way. I was glad when I had reduced the running time to 30 min. A visit for a week. I went to Tenino to see him again and got the dinner just after it had started. I got a nice seat and had a good dinner not too much but enough. And very nice. The speakers were Miss Harris from Garfield of Williams and Marvin, receiver of the third for R. R. Stop of whom received degrees. Miss Garfield was fine, but I was equally interested to see the other man. He is very different from what I might have expected. Afterwards I saw Miss Dole, Miss Proctor, Pickles, Sam Fielden, and his buzz with Ernie Butler, the postmistress, and a lot of other people. Really the only one I never was introduced to see. But we met to speak in the R. C. and I suppose it flattered her to think a government man would be as glad to see me as anyone. I never was introduced to see but we went to speak in the R. C. and I suppose it flattered her to think a government man would be as glad to see me.

This morning I came up to Laurel Park but first I opened a box of books and hunted for one I wanted. Then went to the dentist (£5) to have a tooth taken out. My mother is taking her sewing machine out. And I had a big time. Well you trying to get to Es. rather than N. on Garfield. But we finally got home and after about 2 hours of the hardest work I never did. We had lunch. Since then, we have been taking it easy, comparatively.

To-day 10.00 (or maybe 9.30). I hope you and I are having the loveliest time ever. Please remember me to her and tell her she ought to be might glad to see more of you on an N. I have only had time to read your letter once. I don't remember exactly what you said that at the end. But it was one of your usual apologies for conditions at 18 High St. Please don't do it again, my dear. I recognize that things aren't ideal but there is so much that is beautiful in your home and as a whole it is so far better than most others that I always forget the other things. With best love.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

The P.M.
Limericks for the newly wed.

For fear that your honeymoon's blue
We're sending these jingles to you
You're all too much sense
To take any offense
This one if our slams may hit you.

Two important young men of our state
Declared that no longer they'd want
It was time they were married
For long had they married
So at last the twins settled the date

To be perfectly happy too said
A bride must in April be wed
And the kind weather clerk
Sent sunshine for luck
On Wednesday when these four were wed
The house was a bower & bloom
Sweet lilies pervaded each room
Mr. Fuller and Lee
Have smelled heads you see
And their hats do not fit I presume.

The bride's looked as dainty as flowers
The Bells' said 'we're glad they are ours'
If any one tries
To run off with our prize
Short indeed in this earth be his arms.

Before they stood at the altar
To receive the nuptial halter
Some strange things occurred
Such as never were heard
But nothing could make the grooms
Jullin.
The Am. Luis S. Boy

Sent from the Hotel a big box

It could not be found

Albert put it in pound

Or else had it hid in his rocks

10

Among the guests were the Dr. fern and his wife; But he certainly shocked

For he dressed for the dance

Without any pants

Without clothes can't dance he mocked.

Where are my shirt buttons the distant cried with a tear in his eye

I don't care much about 'em

But I can't dress without 'em

And when I'm half dressed I feel shy
Sweet Ruth maid of harm so fair
Had 2 lovers a sturdy young pair
They made as much bluster
They finally guessed her
So much that she fell up the stair

The Dr. leaping up to assist her
For his fond of the birds pretty nest
But she jumped up alone
Without breaking a bone
And without even raising a bluster

Great the wrath of the man got loose
In the midst of the double carnage
To find that his wine
Disappeared in short time
In a dark place not named in the house
A mailer put into his Jeffy
some wine that was kept in the Jeffy
which made him so hot
That Dad got quite ready
and fell up the stairs his own self

18

in line
As the ladies went their friends stood
The guests gasped & whispered "how fine"
A New Yorker they say
In a mischievous way
Kissed the hostess at head of the line

19

Little John in the good days 8 old
For Maid Marian his love never grow cold
But today there's a Knight
Who is ready to fight
For once Maid Marian's so we are told
The two nearly wed brides dressed in blue sped down the broad stairs in full view. Please excuse us cried they.

But now must run away
for my feeling so dreadfully new.

21
In the hallway a colored door tender asked whether to help or to hinder.
When Bill Oving's heard
He said a big word
'Well bill what did I say there by thunder

22
Then off in an Anti they sped.
In the custom of those nearly wed
Then up spoke Bill O

In accents of more
'I've forgotten the donkey.' he said.
Now the good days of romance aren't dead
For a big pretty fairy then sped
To the Home of the Blest
Then they reached their home next
The key had got there just ahead

24

The guests came in numbers galore
250 and more
They talked ate drank
And some of them pranced
When the auto sped down from the town

25

Ma says no more weddings for me
So Ruth must stay single a bit
Broken hearts stream around
Fairly littering the ground
From Smith College down to its sea
But every one free to confess
The affair was a wonder to success
That two birds in white
Were a heavenly sight.
The eyes of mere mortals to bless.

Now a gloom is settled over the lone,
Each room is still as a mouse,
We don't know what to do
Here lies some boy here,
And with tears these fair pages.

Our telephone wires are kept hot
By reportes who weren't in the spot
But who long for a story
To add to their glory.
Sunday papers do publish such not.
Reporters before it was cold off. Had Randall converted to Rudolph. We know Mrs. Oving.
With her other belongings, that for husband a paper made Rudolph.

30.
Also for the joke which miscarried Dad who for the special train hurried smiled his baggage to find white wedding entwined. And this legend marked on it just married.
My dearest Betty:

205 3, 30 P.M., and I haven't been back to the Hall since I left it for breakfast. This has been a most interesting day to me. (you know what I did after I got dressed, then I went down street for breakfast, and had to wait 15 minutes before I was served.) I had decided my choice of church to attend. I thought seriously of going to the church Silvernail attends because he once spoke very highly of the beautiful way they observe communion service, and neged me very strongly to come, assuring me of a welcome. I didn't want to go to my own church because Ruth should be there and I want to make it the full month, which matures tomorrow night. Since I last saw her to speak to (I saw her last night, but she was in a car and I on the sidewalk so she couldn't count) the pastor of the Unitarian Church was going to preach on the light the Parables throw on it, or some thing of that nature, and I wanted to see what sort of stuff he would give, but I was afraid they wouldn't have communion service
well, when I got there breakfast it was 10.32 and church begins at 10.30 and telegrams, etc. 1st place was a little over 10 min. walk away while the other was practically across the street. So I went, but I got into the University CH instead of the Unitarian. Ganny misdirected me. of course I realized what ch 2 was getting me, but they had said Unit. when he meant Unit, so I went in, and found that they didn’t even have the regular pastor, but a young man who exchanged with this and is suppressing the Buffalo CH. He was very attractive. but had a poor voice and rather a weak delivery. when he gave the invocation, I didn’t realize it was meant as a prayer at all. I couldn’t see anyone at first. to begin with, and the words seemed more like an exposition than a prayer. I don’t think it was addressed to anyone, to begin with, but it may have been. I didn’t notice very closely. but the form was some thing like this: may we be in a very good mood, may our hearts be filled with love, not forgotten what and may we be somewhat improved and the organ played softly and people
...as they do at the end of a prayer. I guess that is what it was meant for. I don't suppose it's just to close. I'm not worried about finding all I could about them, and the prayer itself was a most remarkable one. When it was over I wrote down a few phrases that impressed me and stuck in my memory. They came in at about the middle. "May we realize that the universe is all right, and that it is bound to the case, and that it is only we who cannot (realize it, or words to that effect)." "May we realize that it is God's will that we should love one another." "May reverence for reverence for men and women. Christ reverence is reverence for men and women enough, we shall be sure of loving God enough?" All this it seemed as if he was addressing me with a view to settling forth just what he, a Universalist, believed. Of course I have known prayers in evangelical churches, which were just statements of the man's system of doctrines. But at least they were very generously addressed to the Lord, and didn't speak of God in the third person as this man did all this.
I took notes on the sermon which interested me. It appealed to me, even though not especially well delivered. But I couldn't help feeling how little appeal it had to ordinary persons. I seem to me that the Universalists have to take a person who has been brought under evangelical influences in order to make any kind of a man. I'm saying this, I am quite impersonal. Half my mother's relatives are Universalists. But I am just looking at their teachings. Our country is full of evangelical teachings, so that even those who don't go to church all come under its influence. I can see how a person who learned to be a man in an evangelical church, under such influence, and became a Universalist, would be speaking personally. And leaving room for lots of exceptions. I don't see how the Universal teachings could produce an active spiritual man. I trust I am not unchangeable. I am very strongly attracted to the belief in universal salvation. But, as my father says, 'I would like to believe it, but it's not in the Scripture.' I haven't come to the point where I am ready to discard Scripture on such an important matter. And the consequences of so doing seem to disastrous. That I hesitate to do, anyway, as Betty says, 'I am convinced that most people are Sinners because they are afraid of getting hell.' And it certainly is true that for the majority of mankind, even in this enlightened age, that fear is a stronger motive than the appeal to righteousness or service.
To work on a lower plane, but more effective, and I can't see but what it is necessary to educate people up to the other. The New Confession of Faith says, "and that all believers ought to practice good works, for such are profitable to all men" (in words to that effect) and I think that is about the weakest motive for right living that I have seen. For most people will demand proof that good works are profitable, and if it is proved, will disregard it. There is no necessity implied at all, and no love motive, such as we have (the true Greeks emphasize the love of Christ to the practical exclusion of His holiness.

By the way, modern universalists say that punishment will continue as long as sin continues; and I don't see but that we can agree with them on that. Only that orthodox Baptists believe that the effects of sin are so permanent that without the salvation of Jesus, they last forever; while Zwinglians believe that they are not so permanent, and that God's love will devise some plan of salvation after death. That is stated just as importantly as I can state it. My critic would be: the fact that the effects of sin continue does not necessarily imply that sin continues, either the positive or the negative, of this requires proof. The acceptance of which seems to me to depend largely on the mental makeup of the individual. And on the other hand, any revelation of God is only partial; the fact that God has revealed no such plan of redemption after death does not necessarily prove that there is no such
That's as far as I have that out and it's pretty dangerous ground, so I guess I hadn't better go any farther.

Now dear, I wish you would tell me whether you were interested in that. Because I want to know, for the future. I have been much interested in letting you know whether you were interested in reading it.

I have been writing on this at odd times, and I guess it's about time to mail it now. I will try to finish about Sunday and forward it sometime. Goodbye now, dear heart. With best love, I am

Your devoted

Ellison

Mar/4.
My dearest One,

Father has the desk in our room here, so I am using "A Bone Alone" as a desk to write a little note to the one I love best. I want to thank you, dear, for all you did to make my visit with you so pleasant. It certainly was a delight to be with you and to get to know you again.

I had a pleasant trip home, and I'll try to tell you about it within a month. Mr. Frank Mason and Gertrude called on us here also George Findlay. It's now 10:45 and they have just gone. I ought to catch the 11:30 mail as I must close now with one loving good-night.

Ellen

July 5th

There are still plenty of pears to be had of the Gardner kind as I found this morning.