

Houghton, Easter 1892.

My dearest Fannie:

For several days we have had bright sunshine, tempered, it is true, by a very cool east wind, but Nature has rapidly thrown off her winter garb, and now only on the edges of the hill tops and in the bottoms of the ravines are patches of snow left to serve as witnesses of a past season. In the woods I suppose there is still a good deal of snow, but we do not see it. The fine weather has seemed to culminate today, and we are all joyful over a glorious Easter, a fitting anniversary of a festival dear to all Christian people. I hope you in Cambridge are equally fortunate, and I have thought of you all many times today and wished I could be with you in old Christ Church. Our service here was the highest of high church celebrations, with candles, genuflections &c almost

ad nauseam. The whole performance was very theatrical and several times did such violence to my feelings, that I almost decided not to go to Communion, but I was able to put down my rebellious self and look beyond and over the outward show, and felt rewarded for so doing. How can I take an active part in a parish under such conditions! My feelings are so opposed to the practices of our rector, that it would seem almost hypocritical to serve under him. I should have to defend that with which I have no sympathy, or be outspoken in condemnation ~~with~~ his ritualism, and that, of course, would defeat the purpose of cooperation. None of the Judkins family attend church here now. In fact, I believe Mr. J. has written Mr. Cross a letter in which he told him he ought to go over to the Roman Church. By the way. Is it true that Mr. Spalding has recanted his newly assumed doctrine of faith? How strange! Poor man!

His weary spirit, seeking after truth, seems to undergo perpetual tribulation. I wonder what led him to this last step. Can it be that his mind is failing?

Your note of "Thursday" came early last week - also the Century. I have sent to "Shooting + Fishing" a few lines of criticism on that moose picture. The review in the back part of the magazine does not say anything definite about the make-up of the moose, which, on the whole, is pretty good, but the artist probably never saw a moose in the water. I am afraid your confidence in my ability as a writer of text-books is sadly misplaced. Has it never occurred to you that there are scores of able petroglyphers in this country and in England, that know much more about that science than I do. Why hasn't one of them written a good text-book on the subject? Aunt Lotthie's letter told quite a dismal tale, didn't it? I hope

all the sufferers are again quite well * * * Just rec'd your postal
of the 14th I had not realized that I had not written for a week. In fact, I am
sure I wrote last Sunday or Monday. Dined with the Judkins to-day. Your
visit is as frisky as ever, and even more entertaining. Two members of the
Geol. Board arrived to-night. There will be a grand pow-wow to-morrow, I suppose
and our fates will soon be sealed, or settled, I might say. Dr's report is not yet
ready, as he has spent the past week moving. They are in the Club house, and to-
morrow Mrs. W. goes away for a month. Our housekeeper came on Thursday, and
we have helped her unpack china &c. Carpets will go down this week, and by the
1st of May most of us ought to be in. Dr. Keller has resigned, to take a position in
Phil^a, where he will be near his "girl". His loss will be a great one to the School.
To-morrow I expect to drop Sunday work for a fortnight and take a course of assaying
under Mr. Sharpless. After that I may take ten days off, and go about the country
a little. Mr. Denton has left with his class for the iron district, and I may run down
to see some of the iron mines while he is there. Hope to hear from you soon. With lots
of love and "kisses" for each and all of you, ever "Papale".