

WRITINGS OF REVEREND EBEN MUIR RICE ©

EBEN MUIR RICE

DIARY

1864

January 1, 1864

To

March 31, 1864

DIARY VOLUME TWO

PART THREE 1864 *21,500 words

*There are two volumes from Jan 1, 1861 till March 31 1864.

The diary covering 31 March 1864 to the end of 1866 is missing. In Sept/1867, he graduated, married Mary Bland went to work at Mount Pleasant, Quebec, probably the Linge Mission. They then returned to Beachville, and were living in a rented cottage and had a one year old son named Leonard Eton Rice. He mentioned he gave his sister one of his diaries which accounts for the missing years.

*VOLUME THREE (V) BEGINS Sept 1/1867 to Oct. 15/1870.

Property of
Beverly Campbell
28 Greenhalf Dr.

Ajax, On. L1S 7N6

Jan. 1/1864

BRANTFORD

The New Year has commenced but how differently from last New Year's Day. I sat up to see the old year out and the New Year in, and shortly after twelve I went to bed. This morning all looks cheerful. There is a hard frost, and the only disagreeable thing is the wind, which is very strong. I have been looking over the letters which M.A. returned, and I think they are all right. Among them is the last one sent from Montreal. I think it would be better to copy it here, so as to be sure of preserving it. There is one singular mission in it. I forgot to put her name at the top of the letter. It was altogether an oversight, but she would think it an insult.

COPY OF LETTER TO MARY ANN BAILEY ON SEPARATE PAGE

SCROLL DOWN

The letter is as follows.

(letter to Mary Ann Bailey from Eben M. Rice)

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NO NAME but it was to Mary Ann Bailey

******REWRITTEN 4 months Later**

Mary Ann Bailey

PAGE 1

Montreal Sept 10th, 1863

A few days ago I received a letter from Richards in which he tells me of the manner in which you received my last letter. I can't imagine why you should act so in regard to it, for it was not a cold or cruel letter. If there was anything wrong in it, or if it did not breathe the love my letters once breathed, you have yourself to blame. My love was warm and steadfast until you chilled it, and all my efforts have been in vain to bring it back to life. Then again your misrepresentations of me have weaned my affections. I have several times found you so representing facts as to lead others to think wrongly of me. In Richards' last letter is another instance. You told him that my letters were so cold because you did not go to school. Now you know that was not the cause. It was the occasion for it made me review past events, and the more I did so the colder did my love become. I could then see how often you had trifled with me, and imposed upon my love.

For a year your self-will has caused you to show your authority and act obstinately in opposition to my wishes. Your unjust suspicions and jealousy in regard to Miss Bland first caused my love to cool, for of all the things I dislike it is a jealous woman. That jealousy blasted my hopes; and ever since you have been insulting me by suspicions which were degrading to both. My love could not stand the shock, and sorry as I am to say it, yet I must say in justice to both, that I do not love you as a lover should. Feeling as I do I cannot write such letters as would please you, nor can I meet you as I once did. Did I choose to act the hypocrite I could still write loving letters, not feeling the love I pretended. But such I cannot do.

Sept 10/1864

COPY 4 months later

LETTER TO MARY ANN BAILEY... Cont..

page 2

Once you gave me a token to be returned to you if ever my love changed. It seems to me that the time has come, and with sorrow I enclose it to you. If better feelings and love return I may reclaim it, but feeling as I do, it would be wrong to retain it.

I cannot break my engagement with you, but if you see fit to offer to release me I will accept. On the other hand if you see fit to hold me to my engagement, I must submit, and in due time marry you.

Oh what a fool I was to plead so earnestly for a renewal of the engagement last May. I might have known you would not do for my wife, when you were not willing to go with me to a distant land. But I have acted foolishly, and I must abide the consequences. I must now submit to your will in the matter.

Richards says that your Uncle discourages your wishes to go to Drumbo. Why did you not tell me of this? You merely told me that you were not going. But even if you go, I fear my love is gone forever. It is with sorrow that I write it, for my brightest hopes are dashed to the ground, and I have no prospects now but that of a friendless life. I also feel sorry for you, for I know how you will feel, but I must be honest with you. I did think – in fact I firmly believed – that the old hard feelings have been killed, but alas they were only smothered, and since my visit here they have burst forth with redoubled fury. I have had time to think of past events, and to look to the future, and I see that nothing but misery will attend our wedded life, for all confidence in each other has long since vanished.

Montreal Sept 10/1864 **COPIED** **4 months later**

LETTER TO MARY ANN BAILEY, **Cont.** **PAGE 3**

It was not my fault that I did not arrive in Hamilton on the 1st of Sept. I never told Jemima Booker that I was going West then. Indeed I did not intend to return to Hamilton at all. I could not meet you feeling as I do, nor indeed can I see you till all is settled. Now I can think kindly, though not lovingly of you, but I cannot meet you. This shall be my last letter till I hear from you. Any letters sent to my Uncle's care here will reach me safely. An early answer will oblige me for I would like to know what decision you have come to.

I am sorry to think of how you will feel, but you have a refuge from the storm to fly to for help in every time of need. This death of love has not been sudden but gradual. It has extended over nearly a year, in fact ever since your arrival in Woodstock. Cursed be the day that brought you there. I expect that this is going to blast my fair name among our mutual friends, but I can't help it. Better that than hypocrisy. Better that than pretending to love where I did not feel it. But I must close. May God strengthen and sustain you is the prayer of your once loving.
Eben M. Rice.

***THIS LETTER WAS RETURNED TO HIM AND HE MADE A COPY OF IT IN HIS
DIARY. HE WAS CONCERNED WITH BEING SUED FOR BREACH,

Jan. 1/1864, Cont.

Evening

BRANTFORD

After dinner Uncle took Annie and I into town to go skating. Annie went to Mrs. Gould's and I went to the ice, but it was so cold that I could not stay. I thought I would freeze before I got home. After tea Uncle & I started to go to the tea meeting in the Baptist Church. Uncle very kindly gave me a ticket. It was very cold going there. Mr. Woods was speaking as soon as we got in. As soon as Mr. Stewart spied me, he came and asked me up to the platform but I refused. He said he would call me and then I would have to go. Sure enough after Mr. Mackie had done speaking, he called me but I did not go though the audience cheered me. After the next speaker, I was called on again. I then went up to the platform, and Stewart called on me for a speech. I did my best, but I had to speak extempore. Mr. Davidson was the next and last speaker. On the whole the meeting was a pretty good one.

Jan. 2

Noon

This morning it has been as stormy as ever it was yesterday. The wind is dreadfully cold. I wrote to Ross in answer to his of Dec. 5th 1863. I received Bella McDonald's wedding cards today.

Evening

Did not go out all day, it was so cold. I never saw such weather as we had today and yesterday.

Jan 3rd

BRANTFORD

The first Sabbath in the year. Went to hear Mr. Stewart. The morning sermon was Numb IV, 24-26; the evening sermon was Matt. XXIII. 11. The day was very stormy, and very few were out.

The meeting was held in the basement.

Jan. 4/1864

Went into town in the morning to go skating, but sat in the store till it was too late. Went to Wilke's for Annie's skates. In the afternoon called on Mr. Stewart and had a long talk with him. Had a very pleasant time. Borrowed a volume of McCheyne's work for Auntie. She wanted a copy of the verses "Jehovah Tsidkenu."

Uncle Andrew gave me a very nice pair of straps for heel straps. In the evening, Uncle and Annie went skating, but I staid at home with Aunt Lizzie. On the first of June 1863 I began to read Genesis, and on the 1st of January 1864 I began Daniel. Before next June I will have read the bible through again.

Jan 5th

Spent most of the day in town. Uncle Andrew gave me a pair of skate straps. Annie has been sick all day and I do not like to go away tomorrow & leave her so unwell. I do not feel very well myself, and I think I will stay over a day.

Jan 6th

Was sick all day. Felt quite unwell. My head was in a perfect fever while my whole body was cold. I spent a wretched day. Annie has been much better today.

Jan. 7th

BRANTFORD

After dinner I started for Woodstock. Uncle drove me to Paris in the cutter. He brought Herbert along for the sake of the ride. The Railway Time Table is changed, and school was out when I reached W. After leaving my carpet-bag in the house I went downtown. Had my hair cut, and then went to the bookstore. Settled the balance on last term, and paid for my "Racine."

Jan.7/1864, Cont.

The other book had not come. Called at the Post Office and paid for my box, and got three letters & a paper. One letter was an account from Warwick for the balance on last term. Another was from Aunt Tenie. It was commenced Dec. 13th and finished Dec. 22nd and as usual, abounded with excuses, promises, &c. She speaks of my letters, tells me of Annie's Birthday presents, speaks of dear little Millie's sickness and give me several items of news. She encloses the money due to Dec. 11th and adds \$2.00 as a Christmas present. It was very acceptable. The paper was the Hamilton Times and contained a notice of Richards' marriage.

After tea I balanced all my accounts for 1863, crediting to that year that money that ought to have been received and paid up to Jan. 1864, although some of it was paid in this year. I paid Mrs. Gould \$12.38 on the balance of my board bill, and thus I am square with her. I spent part of the evening at Pickard's but felt so unwell that I came home soon. Pickard has taken the other half of this house so we are near neighbours.

Jan. 8th 1864

Went up to school not intending to stay, for I had been sick all night. I made arrangements with Mr. Ballantyne so that I can omit Montesquieu and take only the other two. Our time table is so arranged as to drive me pretty hard. Monday 2:00 Essays, 3:30 Christian Theology. Tuesday & Thursday, 8:45 Hebrew, 2:45 Church History. Wed & Friday 11:15, French, 2:00 Exegesis of Romans, 3:30 Christian Theology. I went into my three classes. After tea Pickard and I went downtown. At Nasmith's I got some blacking & a candle, at Scott's some Tinct of Myrrh; at Dingwall's a watch key; at Warwick's a bottle of ink. I received a letter from Rolly.

He is at Notfield and is still sick. After answering my letter he speaks of the work at P-ville of his fellow students, &c, and rakes me for my bad opinion of the ladies. Poor fellow, from the way he speaks I suspect that he has suffered from some woman's hands. Bought a register for 1864. Received letter from Millie Jany 5th.

Jan 9

We met in the morning but only for a few minutes. During the day I did no studying. After dinner went down to the Post Office to see about Rolly's request. The clerk is going to send the "Rural New Yorker" to Papineauville. I did not pay him, but will as soon as my money comes. Got half a gallon of coal oil. At three we held our covenant meeting and engaged in prayer. Called in at Pickard's for a while. He has a boarder, a young man named Scott. Miss Hugh is dead. She died the 16th of December, but I never heard of it till now. Yule is back again, as large as life. He looks very well. Today I came across the letter Miss Shenston wrote to me last Sept. at M.A.'s request in answer to my letter of Sept. 10th. Fearing that it might be lost I will copy it here. (To Eben from Naomi Shenston) LETTER FROM TO EBEN FROM NAOMI SHENSTON, RUEBEN'S SISTER.

Drumbo Sept. 12/63

NAOMI ,daughter of Thomas Shenstine who compiled the OXFORD GAZETEER.

Esteemed Friend

Providence seems to have directed my step hither at this time. I little thought that such a duty as the present awaited me. I came down on Thursday last, and much to my surprise found Miss Bailey here. Your letter was received by her yesterday P.M. and I need scarcely say she has completely prostrated herself, this letter speaks for itself.

The blow, though I think not altogether unexpected, has proven too great for her. She craves your forgiveness for any and all wrong she may have done you and fully and freely forgives you for her present pain. Her frame weakened by close and constant confinement, was ill-able to bear such a shock, and it has completely shattered her nervous system. She still speaks kindly of you, and even in her wildest ravings utters no word of reproach. I leave for home in a short time though I would fain linger could I cause one ray of sunlight and happiness to shine into that saddened heart, could I ease for one moment her pain. But I cannot. I must leave her in the hands of Him who careth for all. He alone is her Refuge in this hour of trial.

I do most sincerely regret that you have deemed it your duty to take such a step, but I trust that you have been guided aright, that you have not rashly and unthinkingly blighted and blasted the hopes and happiness of one of earth's lonely ones. I write this at M.A.s most earnest request, – she has told me all, but I assure you her confidence shall never be betrayed by me. I have no wish to alarm you nor would I do so unnecessarily, but her condition is at present very critical. She had no medical advice since she left Hamilton. Please excuse my haste and brevity, I leave by train shortly. Hoping and praying that you may both be guided, directed and sustained by Him who doeth all things well and who holdeth the destiny of each in his own hands,

I am yours in Christ

N. A. Shenston

To Eben Rice, Montreal

Such is the only letter I ever received on the subject.

Jan. 10 /1864

WOODSTOCK

Torrance preached two excellent sermons today. I spent the afternoon in reading. I don't know why, but I feel a kind of foreboding feeling this term just as if the year was going to prove a very disastrous one to me. I have felt so ever since the New Year. God forbid that my fears should be correct.

Jan 11th

Recited French and Christian Theology today. Felt so unwell that I could not study my Hebrew for tomorrow. Met Willis and agreed with him to take my district next Sabbath. Wrote a long letter to Rolly answering his of January 4th giving him the news, &c, &c.

Jan 12th

Did not recite my Hebrew. Recited Church History. Spent all my spare time in preparing Scrap book. Went to prayer meeting in the evening.

Jan. 13th

Recited French, Romans, & Christian Theology. Went down town for a walk after tea. Bought a book of puzzles. Pickard and I spent the evening at our Hebrew. My name is on for Declamation on Saturday, but I mean to try to get off as I wish to go out to Bland's.

Jany 14th

Recited Hebrew & Church History. Decided not to go to Bland's for a week. In the evening Pickard, Emmons, and I went to the Mill Pond for a skate. We had a good time.

Jan. 15/1864

Recited Racines for the first time. We got along very well. Did not do much but study during the day. Dr. gave us his first lecture on geology.

Jan 16th

Our class met Dr. this morning, but did nothing, as we had no skeletons prepared. I had to declaim in the special class. As I had not time to get up anything new, I gave them the Daughter of Herodias. In the afternoon Pickard, Scott & I went skating. I intended going to the Missionary Meeting in the evening but was delayed till too late. Prof Wells lectured. Willis gave me a call.

Jan 17th

It had snowed considerably and the snow was deep, but I went around with my tracts. Elder Landon, an Open Communion Baptist from Drumbo, preached Archie Nasmith's funeral sermon. The text was 2 Kings IV. 26. He made a poor thing of it, though he spoke for 65 minutes. Spent the afternoon in reading, and had a visit from Willis. In the evening I went to hear Griffin, the Methodist minister. He preached from Isa. III, 5 on the suffering of Christ and gave us a fine sermon. I was very much pleased with his sermon. I also attended the prayer meeting in the school.

Jan 18th

Got along pretty well today. Wrote to Annie in the evening. Saturday afternoon I got some paper at the bookstore, but did not pay for it. I got ½ ream at 75 cents and ½ ream at 50 cts, in all \$1.25. I will pay it sometime this term.

Jan 19/1864

It stormed fearfully all day. The snow came down in such masses that there was not any chance of travelling. The cars were fearfully behind time. The train from the East, due 11:24 A.M. did not arrive till after midnight. It got snowed up somewhere this side of Paris. I never saw it snow so.

Jan 20th

This evening Pickard and I went to scrape the snow off the ice so as to have some skating. We scraped off enough to form a passage between two pieces of rather good ice.

Jan 21st

Dr. Fyfe went away today so that we had no Church History. After dinner Pickard and I went skating and stayed away till tea time. We had a glorious skate. After tea I went to the Post Office and found letters from Richards and Aunt Tenie. Richards tells of his trip to Utica and back. He had a nice time. Aunt Tenie wrote a pretty good letter this time. She gives me considerable news. She sent me nine postage stamps besides enclosing the money due to Jan. 11th.

Jan. 22

Got through my lessons pretty well. It snowed some on Thursday night and spoiled our skating. Pickard and I went to have a look at it but it was all covered with snow, and all our efforts to flood it were in vain. In the evening I attended the meeting of the *Adelphian Society.

(*poss. Delphinian, due to his writing style. Plus the Oracle, (of Delphi newsletter.) Joyce typed, Adelphian. We are unsure.)

Jan. 23/1864

Spent the greatest part of the morning in the library writing. After dinner went to the book store and bought Hitchcock's Geology for 37 cents each. During the afternoon I wrote to Richards' answering his of Dec. 21st & Jan 21st. Also wrote to Millie in answer to the one received Jan 5th. Went to evening prayer meeting, and found an express parcel for me at the Institute. Brought it home and found that it came from Brantford. On opening it, it proved to be a parcel from Montreal bought by Aunt Jeannie. It contained two night shirts from Millie, two pair of drawers from some unknown person, and a book for which I sent to Robert, also letters from Millie & Robert. Wrote part of a letter to Aunt Tenie, but could not finish.

Jan 24

Changed my tracts this morning. Gathered in all the old ones and sent out a new lot. Mr. Jones of Port Hope preached both times. In the morning I went to see McMullen, but he was away & Inglis preached instead. I liked the sermon. In the afternoon Gould's folks went to Beachville. I heard Jones in the evening, but did not think much of him. Misses Claxton and Calvin were baptized. At prayer meeting we attempted to improve the event by warning sinners.

Jan 25th

Got through my lessons as usual but did little else.

Jan 26th

After school I met Miss Claxton in the reception room and had a talk with her. She returned those pamphlets which I lent her in Sept. We had a pleasant chat about various things. In the evening I finished my letter to Aunt Tenie.

Jan 27/1864

Hard at work at my lessons all day. Nothing of importance happened today. Colonel Light was buried and there was a grand military funeral, but I did not see it. Abigail Mabee is very sick.

Ira Mabee's brother is in town. He came up for Ira's things. It seems that Ira is going to Toronto to school for a while and then is going teaching.

Jan 29th

Attended the meeting of the Adelpian Literary Society. Mont read the Oracle, Torrance an essay & Higgins & A.T. Cameron delivered orations.

Jan 30

Was going out to Embro but it stormed and I could not go. Our class met with Dr. this morning, and I read a plan on Rev. III: 20, which seemed to satisfy Dr. My essay for Monday is finished. I spent the afternoon in reading & writing. Went to prayer meeting, and then to the Post Office. Got a letter from Rolly. He urged me to leave school and go to stay with him till Sept. It is no use talking, I can't go.

Jan 31

The last Sabbath in January. Just five years ago today I was buried with Christ in baptism. Many happy days have I had since then, and also many dark. My Christian life has been one of ups and downs, joys and sorrows. At one time I would be low in the valley of humiliation, at another high on the delectable mountains, but my visits to the mountains were far less frequent than to the valley. But, blessed be God, I have never yet been made a prisoner by Giant Despair, though perhaps that trial yet awaits me.

Jan. 31/1864, Cont.

During all these five years I can see no evidence of good done, unless perhaps in the case of my sister Millie. Torrance preached two excellent sermons today. They were spoken with power, and I hope with effect. Our evening prayer meeting was a pretty good one. I spoke on A Castaway; a subject suggested by the sermon. Gould's folks were at Beachville to church.

February 1st

8 A.M. Commenced Acts XVI this morning. Have read from Daniel I since January. It has been raining all night and is raining now, with a wind apparently from the S. East. It cleared up during the day and was rather nice weather.

Feb. 2nd

Got my watch today. The fellow had not fixed it, but I could not wait any longer. He had it for two weeks, and I thought that long enough. After prayer meeting we had a special meeting of the "Judson" to see about paying Hallam for lecturing. After a hot dispute it was carried that he should be paid five dollars.

Feb. 3rd

Got along pretty well with lessons today, Hallam lectured tonight, but I did not attend as I had no desire to go. Spent my time in studying. Bought a lamp chimney today. Started to write on my new subject, "Swedenborgianism," but I did not get along very well.

*Swedenborgianism was a religious sect at that time.

Feb. 4/1864

Got through with my lessons very well today. Wrote to Robert. I enclosed fifty cents in postage stamps and told him to get the other dollar from Aunt Tenie. That I think will be satisfactory to all. If I can find time I will write to Millie tomorrow, to enclose in Robert's letter.

Feb 5

When I went into French this morning I found that through some misunderstanding, several of the class had got up the second scene in "Athalie" instead of the grammar. Mr. Ballantyne made us read the scene. I got along very poorly as I had not looked over it. Our other lesson passed off well. I did not go to the society meeting as I had not time. I wanted to get ready so as to go to Embro tomorrow. I wrote to Millie, and also copied most of my essay on Swedenborgianism.

Feb. 8th

Back in Woodstock.

Saturday opened clear and I resolved to start for Bland's. Copied out "The Long Ago" for Eliza, and wrote a note of excuse to Wells. Went to the Post Office and found two papers, but would not take them out. Left the P.O. at 8:40. I took the Governor's Road and the gravel road till I reached the Methodist Church near Embro. I then struck off on the line the Bland's live on. I felt very tired and footsore; more so than ever before in walking to Embro. I reached B's at half past twelve and found them at dinner. Eliza and Josey had gone to Woodstock; Mr., B. to Beachville with a load of grain & Emma to visit some of the neighbours. Mrs. B., Mary and Leonard were the only ones at home. Mr. B. got home about three, and Elder Topping came about four. It was six or after before Eliza got home.

Feb. 8/1864

We had a very pleasant evening. Mary and I sat in the dining room and the others in the parlor till ten, then we had prayers, and about eleven the old folks went off to bed. About half past I saw that Mary and Eliza appeared tired and I proposed to the Elder to go to bed. He assented, and I went into the other room followed by Mary. He then changed his mind and still stayed in the parlor talking to Eliza. Mary & I had a good time while waiting for him to come. It was half past one before he moved. We had such fun while waiting. It was two before we got to bed.

Sunday

Elder Topping and I rose at seven. He went out and harnessed up and then came to bid us goodbye, saying he was going home. We were surprised at his sudden departure. The day was spent pleasantly, and I hope profitably. After dinner Mr. & Mrs B., Mary, Emma & Josey went to Embro to the Baptism. I stayed at home with Eliza, and had some pleasant conversation with her. At six I started for town, and had a very disagreeable dark nasty walk of it all for myself. It was snowing, and the storm was fair in my face. I got to church at last and had an introduction to Elder Baldwin. He invited me into the pulpit but I begged off. When I went in, Bland's folks were not there, but I walked right into the girls' seat and took possession. After prayer Mary B. and Mary Alcock came, and sat in the pew where I was. The chapel was crowded. Deacon Carroll of Beachville was there, and I got a ride home with him. We stopped at Tate's. I was going to walk to Woodstock but Deacon C. would not hear of it, so I went and stayed at his place.

Feb.8/1864, Cont.

This morning I was up at six and started soon after seven. I was tired, so that it was nine before I reached home. I got the papers out of the P.O. and imagine that they came from Richards and M.A. Speaking of M.A. reminds me that Eliza has received a letter from Miss Sudborough in which Miss Sudborough gives her a terrible scolding. Miss S. says Eliza and I are all together to blame, that Eliza has acted very meanly, that she will live to repent of it, &c, &c. Eliza is hopping mad as she may well be, and intends to give Miss S. a sweet going over for interfering as she has. I hope she will, and give her some on my account.

Even supposing it was true, which it is not, Miss S. had no business to say a word. Poor Eliza gets her name mixed up with the affair most provokingly. I should think she would hate the sight of me, but never fails to give me a pleasant smile and warm shake of the hand.

We had a long talk about Rolly. She evidently doesn't suspect I know as much as I do, and yet I don't know enough to get the right clue. I fancy that after she refused Rolly the first time, that he never mentioned the subject till last winter, and that then he got a fresh repulse. I wonder why she persists in refusing him, if she does really refuse him. From her talk, I should think she was not engaged to him, nor about to be. Poor Rolly! I pity him. That little rascal of a Leonard heard a portion of my conversation with Coutts on the evening of Dec. 6th 1863. Coutts and I occupied one bed, Leonard & Josey the other, and as they appeared to be asleep, we talked freely. The little scamp let out yesterday that he had heard some of our conversation, and he let it out before Eliza. If she questions as she doubtless will, poor I will have some startling disclosures all about me.

Feb. 8/1864, Cont.

We talked freely and if Leonard heard all and tells it, 'the fat will be in the fire.' But after all I don't care, for I said nothing that could lower me in the opinion of any one in the family, but rather I said what would show that I had a generous desire to benefit a friend. But still it will be awkward if it comes out. I hope the boy will forget it or at least keep it quiet. Unless he tells it, the conversation will never be known for I'll never tell, and I don't believe Coutts will.

Evening Attended my classes as usual. Have been fearfully troubled with diarrhea or dysentery, I'm not sure which.

Feb. 9th

Recited Hebrew today, but did not go up to Church History, as I felt unwell. Wrote a piece for the "Oracle." Wrote a letter to Rolly, declining his offer of a home with him during the summer. Read the piece on the Sibylline Oracles which I am to criticise for Monday.

I feel miserable today. The pain in my bowels is very severe, and yet I pass nothing. I don't know, and can't imagine what made me so unwell. I hope that it will be better soon for it is truly very disagreeable. I have done very little today, for I could not study, as I could not fix my mind on my lessons. I could read however. Mr. Gould went out to the Pines again with another load of bricks and was gone all day. I have not yet heard from the East.

Feb. 10/1864

Got through my lessons pretty well today. Bought one of Walker's pamphlets on "Camp Meetings." Feel much better today. The pain has almost all left me. Received a letter from Lis, enclosing one to Miss Vining. Lis is well, and write a very kindly letter. Mailed my letter to Rolly.

Feb. 11th

Recited my lessons as usual and spent considerable time in writing. Went down town after school with Pickard. Nothing particular happened today worth recording.

Feb. 12th

Our French lesson this morning consisted altogether of parsing the first act of "Athalie." Pickard came up to see me today, and I gave him eight shirts, and a coat that I used to wear last winter. I copied my essay on "Poetic Influence," and some other pieces into my book. The Second Vol. is now within fifty pages of being full. Our afternoon lessons passed off well. After tea I went to the Post Office and got letters from Millie & Annie. Poor Annie writes in a very despairing mood. She has had another quarrel with Aunt Lizzie and feels very bad about it. Millie is better, and writes a very nice letter. Dear Sisters, both of them. Would to God Annie were a Christian. I did not attend the Society meeting as I had not time. I wrote the Critique for Dr. for tomorrow. It is on one of Paley's sermons. The object is to prove the utility of orders among the clergy. I gave him a cutting up on it. I also wrote about half of my essay on "The Sibylline Oracles." I expect to finish it tomorrow afternoon.

Feb.12/1864, Cont.

Annie tells me of her quarrel with Aunt Lizzie, its occasion and result. She also speaks of Aunt Jeannie's visit to B. Eliza Capron's father has failed and lost everything. Poor Eliza, she will have a hard time of it. Millie's letter dated Feb 9, tells me that Aunt Jeannie came no further west than B., as she was taken sick and had to return home. Millie seems to feel sad at the thought of where I may go after graduating. She is surprised almost, when she thinks of my graduation being so near.

She expects to come West next July to see me graduate. Uncle Eben is also coming up. She has written to M.A.B. and seems disposed to continue the relationship, if I am willing. I have no objections I am sure. She tells me that the young folks often wish I was there to join with them in their pursuits & amusements. Hattie is going home today. Poor Hattie. Peace go with her. If she really is a flirt, a heartless coquette, may God change her heart and motives so that she may be a consistent Christian. Millie takes all my reproofs kindly and thanks me for them. Aunt Jane gave birth to a son on Feb 7th. He is to be called Ernest. I expect soon to hear of Aunt Tenie's having another. Dear little Millie tried hard to tell me a good deal fo news, and she has indeed done so. Her letter was full of news. She says Miss Neal was only afflicted with influenza and is now quite well, a fact which I am glad to hear. Millie says little about the state of her own health, but I should judge from the tone of her letter that it was good. May God in mercy long spare to me my two sisters.

Feb. 13/1864

This morning I had to read a critique to Dr. Fyfe. It passed muster. After Dr. dismissed us I went to the reading room, and read the "Witness," "Sentinel," &c. Mont went home this morning. He heard an Aunt of his is very sick, not expected to live. At our special class I recited "The Grey Forest Eagle," a beautiful piece of poetry by Alfred B. Street. It took me about ten minutes. After dinner I went to the Post Office, and then Pickard and I went skating. We had a very good skate, but the ice was rather too thin. We both got in several times, but not enough to get hurt. We got home about three, and I spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in preparing my book of puzzles. I cut out and pasted in about fifty-five figures.

It has thawed pretty fast today, but it is likely to freeze hard. I hear that the Baptist chapel in Brantford was burnt last night. I have heard no particulars, but only that the chapel and two or three adjacent buildings were destroyed. I am very sorry for it will be a hard blow to the cause. The Brantford folks are particularly unfortunate. This makes the second or third Chapel they have lost by fire. It will come very heavy on them to build a new one, but still I suppose they are able to do it. Perhaps the loss will be the means to bring better days, as was the case with our Institute. I hope it may prove to be the case. Little did I think when speaking in that building last New Year's Day that it was so soon to be destroyed, but so it is.

Feb. 14/1864

Today has been a beautiful day. It was very windy in the morning but the wind soon went down, about tea time it tried to snow but failed and we had a beautiful moonlight evening. As usual I went round with my tracts before morning service. Dr. preached in the morning from Deut. XXXII, 31, "For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies being judges." He said the doctrine of the text was "The confessed advantages of the Christian: and these advantages he declared to be as follows:

- I. He has the advantage
- II. The Christian is safer in any event than any other man.
- III. His enjoyment is greater than that of other man.
- IV. He has the advantage in the hour of death.

In the afternoon I read church History. I finished the fifteenth century and read about seventy pages in the sixteenth.

Dr. preached again in the evening, from the words "Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." 2 Tim. III, 4. His divisions were

- I. What is understood by the word pleasures? There are
 - a. Vicious pleasures, as drinking, gambling &c.
 - b. Useless & of a bad tendency, as dancing, novel reading, theatre going, &c.
- II. The dangerous and unsatisfactory character of these pleasures.
- III. The course which God would have men to pursue.

Our evening prayer meeting was well attended. I hear that Bullard and Frank Ballantyne experienced religion during the week. I am glad to hear it, and hop that there may be more.

Feb. 15/1864

Spent the morning in copying out my essay on "Sibylline Oracles." It takes up just eight pages.

Dr. F. returned my two last essays, with very trifling criticisms. Our afternoon lessons passed off as well as usual. Pickard and I got out our Hebrew before half past six, as we wished to go skating. It was after seven when we started, but when we reached the creek we found the ice all gone, and running water in its place, so that we were very disappointed.

Received a letter from Miss Neal. It is dated Feb. 9th and in it apologizes for her long silence on the scare of sickness. She speaks of my essay and seems very well pleased with it. She speaks of a piece which she has written and is going to send to me, and wishes me to criticize it for her.

Tells me about their Society & Bible Class. Also gives me a few minor items for news, and agrees with some of my formerly stated opinions, and expresses some of her own. I gather from her letter that herself and friends are well, and that all my relatives are well. I suppose I must reckon this letter as my Valentine, seeing yesterday was Valentine's Day.

I don't suppose I will get any this year. Mrs. Gould and the children have been away all day to Beachville. I heard today that Miss Claxton is going away this week, but I have not heard whether she is going to Kingston or Montreal. She has been very unwell lately, and has not studied any for two weeks or more. I am sorry she is going for she is a nice girl. I see that Gib. is back again. He came this afternoon. It is to be hoped that Bullard will be the means of doing him good.

Feb. 16/1864

It has been very stormy all day. It has snowed considerably, but the wind has been so strong as to blow the snow into drifts, so that it has not improved the sleighing. Our lessons today passed off well. I finished translating the last chapter of Romans today, and I have now got the whole book finished except the analysis of the last chapter. I also translated my tomorrow's lesson in Galatians. In the afternoon I went down to the Post Office and behold a parcel for me, but I refused it. My reasons were good. 1st it was unpaid, and the postage came to twenty-one cents, no friend of mine would send me an unpaid parcel. 2nd it was directed to Rev. Ebenezer Rice, while no Hamilton folks among my friends would direct a letter so. 3rd it was directed in a disguised hand. 4th it was too light to contain anything of value. I refused to take it, so it will have to go to Quebec, and if found to contain any valuables it will be remitted to the writer. I hear that Miss Claxton is very sick with bleeding at the lungs. Poor girl, I fear that she will never get better unless she is very careful of herself. I feel very sorry for her for she is a nice girl, but God doeth all things well, and in this we can trust. May the Father of Mercies grant her peace and joy, and help her to glorify him even on her sick bed. I believe she's merely waiting to hear from her brother, before she leaves W.

Feb.16/1864, Cont.

She has written to him, and presently expects him to come and take her away.

Our prayer meeting was interesting and pretty well attended. Today is an anniversary in my life, a great and important anniversary. Shall I call it a bad or a good one. Time alone will show whether I will have cause for joy or sorrow when thinking of July 16th 1860. As I view it now it seems a sad anniversary, but as I always regarded it before it was pleasant to think of it.

Four years ago tonight I first spoke of love to her who was so long my betrothed. I remember the scene well, the occasion, the place, and all things connected with it. Would God I could forget them. How sad a tale would be the history of that dear love. For a month I could not get an answer in words, but actions spoke loudly. For a year, yea two, I found no serious fault in her. She was self-willed it is true, but I put up with that. She sometimes showed her authority but I quietly bore it. I do not remember ever speaking harshly to her until after her unfortunate advent in Woodstock in Nov. 1862. But then things changed. Mrs. Cox and others strove to turn us against each other, and alas they succeeded. We quarreled, made up, quarreled again, and so continued till my departure for Montreal in June 1863. But meanwhile, one or both were changing. I had lost my patience with M.A., my earnest desire to please her, &c, &c., and she had lost her confidence in me. She grew jealous and suspicious, believed all manner of evil reports concerning me, and drove me desperate by her talk. At last I decided I did not love her as I ought. I wrote asking a release from my engagement, but got no answer. Finally just as 1863 was drawing to a close I met her, settled things, received my letters, and was released by her. Hopes blighted, hearts stricken, trusting natures smitten, Oh God, what have not the authors of all this to answer for.

Feb. 16/1864, Cont.

They have caused such suffering and gained nothing. False, black-hearted wretches, they have done much mischief. They have cursed us both, and wrought irreparable wrong. Poor M.A. will suffer more than I will, for 'tis her nature to. Poor girl, I pity her. Every spark of love is gone, and I cannot, will not, love her any more.

But I can judge her good qualities, and I know she has many. If I ever get a wife who will love me as well and be as true as she was once, I will be lucky.

She would have made me a good wife, and had she not murdered my love by her absurd jealousies and unjust suspicions, I might have lived happily with her. But God doeth all things well. His overruling hand has been concerned in it, and we may both rest secure in the knowledge that it will all be for the best. Our Father will bring good out of evil, and will make all these things work together for good to those who love the Lord.

I spent most of the evening in writing a piece of poetry. It is a very peculiar metre, and indeed is a mixture of metres. I allowed my thought to run on in their own wild irregular manner, and they told their own story, as pleased them best. It is of about 170 lines in length. I have not yet named it, but propose to call it "A dream of Sorrow, A retrospective of Woe" or something of that kind. If it pleases me when I copy it I will send a copy to Montreal.

Feb. 17th

Have done but little today, except get up my lessons. Had a short talk with Miss L. Shearer this morning. She is not coming back the next term. Miss Claxton is very much better, and is now only waiting for a letter from her brother. This evening I finished up, and copied out my piece of poetry written last night. I made some additions and a few alterations, and the piece now contains 213 lines. I have not yet named it. It has been storming terribly all day, and I have not been down town.

**Bev's observation to Eben's comment of Mary Ann's absurd jealousies, seem justified in light of the fact he married Mary Bland and admitted he was bewitched by Eliza.*

Feb. 18/1864

We got through our Hebrew well today. After class I came home and wrote my essay on 'the religion of the 7th century.' I found it very difficult to begin, but after I got started I got along pretty well. In the afternoon I helped Pickard cut wood for about an hour. Mr. & Mrs. Gould are away to Ingersoll, and Emmons is left to keep house. Went downtown after tea, and got a letter from Aunt Tenie. She enclosed seven dollars, having given one to Robert as I sent word for her to do. I entered in my book for today, received from Montreal eight dollars, sent to Robert one dollar, fifty. This plan makes my entries all square. Aunt Tenie gives me a terrible scolding. She first tells me that Uncle Jimmie is off to New York (or rather Boston) and Hattie has gone home. She then begins her scolding and keeps it up through ten more pages. It is true as she says that she scarcely ever writes to me without having some fault finding to do. I wonder why it is. Am I so bad, or she so touchy? It does seem strange to me that we always differ so much while we profess to like each other so well. Is it that our love is only profession, or do we merely illustrate the perverseness of human nature?

Feb. 18/64

As far as I am concerned I do really love her as much as I profess, so the fault must be on her side, if love is concerned. But I fully believe that it is the cursed ill-nature which we have derived from the common stock that makes us so antagonistic. However I will not quarrel with her, unless she forces me to do it. Came very near to it once on M.A.'s account, but it shall never be again if I can help it. Her first fault finding is with a passage in my letter in which I say that if I fail in my July examinations, my relatives will feel, if not say, that their money has been wasted on an unworthy object, and this they shall never say for the fear of this will never allow me to lag behind. 10 page (Letter from Aunt Tenie.)

This unfortunate expression meets with a perfect storm of abuse. It is called "the most ungrateful thing" I could say. She also says that if I am prompted by fear, not love, it matters not to my relatives whether I succeed or no, and that she never expected such a return from me as that I should assure them of such meanness as that of thinking of a paltry sum, instead of my health. She was ambitious, out of love for me, and family pride, not out of regard to the money spent, and I cannot expect the love of my relatives, while continually casting mean reflections upon them, & if I loved them as I ought I wouldn't do so. She winds up this part by the assertion or insinuation that the hard feeling all exists in my heart, and declares that she has "borne a good deal of this stuff from me, and is not of a disposition to be tampered with." This looks like a covert threat.

The next terrible crime is "the hard and unfeeling manner" in which I wrote about Aunt Lizzie, her dearly beloved sister. But before going into this she expresses her displeasure at my manner of treating Aunt Lizzie while she was in B. last year.

Feb. 18/64, Cont.

She says that she remarked then, it was (good?)that I did not “try that game in my house, for I always let everyone understand that I am mistress here, my husband master, and that visitors must conform to our ways, not us to theirs, and if they are not content so to do, they must go where they will be better pleased.”

To justify her sweeping condemnation she instances a trifling scene at table, and says that I would not have done the same thing twice in my house. She denies the truth in what I said to Aunt Lizzie, and scolds me for saying it. It was true, but I was wrong in saying it.

Comments on 10 page letter from Aunt Tenie

She also mentions an instance of disrespect to Uncle Andrew, but certainly misrepresents the circumstance. She next twits me with my conduct towards Aunt Lizzie being so different in M. from what it was in B. and says that in B. she found me “selfish, exacting, dissatisfied, and making Annie so.” Truly a fearful catalogue.

Her next step seemed a very ungenerous one, being no less than an apparent attempt to turn me against Annie by telling me that she has been talking against me. She talks very bitterly about Annie, charges her with hypocrisy, &c and gives her a very bad character. Here she pays me a very fine compliment, saying, “You have not done much good to improve either her disposition or Millie’s, for before the latter became a Christian, and before your visit here last summer you did much to make them both dissatisfied with their comfortable homes.” How sad if true. She charges Annie with preferring to stay in B. because there she can enjoy her freedom more than in M. She also pretends to see through Annie’s company manners and deceit, but denies that Aunt Lizzie has any company manners.

Feb. 18. Cont.

She again twits me with treating Aunt L so kindly in M. while holding such an opinion of her. I wonder if Aunt Tenie ever forgets the present in the past. She then appears to taunt me with hypocrisy, and insinuates that my love for her is also hypocritical. She says, "It seems strange that this should all be found out during Aunt Lizzie's time of adversity. This is the time to test friendships, and I have always said so long as I hold the position I do at present, it is easy to be liked, but let one, agreeable as I am now, become irritable through illness and misfortune, I should share a like fate." This speaks for itself.

Next she owns that Aunt L. has become very fretful lately & that she does not bear her trials in the right spirit, and at the same time craftily strikes several blows at me. She charges Annie's impertinence with A. L.'s fretfulness. She next sneers at my fear of Annie's making an imprudent match in order to escape from Aunt L. She also says Annie ought to go to M., her proper home. She expresses her annoyance at Annie, speaks of the birthday presents, gets angry, and vows to do nothing more for her, simply because she has heard Aunt L's perverted version of Annie's mode of spending her money. She disclaims all anger at Annie, and yet shows plainly that she is piping mad. Her last head on this subject is a sweeping slap at me. This closes her scolding, which is harsh, long, bitter, and unjust.

Her news is that Uncle James is going to keep the house; that she was at a grand wedding; that a very sad and sudden death has recently occurred; that Grandma sent me the drawers in the last parcel; that Uncle James has sent me another parcel lately – this is the first I have heard of it, but I suppose it is on the way. Shirley & Leslie send kisses to me. She gave Robert the dollar as I directed, and sends the rest to me.

Feb.18/1864, Cont.

She speaks of my low spirits, advises me to shake them off, and this after such a formidable dose as she has just given me. Her last injunction is to pay no more letters to her.

Such is a synopsis of her letter, which fills over fifteen pages of note paper. It contains some truth, some kind advice, but much also that is harsh and unjust. Many of her statements are one sided, and almost all of them can be satisfactorily explained. Her letter has increased my feelings of doubt and gloom, and makes the black cloud hang more terrible and dark before me. Surely my presentiments are not pointing to a quarrel with her, which necessarily involves separation from the whole family. If she turns against me, so strong is her influence, and such is her spirit, that she would lead the whole of the Muir's in a crusade against me.

May God spare me the affliction of having to part with all my relatives in anger. Much has gone wrong with me lately, one friend after another has deserted me and proved unfaithful, and now when I have none but my relatives to look to for love and sympathy, I find that I am like a man carrying fire in a powder magazine, a slight mishap may blow my hopes to atoms. Oh God, spare me this. Humble me if need be, but I pray thee leave me the love and esteem of my relatives.

Feb. 19/1864

Aunt Tenie's letter drove all study out of my head last night, so I went to bed shortly after ten but could not sleep till long after twelve. This morning I had hard work to get my French translation in time for a class, but I managed to get through. I got along better with my afternoon lessons. I copied out a declamation for my next exercise before the special class.

I paid Mrs. Gould the dollar I borrowed and \$4.50 on my board. I also paid Warwick \$1.25 that I owed him for some paper bought in the beginning of the term. Attended the meeting of the Adelpian. Kneale gave a declamation "The Islesman of the West." Shell read an essay on "Pirn," Miss Lavinia Shearer read "The Casket," which was very good. Dunsmore & Ed Cameron spoke a capital dialogue, "The Rival Orators," Yule gave us Poe's "Raven," and Nott, a parody on it.

After the literary exercises Nott made some remarks concerning his eating the pie and then Chesney, Clarke, Mont made apologies for their share in the pieces against him. It passed off far more quietly than I expected.

Feb. 20

This morning I staid in the declamation. Miss L. Shearer read a splendid essay on "Palestine" and Miss Frazer another good one on character. Among the speakers McNeal, Nott, W. Cameron & Brierly spoke well, but J.B. Moore beat all. He spoke the piece described in "Nott's Temperance Lectures" describing a man in delirium tremens, and he acted it out capitally. I never saw anything better done. I read the article on Justin Martyr and took notes on it. Our special class did not amount to much. After dinner I went to the Post Office and got a letter from Ross enclosing one for Calder.

Ross seems to be in a despairing mood, and speaks in a sad tone of the result of his labors. Poor fellow, he seems to be in low spirits. His letter contains little news. I spent the afternoon in working at my puzzle book. Two or three Saturdays more and it will be finished. I have about 120 puzzles in it now. I received a paper from Miss Neal. It is the Witness for Feb. 17th and contains a beautiful piece by her called "The Shattered Bark." She said in her letter that she would send it, and asks me to criticize it faithfully. I fear this will be a difficult task. Our evening prayer meeting was very poorly attended, only about a dozen being present. Several remarks were made tending toward an alteration for the better. I have eight letters and two essays to write. My Monday's essay is not written yet, indeed it is hardly touched.

Feb. 21/1864

A beautiful Sabbath Day. Pickard was going with me round my tract district, but was not well. Stopped in at Hankinson's for a few minutes. Torrance preached this morning from Rom V: 1, "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." His divisions were three:

- I. The source of this justification – Jesus Christ
- II. The instrument of this justification – Faith
- III. The result of this justification – Peace

It was a very fine sermon, and ought certainly to have had some effect. I spent most of the afternoon in reading church History. Read the history of the Catholics, Greeks, & Lutherans, in the XVI century. Dr. Fyfe preached in the evening to a crowded house on Jere. XXXI, 31-34. His teaching was the comparison between the two covenants, that of works and that of grace:

Feb 21/64, Cont.

- I. Proof of what the two covenants were
- II. Some of the peculiarities of either
- III. Their relation to each other
- IV. Where we must go to ascertain what is required.

After service He baptized Kern & Bullard, two of our students. Our evening prayer meeting was a very good one, and well attended. I took part in prayer. I hear that Miss Frazer, one of our lady students, found peace last week. She spoke in covenant meeting yesterday.

Feb. 22/1864

Has been thawing all day. Spent the morning in writing my essay on "Earth and Man." Went down to the post office after dinner. Our afternoon lessons passed off well. I was going to call on Miss Claxton this afternoon but finally determined to put it off till tomorrow. Got out my Hebrew this evening and found it very difficult. Wrote Eliza Bland but will not post the letter till I write to Mary.

Feb. 23rd

A beautiful day overhead, but detestable underfoot. It has been a nice day every way but one, and that is that the thaw has made the roads fearfully muddy. We got on in Hebrew first rate today. After class I went up to Mr. Wells' room and Mrs. W. went off for Miss Claxton. We had a very nice time together. I sat talking with both ladies for about an hour. Miss C. is getting better fast, but is still unable to study. She has heard from Lucy Scott. Lucy says that Robert gave her a drubbing for not writing to Miss Claxton before.

Feb. 23. Cont.

Her brother wishes her to stay here till May but I fancy if she stays till then that she will stay till July and go down when the rest go.

After leaving the ladies, I went into the library and spent nearly an hour reading about Justin Martyr. I then came home and studied. After going to the Post Office I wrote to Mary Bland, a letter of three pages, and then copied out my analysis and lecture, and then translated the rest of the IV chapter of Galatians. I also wrote my essay on Justin Martyr. Went to prayer meeting, which was well attended. There is a Sabbath school in the Baptist Chapel tonight. The children are to sing, speak dialogues, and declaim. Admission is one York shilling.

This morning Dr. Fyfe told us that the teachers deigned to hold a reception on Friday evening to which all the students were cordially invited. The society held a meeting after school and postponed their meeting. I don't much think I shall attend the social, but I don't know. It depends upon how I feel when the time comes.

Feb 24th

Got along pretty well with my lessons today. In our exegesis of Galatians we had a very long analysis of the III Chapter to recite, and most of us balked at it. I did not attempt to recite it. Spent some time cutting wood for exercise. Split up a terribly tough knot, and blistered my hands in the operation. Got out my Hebrew, but very much disinclined to study. I hear that Jas. Rice has left us and gone home for good. It seems that he got a young girl in his neighborhood with child, and had to marry her. He was married during the vacation, and then returned to school. I hear that he was advised to give up his course, and that he took the advice.

Feb. 24, Cont.

This perhaps explains what Pickard told me in the beginning of the term, viz, that a report was current that I was married, having been forced to marry the girl. I paid but little attention to the story, feeling perfectly innocent, and now behold, it is all made clear. So it will ever be if I act honestly and uprightly, and trust in God.

Feb. 25/1864

Got through with the Hebrew first rate today. Spent the morning in writing. Wrote to Annie, a long brotherly letter. Tried to give her some good advice. Also wrote to Aunt Tenie. Received two letters, one from Richards, the other from Robert. Robert tells me that he has given up the idea of studying for the ministry. He intends to apply himself to business now, and think no more of the ministry. In our church history class we had to read essays, but Mont, Northrup, and Clarke had such long ones that they and Fitch took up all the time. Pickard and I had to go without reading. This was hardly fair after Dr. limiting us to seven minutes. My letter to Aunt Tenie is long and hard. I did not mean to make it long but I could not help it. As I have some idea that she will allow passion not judgement to guide her, and will thus quarrel with me on account of it, I here insert a copy so as to guard myself from misrepresentation.

LETTER TO AUNT TENIE ON SEPARATE ENTRY BELOW

LETTER TO AUNT TENIE

Woodstock Feb. 25 1864 Her real name is Jenie she is five years younger than Eben

Dear Aunt (Letter to Aunt Tenie)

Your letter was received on the evening of Thursday Feb. 18th. It has caused me many hours of sad and bitter thought, for it was unnecessarily harsh, and fearfully unjust. If I speak somewhat bitterly in answering it, I hope you will consider that I am smarting under a sense of unjust treatment, and that some allowances must be made for me in seeking to hide myself from the biting storm of fierce invectives which were hurled at me. I will try and answer calmly and coolly, and in such a manner as to allay the gathering tempest. But I wish to state that I do not here intend to enter into a full and minute defence. It would take too long, and I shall leave it till the tongue can take place of the pen.

If by next summer you have not got to loathe me too much to stay in the same city with me, perhaps then we may settle all our differences. All I intend to do now is to offer a few pleas and arguments which may serve as a temporary breakwater till then.

You press two charges against me, or rather bring me in guilty of two offences; each including several minor points. I will follow your own order in speaking of them.

As to the first charge I deny it in toto, and how you could ever have got anything offensive out of my words is a mystery to me. The quotation on which you found your remarks plainly teaches the opposite of what you draw from it. This I will attempt to show. You quote as follows: - "If I do not shine at our July examinations, I will feel much disappointed and what is far worse, disappoint those who have so kindly provided for me while here.

Feb. 25/1864, Cont.

LETTER TO AUNT TENIE

They will think, if not say, that their money has been wasted on an unworthy object. But this they never shall say, if my health holds out, for with this fear to inspire me on, I will never lag behind." I use your own words as well as emphasizing, and with the exception of the phrase "inspired me on" the passage is correctly quoted. I don't think I used that phrase but one of similar import. Your first remark is that this is "the most ungrateful thing" I could say. I must confess that I can't see it in that light. The very passage speaks of "Those who have so kindly provided for me" and you know right well that I have always spoken gratefully of their kindness towards me. Then why fling ingratitude in my teeth on account of one solitary passage in a letter, and that a misapprehended passage?

You next find fault with the word "fear" and tell me that if fear actuates me, it matters not to my relatives whether I succeed or not. This is truly a flattering statement of their feelings. But I deny that the word fear bears in that passage the meaning that you put upon it. It means simply this – if I understand language – that fear is giving my relatives reason to consider me unworthy would beg powerful incentive to action. Love was not under consideration at the time; had it been brought in, it would have made nonsense of the passage. Besides, I can see very little real difference between a desire to gratify, and a fear lest I should not gratify. To my mind the one is but a negative way of expressing the other, and the idea is the same. I might as well be charged with irreligion for saying "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" Ps. CXI. 10, instead of "the love", &c. Your next inference is the most unjust of all.

Feb. 25/1864, Cont. LETTER TO AUNT TENIE, cont.

You declare I have no right “to accuse them of the greatest of all meanness, that of thinking of a paltry sum of money, instead of regrets for your (my) ill health.” Where you got this accusation I know not, but certainly it never came out of my letter. I own at once that I would have no right to do so; that I would be unjust, &c, and had I given you my reason to foster such a thought of me, I would have deserved your denunciation. I believe that my relatives would think more of my health than of any amount that they have or will ever spend upon me. I frankly admit as much. But just reason for a moment: - I did not say that the choice lay between distinction & health and that they would deliberately choose the former. My error – if error it was – lay in saying, “they will” instead of “they may” or at least in not qualifying the words by some such thing as “likely,” or “probably.” My reason for saying what I did was this – you acknowledged that family pride made you long for my success. Now you profess to love me better than the majority of my relatives. If you then are actuated by such a feeling (even in a small degree) is it not natural to suppose that the others are. I admit this pride will clearly suffer if I do not – either through sloth or want of interest – come up to its expectation. Will you not admit this? So far then we are agreed. Now, if next July I appear at my examinations pale and feeble, seemingly more fit for my grave than my graduation, what would be the feeling of all? Most certainly that of pity and sorrow, it may be mixed with vexation at my folly in working so hard, it may be not; but on the other hand, if I – the acknowledged best – or at least second best in the class – appear the lowest in all things, and occupy a place far below my proper position, and at the same time appear to be strong and ruddy, healthy in body and sound in mind, what would be the feelings of those who best knew my abilities?

Feb. 25/64

LETTER TO AUNT TENIE, CONT.

Clearly, that of contempt and indignation that I should so misspend my time or talent, mingled with shame at my position. This feeling would be natural; it is one that the whole race has in common.

Men are prone to think that a little more exertion, a little harder application, a little sterner resolve would have raised the individual to his proper place. If the question is pressed home, every man & woman will acknowledge this. Men do not stop to think that had this little more been done, the result to the health might have been different. I know I should have felt very keenly that a great effort would have placed me on my true level without injury to any constitution. Now I ask you to candidly reason with yourself, and see if the above propositions are true or false. If false, I will retract. Now then, I consider my relatives to be but human beings, actuated by human feelings, passions, &c, and using human language to convey their ideas. On this ground I applied the general rules which govern mankind, never dreaming that it would cause offence to say to them what is true 99 out of 100. If I did it was altogether unintentional. You charge me with possessing all the hard feelings, passions and keeping it treasured up in my heart. If it is true that none exists anywhere else, I can assure you that it exists not there. Allow me to say, if I can do so without offence, that I don't think the sensitiveness is all on my side. Witness the many reproofs I have received from you for words innocently spoken, and possessing no evil, but judged by you to be reflections on the family.

Feb.25/1864, Cont. Letter to Aunt Jenie. Cont. (AKA Tenie)

I think, if all things were considered, I might also feel as you do in your last remark, which has cut me sore, especially as the latter part appears to be a covert threat, "I have borne a good deal of this sort of thing from you & am not of a disposition to be tampered with."

I am sorry if I have ever given you occasion to use such language, and I shall never willingly give you reason to say so again.

The second crime is in regard to Aunt Lizzie. My answer in regard to this must be brief. I acknowledge at the outset that I have not treated her in the most proper manner. Her former kindness should have made me treat her better now. However, most of it was thoughtlessness and momentary irritation, but still this was no excuse. As to the table incident I shall say nothing, for you and I would never agree. I was too hasty I will admit. As to the incident concerning Uncle, I think you must have either forgotten the words, or had them misrepresented to you. You know that tone, manner, and other circumstances have an important bearing on the meaning of all conversation. I am not aware that I ever was saucy to Uncle. I respect him too highly for that. True, I act more freely towards him than my other uncles, but it is because he makes me feel more free with him. You insinuated that I have done much to make my sisters dissatisfied. If so, I am very sorry. I am not aware of having done so, unless it was when I myself was dissatisfied with the whole family, long before I became a professor. If you refer to that time, it is hardly fair to bring it up against me now. You say that you found me selfish, exacting, &c in Brantford. Perhaps that is the reason that so many promises have been left unfulfilled since then.

Feb.25/ Cont. Letter to aunt Tenie, cont.

I often wondered what was the trouble, and as I never received an explanation, I suppose I am justified in ascribing it to your eyes being opened while in B. to my true character. I never thought that you would form such harsh opinion respecting me without speaking to me about them. One sentence – if it means a great deal. You say, “It seems strange that this should all be found out during Aunt Lizzie’s time of adversity. This is the time to test friendship, and I have always said, as long as I hold the position I do at present, it is easy to be liked, but let me, agreeable as I am now, become irritable through illness and misfortune, I should share a like fate.” Now I will tell you just what I suppose you to mean.

1st You mean that I turned against A.L. on account of her adversity, unless Uncle’s business relations may be styled adversity, and I assure you I never thought of that.

2nd You mean that I am a hypocrite. If you really believe it, it is useless to say anything. I simply deny it.

3rd You mean that my love for you is based on your wealth and good temper. Do you really mean it? If so, I wonder how you can feel the least particle of love for such a being. I shall say no more about it, lest I forget myself and say some (thing I will regret)? In another place you say, “But – or – last those who truly love, and think not of themselves alone can bear with it” and the context seems to teach this doctrine, that “love is not true or sincere unless it remains the same under every change of disposition or character.”

Feb. 25/1864, Cont.

Letter to Aunt Tenie, cont.

Passing unnoticed the innuendo in the italicized words, I would beg to differ from your doctrine of true love. Love is founded upon certain qualities called lovable, and if these are not present, genuine love cannot exist. (I wish to speak of this in general, not as to this particular instance.) It seems to me that your view would exclude genuine, rational love, and put blind infatuation in its place, for it must be something that can exist when its foundation is destroyed. It seems to me, Aunt Tenie, that your definition is a double-edged sword and cuts both ways. Admitting your doctrine, there is no love in the world, and all who profess love must be hypocrites. Just allow an example or two. I professed to love Mary Ann, but her conduct caused my love to die out, and I broke the engagement. Now, on your principle, I was a black-hearted hypocrite for nearly three years, or you committed a very wrong action approving of my conduct and saying that I had sufficient justification. Which was it? Again, a few months ago, so great was your love for Annie that you exerted yourself in her behalf but now you angrily declare that she gets no further assistance from you, and the tone of your letter speaks dislike, not love. Was it true love? Again, in my own case, you professed to love me, call me dearest Eben, &c, and yet you say that a certain trifling speech would not be allowed, or to quote your own words, "you would not have done the same thing twice in my house."

You thus intimate that a moment's indiscretion, an inconsiderate word, would extinguish this love, would be too great to be forgiven, and nothing would do – or will suffice – but an instant expulsion from house and heart. Is this an evidence of true love? I ask these questions, because you have (almost as plainly as words can do it) accused me of hypocrisy because I professed to love Aunt Lizzie once, and now speak as I do.

Letter to Aunt Tnie, Cont.

I merely wished to show you that your principal was not sound, not to offend. If I change in disposition from what I am now, I could not in justice blame any friend for deserting me, for that which they loved had departed. As to calling A. L. "Mama" and Brantford "home" the habit has grown upon me, and even if quarreling with her, I could hardly help using the same words.

Besides, in Montreal she was all smiles and kind words, and I forgot the harsh words and only remembered that she had once been kind, and was now very ill. I am very sorry to see that you have such a bad opinion of me. I suppose I now see the truth of the proverb, "If you wish to know your faults, offend a friend." Little did I know that I would be called "selfish, exacting, dissatisfied, and making others so, hypocrite, &c." Many of them have never been applied to me before, and I trust never will again. I think the sneers against my Christian character might well have been spared. They add nothing to the argument, and wound unnecessarily. I am very sorry that you should think it necessary to twit me so unmercifully and to charge so many evil things upon me in direct assertions, and cutting hints, insinuations, and innuendos.

I must be sunk low indeed to deserve them all. But I will leave the rest of my defence till my tongue can make it, while I talk about my sister. I am very sorry that Annie should have earned your dislike, for the poor girl needs all the friends she can get. I beseech you to not spend your harsh judgement till you are fully informed as to her guilt. You have heard only one side of the story. Wait till you hear the other before you condemn. I could perhaps tell you something about that money, but I forbear, for you would not believe me. But remember, Aunt Tenie, if one relative will deliberately utter untruths, is there not a possibility that another may utter untruths, at least by mistake.

Feb. 25/64

LETTER TO AUNT TENIE Cont.

Have mercy on poor, motherless Annie, and be kind to her, for her mother's sake. I own that she has become very impertinent, and does many wrong things, but she has often been taunted by her orphan, dependent, penniless condition. You may deny it, but you know that even my dear grandmother once flung a taunt in my teeth, which though long since forgiven, will never be forgotten to my dying day. I do not blame you for sympathizing with your sister, for it is natural, but I plead for the same privilege. You ask me to treat Aunt Lizzie kindly, and I also ask you to treat Annie kindly. "Deal gently with the erring."

I plead with you for her. Oh, do not by coldness and unnecessary harshness drive her to hopeless ruin. Her heart is yearning for sympathy, and if treated kindly, firmly, and lovingly she could be won to repentance and submission. Do not then ruin an immortal soul by unjust treatment.

She is an orphan, and a woman, two important reasons for kind treatment. If anyone must suffer for the past I entreat you to let me be the one. Pour upon my head all the wrath; treat me with all harshness, cease to love me or to correspond with me; alienate from me the affections of all the family, drive me from their midst, ruin me in character & position; chase me from the country, do all that revenge, duty or right may deem necessary, but I pray you, as you yourself hope for mercy, be merciful to Annie; as you would wish your orphaned children to be treated, treat her, win her by love, and use your influence over her for good, and you will win the everlasting blessing of

Your loving nephew

Eben M. Rice.

Feb. 26/1864

Got through "Racine" very well today. Spent the greater part of the morning in copying that letter to aunt Tenie. Went downtown after dinner. Bought a box of leads for my pencil and posted the letter to A.T. Got up that terrible hard analysis on Gal. III, and then we go into class we did not have to say it. Received our subjects for next Thursday's essays. Mine is Gregory of Nyssa. Helped Pickard cut wood for about an hour. Did not go to the Social tonight. I prepared a plan on I Pet. II: 6 for tomorrow, read the "Leader" and cut out a number of puzzles, so that my time has been fully occupied.

Feb. 27/1864

This morning our class met with Dr. My skeleton passed as usual without any objection. After we were dismissed I went to the reading room & read the Baptist Witness, "Woodstock Sentinel," &c. Our special class was not especially interesting today. Went to the Post Office after dinner & then went skating for a short time. Copied out that piece of poetry to send to Miss Neal. I have entitled it "Sorrow's Retrospect." In copying I added four or five lines. Went to prayer meeting from Thursday to Saturday and have it strictly a "theological meeting." This Saturday has been almost wasted. I have done very little today. I have finished cutting out the patterns for my puzzles, and all that remains is to cut them from coloured paper & paste them in.

**Probably the RACINE TIMELINE Tid-Bits in History, Eg: Oct 10 1699, a fleet of eight canoes bearing a party of French explorers entered the mouth of the Root River These were the first know white men to visit what is now Racine County. The earliest names for Racine were Indian versions of Root River, "Chippecotton."*

Feb. 28/1864

A very fine day overhead, but very muddy. It rained considerably last night, and everything was made quite soft & muddy. Had a dirty time with getting round with any tracts. Torrance preached in the morning from Hosea VI: 4. He preached a splendid sermon, taking the theme "The constancy of the professor of Christianity."

- I. The inconstancy is universal; a. as to time; b. as to extent
- II. The causes of this inconstancy
 - a. Many profess Christianity who never possess it.
 - b. The doors for the reception of members are too wide
 - c. They are too inattentive to their duties
 - d. They are creatures of time and sense
- III. The effects of this inconstancy
 - a. God withdrew his presence
 - b. Reproach is brought upon the cause of Christ
- IV. The remedies
 - a. The word of God; a. in doctrine, b. precepts and commands
 - b. Jesus Christ

I spent the afternoon in reading Church History. Mr. & Mrs. Gould went to Beachville to church.

I would have liked to go, but did not know where they were going till after they started.

Torrance preached again in the evening from John III: 14, 15.

Feb. 28/64

- I. The disease – Sin
 - a. It is universal
 - b. Mortal
- II. The remedy – the crucifixion of Jesus Christ
 - a. It is simple
 - b. Open to all
 - c. Immediate in its effects
- III. The cure – eternal life
 - a. It is lasting

We had a very nice prayer meeting. Willis and I had some talk about Cox's refusing Mary Ann's letter of dismissal. He is to let me know when the next church meeting takes place.

Feb. 29/1864 (LEAP YEAR)

A very nice day. It has been cold enough to keep the mud frozen and yet not too cold. Spent most of the morning in writing my essay, or rather synopsis on "the implications of the scriptures." The subject was an interesting one but demanded more time than I could devote to it. Went downtown after dinner and got a letter from Rolly enclosing one to Mont. Rolly is still at home, is well, rejoices over his father's conversion, scolds me for obstinacy in staying here, urges me to leave, &c. But all his efforts will be in vain, he cannot get me away till July. Our afternoon lessons passed off very well. Helped Pickard cut wood for a while. Nott returned my translation of the Iliad which he has had since the middle of last term. Our Hebrew lesson for tomorrow has been very hard.

Feb 29. 64, Cont.

Pickard & I had much trouble with it. Coutts is back. One of his sisters died, the others are getting better. Poor fellow, that makes two sisters gone this term. Wrote part of a letter to Millie, in answer to hers of Feb. 9th. Tonight I finished reading the bible. I have read it all through since the first of June 1863. I cannot say that it has done me much good or not, but I should think it had. It has at least increased my familiarity with the Word of God.

March 1st

I began reading the bible through again today. The last time I read it through it took me from June 1st to Feb. 27th, nine months. The only lesson I recited today was Hebrew. During the day I have got up tomorrow's lessons, besides writing to Millie, Robert, & Miss Neal. I sent Miss Neal a copy of "Sorrow's Retrospect." Kitchen went home today. His grandmother is dead.

March 2/1864

Got through my lessons pretty well today. We had that tremendous long analysis today. Dr. handed me the book I had to criticize. It is "Rawlinson's Evidences." Mont has gone home. His aunt is dead and he has gone to the funeral. Mont has received a proposal to take charge of a church away down in the Eastern Townships. It is at Barnstown, a place in Stanstead, and is quite near to the boundary line between Canada and Vermont. He does not seem disposed to take it. Indeed he says he will never go so far East. He said he would write about me, but I don't know whether he will or not. Mr. Green of Montreal is the man with whom he is to make arrangements.

March 3rd

Hebrew passed off pretty well today. After that lesson, I went into the library and selected some more tracts for my district. I then came home & wrote my essay on Gregory Nyssa, and also copied the last lecture in Theology, & the analysis of Galatians IV. After dinner I went as far as the post office. I wrote to Lis Ralston, a long letter of eight pages. Our essays in Church History were on Ambrose of Milan, Gregory Marianzen, Basil the Great, Gregory Nyssa & Athanasius. After class Pickard and I went skating for a while. The ice was not good and we did not stay long. My French lesson was rather long, and took a long time to get up.

March 4/1864

Our lessons passed off very well today. Spent most of the day in reading "Rawlinson's Evidences." I am very much interested in the book. Received a parcel per Express from Uncle James. It contained two coats, jacket, two vests, two pairs of pants, pair of boots, two fine flannel shirts, several pairs of stockings, some collars, &c. Several of the things fit well, others not so well. The boots are a capital pair. Most of the things look as if they had been worn.

March 5th

Finished "Rawlinson's." We had some pretty good speaking & some miserable poor stuff. Spent the afternoon in reading, fixing my puzzles, &c. Gave Richards several things that I did not want. It has rained or snowed nearly all day, and is decidedly miserable weather. But I suppose it is such as we must expect in March.

March 6/64

A beautiful day overhead, but dreadfully muddy underfoot. In my rounds this morning I called in at Hankinson's and had quite a chat. Dr. Fyfe preached both times. In the morning from I Pet. II, 21 "Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps." In the evening from 2 Chr. XXV. 9. Both sermons were excellent. Pickard preached in Beachville in the afternoon; Fitch was down at Blenheim preaching, Mont, Chesney & Clark had gone to their respective homes, and Northrup was in Hamilton visiting his sister, so that I was the only Senior Theologue in town. I spent the afternoon in reading, and went to prayer meeting in the evening. This is the first Sunday that I have communed in this church since last June. Karn, Bullard, Smith & Mr. Wetheral were received into the church.

March 7/1864

Spent the morning in writing my synopsis of Rawlinson. Finished nearly four lectures & read what I had written in the class. Only Northrup and I read. Mont & Pickard were not prepared. Helped Pickard cut wood, got out my Hebrew & wrote to Uncle James thanking him for the parcel. Gould's folks went to Beachville this afternoon. They talk of moving away before July, perhaps before the close of this term. I hope they may, for I would then board with Pickard. Mrs. Gould is getting too careless about her meals and I can't stand it. She can't half cook. Then again the children are getting perfectly unbearable. They are a regular nuisance. I had to whip Clarence today because he miss-behaved.

March 8

There were only three in Hebrew class today. Clarke & Chesney were out of town, and Pickard staid at home with his child. After class I went into the library and got some notes on Augustine, and then went up to Mont's room. We had a long talk about M.A. He positively denied what she said he told. She has not fulfilled her promise of writing to him to blow him up. She has written once and calls him "Dear Brother" but never mentions my name. I imagine that she is afraid to confront him. He feels provoked and threatens to write her. We had a pleasant chat, and settled up our difficulties. He tells me he has had a letter from Green about that Barnstown Church; but he does not say whether he intends to take it or not. Most of the morning was spent in talking to Mont. Spent the afternoon in copying "Sorrow's Retrospect" for Eliza Bland, copying out my last lessons in Galatians and theology, &c. Helped Pickard cut wood. We had a nice prayer meeting, and after I studied up tomorrow's lessons.

Mont seems to have cleared himself from any implications of intentional wrong in what he may have done. He was undoubtedly told things about me, not supposing that they would harm me, but they have. However, I cannot blame him for that. Mary Ann seems afraid to write to him as she told me she intends to do. Perhaps she knows that her statements were false and has not had the face to reassert them.

March 9th

Our lessons passed off very well today. I knew all my lessons nearly perfectly. We got the analysis of Galatians V today. After school I studied till tea time, and then went for a walk. I went east on the track as far as the bridge. I occupied the time for I studied up my declamation. I have it nearly committed. I have spent the evening in studying, &c. Today noon I wrote a note to Eliza Bland saying that I could not go out on Saturday. I did expect to go, but I can't spare the time. I also enclosed that poem on "Sorrow's Retrospect." Poor little Stella is quite sick today.

March 10

It has been a rainy day, but has thawed very little. It has been quite disagreeable. Hebrew passed off as well as usual. I spent the morning in reading, writing & studying. Wrote to Richards a letter of six pages. Answered his query as to our future position before saying that I was willing to stand on the same ground as before. Told him my opinion about the truth of M.A.'s statement, and giving my reasons for dis-believing them. Also wrote about miscellaneous matters. Our essays in church history were all short except Mont & Fitch's. Mont had Jerome, Northrup, Eusebius Pamphilus; Clarke, Donatus the Great; Fitch, Constantine the Great; and myself, Augustine. Pickard was not there, Stella being sick and he himself not feeling well. The rest of the day I spent in studying and attending our Theological prayer meeting in the evening. We had a pretty good meeting, but it was too short. I do not think that I will write a critique for Saturday.

March 11/64

Another rainy day. It was like April, rain and sunshine intermingled. After breakfast. Went up to Yule's room to read over my French. We went into the reading room, and read the lesson, and then I read the papers till school time. The lesson passed off well, and I spent the rest of the morning in reading, writing my synopsis of "Rawlinson" &c. Received a letter from Ross through Ed Cameron. The poor fellow is down hearted and speaks in a very melancholy tone. He says that now is my best time, and that I had better enjoy it while I may.

Our afternoon lesson passed off well. I received for my subject for next Thursday, The Introduction of the Gospel into Great Britain. Went up to society meeting in the evening. Robertson delivered an oration on "Progress of Canada," Fitch on "The probabilities that England will fall." Beattie read a splendid essay on "Slavery." It was the best thing on the subject that I had ever heard. The "Oracle" was pretty good. I did not stop to the business meeting, but came home and finished my essay. It remains to be copied, and as it will probably fill eighteen pages of note paper, it is no child's task. In looking over the books I find 228 pages of letter press, 6215 notes, occupying 213 pages, 928 proof texts of Scriptures referred to, and 306 authors to whom the writer has had occasion to refer.

It is just three years today since I came to Woodstock. How many changes have taken place during that period of time. Just to mention one thing, nearly every student here then has left us. Besides our class, only two others were here then.

March 12th

Having been so busy at my essay I had neither my critique nor declamation ready. I got excused from the latter. We had a hot discussion at the stove about Fitch's oration. Everybody condemns it. After our class had left the Dr. called me back. He said he had received proposals from the Barnstow church for a pastor. He wished to know whether I would be willing to go. I told him I would only agree to visit during the summer and see whether we suited one another. He wanted to write to let the people know. He had an idea of sending Mr. Nott as a supply till Fall, until a permanent pastor could be found. Hearing this I went to Nott and had a talk with him. He is going to leave on Wednesday, for want of funds. He has written to try and engage for the summer with the church. I told him I did not wish to stand in his way. If he could make permanent arrangements with the folks, I would gladly stand aside. I promised him letters of introduction to two or three of my relatives in Montreal. I hope he may get something to do. About noon I received Mont's notes for Rolly and immediately sat down and wrote enclosing it. Received a letter from Lucy. She is back at Aunt Mary Ann's. She married John Fairman and moved out West, as I heard from Aunt Mary Ann. She had a baby, but it died, and John went to fight, so she went back to Martinsburg. Cousin Henry is married. Mr. White's folks are well, but White is not succeeding in business. John is in Nashville Tennessee. Harvey is also in the army at Staten Island. She adds several other items of news. I am very glad to hear from Lucy, for I have often thought about her and wondered where she was. Poor Lucy, she has had a hard life of it. May God make her future brighter.

March 12/64, Cont.

Spent the afternoon in fixing those puzzles. Have only about thirty more to put in. After tea, began to copy my essay on "Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture record." The two first lectures fill nearly nine pages of note paper, for I am not half through yet. Gould's folks have been away all afternoon. Broke my lamp chimney all to pieces today, and had to borrow ten cents from Pickard to pay for another. My money from Montreal is due but has not come yet. I cannot get that Iliad either till I get some money. I wish it would come.

March 13

A beautiful day. Went my round with my tracts as usual. There was some blundering in the church this morning. Dr. forgot that he had to preach, and had to go home for his sermon. Topping opened the meeting. Dr. preached a fine sermon from Isa XIV. 27. Spent the afternoon in reading. Dr. preached in the evening from Luke X: 41 -42. It was a splendid sermon. Our prayer meeting was a very good one and pretty well attended. I have enjoyed myself today.

March 14 Spent the morning in copying my essay or synopsis of "The Historical Evidences." It filled twenty-three pages of note paper. In our class we all had long essays, but Northrup had none. Dr. brought me Vol. I of The Pictorial History of England to read what it said concerning British Christianity. I spoke to him about writing to Barnstow. He wrote that I want to go there during the summer and visit them, but did not mention the date. While I was at tea Nott came up to my room. I brought him to tea, and then we chatted till six. Dr. doesn't want him to leave just yet, so he is going to stay till the close of the term.

March 15/1864

Our Hebrew passed off well. Spent the rest of the morning in the library hunting up matter on my essay for Thursday. Wrote to Ross in the afternoon, a letter of eight pages. My money has not come yet.

March 16th

Did not get on first rate in my French today. Dr. gave us the analysis of Galatians VI, and Romans XVI; also a lecture on "Types" and a concentration of the heresies respecting Christ as Community. After school I helped Pickard cut wood till tea time. Got up my Hebrew, and wrote to Uncle Eben, a letter of nearly six pages. That money from Montreal has not yet arrived. I don't see what is keeping it. I wish Aunt Tenie would send it along for I need it. I suppose it will come sometime, though I wish it were soon. Dr. Fyfe can't hear our Church History class tomorrow because the Trustees meet in the afternoon.

March 17

A Stormy Saturday. Our Hebrew lesson passed off very well. After it I went to the Library and found Gieseler's account of "Arin's Faith." It is in Greek but I found a translation in Murdock's Mosheim. Spent the rest of the day in reading, writing and pasting in those puzzles. I have got them all in, and there are 305. Received a "Times" from someone, M.A. I suppose. In it I found an account of a great fire that nearly burnt Uncle Eben's store. The fire caught in Van Norman's and destroyed that and Hutchison's. It caught in H.M. & Co's roof but was finally put out. Their loss is covered by insurance. Went up to prayer meeting. Found Mont quite sick. He seemed to be troubled as I was last term.

March 17/1864, Cont.

Poor little Stella is very sick, not expected to live. I offered to sit up all night, and did sit up while Pickard slept. He woke about half past eleven, and then sent me off to bed, promising to call me if I was needed. It is now nearly twelve o'clock, and I must off to bed. No news yet from Montreal. I do wish Aunt Tenie would send me that money.

March 18th

The Anniversary of the day when M.A. and I were formally engaged. Had no lessons in the afternoon, as most of our class were absent or sick. Mont is down with something that looks very like what troubled me at the close of last term. Have not studied any today. I have felt so bad about poor Stella that I could not study. Poor child is very sick. She has been in fits frequently during the day. Went to Society Meeting in the evening.

March 19

4 P.M. Sat up at Pickard's last night. Mrs. Fitch, Mr. Robertson and I sat up. Pickard went to bed about ten & slept till after twelve. Stella had an awful fit at two, which lasted till three. Towards morning Mrs. Pickard went to bed and slept till morning. At half past four Gould came down and I went to bed. I did not undress but jumped in, clothes and all. At half past six I was up. About eight I went to Dr. Scott's house to tell him that Stella was still alive. He was much surprised, and ordered out his horse to come and see her. Coming home I called at the Post Office and found the expected letter from Aunt Tenie. She talks very calmly, finds some fault with me, but says that she will leave matters to be settled when we meet; tells me of Aunt Lizzie's sickness, &c, &c, and encloses eight dollars.

March 19/1864, Cont.

I immediately bought half a dollar's worth of stamps. Reaching home, I paid Mrs. Gould seven dollars on account. After a while I went up to school. Got along better than I expected in the special class. I declaimed, "Life's Compensations." Afterwards I went up to Mr. Willis's room and had quite a nice visit. I had a good play with the baby. I got Homer's Iliad from him for 20 cents. Came home to dinner & then Pickard and I went down town. Poor Stella is still alive, but that is all that can be said of her.

March 20th

Sat up a great part of the night with Stella. Mr. & Mrs. Pickard had a pretty good sleep. Mrs. Gould sat up part of the night, and Mrs. Dawes all night. About six in the evening, Stella got very quiet and a change eventually took place. She became quite free from convulsions and lay in an easy position. This lasted all night and all today. I sat up most of the night. Went round with my tracts and went to church. Spent the afternoon in helping wait on Stella. Lay down on Pickard's bed and slept till about two o'clock.

March 21st

Got up about two and staid up the rest of the time. After a while Mrs. Gould came in and Mr. & Mrs. P. went to sleep. Mrs. Gould and I watched Stella till half past six, then I went down to post a letter to Pickard's father. After coming back, I cleaned off the ice before the door & assisted in various ways. After breakfast, went to Naysmth's for some Castor Oil & to Bishop's for some Brandy. Dr. Scott came before I got back, he says he does not think Stella will get well, but her living so long gives us a chance to do all we can do.

March 21/1864, Cont.

It is now about ten. I have not been to school, and don't intend to study. I am going to assist Pickard in any way that I can. While Stella's life lasts I will stick to him through everything. If she dies and they leave here, I will ever think of him as a friend; if she recovers we will be bound together more closely. I got a lock of her hair yesterday.

Evening

Went downtown several times for Pickard. Went up to class at three but had none. I told Dr. that I did not know my lessons as I had been waiting on Pickard's child. Northrup had been away, and had not prepared his essay. Clarke had made a mistake and brought in an essay on Patrick. When Dr. saw this he excused us.

March 22nd

5 P.M. Last night I sat up with Mrs. Pickard while Mr. P. & Mrs. Gould went to sleep. Mrs. G. left some bread for me to bake, and I had a time of it, but got it baked at last. I got a letter from Miss Neal. During the night Stella appeared worse again. Mrs. P. and I had a nice quiet talk together. Somewhere after midnight the sleepers woke up, and after some refreshment I lay down and slept. Mrs. P. also slept some. I lay till about six, and then got up.

Went to the Post Office to mail a letter to Pickard's father. Got breakfast, studied a little and went to school. Received my Hebrew Grammar but could not do the lesson in Isaiah. After class went down town looking for Gould. Could not find him, but met him when I got home. As I felt very tired I went into our kitchen, built a good fire, and slept on the lounge till twelve.

March 22/1864, Cont.

Then I got some lunch and went to the station to see Mont off. The train was delayed, and after waiting till half past one, I bade him goodbye, and started for Burke's. Arrived there, I found him very busy, so I waited a while till he had leisure to finish the pictures. Paid him for them \$3.00 for the first and 25 cts for the other. I had to borrow the money from Mrs. Gould to pay for mine. Returning home I assisted the folks or sat talking till nearly five when I came to my room to write. I expect to sit up tonight. Several of the students are outside cutting wood, as we are completely used up. I was going at it, but Mrs. Gould would not let me.

March 23rd

Last night I sat in Pickard's helping till after ten when I lay down. Pickard was already asleep, Mrs. Gould was in bed, and Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. P. were watching. About twelve Mrs. Gould came downstairs, about two I woke up, and shortly after I waited on Mrs. Fitch home. Then Mrs. P. went to bed and slept till morning. Pickard got up about four. We sat watching Stella who seemed very easy, and Pickard was writing a letter, when between five and six, we noticed a change. It was apparent that death was near. Mrs. P., Mr. Gould, and the children were roused; we stood watching Stella, as she lay on Mrs. Gould's lap, till half past six, when she gently breathed her last. The dear child expired quite easily, and seemed to be in no pain. After a few moments spent in sad regret, Mr. P. and Gould went to the telegraph office to send word home. I staid round helping all I could, swept out the front room, and hall, carried water, &c, &c, till school. Went up to roll call, and got excused from French, and Dr.'s classes.

March 23/1864, Cont.

Then came down to help Pickard. We went downtown to pay his debts. On the way I bargained with him to take the rest of his wood, after Gould had taken his cord. I am to pay \$1.50 a cord. I also bought Tasquille and the dictionary for \$1 each, all to be paid next term. After coming home I went to the Institute and negotiated a sale of Pickard's Sargeant Speaker. Baldwin bought it for \$1 to be paid to me next term. After dinner I packed away his books. Then went to the Sentinel Office with the following notice: -

Died In Woodstock, March 23rd, Jennie Estelle, Aged 1 year 8 months and ten days; only child of Robert Pickard, Senior Theological Class, Canadian Literary Institute.

Pickard knows nothing of it. I intend to send him five or ten copies of "The Sentinel" when it comes out. Poor fellow, he will feel pleased. Gould has made him a beautiful coffin, and I believe, intends to give it to him. Got two papers for him from the Post Office. Worked around a little after coming home, and then came upstairs to study my Hebrew. Got the lesson about half up.

March 24

Last night after tea Pickard and I went downtown as far as Cook's and I did not get home till near nine. I then went up to engage Northrup and Clarke as bearers. They were very willing. After some talking with them and others, I went over to Fitch's. He was in bed, but got up to see me. He too agreed to be a bearer. It was about ten when I got home. Gould's folks went to bed but Mr. & Mrs. Pickard and myself stayed up packing, till after one. Feeling very tired we all lay down, they on the bed, I on the lounge.

March 24, 1864, Cont.

I attended to the fire, getting up and replenishing it once in a while. At half past four this morning I rose, and they rose soon after. We worked around till half past five, when I came to my room to dress. Got breakfast about half past six and helped round till seven. Shortly after, Torrance held a short service in the dining room. Gould's, Bent's and several students were present. After the service, we started for the Depot. Fitch and I carried one end of the coffin, Clarke and Northrup followed, carrying the other end. Thus Pickard's classmates were the bearers.

Arrived at the station, got the tickets and checked the trunk. When the cars came in, Gould saw to putting the coffin aboard while I carried the parcels & got Mrs. P. a seat. I intended going part of the way, and got a double seat. When the cars started, they seemed surprised at my being aboard, till I explained. We had a pleasant talk. I tried hard to persuade P. to come back. He gave me 50 cents to get two more photographs. At Princeton I got off. I would have gone further but I had no money. I wished very much to go to Hornby, but want of means prevented me from doing so. Left Princeton at 8:26 and got home about 11:15. I was very well employed in thinking on various subjects.

After dinner I employed myself in writing my essay on the "Introduction of the Gospel into Britain," and finished it in time for school. After class Fitch spoke to Dr. about getting away so as to go to Blenheim, and suggested that Dr. should excuse our class for the rest of this term. He seemed somewhat favorable. I went to Burke's and ordered the photographs, which I am to get on Monday.

March 24/1864, Cont.

Then to the Post Office where I found two letters from Uncle Eben & Eliza Bland, and then to Nasmyth's to pay a debt of Pickard's. Spent a few minutes at Torrance's and then came home to tea. After tea went to prayer meeting.

Eliza, under date of March 19th, tells me they were much disappointed at my not going out that Saturday. They have a singing school in Embro and talk of a choir in the Baptist church. She was in W. lately, but did not have time to call. She thanks me for the poetry and says "there is a sad and contemplative strain running through the whole of it, as if you had lost your last friend." They intend moving next week. She wishes me to say nothing to the students about coming out to see them. She seems vexed at their conduct.

Uncle Eben's letter, dated March 23rd, apologizes for long silence, speaks of my letter, tells me of the fire, &c. H.M. & Co's loss was 1000 dollars, fully covered by insurance. Uncle tells me that Aunt Lizzie had a miscarriage. That accounts for her sickness. He says he is going to Montreal either late this fall, or early next spring. He is to have the corner store in Place d'Armes. It is to be pulled down and rebuilt. He sent me a ticket to H. so as to assist me in coming down. He promises me some money, and will either send it or give it when I go down.

March 25/1864

Good Friday. I slept soundly last night, for it was the first night that I had my clothes off in a week. This morning we met as usual and then were dismissed for the day, as it is a holiday. Dr. met our class in his room and spoke of letting us off. He will if the faculty consents to do so. Tried to make arrangements with Kneale & Scott to come in & take part of the other side of the house. I think they will. Helped Willis fill the baptistery in the church. Went to his place and saw his library. Went to the Post Office but got nothing. I feel very tired today. I am so glad that I don't have to study. Spent the afternoon in reading, writing, &c. Went to Society Meeting in the evening.

March 26th Our class met with Dr. today. I read a plan on Job V:17, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth, therefore despise not thou the chastising of the Almighty." Our Special class did nothing extra. Agreed with Kneale and Scott to take the rooms, two rooms if I rented half the house. Went to Burtch and secured the house. I am to become responsible for the rent. It is to be 3 dollars a month and I am to take possession on the first of April. After dinner I went downtown. Went to the Sentinel office and blew them up for the blotch they made of that notice. They made Stella 7 years old and called her father Richard. They are to make it all right next week. Put the notice in the Times also. Midgley promised to see to it, that it was properly inserted. Took some books up to Dr. Fyfe's. Met Cunningham & agreed to trade photographs with him. Spent the afternoon in writing my essay on "Yahweh Christ." Also piled up all the split wood in the shanty. Spent the evening in copying my essay. Wrote to Lucy and also Aunt Tenie.

March 27/1864

A fine day, but dreadfully muddy. Mr. Jones of Port Hope preached today. He is to be our new Pastor. His morning discourse was Ps. IXII: 8, "Trust in Him at all times, ye people, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us." His evening discourse was on John XX, 11, "But Mary stood without at the Sepulchre weeping." He gave us two excellent sermons. Dr. Fyfe baptized Miss Frazer & another lady. Spent the afternoon in reading.

March 28

Spent most of the morning in writing to Pickard. Sent the two photographs to him. Chesney came up today, but went away again at five. Our afternoon lesson passed off well. We expected Mont today but he has not come. I hope he won't. We expect to get off tomorrow. Most of the teachers seem to be willing. It has turned out a rainy night. I hope it will be fine tomorrow.

March 29 A nasty, rainy, snowy day. This morning Dr. refused to let us go, on account of the bad precedent which it would establish. After some parleying, he compromised by promising to let us off Friday noon. After Hebrew class, I came home, wrote to Uncle Ebenezer and took the letter to the P.O. Got a letter from Robert. Spent most of the afternoon in studying up on the Paulicians. At tea time Kitchen brought me two letters. One from Pickard telling me that he is well, giving some account of the funeral, &c. Stella was buried on Thursday at 10 A.M. The other was from Mr. Bowers saying that Mrs. B. died at 4:45 Monday evening & is to be buried tomorrow. I must go to the funeral if possible. Went to prayer meeting. Felt but little inclined to study. *Samuel S. Bowers 1836, 1900. Father, Samuel Bowers married in 1815 to Lydia Sauers. Moved to Can. 1825

March 30/1864

Got up at my usual time this morning and wrote Nott a letter of introduction to Uncle James.

Went to school and got on pretty well in French. We were reading Racine. Dr. excused me to go to Mrs. Bower's funeral. It had snowed all night, and there were about six inches of snow on the ground, so that Gould determined to take a load of furniture to Beachville on the* "Bobs." He started before I got out of school. I started to foot it to Ingersoll at about 9:50 A.M. It was dreadfully sloppy. I got my feet wet long before I got to Beachville. The water soaked right through the leather. Kept boldly on till near Centreville, when Elder Topping overtook me, and I got a ride the rest of the way. Arrived in Ingersoll about 12:30. * *Probably bobsleighs*

Went to Mr. Kneeshaw's and had a long talk with him. Returned that little book of his that I have had for a long time, but he gave it to me. He has heard of Holman, viz., that he is keeping a house of ill-fame in Toronto. Quite likely. It is just the business to suit him. Went to dinner with Mr. K., and saw Mrs. K, Lis and Mary. After dinner, went down to Mr. Bower's. Met Elder Beardsall & others. The funeral was at three. Mrs. B. was buried in a private burying ground up on the hill near where Mr. Kneeshaw lived when I went to him. I forget the name of the owner. Met young Paine at the funeral and walked downtown with him. Called at Hawkes but found that he was in Woodstock on the jury. As Elder Topping was going directly home, I got a ride with him. The sleighing was miserable. It was after five when we got to Beachville. Elder T. proposed turning in to warm, so he went to Dea. Carroll's and I to Canfield's. He was to call for me as he passed down. Canfield's folks were glad to see me and immediately set about preparing tea.

March 30/1864, Cont.

While at tea Elder T. passed down, but did not stop. I hurried out but did not see him. I believe that he went to Dease's. As it was half past five I did not want to trust to an uncertainty, so I started for home. The walk would have been pleasant had it not been for the slush. However I got along pretty fast and reached home by 6:50 P.M., having walked the six miles in an hour and twenty minutes. I call this first rate walking when the roads are in such a horrible state.

After changing my boots and stockings I had some more supper. And then set to work. I wrote out my essay on the Paulicians for tomorrow. It occupied about five pages of note paper in lead pencil. I had not time to copy it in ink. It was mostly written from memory for I had the aid of very few notes. I do not intend to get up my Hebrew for tomorrow, nor am I going up to school in the morning. I want to use tomorrow for moving.

March 31

The last of the month, the third month of the year. I woke up pretty early this morning and got up about five. Mr. Gould has gone to Beachville with another load. After breakfast I sat down to write Nott's letter of introduction to Uncle George. The following is a copy.

SCROLL DOWN

March 31/1864, Cont.

C. L. Institute 1864

Dear Uncle George

Permit me to introduce to you Mr. Richard Nott, a theological student of our Institute. For the last three years he has been a school-mate of mine, and part of the time, a class mate. I believe it is his purpose to reside in Canada East during some months of the coming summer, with the expectation of preaching to a church in the Eastern Townships, so as to acquire means to enable him to pursue his Theological studies. You will find him a pleasant, agreeable young man, and I can vouch for his respectability and Christian Character.

As he is a stranger in Montreal, and indeed in the Eastern Province, I have made bold to give him this letter to you. Any attention which you may show to him during his stay in Montreal will be considered as a great favor, both by Mr. Nott and myself. You could be of great use to him by giving him some information concerning Canada East, introducing him to the leading men in the Montreal church, &c. I will feel personally obliged to you for any kindness you may show towards Mr. Nott.

Please excuse my silence in regard to myself and our Institute, as the term is fast drawing to a close. I am very much pressed for time, but Mr. Nott will give you full information concerning our doings here. Remember me to all inquiring friends, especially to Aunt Fanny and the children, and believe me I remain

Your affectionate nephew

Eben M. Rice

March 31/1864, Cont.

This is an exact copy. Uncle James' letter differs in a few points, but is very similar to this. As I never wrote a letter of introduction before, I may perhaps have failed in these, but I hope not. I asked Nott's opinion of the letter to Uncle James and he seems satisfied. It is now school time, but I do not intend going till afternoon.

Evening

This has been a busy day. The morning was primarily occupied in packing my things away, in carrying them to the other part, &c. I believe Fitch intends taking this part. Went downtown after dinner, made some arrangements with Midgley about those papers. Called in at Dawes' and told them about Pickard's folks. Went up to Church History class. We had a very good class. Mont is back. He arrived yesterday and intends to staying till vacation is nearly ended. He speaks of not coming next term. We sat in the lecture room talking till the last hour was out. Came home and read till prayer meeting time. We had a pretty good meeting. Came home and got out Hebrew for tomorrow. We had Isaiah IXIV and five paradigms of feminine nouns. Received a telegram from Uncle Eben just now. He says that he will send the ticket by morning mail and I am to wait for it. This is capital for me, for it will save me a long walk. Scott paid me 70 cents today. He says Pickard told him to. Feel pretty tired and sleepy so I will go to bed early. Today closes the month, the first quarter of the year, and another term for me. I hope to be in Hamilton by this time tomorrow if all goes well.

END OF DIARY TWO 1864 *GO TO BOOK THREE.

There are three years in one from Sept. 1/1867 to Oct. 15, 1870.

Rice/Campbell

Notes from Beverly R. Campbell

There is one diary that may have been given to his sister. (VOL 1V) April 1/1864 to Aug 31/1867

THE THIRD DIARY BEGINS (VOL. V.) Sept. 1/1867 to Oct.15/1870. Eben and Mary Keyes (nee Bland) Rice and their son Leonard Eton Rice, lived in a rented house in Beachville owned by a Mr. Brown. (Poss. George Brown.) A Mr. Canfield was his friend. They lived near Embro and the Bland family. He became a minister in Bothwell for about 2 and a half years then returned to America, to Martinsburg, New York. Rev. Eben M. Rice, died in 1870 at age 30.

ADDITIONAL ITEMS: A FOURTH BOOK , entitled ESSAYS, LECTURES & ORATIONS

This includes several of his poems, writings and compositions from Mary Bland, Miss.

Sudborough, Pamela Vining, his teacher and poetess, and his friends.

There are several binders with historical research pieces.

A pen and ink of the Morton Home, now Bell Homestead in Brantford, On.

Pictures of his Uncle Andrew MORTON'S home in Brantford, the entire family. Eben is not in this photo unfortunately. Eben Rice did have a lot of pictures take, possible there are some at the archives at the Woodstock College I made trips there, but could not access the college during the summer months.

The Woodstock Train station.

Pictures of Thomas Shenston, of Brantford publisher, of Oxford Gazateer.

John Brown, missionary from Hamilton.

Wanzer Sewing Machine Factory, where Mary Ann Bailey worked.

Bev has since made an illustrated book called, THE LONGWOODS SAGA©

Also a, “MADE FOR TV SERIES”, The LONGWOODS SAGA ©

THEATRICAL PLAY FOR STAGE entitled “ THE LONGWOODS SAGA ©