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1873 November-December

SIDE ONE

Milan 11 mo. 7th 1873.

My Dear Friend
Doctr Caspar Morris

Thy very acceptable letter of Sep. 8th arrived during, to me, a season of continuous and imperative engagement; one of the items of which was a journey, of some days from home, attending, in company with my wife, Friends Quarterly meeting. I use the first season of appropriate leisure to respond. It was truly a source of pleasure to receive from thee a letter of friendly salutation, stimulated too by sympathy with an essay of mine, which to my surprise escaped the waste basket, and which I believed to be in opposition to the current of theological opinion of the present day.

I will give thee some account of our family:- Thirteen years ago our only living child, Elizabeth, married a farmers son, from a family of position and culture then recently arrived from near Rochester N.Y. In order to give the young people an opportunity to "swing around the circle" Wife and I built a brick cottage on a corner of our farm, and fenced a few acres for our own management, leaving the rest to the care of our children.

Wife and I, sister Mary and an adopted daughter then formed our family. The latt married, and sister in ripe old age gently and suddenly passed away, leaving Wife and I alone. We have six grand children some of whom are often on our premises and tend to keep alive, somewhat, the freshness of life in our old age.

As the result of this arrangement I have more leisure and less care, and yet sufficient of urgent employment to wear out rather than to rust out. And I believe that I may add,- that during these thirteen years I have had as much enjoyment of life as when sight, memory, and teeth were in youthful vigour.

The Hathaway family is now much scattered. Caleb, the artist, of whom thou enquired, is now a resident of Mahoning County. not atall an artist in a dull life. Peter A, my oldest nephew, is flourishing as a farmer near us. Henry's widow, and her

of the third century that Jew Christians gave up the Jewish or, seventh day Sabbath, and the rite of circumcision. "Thou seest brother how many thousands of Jews there are who believe and they are all zealous of the law" Acts 21:20

When the celebrated conferance at Jerusalem released the Gentiles from Jewish ritual, doctrine, and practice, it did not release Jew Christians but held them bound.

From all this and much, very much more, I have been determined to take the words of Christ as the true key to the true meaning of all that appertains to true Christianity, and not the words or actions of men who in this transition state were as much Jews as they were Christians, or more so.

Christ summed up his system of theology in a few brief words: If a man loves me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him" Jno 14:21 Only two conditions — no room for any more — no intimation of any more — and then a figurative expression of the highest degree of acceptance which human language can convey.

Again: "Go ye and learn what that meaneth I will have mercy and not sacrafice"

All of us who have diligently read Christ words know that:- "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well," (Isaiah) was the constant topic of his discourses, and that whenever he commenced a sentence in any other way, he never seemed to stop untill he recurred to righteousness on the part of his hearers.

It was Pauls business to catch people with "guile", and to offer to Jew Christians something which should be a counterpart, or substitute, for what was essential in their system. Alas! Alas! we have now in Christian theology as expounded by Divines(?) much that is Jewish! very striking religious reforms carry away from the old regime, seeds or rootlets of rites and doctrines, which grow again the evils reformed: Episcopalians from Romanists; dissenters dissent from Episcopalian; Friends from Scholastic Divines; Christians from Jews.

Of course in one sheet I cannot even give the salient points of my views, or the grounds on which they rest- only a hint as to work of my convictions. In much love in which my wife wishes to be remembered I am thy Friend Peter Hathaway