

Tabor-& Bare Hill & the rest- It is a somewhat novel scenery, and not often seen in summer. Also the men seen far over the ice-at an indefinite distance-fishing for pickerel and moving slowly to and fro- You are uncertain whether giants or pigmies-like sealers with their wolvisish dogs- They loom up like something fabulous & incredible. Norse-like.

Where 190 acres of the ocean stream have flown under the ground to make their appearance here. And west fair Haven lake not quite so far- This is our lake country.

Flints-going to which you cross Goose pond-where a whole colony of muskrats inhabits & have raised their cabins high above the ice-but not one is seen abroad.

I expect of any lecturer that he will read me a more or less simple & sincere account of his life-of what he has done & thought. Not so much what he has read or heard of other mens lives-and actions- But some such account as he would put into a letter to his kindred if in a distant land-describing his outward circumstance and any little adventures that he might have-and also his thoughts and feelings about them there.

He who gives us only the results of other men's living though with brilliant temporary success-we may in some measure justly accuse of having defrauded us of our time- We want a man to give us that which was most precious to him-not his lifes blood but even that for which his life's blood circulated what he has got by living-

If any thing ever yielded him pure pleasure or instruction-let him communicate it. The Miser must tell us how much he loves wealth and what means he takes to accumulate it- He must describe those facts which he knows & loves better than any body else.

He must not lecture on Missions & the Temperance The mechanic will naturally lecture about his trade the farmer about his farm and every man about that which he compared with other men—knows best.

Yet incredible mistakes are made— I have heard an Owl lecture with a perverse show of learning upon the solar microscope—and chanticlere upon nebulous stars When both ought to have been sound asleep in a hollow tree—or upon a hen roost. When I lectured here before this winter I heard that some of my towns men had expected of me some account of my life at the pond—this I will endeavor to give tonight.

I find that no way of doing or thinking however ancient is to be trusted. What every body echoes or in silence passes by may turn out to be sheer falsehood at last— As it were the mere smoke of opinion falling back in cinders which some thought—a cloud that would sprinkle fertile rain upon their fields.

One says you cant live so and so—it is madness—on vegetable food solely—or mainly—for it furnishes nothing to make bones with—walking behind his oxen—and so religiously devotes a part of his day to supplying his system with the raw material of bones.

Certain things are absolute necessities of life in some circles—the most helpless and diseased—in others certain other or fewer things—and in others fewer still—and still what the absolutely indispensable are has never been determined I know a robust and hearty mother who thinks that her son who died abroad—came to his end by living too low, as she had since learned that he drank only water— Men are not inclined to leave off hanging men—today—though they will be to-morrow. I heard of a family in Concord this winter which would have starved, if it had not been for potatoes—& tea & coffee.

It has not been my design to live cheaply but only to live as I could not devoting much time to getting a living— I made the most of what means were already got.

To determine the character of our life and how adequate it is to the occasion—just try it by any test—as for instance that this same sun is seen in Europe & in America at the same time—that these same stars are visible in 24 hours to $\frac{2}{3}$ the inhabitants of the globe—and who shall say to how many inhabitants of the universe—

What farmer in his field lives according even to this somewhat trivial material fact.

I just looked up at a fine twinkling star—and thought that a voyager whom I know now many days sail from this coast—might possibly be looking up at that same star with me— The stars are the apexes of important triangles.

There is always the possibility—the possibility I say of being *all*—or remaining a particle in the universe

Perhaps we may distribute the necessities of life under the several heads of food—clothing—shelter—& fuel And this suggests how nearly the expression “animal heat”—is to being synonymous with animal life.

Clothing—shelter—& fuel *warm* us outwardly— I have read that the New Hollander goes naked in a pretty cold winter—and warms his body by putting his feet close to a hot fire—though the rest of the body may be in frost— On the other hand food according to Liebig is the fuel which keeps up the internal combustion which is going on in the lungs. In cold weather weather we want more of this fuel—in summer less

It is necessary then to keep warm to keep the vital heat in us—to banish cold from the trunk and the extremities.