

Olive Dec 18th 1882

Dear son, yours of the 13th inst is before me
and read with pleasure it found ^{me} in an excellent
state of health for which I feel thankful.

I was very glad to hear you were all, ^{well} and getting
along well. our ^{meeting} commenced last night at Olive
I trust we shall have a good meeting, I spent
last week in the Otterbim and Pisgah neighborhood
The Otterbim church is nicely plastered and they have
a good job I think we will dedicate in about
a month hence, I went to Somerset one day
and bought a nice little trunk that just fits
in the front part of my buggy, and fits my
books it makes me feel more at home having
my books with me it cost \$1.25

Well our grth meeting went ^{very} pleasantly
we had a pleasant conference the conference
of their own accord raised my salary to
\$450.00 but having no assessment
made to the different classes I did not

get much only 33.00 but have rec'd
some since, when I get money so I can
I will send you money. I think when
I go to the Otterbim appointment I will
get some more, my appointments will be
there next sabbath. Well I hope you will
get along pleasantly at home and at church
I am sorry there are so many cares fall
on you and that you have to work during
school term but hope it will be better
next winter, you requested me to tell you
about the young folks at Pisgah I have not
been at an appointment since I came back
and do not know very much about them

~~if they are stilling toward being a work.~~
Well Alas I was glad to find you were so
interested in your studies and to see
that you can write such a lengthy and
interesting letter. But I was astonished and
somewhat sad when you told me that you
wanted to cross the Ocean and visit the old world
and that you had such day dreams of greatness

While studying over the matter these thoughts
Came in my mind

It is time such thought
Of promotion should cease
For you'll never figure
In Rome or in Greece

Fame and renown have honors
But both have their gall
Aspiring men climb high
But at last they must fall

Past history tells us
Of men of high state
But ^{many} have fallen
By the hand of cruel fate

The ocean has its beauties
Its pleasures besides
But many a pleasure seeker
Has sunk beneath its tides

Men of aspiring ambition
Have exhausted their minds
By straining all energies
Great honors to find

There was Cyrus and Caesar
Like tyrants did reign
But at last by cruel hands
Both of them were slain

There was Lincoln and Garfield
In the nation exalted all
But we have learned to our sorrow
That great men must fall

'Tis not on the ocean
By great gusts and waves
That always bring pleasure
But the humbler walks of life

I would not crush your hopes
With this monotonous rhyme
But only wish to awaken a thought
That you true pleasures may find
Yours paternally D. W. Sammit