

Chilton, New York.

Wednesday, December 4, 1895.

My dear Selden;

I saved up so many interesting things to tell you that I must try to write some of them down before I forget them.

As I was sitting there looking out of the <sup>car.</sup> window where you saw me last & the train was hurrying along across the country, I remembered how you once told me how all the trees & fences seemed to be running backward along by the train when you were riding. And so it seemed to me, too, & I



did not like to have them get away  
so fast for the trees were beautiful,  
and they made me think of your  
& what you said about Christmas  
trees; for there were a great many  
evergreens some cunning little  
ones just large enough for a  
Christmas tree in a play room &  
others very large & fine, suitable  
for a whole Sabbath School of  
children in a church; & how  
glorious it would look all lighted up  
with colored candles & loaded with  
gifts from loving hearts in memory  
of the dear Lord Jesus whose birthday  
it celebrates. And He Himself  
would, I think, smile on such a  
Christmas tree for he said - in  
the verse that perhaps you remember -

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto  
the least of these, my brethren, ye  
have done it unto me!"

and some of the trees had needle  
leaves & others had feathery, broad  
leaves; & some were growing in low  
wet places & others on the hillsides.  
and they were such grand hills! I  
did wish that you might have been  
with me & it had been summer &  
we might have had a lovely walk  
& scramble along the rocksides in  
the winding ravines & up the steep  
hills! Some of them seemed like  
immense high walls up beside  
the track so that in looking up I  
could hardly see the sky! And in  
some places there were beautiful  
ferns, still bright green & lying



out-on the bare earth in lovely clusters!

And you could never guess how many children I saw that day - in the cars & in the stations. They seemed to be going home to grandmas for "Thanksgiving" with them & were laughing & happy. I waited a long time in the large, beautiful station in Syracuse & there seemed fifty children there some of the time, little babies, boys & girls. One little fellow about three years old would keep running off from where his mother sat & she was afraid he would get lost - & she kept calling "Isaac!" - "Isaac!" till I wished he had another name! There was a very bright, eager boy

about as large as you  
on the "Empire State Express"  
who looked so sharply at everything  
that I thought he must be learning  
a great deal. He had brown eyes &  
bright red cheeks & he looked very  
interested as he watched the colored  
porters lighting the gas in the top  
of the car, & other things. - And in the  
last car before I reached here was a very  
couchy baby boy ten months old. I was  
sorry not to see him any more.

In the family school where I have  
been visiting there is a gray striped  
cat that has very queer feet, seven  
toes on each foot! now I'm sure this  
is more than Briggly has! And there  
is an immense black & white old  
dog with curly hair named "Dori",  
& when he is lying down this



Johnny Kitty will rub all about  
him as if it was her mother, & he  
never bites nor growls at all, & pays  
no more attention than if she were  
a fly! And here in the  
Chatterton family where I am  
now there is a very cunning  
little Kitty, spotted maltese, white  
& yellow. And there are two very  
nice boys here too, Robert, who studies  
Algebra, Physiology & Latin at school  
& Harry, who is about as large as  
Euclina & reads nearly every minute  
he is at home. He is a very pretty  
boy & smiles & me but will not talk  
any with me yet - he is so bashful!  
I hope you are all well & happy this  
cold weather. Give my love to Papa & Mamma  
& all the children & a pet for each little.  
Your friend Maria G. Matthews

Miss Hastings -

Dec 4/95

Master C. S. Belden.  
Clifton Springs -  
New York.



