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Rev. Edward Collins McAllister Correspondence

Edward Collins McAllister 1870-1947

E.C. McAllister 1870-1947

Marion Cobb Fuller
Maine State Library

Maine State Library

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MCALLISTER, REV. EDWARD COLLINS
Born at Calais
1870
To Marion Cobb Fuller
State Library
Augusta Maine

My dear Madame:

Many thanks for your valued letter of the 11th. inst.

The card enclosed gives all essential word of the writer who has published at his own expense two tiny volumes (if they may be so-called). One was a sheaf of twenty-four sonnets printed in honor of the late Rev. Edward Lincoln Atkinson while he was yet with us. The other is a memorial to Joseph Patton Williams, long a member of my congregation in Kentucky where I lived many years.

We keep the home at Gorham because of the Normal School but as yet we have no congregation there large enough to warrant a resident minister, so I take what is available, and have been here three years.

After exhausting the patience of the magazines during thirty years of effort, I have fallen back on the daily press for an outlet. Thus far The Bangor News more especially is more or less receptive.

Sincerely yours

(Rv)  Edw. C. McAllister.

* Sent under separate cover
Maine

O Spartan Mother, on whose ample breast
To strength and steadfastness thy sons are nursed,—
When pine and sea are moaning soothed to rest,
How soon from thee we learn to meet the worst
With steady heart! The blast from Labrador,
The treachery of ice in waiting lake,
The peril met amid the torrent roar
In turn are over-matched. Though tempest shake,
Though tide and fog combine to overwhelm,
From forest, rock, and wave the life is won.
Here are thy children trained to hold the helm,
To toil, and wait, and strike till work is done,
Tempered at last, from council—hall, and field,
They bring new glories to The Old State shield.
My dear Mrs. Fuller:

I am deeply touched by your concern collected for my fame, which, so far as published verse goes, is on scanty foundation. While I recognize your authority, it is my conviction that I have no real place among those who work are in book form. For that I must wait, probably till the curtain falls.

During the past ten years, a number of my fugitive verses have, if I am correct, found keeping by Mrs. Laura Richards. Should you call on her, she might give you some line on my aims at least, which are simple enough. I have no "Message" for a breathless world.

Some people and some events, simply ring a bell in my cosmos, and, possibly, the tone emerges in recognizable form.

Please do not write to Mrs. Richards. Her correspondence is a heavy burden. The "c" in my name is for Collins.

My mother was the daughter of Bradbury Collins, Sheriff of Washington County and on the Governor’s Council about 1840.

I am passing along your kindly rating of Mrs. Evans, to her, hoping that you will keep her in mind as she so richly deserves.

Sincerely yours

[Signature]