

THE OREGON CENTRAL RAILROAD BILL.

Washington, Jan. 6.—The bill just passed by the senate, for the Oregon Central railroad company, applies to such portions only of lands as are adjacent to and continuous with the uncompleted portion of the line. After declaring such lands forfeited, it provides that persons already settled thereon shall have preference in right of entry there to under the homestead laws, such entry to be considered of the date of actual settlement. The price of even sections of forfeited lands is reduced to \$1.25 an acre. The bill also repeals the act of March 2, 1875, which permitted actual settlers on lands subsequently forfeited to locate elsewhere, without extra cost, an amount of land equal to their first holding. The bill now returns to the house, having originated there. In the present shape it differs materially from the form in which it came to the senate, the house bill having declared forfeited all lands granted the company.

Cleveland's resignation of the governorship of New York was sent to the legislature Tuesday. Lieutenant Governor Hill succeeds him.

A wharf laden with lumber belonging to the mill company, Astoria, toppled over into the bay; loss \$4000.

Liberly bell will be started for New Orleans on the 23d, escorted by 500 Philadelphia policemen to the depot.

According to official reports, 800 lives were lost by the earthquake in Grenada.

The president will leave Washington for New Orleans on the 15th.—Telegram.

HOW TO GET A PUBLIC OFFICE.

There are one hundred and twenty thousand offices within the gift of the new administration, and now is the time for those seeking public employment to take proper steps to secure one of these lucrative positions. To this end the UNITED STATES BUREAU BOOK will prove an indispensable guide and assistant. The BUREAU BOOK is a register of all Federal offices and employments in each State and Territory, the District of Columbia and abroad, with their salaries, emoluments and duties, shows who is eligible for appointment, the civil service rules, questions asked at examinations, how to make an application and how to push it to success, and gives besides a vast amount of important and valuable information relative to government positions never before published.

Send seventy-five cents to J. H. Soule, Publisher, Washington, D. C., and secure a copy of the BUREAU BOOK. Agents wanted.

Miss Adams—Dear Sir: In noting the many beautiful, truly sublime and original poems appearing in the columns of your valuable paper, THE COLUMBIAN, on the various occasions of either public rejoicing or private grief; I have many times desired to express my sincere appreciation thereof, but refrained because I hoped some more able hand and pen would pay you the tribute due the true genius of a poet, man and scholar.

All your poems are marvels of original thought and wise-er reads them, and has a spark of humanity in him, will find himself, after reading them, come in feeling and his're, to the God-like emotion of the human being. Your last production, in last week's COLUMBIAN entitled: "Our Beautiful Dead," is so full of tender and sublime thought, it must awake kindred feeling in the heart if even enmeshed with the flint of materialism. Except my humble recognition of the good done by you, I hope you may receive this appreciation and homage due your genius. Ours or your Schenckman.

Visitors to Portland

Should not forget to call at Towne's San Francisco Gallery, where may be seen photographs of all the leading men and women of Oregon and Washington Territory. Skillful operators always in attendance, and the most minute attention paid to pictures of children. Don't forget the location, 8, W. Corner First and Morrison streets, upstairs. No trouble to show specimens to visitors. Street railroads pass the door every ten minutes, and this is the nearest gallery to the five principal hotels.

We have received Ridley's Fashion Magazine for Winter 15 cts. per copy, E. Ridley & Sons, New York. It is a very desirable book to peruse, and any one can get a better idea of what is fashionable and the price thereof than from any other book with which we are acquainted.

Mr. Nowise Makes a Find!

Duoise: "Good evening, Mr. Nowise! Have the hens and their families gone to roost yet, and how do they seem to like their new house?"

Nowise: Good evening sir! Oh they do considerably bickering and quarreling yet, but they'll get over it by and by."

D. "They are somewhat like the 'Genus Homo' in their objections, and scruples, against any innovation on existing conditions of life."

N. Yes, or like the Democrats, now that they have gained the great hen house of Uncle Sam, commence already to push and pull for the best places, and I suppose will keep it up for the next four years, and I shouldn't wonder if some of them would get pretty sore heads if Cleveland should act anything like my old game Jack!"

D. "You have about the best appointed poultry yard I have ever seen, I shall have to change mine somewhat for your plan."

N. "Thank you for the compliment, in doing anything I look to, necessity, utility and convenience."

D. "Those are good maxims, and are applicable to more things than hen houses, I think they wouldn't come amiss in our national household."

N. "Well, come in the house and see what I have found this morning on my way home from your house?"

D. "Well, well, whom have we here? Why, if it isn't little Nelly McGorman; and head all banged, and arm in sling, why, what in the world has happened to the child?"

N. "I found her sitting by the road this morning, crying, her face and hand all besmeared with blood, and not able to walk, on account of a badly sprained ankle; come into the dining room I'll tell you all about it, the poor girl loves her father for all that, and doesn't like to hear anything said against him, she says it's only the whiskey."

D. "Why, it surely was not her father who hurt the child like that?"

N. "Yes, it was that infernal brute of a drunken father who did it; He has been working for a few days again, down at McIntosh's, it is really too bad about him, the best blacksmith in town, and now he will not draw a sober breath again until the last cent is gone. How did it happen?—Well, you see her mother is out nursing, has been gone for three days, poor woman has to earn the bread for the whole family, even for that miserable drunken lout, her brother just got a place on a steamboat as cabin boy, so she was at home with him alone. All objection week he never drew a sober breath. Did he vote? Yes, I gave him the ticket and saw him put it in; then he was sober for three days, but last night he came home drunk with a bottle full of whiskey in his pocket to keep it up, this morning Nellie couldn't get him to eat any breakfast, but he emptied his bottle, and then he wanted her to go down to Larry's saloon and get it filled, but Nellie didn't want to go. Poor thing, she is pretty near eleven years old and the last time she went there a couple of the hoodlums who always hang around there, insulted the girl in the grossest manner, and only desisted because Larry interfered, and told them that he was afraid the old woman (Nellie's mother) would get after him, by the way I know those two hell hounds, and if I ever lay my hands on them some of their bones will surely get out of place. Well, on Nellie not wanting to go he got in a perfect fury and commenced to cuff and kick the poor child, and finally threw her down the back stairs, and its pretty high it must be all of eight or ten steps, in falling she must have struck some nail or splinter, her left cheek and right hand are badly lacerated, and her right foot is sprained. She scrambled up as best she could and tried to come here, but pretty soon she found herself unable to walk, that's the way I found her. Now I want to know of you what is going to be done with that monster in human shape, are we going to tar and feather him, and drag him over some thorns to scratch it in, or have him hauled up and put in jail, or both?"

D. "Your anger is perfectly just Mr. Nowise, only I think that Larry the saloon keeper is equally guilty of poor little Nellie's injuries; how long is it since McGorman commenced to drink like this?"

N. "Ever since his wife got that money from her mother, and bought that little home, but had the deed made out to herself, he got mad and got on a big drunk, and now he drinks whenever and as long as he can get any whiskey. I think his wife was very smart, in not having the deed made out in his name, he always used to gamble and drink some."

D. "Wasn't he arrested one time for maltreating his wife?"

N. "Yes, and then she like a fool went and paid his fine with her hard earned money, and got him out of jail; somehow I can't never understand that in the woman."

D. "I suppose that is because you are a man and he is not the father of your children. Who pays the taxes on their property?"

N. "Why, she does, and most every thing else that's to pay. There would be nothing to pay taxes on if he had a chance at it."

D. "Now does it not strike you in this instance that there is an evil which has got to be remedied, and a wrong which has to be righted?"

N. (Scratching his head) "Yes, I see there ought to be a whipping post for fellows like McGorman, and he should be made to pay the taxes and support his family, and—"

D. "No, no, no Mr. Nowise, you let your anger run away with your good judgment; whipping wouldn't do any good, as a rule you would whip one devil out and seven live, and if Mrs. McGorman owned the property, she has a perfect right to pay the taxes thereon, but, it is not a burning shame and a grievous wrong, that our State will collect the taxes of a woman, and holds her amenable to the law if administered, as well as make her bear good share of the evil consequences, if either not still or maladministered, but still not allow her the just and inalienable right to exercise her share (that should be her duty) in the framing of that law, and in the execution of it. That is the great wrong that has to be righted, and when it is accomplished, you will see that ways and means will be found to remedy the great evil of drunkenness, with all its sequences of human depravity. How? Why do you think that if our women had their say in the awarding of licenses that a man like Larry would be keeping saloon, and if one should slip in, how long do you think his license would last him? Just let us give our women their right full chance at the medicine chest of our law and we may trust her for picking out the right article."

N. "Well, I acknowledge you rather drive me to the wall, but still there seem to me yet, several serious objections against general franchise of our women."

D. "I should like very much to hear some of them."

N. "Well in the first place, the majority of women seem to me too frivolous and too narrow minded to consider politics seriously, all they worry about is, dress, novels, parties, etc., and then I think they are too easily led, have not much mind of their own, no conviction. Then there is quite a bad element among them too, and it might get the upper hand in politics, and some think it would lead to religious fanaticism of some sort or other, and I acknowledge that a good many of the best women don't want to vote."

D. "It is getting rather late this evening, but we are going to have a little birthday party at our house next Thursday eve, and Mrs. D. and I should be pleased to have you and your family present, and may be we will get time to ventilate those objections, over a good 'Havana.' You will come. Yes!"

N. "I will speak with Mrs. N. about it." O. G.

The Art Amateur for January is a superb holiday number. Its most striking feature is a charming and genuinely artistic design in eight colors, representing a mermaid sportively tending a fish. It is by Miss Dora Wheeler, one of the New York Associated Artists, of whose work several other pleasing illustrations we also give, including "Hilda," "The Winged Moon," and "Loves at Play." There is an attractive "Study of a Peasant Girl" in red, together with the usual designs in black and white, among which are a double page "Bernard Palissy" panel, figures by Watteau and Kaemmerer, poppies for a desert plate, an owl and ivy design for repoussé brass, another installment of Christmas decorations, and an array of secular and church embroidery designs to numerous to mention. The work of the famous DeGoucourt brothers, artists and historians, is entertainingly described and illustrated. "My Note Book," the musical and dramatic failletter, and the Boston letter are as vivacious as ever. The practical articles relate especially to clay modelling, wood engraving, china painting, and embroidery, and an astonishing amount of useful information is condensed in the "Art Notes and Hints," "Notes on Decoration," and "Correspondence." Assuredly no family with the slightest interest in art or home decoration can afford to dispense with the monthly visits of The Art Amateur. Price, \$4; single numbers, 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS

Of our beloved ones are always treasures. We should never delay in securing them while we can; and to those of our readers who visit Portland, we would say, do not return without visiting the San Francisco Gallery, S. W. corner First and Morrison streets, and getting your photographs taken, you may not have another opportunity to secure a perfect likeness and a highly finished picture. Most centrally located.

THE WEEKLY BLADE, (Nash's)

of Toledo, Ohio, is now the Largest and Best Dollar Family Newspaper published.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREEPORT, W. T. Jan. 1st, 1885.

ED COLUMBIAN—Will you be kind enough to give space in your worthy journal to a communication from your Freeport correspondent. On the last day of the old year our streets were occupied with the busy hum of sleds and sleighs of all descriptions, sorts and sizes preparing for the Grand Dress Masquerade Ball to be given that evening at the Andrews Hotel.

About 7 o'clock P. M. they commenced pouring in from all quarters and all directions. About half past eight o'clock they entered the hall. There was some misunderstanding through the incoherence of the woecher about receiving costumes from Portland, yet our community would not be put off at that; they prepared their own costumes, some representing Uncle Sam with the Stars and Stripes, some representing the Old Apple-peddling Woman, some representing Coal-heavers and Circus Clowns, others the Frontier Scout with a Black Eye. Take the costumes all together, they presented the most magnificent appearance of anything that was ever seen in this or any other sections of the country. Those that got them up are entitled to the highest praise for the ingenuity of their design.

About 9 o'clock the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with spectators and those tipping the fantastic toe until the old year 1884 with its silver locks entwined with the laurels of fame gave notice of its departure from the scene.

You 1884, may your date never fade from the catalogues of history or our memory. You gave us peace and prosperity and plenty. You gave us waving fields of golden harvest with fleecy flocks and herds and dotted our public domain with many a thrifty home, altar and fireside. Through your economy, frugality and industry in the financial department you gave evidence.

If the hinges of the pregnant knee were bent, 'Tis fit was bound to follow fawning. Fare-thee-well, 1884!

1885 steps in with its golden tresses and receives the greeting of a worthy people and a splendid reception by way of a banquet from our worthy landlord, Mr. Lafayette Andrews and our landlady, his sister, Mrs. Terrell, who cooked the supper herself. When the sand hours arrived the guests dismounted themselves of their masks and costume to partake of the supper. The table, which was an ornament to the eye as well as nourishing to the body, was laid out down with everything that the human eye or appetite could desire in the way of edibles, and plenty of everything for as many more as there were in attendance.

If you want a good time and hospitable treatment and to feel at home, don't forget giving the Andrews Hotel at Freeport, W. T. a call.

Everything went off smoothly. The music was discoursed by Mr. Willard Johnson and daughter, of Portland, and as charming.

The floor was managed by Captain Nathaniel Smith, of our town, who filled the position with merit, and handled everything in his customary mood with accuracy. Mr. Andrews is solicited to give the same kind of a party on the night of February 13th, the evening before Valentine's day.

Wishing you and everybody a Happy New Year and the good success you so richly merit. I am your esteemed friend.

THE LITTLE JOINT.

SHERIDAN, OR. January 2, 1885.

On the night of December 15th a heavy East wind with snow struck this part of the valley, and it has been scouring with East winds, sleet and snow ever since. Roads are being broken, and sleighs are the order of the day.

For two weeks there was very little communication with the outside world. The mail-carrier at the present writing carries the mail on his back while he hoofs it over his route.

There has been no train over the R. R. to this place since the 15th December, and the telegraph wires are all down.

Sleighing, coasting and snow-shoe racing are the pastimes, with dancing parties. There has been no loss of stock as yet. There is plenty of feed for stock in this part of the valley to last for some time yet. It is thawing now and unless the East wind sets in again the snow and ice will leave us. There has been about 200 head of cattle and 400 sheep driven from this place to Portland during the last two weeks.

AN OLD TIMER.

The Henschie's Favorite.

We will send FREE FOR ONE ENTIRE YEAR, to every lady who sends us AT ONCE the names of ten married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, our handsome, entertaining and instructive Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating Cooking and Household matters. Regular price, \$1.00. SEND TO DAY, and secure next number. Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL, Nunda, N. Y.

Mr. John Wand and family are living at Columbia City.

LOCAL NEWS.

There was quite an unfortunate affair transpired at the saloon of A. H. Blakesley on Friday last. There was a dance given in the hotel at the time. Two citizens got in an altercation about a bill, and came to blows. Kendall Blakesley, the little son of Mr. Blakesley, jumped in trying to part them, when a Mr. Saunders from Umatilla took the toy away. Mr. John Edwards thinking he did it too roughly pitched into Saunders and knocked him down, and gave him some blows. Thereupon Saunders stabbed Edwards with a pocket-knife. Saunders was tried before Justice Whitney and acquitted, and Edwards remains in a precarious condition. He, however, is improving, and will undoubtedly get well. The whole affair seemed to arise from misapprehension, and is unfortunate. Although happening in a saloon whiskey had very little to do with it, Saunders stating he did not use whiskey, and never took a drink in his life. He is a stranger, a tall powerful man, and did not appear like a desperado, though he might have been. He has vanished the ranch or to use more classical language, cut sticks, or words to that effect.

Flagg got up a very select dance on New Year's at the Masonic Hall. He killed two dozen and six chickens in cold blood. He had six couples, and was out just \$35 he expected to make. He sent four invitations to Near City, and four to Lewis River, but they came not, perhaps they did not have on the wedding garment, or oil in their purses. It was so cold in the Masonic Hall one of the chickens froze its feet. It is a pity he didn't utilize his jerked beef. It would have been quite a saving. A party of boys chartered the sleigh party on the outside, singing "Rally round Flagg boys," "Hail to the Chief," and "Red White and Blue," particularly the Blue. This dance betokened the inauguration of a very gay season among the hairytowners of St. Helen. No reference made to Jim Muckle.

Mrs. M. L. Fowler, of Near City has been at Court to settle up the Estate of her deceased husband, E. A. Fowler. She said at her residence at Near City on New Year's Eve there was a dance with 14 present besides children. Four had been invited to St. Helen, but would not go because their relatives were slighted. Mrs. Fowler says there was the gayest kind of a time, and everybody went away pleased. No people can get up a more enjoyable time than the Near City people.

Mr. Otto Galkin wishes to sell his place on Milton Creek for \$1800. He has 30 acres of land, a fine water power, a good dwelling-house, and a furniture factory. We consider it a splendid bargain. It is near Milton depot on the N. P. R. R. He was offered a year ago \$3000 for the place, and would not sell, but the health of his family necessitated him to do it. Mrs. Galkin will have to live in a milder climate than Oregon, as her lungs are delicate.

PRENTICE'S Musical & Home Journal for December is an interesting and instructive as ever, the contents of which are poetry, stories, "Home Work," continued, and the following music: "The Fair Guitarist," "Polaca Brillante," and "Water Mill." Price \$1.00 per year. Single copies, 10 cents. 107 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Shultz found an oak crook for a sled on Frogmore, and is making a fine sled for his uncle, S. A. Miles. He is an ingenious young man, a native of Missouri raised in Southern Illinois, and one of the best built persons we ever saw, looks remarkably strong and healthy, and appears to have a very amiable disposition.

We wish our subscribers would pay up. We need the money. If anyone does not want a paper, pay up back dues and stop the paper, that is the usual way. Some sneakily stop the paper after taking it a long while, and try to get out of paying for it. These shanks will get a free advertisement.

The last official act of Judge Beall of Cowhite Co. was on Jan. 4th, 1885 to unite in matrimony George Maxwell Esq. and Miss Mary E. Davis, daughter of Emma C. Davis of Pekin, W. T. The bride is said to be quite good-looking and a very fine lady.

Mr. John Wand says they lost \$2000 by the burning of their house. They get \$3500 insurance but that did not cover their losses. They regret the destruction of many heir looms. They had the first number of the Oregonian for which an offer of \$1000 had been made.

The Welcomes says we are not well pleased on Joseph and the Nez Perces. Perhaps we have not associated with Indians as much as the Editor of the Welcomes. He says we call ourselves Major too much. We prefer our own title, we don't wish to assume his.

"SECURE THE SHADOW"

Ere the substance fade, and when you visit Portland, make it a part of your business to call on W. H. Towne, at the San Francisco Gallery, S. W. corner First and Morrison streets, and have your photograph taken in the highest style of art.

Captain M. M. Gilman, the oldest pilot on the river is dead. His last wife is a sister of Hon. Mr. Hare, former collector of customs at Astoria. Captain Gilman was a man of sterling worth, descended from the celebrated Gilman stock of New Hampshire.

Mr. S. A. Miles has received a letter from his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Miles, in Missouri, inquiring for an absent son. He is at work as boss on a R. R. and doing well, but don't write home as he should.

Mr. Flagg, while skrimishing with a youngster in Davenport's place of business broke some show cases. He might have been under the effect of cold tea which is sometimes very exhilarating.

Mr. Sellers, a very old man was found dead, in the late cold spell in Nehalem. He had started from his cabin, and getting bewildered sank down in the snow and died. He was eighty years old.

Mr. Downing of Seapooose has a sore foot jammed by a log. He informs us W. W. West lost a colt by a caving roof also a heifer had her horn knocked off at the same time.

Daniel Cowley, of Lewis River blew his brains out. He married the widow Messer from whom he was divorced. Domestic trouble doubtless crazed his brain.

THE WORLD OF AGRICULTURE.

The AGRICULTURAL WORLD, one of the best, if not the best, farm papers of its class, is making a great success of the plan inaugurated by its editor a few years ago. This plan is nothing less than the giving of exhaustive articles by the best writers on agriculture in all the countries of the world. The articles from the different States and Territories of our own country are particularly entertaining and instructive. Judge Parrish's articles on "The Farmer's relation to Law" are alone worth the price of the paper. Judge Parrish, who is one of the ablest judges and lecturers in the West, will soon leave for the South, with the view of supplying the paper with a series of articles on the agricultural features of that section. This journal also has a fine household department which makes it particularly attractive to lady readers. The price of the AGRICULTURAL WORLD (now in its tenth year) is only One Dollar per annum (24 numbers). In clubs of five, 80 cents each. Six months, 50 cents; three months, 40 cts. Sample copies, six cents. Two-cent postage stamps received on subscription. Address Agricultural World, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Complimentary Notice.

Our government can no longer be said to be an experiment. One hundred years of successful existence have established it as a permanent institution. The magnificent conduct of the people during the late election proves their patriotism, and our immense commercial interests also furnish convincing proof. We know of no better illustration of the success attending honorable and able business methods than the firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., the leading seedsmen of this country. From small beginnings, thirty years ago, they have built up their mammoth business by strict adherence to their initial principle of furnishing only the best seeds obtainable. They offer to send their valuable "Annual" free to all who expect to buy seeds or soil.

Editor's Medical Advisor.

A Complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. POSTPAID ONLY 50 CENTS. Postal Note or St. Stamps. Address NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y.

NOTICE.

Picked up during the recent snow-storm, five small pigs, unmarked. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. JOHN HARRIS, Columbia City, Dec. 30, 1884.

WIDE AWAKE & FRISKY

A Tasty, Progressive, Instructive and Reliable Newspaper, published in the heart of the Great Inland Empire. Published every week at \$2.50 per year. Sample copies 10 cts. Send for it. Address Times Publishing Co., Heppner, Oregon.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. EVERTSON.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, says that when he became pastor of a Baptist church, at 13 years of age, the people could do very little for his support, and therefore he was usher in a school at Cambridge at the same time. After a time he was obliged to give up the latter occupation and was thrown on the generosity of the people, and they gave him £15 a year, but, as he had a pay for two months which he occupied 12 shillings a week, the salary was not enough; but the people, though they had no money, had produce, and he did not think there was a pig killed by any one of the congregation that he had not some portion of, and one or other of them would bring him bread, so that he had enough bread and meat to pay his rent with. There was an old man in that place who was a great miser, and it was said of him that he never gave anything to anybody, but one afternoon he gave him three half-erons, and, as he was wanting a new hat at the time, he got it with the money. The following Sunday the old man came to him again, and asked him to pray for him, that he might be saved from the sin of covetousness, and he said, "The Lord told me to give you half-a-sovereign, and I kept half a crown back, and I can't rest of a night for thinking of it."

In the early part of his ministry he was rather popular, and he was often asked to take part in anniversary services. On one occasion he was asked to preach in a neighboring village, and, when he called on Mr. Brown, the pastor, on the Sunday morning, Mr. Brown said to him: "I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me." "Well," he said, "I can go back." "But," said Mr. Brown, "the people have come from all parts, in all kinds of vehicles," and then he put his hands under his coat-tails, and asked what the world was coming to when boys who had not got rid of the taste of their mother's milk went about preaching. However, he did preach, and Mr. Brown planted himself on the pulpit stairs. He read a lesson from the Proverbs, and, coming to the passage, "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that, for he knew a man who had a gray head and who could hardly be civil. But the passage went on to say, "If it be found in the way of righteousness," and that, he said, was a different thing. When he came down from the pulpit, Mr. Brown said to him, "Bless your heart! I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the greatest dog that ever barked in a pulpit," and they were always good friends afterward.

On one occasion he was sitting at a gentleman's in Regent's Park, when the Orphanage was in course of erection. A thousand pounds were wanted to pay the builder the next morning. He did not know where it was to come from, but he said he had prayed for it, and had confidence that he should get it; but Mr. Brock said he thought they ought to speak with caution about such matters. During the dinner, however, a telegram was handed to him, stating that a gentleman had called at the Tabernacle and left £1,000 for the Orphanage.

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Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, says that when he became pastor of a Baptist church, at 13 years of age, the people could do very little for his support, and therefore he was usher in a school at Cambridge at the same time. After a time he was obliged to give up the latter occupation and was thrown on the generosity of the people, and they gave him £15 a year, but, as he had a pay for two months which he occupied 12 shillings a week, the salary was not enough; but the people, though they had no money, had produce, and he did not think there was a pig killed by any one of the congregation that he had not some portion of, and one or other of them would bring him bread, so that he had enough bread and meat to pay his rent with. There was an old man in that place who was a great miser, and it was said of him that he never gave anything to anybody, but one afternoon he gave him three half-erons, and, as he was wanting a new hat at the time, he got it with the money. The following Sunday the old man came to him again, and asked him to pray for him, that he might be saved from the sin of covetousness, and he said, "The Lord told me to give you half-a-sovereign, and I kept half a crown back, and I can't rest of a night for thinking of it."

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