

Correspondence.

New England Letters.

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BAILEY'S HOTEL,
SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

Aug. 15, 1882.

Dear Friends at Home:

Get down your history and geography as I have done, and go with me over this old historic ground. To add interest and a bit of romance to the musty lesson, take down as well Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks," for this is the "Old Town" of her story, and people here tell of her characters that are but flimsily disguised by other names. The Stowe Homestead stands surrounded by apple trees that must be, at least, a century old, within a stone's throw from my temporary home, and in the ancient cemetery, back of the old church, the bones of Prof. Stowe's kindred repose with the Peabody's and Bigelows and Eliots, who were mighty men in their day. I have searched among the moss grown stones, getting down in the moist grass to rub green and mold from forgotten headstones; the oldest one I found was dated 1730. Elm trees shade every part of the ground, and a thick stone wall keeps the spot secluded. The present village burial ground is some distance away. As far back as 1646, (just think of that date for America,) the missionary John Eliot began to preach to the Indians on this fair southern slope where the river Charles crooked its bright waters through the village of a numerous tribe. The bright waters still gurgle on their way, but beneath the stone arches of a civilized bridge, while a few hundred yards farther up stream may still be seen the foundations of the old Indian bridge built in John Eliot's time. Faithfully, for fifty years, did this zealous worker, strive to christianize the savages, and translated into their language both Old and New Testaments, which came from the Cambridge press in 1663. One of these books is in the library at Natick proper, and they do say there is also one in some dark corner of the Harvard library. Eliot's successor was one of his converts, Takawampbait. The Indian graveyard dates much farther back than the one I have just told you of, for the principal part of the town is built over Indian bones. There is nothing to mark it now save the headstone of Takawamp-

bait in the inner edge of the sidewalk that passes the Stowe mansion. A monument of sandstone has been erected to the memory of John Eliot in the little park across the way, near the location of the old Indian church. The obelisk bears the simple inscription, "John Eliot, Apostle to the Indians, born 1604, died May 20, 1690." The rear side an open Bible with the legend, "Up Biblum God," (The book of God), 1663.

Have I given you too many dates, I am trying to learn to remember them myself, and thought you might not object to a few statistics.

There is some disagreement about it, but most insist that the old oak under which Eliot used to stand when preaching to the Indians is the one down the road. You will remember Longfellow's sonnet to the Eliot oak.

Boston's water supply is not far from here, once called the Long Pond, now Lake Cochituate. It furnishes a pleasant place for a picnic party to spend the day, and I know you would have been excited yourselves the other day to have seen the manoeuvres of a large party of children from Newton Highlands out for a frolic. There were all manner of conveyances and they stopped to water their horses at the hydrant in the square, shouting, singing and laughing till everyone in town came out to see what was the matter. That hydrant, too, stands where the old pump stood, that was a source of joy to passengers and horses on the old Hartford coaches years before our grandmothers were born.

Thomas Waban, a son of Eliot's first convert here, was at one time justice of the peace, and, as an offset to some we have already heard, I have copied for you one of his arrest warrants which reads, "You, you big constable; quick you catchum Jeremiah Offscow; strong you holdum; safe you bringum afore me."—Thomas Waban, J. P.

But however much we love the legendary tales of a vanished race or pore over the musty records of our ancestry, we hearken with more of the feeling of being alive to what the present generations are doing, and I listen gladly to the librarian as he tells me of the improvements they are going to have and the means they intend to employ to educate the working people by giving them access to good

literature in the public library.

Last evening I had the pleasure, with several others, of spending an hour in Hunnewell's semi-tropic and Italian gardens, which are between here and the College. I cannot begin to tell you how magnificent were the ribbon beds of foliage plants, nor how perfectly gorgeous the immense plots of geraniums. The cedar hedges and lawns smooth as velvet, the hot-houses with peach trees trained upon the walls like vines, loaded now with yellow peaches, the rockeries, vases, drives and fountains, the terraces, with stone steps, leading to the lake, if you had seen them all you would not wonder that Bostonians delight to honor the man who gives so much beauty freely to delight the eyes of everyone who will come and look upon it.

It has been raining to-day; a still steady rain, to which the trees lift up their leaves in gratitude.

I shall go to the College soon, though the term does not open for nearly three weeks.

MARY STUMP.

From Bro. T. F. Campbell.

DOWNEY CITY, CAL.,

Aug. 26, 1882.

From San Francisco we go north and north-east to Lathrop, and then we trend away to the south-east about five hundred miles to this place. We passed over the mountainous and most interesting part of the road by night. We had no opportunity, therefore, of seeing the long tunnels and the celebrated loop, that prodigy of engineering. The track passes through a tunnel, makes a complete circuit around the mountain of one mile in extent, and crosses itself seventy or eighty feet above and nearly over the entrance of the tunnel. We saw but little of the country until we reached the Los Angeles valley, of which we will speak more particularly in another letter. At Los Angeles we left the trunk line of the Southern Pacific, and took the St. Diego branch to this place, twelve miles distant, where we found the Southern California State Meeting in session under a frame work of poles thatched and walled on the north and partly on the east with flags, or what they call here, flat tule. This stands in an open space of about an acre, encompassed by the railroad track on the west and lines of willows on the remaining sides. The attend-

ance was not large, as it was only the second day of the meeting, yet we found a goodly number of preachers on hand. First, and most prominent amongst these, was that noble spirit and indefatigable worker, Bro. C. Kendrick, who is ever active in the Master's cause. Bro. G. H. Kinkade, of Oakland, and his half brother, J. H. Reddle, of Artesia, were also present. Of younger men, we note Bros. D. G. Wright, John Coats, D. S. Wardlow, W. S. Young, W. R. Laurence, W. W. Borden, J. W. Fulton and Bro. W. D. Frazee, who came in later in the week. Bro. B. F. Colter, of Los Angeles, admitted, without a dissenting voice, to be the most popular preacher in this part of the State, had, on account of failing health, left for Kentucky, a few days before the opening of the meeting.

The above list gives a fair showing for laborers, present and prospective in this field now most promising in results for work bestowed.

This section, like almost every part of the West, is cursed with division and a rampant partizan spirit; but unlike the East, where the people are chained to their altars, here they will come and hear, and many of them, believing and confessing, are baptized and added to the Lord.

The meeting has now been in progress one week. The attendance is good and increasing, especially in the evening. There is no cause to complain of the order observed or the attention given. Only a few have yet obeyed the Gospel. Indications are favorable for satisfactory results before we close.

I am agreeably surprised at the number, strength and harmony of the churches in this part of the State. The minutes of this meeting, which will be sent you for publication, will give a fair showing and a hopeful outlook for Southern California. To these I refer you for statistics.

Love to all the brethren.

Yours in Christ,

T. F. CAMPBELL.

From the California Meeting.

DOWNEY CITY, CAL.,

Aug. 27, 1882.

Bro. Stanley:

Our meeting does finely. We have a crowd and the best order. Bro. Campbell is doing some of his best preaching. So far eight additions, and we look for more. Will send minutes as soon as I can, and as fully as possible. To-day we have heavy work and must economize time and strength.

C. KENDRICK.