

Correspondence.

New England Letters.

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STONE HALL, Nov. 7, 1882

Dear Friends at Home:

As to-morrow will be a comparatively easy day this entire evening shall be at the disposal of far away friends who send such pleasant messages to the Oregon delegation at Wellesley.

Shall I tell you first of the pleasures that have made me happy since I last wrote you? The greatest has been that of hearing Nilsson at Music Hall last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Harrison sent to a friend in Boston for tickets, and we, those of us, who could beg away from duty, held those tickets as a treasure trove; for don't all Boston say that her equal has not been in America since Jenny Lind sang herself into the hearts of the people. You know the story of Nilsson's life and of her singing. I

shall only say it was received with the most rapturous applause that increased each time she appeared. She is large, rather stout, looks very much like her pictures you have seen, and came upon the stage dressed in black. She wore no jewels and had no color about her except a bouquet of green and white which she laid upon the piano before she began to sing.

I want to tell you more of our trip to Charles River village Monday night to witness the organization of a Juvenile Temperance Union by some young ladies of Wellesley College. Charles River village is a manufacturing town some three or four miles from here where the founder of this college introduced a mission school and religious teaching. Because I read so much in the HERALD of the blue ribbon clubs and temperance among Oregon boys and girls, I thought they would like to hear of one so like theirs, yet so far away. We arrived early and watched the children come in with their mothers; proud because their boys and girls looked so bright and happy. How excited the children were; their eyes shone, the ribbons fluttered and each one wanted to begin right away, but couldn't till the minister from Natick came. The room was in the second story, of a building used both for church and school, and two of the young ladies had been there all the afternoon putting things in nice order and trimming the walls with vines.

At last the minister came, and the President took his silk hat, he laid aside his overcoat and the entertainment of the evening began. There were songs and speeches then a marching song. The boys carried a blue banner having upon it "Total Abstinence," and the girls another bearing the golden letters "C. R. J. T. U." The very little boys had to run around the corners of the benches to keep up; the big boys forgot to sing sometimes, and the girls did neither worse nor better only they marched on the other side of the room from where I sat.

Then came the organization, the questions and responses, the blue ribbon badges given, and the real ceremony of the evening was over. The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society furnished several songs, and Nilsson never received more sincere adoration than the young lady who sang their solos. There was continued applause, but I am glad to say that not a boy stamped his feet; when he was tired clapping his hands he quit. Do Oregon boys always do that? The minister talked of the upward way and the downward way, and to illustrate told a story from one of the best as well as one of the oldest poems known. Oregon boys and girls will learn all about the poem and the many stories it contains as they grow older, perhaps they know it now, and can tell what Homer sang of the crafty Ulysses. This is what the minister said: At a banquet Circe waved her wand over her guests and they became swine, but over one she had not the power for he knew how to resist her magic. Intemperance lures her victims on till they become worse than swine, but you know how to resist her temptations and may remain free. Some of the small boys had gone fast asleep by this time, and we all were ready to start for home after the hand shakings and congratulations.

The first week in November has been very pleasant, though complaining murmurs from occupants of north rooms already begin to disturb the authorities. Radiators have been put in all the rooms on the first floor, and have been the source of amusing annoyance more than once. The lady in 18 awoke one morning to find hers blazing hot, the valve out and hot water inundating everything. It took her two hours to get her room back to its normal condition. Another farther down the corridor was

aroused at 5 A. M. by a fearful noise and almost choked by steam. Her frantic efforts to turn off the steam has been the cause of much merriment among her neighbors. Mine has behaved beautifully so far, but I am in mortal terror whenever it begins to make violent demonstrations. Things of this sort do not happen at the College, it is only that Stone Hall is not yet fairly settled in its ways. A radiator story, that eclipses Stone Hall, and which convulsed everyone at our dinner table yesterday, was told by one of our young ladies.

She was waiting for the Wellesley train in the Boston and Albany depot the other day, when a woman with a small child came in and evidently not knowing the nature of the radiator, placed the child upon it. The child stood it about two minutes and began to scream. The mother took it off, looked it over for pins and plumped it back again. This time the child stood it for a minute and began to kick, but the mother, not realizing the situation, tried to make it sit still, when a man opportunely made his appearance and said: "I think the child is done on that side, turn it over."

Hallowe'en was kept with a very funny representation of Mrs. Jarley's wax works, impromptu tableaux of Maud Muller and the Judge, Locksley Hall, Lord Ullius daughter, bobbing in a pan of water for apples and other things comic while they lasted, but which brought long faces over bad lessons the next day. The invitations were read at breakfast and were like this: "Each and every Stone Hall maiden is invited to the laundry after silent time this evening to keep Hallowe'en."

My letter grows too long. Good night.

MARY STUMP.

From Bro. T. F. Campbell.

FRANKFORT, KY.,

Nov. 8, 1882.

I left Maysville Monday morning in company with Bro. Carr, of Columbia, Mo., who had been visiting his aged parents in Mason Co. You may remember that Bro. Carr and his Christian wife, now teacher in the University at Columbia, Mo., were missionaries for many years in Australia. Bro. Carr is a typical Kentuckian and a preacher of note. We parted at Paris, and I continued my journey to Lexington, where I dined with Dr. Coleman and his

mother-in-law, the widow of President Milligan and her son, Prof. of Latin in the University. Mrs. Dr. Coleman was absent on a visit in Pennsylvania. I enjoyed the hospitalities of Prof. J. W. McGarvey, spending the night in his house. I found him busy preparing a textbook in biblical studies, and writing for our papers. He is a man of indefatigable labor, and one who has made his influence felt for good both in and beyond the limits of his State. I dined with Prof. Grubbs, of the Bible college, who came with me to this place. He was on his way to Eminence to officiate in a double wedding. When I came on the cars at Lexington I was agreeably surprised to find my old friend and brother, J. D. Pickett, State Superintendent of Public Instruction on board. A Bro. Shull, preacher, also joined us, and we had a most delightful journey. Frankfort is by no means a sightly town. It is located on the Kentucky river in a narrow valley surrounded by lofty hills. It is irregularly laid out, and even the capital buildings are unworthy of any State, especially one with such a reputation as Kentucky.

We have here a fine church building adorned with a pipe organ, whose voice I have not yet heard. This is the first organ of this style I have found in a Christian church. The congregation here is strong and in good condition. Their preacher, George Darsie, is a man of fair ability, a graduate of Bethany College, and whose wife is a daughter of J. A. Campbell, a cousin of my wife, whose relatives I am unexpectedly meeting in many parts of Kentucky.

When I arrived in Frankfort Bro. Pickett gave me a most cordial welcome to his comfortable home, presided over by his daughter, in the absence of her mother, who is visiting in the northern part of the State. After worship, Bro. Pickett and I consumed much of the night in talking of Bethany and its people of thirty years ago. How fondly we recount with an old friend the incidents of youthful pleasure in which we had participated! The almost forgotten names and the faces dimly outlined return with a freshness, a vividness and a sweetness that make the heart glad. If we can say truly, "Sweet is the memory of past affliction," how much more surely may we say, joyful are the memories of past pleasures! I shall meet