

formerly of Worcester, now comes ten miles to church these winter afternoons. We heard the same sweet story of the Savior's birth as in the morning, but the surroundings were very different. It seemed so pitiful that we should be so few, in so large a city with no place to meet except a public hall. A young lady from Rock Creek, Ohio, who is attending the conservatory of music, handed in her letter, and the remarks of the gray haired elder seemed very touching to me. They sang, too, Annie Herbert's beautiful song, "When the mists have rolled in splendor," which I had not heard since Bro. Lucas sang it in our own little church just before we came away. Saying good by to our new found friends we came out upon the crowded street and going a little farther entered King's Chapel where they were singing Christmas carols. Lovlier decorations could scarcely be imagined than the evergreen draping everywhere in the interior of the old stone church. A large white star glistened among the green near the ceiling at the farther end from which we entered, and after the high pew doors had been opened and the crowd had passed out, we wandered about the church reading the inscriptions and examining the old Bibles and prayer books. We dined at 6 P. M. at the Parker house, and at 7 o'clock were in our seats at Music Hall awaiting a long expected treat in the Christmas rendition of Handel's oratorio of the "Messiah," by the Handel and Hadyn Society of Boston. It seemed a fitting ending of the day to hear repeated that "sweet story of old" we had been hearing all day. Those of you who remember the illustrated story in *Wide Awake* some time ago about the poor boy listening to the "Messiah" from a seat under the Apollo in the second balcony will have a better description of it than I could ever give you. I recognized Music Hall from the story the first time I saw it. We came out just before the last chorus to avoid the crowd and walked down across the Common to catch a car for Harvard Square. It was not very cold, the sky clear and the moon and stars so bright they shamed the thousands of gas and blue electric lights. Old Cambridge was silent as we came up the street to this pleasant home, but I am afraid we were not so silent as we ought to have been among these classic shades, for as we came up the slippery street

there was a subdued cheer for Oregon, and joining hands we danced like the elves in the "Midsummer Dream" around the old tree that shadowed the forge of the village blacksmith." The Cambridge clock had just tolled twelve when Christ church began to ring its Christmas chimes and our Christmas eve was over.

This morning Prince and I attended the Christmas services at Christ church. It is a very old church and the one which Washington attended in Cambridge. How strange it is to have such lovely weather at Christmas in New England. I do not feel the cold more than at home, though it must be for the ice on Fresh Pond, where we all went skating this afternoon, is many inches thick. My skating consisted in walking up and down the shore watching the sunset and the merry groups upon the ice trying to imagine how nice it would be if I could join them without spoiling the fun or breaking my head. I am realizing "May your Christmas be happier than a Queen's," but all day I've been thinking of the boy who sends such loving messages from "Auntie's little lover," of all those whom I love, and who I know are every night praying for the absent one. To HERALD readers, one and all, I send the kindest remembrance as a Christmas greeting.

MARY STUMP.

Letter from Bro. Hubbard.

AMITY, OR., Jan. 15, 1883.

Bro. J. F. Floyd:

For about two weeks I have suffered fearfully at times with my head, but am quite free from pain at this moment.

Two weeks ago to-day Sister E. C. Williams said to me, "Bro. Hubbard, I am going home; pray for me;" and to-day, at 2 P. M., her spirit left its earth-home, to be with Christ. Yes, Sister Williams who, with her husband, is so well known among the Christian brotherhood, is dead. She has gone to her rest, and her works do follow her, for "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." She will be missed at church, and in the society in which she moved. We shall see her no more at the Lord's table and at prayer meeting. She has gone to the saints eternal home.

"Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade;

And, all our joys are one."

But when standing, myself, wife and others around her dying bed, I could not but say, the way is rough and difficult; pain and anguish shakes the frail abode, and the anxious spirit takes its flight amidst the struggles and convul-

sions of agonizing nature; but, at last, another fact was before us; we looked upon the placid brow, the closing eye, the still and motionless form of the dying saint, as without a struggle or a groan she sank gently to rest, like a clear and cloudless sun, as he ends his race, and sinks in quiet grandeur beneath the western hills. But, in all this, God is glorified, for it tells that "death is the wages of sin;" and that divine grace can only fit the soul to bear triumphantly that trying hour of death. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Appollos, or Cephas; or the world, or life, or death; or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," said the Apostle Paul. The Christian glorifies God by his death as well as by his life. Yes, death is life's true echo, its note of praise in that universal chorus, which heaven and earth, and all that in them is, are ever sounding forth to the majesty and glory of God. If such be death to the Christian, it does not close the work of life, it only gives new forms to the mode of its operations. God says, "All his works shall praise him, and his saints shall bless him." Hence, Paul said, "That with all boldness Christ might be magnified in his body whether it be by his life or death." "That no man dieth to himself or herself, but whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." "To live was Christ, to die was gain." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." God is glorified by whatever serves to manifest his character, and communicate his will to men. Hence, the death of his saints does this in a manner deeply solemn and impressive to the attentive observer. Death, to the Christian, then, is a rich inheritance. All of Christ's can frown down the terrors of the tomb, because "They are dead, and thus life is hid with Christ in God, and, when he, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we appear with him in glory," our happy home in heaven.

To-morrow, at 3 P. M., we shall

deposit, with a brief service, her body in the grave to wait the resurrection morn; but we can say:

"How peaceful thy slumbers; how silent the tomb,

Bereft of its loneliness; free from all gloom,

Thy body shall rest, till the morning arise,

And then in white robes, shall ascend to the skies."

Pray for our aged brother who is now left to the loneliness of a broken and sad home, till the Master shall say, "Son, thy work is done, come up higher, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

All is well, and general good health prevails.

Respectfully,

S. M. HUBBARD.

(Continued from page 3)

with many other denominations, but this must suffice.

It is clearly evident that our theories about these things which are taught, are made the bone of contention, and not the things themselves. Our theories and systems are not essential to salvation. So we are divided about that which is not essential to our salvation. All this is done in the face of God's plain condemnation of it. That God has a grand system, we affirm; but that any denomination has fully embraced that system, we deny.

No reference is made to what a certain class of writers, who we do not wish to imitate, calls innovations. With this petty cry we have no sympathy, for there is no excuse for it. We hold that in matters of expediency, we should have and allow the largest liberty possible, consistent with what is revealed.

There is only one class of dangerous innovationists among us—those who cry "unsound progress," &c. No such cries were made by any apostle or true disciple in ancient days.

The first thing to be accomplished is to lay aside every system, every theory; at least to lay aside all those that conflict with our highest spiritual interests. This good leaven is already working, and will work till we receive that which alone is essential to salvation.

We ask a patient reading, and a general investigation of the suggestions in this short, hasty paper. We propose to follow this with other papers, and ask a general and free criticism.

J. W. C.