

# CHRISTIAN HERALD.

## Correspondence.

**From Bro. T. F. Campbell.**

Christmas week in Memphis was very quiet; less of drunkenness and dissipation than are usually seen in the more northern cities which I have visited. I accepted invitations to dine with the brethren, and so far as feeding and social entertainment were concerned I spent the time most pleasantly. I visited also many of the leading industries and important places about the city. The library of the I. O. O. F. is centrally located, and is a favorite resort for the *litterati*. The transfer boat receives, on a double track laid on deck, a train of fourteen cars, and in a few minutes delivers them on the track on the opposite bank of the Mississippi river. The oil mills in which are decorticated, ground and pressed hundreds of tons of cotten seed per day, from which are extracted many barrels of oil of admirable flavor and which is coming rapidly into favor as a substitute in cookery for lard and olive oil. These seeds, which until recently were a nuisance, are now worth ten or twelve cents a bushel. These mills are increasing very rapidly in the cotton States and are adding largely to the wealth of the South. The new wharf and elevator recently built is the only feature about the city that reminds one of the prudence and labor-saving economy of the North. They have had hitherto only the open landing or levee, as it is called, using canvass or tarpoling to protect goods from rain. There are yet thousands of feet in front of the principal streets where all kinds of goods are piled on the open pavement, protected by canvass thrown loosely over, and guarded by persons employed for that purpose. It is to be presumed and hoped that the spirit of progress will ultimately do away with this negligent method and replace it with the more convenient systems of the North. Even Portland, Oregon, is, in these matters, far in advance of Cincinnati, Louisville, or Memphis. I find the negroes here in better condition, and apparently better cared for than those in Missouri or Kentucky. They have several churches, with good buildings and large congregations. The colored man belongs peculiarly to the South, and it is hardly possible that he can attain any desirable degree of excellence in any other clime.

I preached two sermons on Sunday to good audiences. All my discourses here were addressed to the brethren whom I found, to some extent, in the condition of the Laodiceans (Rev. 3: 15, 16,) and I was sure, to waken up, and warm up the church, was the thing most needful.

Bro. George Sweeney, of Kentucky, whom they have engaged to preach for them, will be with them next Lord's day.

Love to all the brethren, which is my greeting in every letter.

LATER.

MEMPHIS, TENN.,

Jan. 2, 1883.

The Christmas holidays and the fat living of New Year's are, I trust, sufficient excuses for tardy correspondence. I am now waiting for the steamer down from Cairo, to make a trip to the swamps of Arkansas, where I am to dedicate a new church and continue a meeting for a week or ten days. The trip came about in this wise: A friend of my son Albert, a Miss Eliza Watkins, a maiden lady past the meridian of life, with whom he became acquainted in his school-days at Lexington, Ky., invited me while attending the Missionary Convention, to tea; and in the course of the evening she related the history of her efforts at church building in Arkansas. Miss Watkins is an Episcopalian; but finding the members of the Christian church most numerous in the vicinity, she was coöperating with them in this enterprise. She asked me for a promise, that if I should, in my meanderings, pass near that locality, I would call and preach a few days. Soon after I reached Memphis, I received a note from her saying their new house would be completed by the 1st of January, and requesting me to fulfill my promise, by holding a meeting. Lakeport, the village to which I am bound is on the Mississippi river, three hundred miles below here. I shall report results in due time.

My labors at Paris, Tenn., so far as the outside world is concerned, were not a success. A dead church to work over is a barrier which completely obstructs the flow of the Gospel to the world. This was once a strong church, ministered to by the Kendricks, Fanning, Creath and others. But the desolation of war, and the removal of many of its prominent members to other localities have so reduced its numbers and wealth that they have not

been able to employ a regular preacher for some years. They have there some noble spirits,

amongst whom are several local preachers who are doing valuable work in the country. Bro. Dunbar is a young man of much promise, a student of Bro. McGarvey in the Kentucky University; but he experiences the full force of the saying, "that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country and amongst his own people." His talents and attainments are not appreciated. He ought, by all means, to seek a locality in which his labors would be valued higher and better paid. Bro. J. T. Coulter is a merchant preacher of much zeal, and, notably, a good man.

I left Paris Wednesday before Christmas and came to Memphis unannounced. I arrived in the evening and hastened to the prayer meeting, in which, after introducing myself, I took part. The brethren received me most cordially and requested an appointment for Sunday, which I made. It was not deemed prudent to make appointments for the intervening evenings. On Lord's day morning, after Sunday-school, a good audience assembled, to whom I spoke of the love of God from 1 John 3: 1. Nearly the same audience assembled in the evening, to whom I spoke of the new creature. (2 Cor. 5: 17). I was anxious to continue the meeting through the holidays, but the elders thought it better to let fun and frolic rule the time. They pressed me to remain over, however, and preach for them the next Sunday, which I consented to do.

The incidents of the holidays and other matters we reserve for another letter.

Your brother in Christ,  
T. F. CAMPBELL.

### Report from Bro. Propst.

ALBANY, OR., Jan. 16, 1883.

*Bro. J. F. Floyd:*

Our County Coöperation meeting closed on last Friday. We had a very interesting meeting taking all things into consideration. Several questions of importance were pretty thoroughly canvassed which will be reported to the HERALD in due time. Bro. Doty stayed until after Lord's day and preached three discourses for us. On Lord's day Bro. and Sister Arant put in their membership with Central congregation. I think much good was done by having the meeting with Central.

Yours in hope,  
J. M. PROPST.

## New England Letters.

NUMBER XII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Jan. 1, 1883.

*Dear Friends at Home:*

How shall I begin telling of the charmed life led by our little Oregon party during the last days of 1882. The weather has been glorious, we were all well enough to enjoy everything, and when the sightseeing for the day was done there was the bright fire, the home tea table, and the evening till 11 o'clock for books and talk and restful ease that have no part in the college grind of term time. Prince has been a most devoted servant to the caprices of Wellesley girls, going skating with Lou and Inez, discussing Le Page's "Joan of Arc," in the Art Museum with Miss D., a Virginia lady who took Reubena's place, and visiting all manner of churches with me while the girls lounged at home. Thursday, directly after dinner, Prince, Inez and I started on a pedestrian tour out on the old Lexington road. The air was so clear and bracing and there was so much to look at and talk about that when we came in sight of the old revolutionary Powder house we could not realize that we had come three miles from Cambridge. We knew a little of the Old Powder house, and from pictures on a certain kind of pickle botties, were familiar with its appearance. We climbed a stone wall crossed a meadow and scaled a steep rocky hill before reaching the old brick beehive shaped storehouse, painted white on the outside and utterly devoid of all warlike aspects being given over to dust and cobwebs and the hundreds of tourists names cut into the bricks and upon the crossbeams inside. From there it did not look so very far to a higher eminence upon which is being erected a new stone chapel for Tufts College. Tufts College, a Universalist divinity school comprises four handsome buildings besides the chapel now being built, and is most delightfully situated near the reservoir of the Medford water works. Below us to the left lay the city of Medford with the river Mystic shining in its frozen beauty out as far as we could see toward Boston harbor. Boston and Bunker Hill were in front of us, Cambridge and its sister cities to the right and cities whose names we could only guess behind us peeping out from between the hills. We returned to Cam-