

that is greater than the church.

The Scripturally organized church being the highest and *only* executive body that Christ has authorized to carry forward his work of salvation, how necessary that the church assert its right to send the gospel to the world. It is the high privilege of church to enjoy supreme love for Christ and fraternal love for every member of his body, and a superhuman philanthropy toward the fallen race that would make the words of Christ sing in every ear, "Go and preach the gospel to every creature."

Every church that has a member that can preach, knows of his abilities better than others. And it is the high privilege of that church to ordain him (as Antioch did the apostles) and send him *well* supported to preach the word to others.

When the church learns the blessedness of sending the gospel to the perishing and supporting him whom it sends, until the missionary and every minister can look back to the home church for his support it will be a joy to the church and the world, and save the passing hat.

Scio, Oregon.

### Correspondence.

FROM T. F. CAMPBELL.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,

June 14, 1883.

Dear Bro.:

"When I arrived in this city our old friend, David Rohrer, was waiting for me at the Union depot. He had a well matured plan to get a joke on me by approaching me with "Have a cab, sir?" But I spoiled his fun, by recognizing him at a distance. He took me in his buggy and drove to his residence, 347 S. Meridan street, where Mary and Alice greeted me with a most cordial welcome. Charlie, who came in later from business, was pleased to see his old teacher. My stay in the city thus far has been made most pleasant by the kind offices of this family with whom I have spent most of my time. It is like an oasis in a desert to meet such exceptionally warmhearted, noble people. They are still engaged manufacturing and selling their "Lung Cure." The virtue of this remedy is vouched for by a very large list of testimonials. The sales have been, I understand, all that could have been expected from the limited amount of advertising done.

I arrived in Indianapolis just at

the time of the semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of the church in the city. A programme was carried through with President Pendleton, of Bethany College, leading Sunday morning with an address, followed in the evening by President Evert, of the Butler University. Monday evening, Bro. Love H. Jameson, an old pioneer, extensively known as a vocalist, read in good style a well prepared paper giving a succinct and graphic history of the church for fifty years. Bro. Jameson is a cousin of Sister Lindsay, and a double cousin of Bro. T. D. Humphreys, of Hillsboro. I learn from him that the lady of whom I spake at Eureka Springs as the sister of Bro. Humphreys was not his sister, but the sister of some other man of that name—possibly Capt. Humphreys, of Albany. Bro. Jameson is one of that noble band of workers who entered early and bore the burden and heat of the day and are now passing rapidly away.

Tuesday was occupied in the morning by Bro. Dr. Brown who subscribed for the first No. of the *Christian Baptist* in Indiana and who was the first person excluded from the Baptist church in this State for the heresy of "Campbellism." His synopsis was a fine summing up of the progress and effects of the Reformation in this and a few of the adjoining counties. The evening was occupied by Bro. I. Errett of the *Standard* in a pleasant address on "Our Work in the Future." The time was one of general rejoicing, and the prospects for the second half of the century of the church in Indianapolis are peculiarly flattering.

Last evening I went with Mr. Rohrer to witness the graduating exercises of the high school with a list of forty-one graduates. The programme was highly creditable both to the young gentlemen and young ladies, all of whom acquitted themselves with credit. The exercises were not, however, better than those generally witnessed in Oregon, with this important exception, that the girls spoke out with clear, cultured voices, loud enough to be heard with great distinctness.

This evening I shall attend prayer meeting, and arrange for a few lectures before leaving the city. I expect to arrive in Cincinnati in about ten days. Christian love to all the brethren.

Yours in the truth,

T. F. CAMPBELL.

### NEW ENGLAND LETTERS.

NUMBER XIX.

STONE HALL, MASS.,

June 12, 1883.

Dear Friends at Home:

How seldom we think of it, yet for how much of the beauty that touches our daily lives we are indebted to Concord, that most delightful of our historical towns. Only a country village then, and now, yet it sounded the key note of our political freedom; for more than a century has been the nursery of American literature and the seat of the new World Philosophy. You would never imagine that upon its rocky soil the Concord grape had its origin or that the man who delights thousands of readers as the editor of *Harper's Easy Chair* toiled upon one of its small stony farms in his youth. Salem talks of the sea, of the time when it was a city and the ships from India came home laden with treasure, but Concord proudly says, few are the places that can boast the occasion, the sculptor, and the poet, and point to the battle ground upon which stands the minute man sculptured by French and with a thrill repeats the lines of Emerson upon the pedestal beneath:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood

Their flag to April's breeze unturled,  
Here the embattled farmers stood

And fired the shot heard round the world."

We went by way of Walden Pond, and to reach it, left the carriages in the high road, (stowing first all wraps and overshoes under the seats, as the sun came out bright and warm from behind the cloud where it had been hidden all the morning,) and rambled in groups down the path to the water and around the pebbly shore where Thoreau so often walked with nature, learning her secrets as Emerson prettily said:

"It seemed as if the breezes brought him,

It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,"

what other people never dreamed. Pine and chesnut woods come down close to the Pond which is perhaps a mile and a half in circumference. No doubt the Rhodora grows near by but we did not find it. It was a ride of perhaps two miles to the battle ground where we lunched, supplementing Stone Hall fare with bananas and strawberries bought at the village grocery. There is no hotel in Concord and you would have laughed

heartily to have heard the driver's experience in getting his dinner. When the fragments were gathered up and the baskets put away, an Illinois lady whose elocution is somewhat noted stood upon the old stone wall and read Paul Revere's Ride, while the forty-five who composed the party tried to imagine how the "farmers gave them ball for ball from behind each fence and farmyard wall." Then with the spirit of '75 thus freshened, all marched across the bridge to get a nearer view of the minute men, bending forward so intently, and there looking back over the bridge from whence we came, and over which rang the tramp of the British soldiers, Miss C. told over again the story of the 19th of April '75. The battle ground is a part of the farm belonging to the Old Manse, the road now only going down to the river and just across it to the monument. History and poetry and romance are so interwoven with the past of the Old Manse that it is hard to separate them. From one of its upper windows the wife of Wm. Emerson looked out at the battle and I think it was first built as the Emerson homestead. It is very old, unpainted, two stories high, with windows also under the old fashioned roof; the grounds are quite extensive and were especially attractive in their June beauty and fragrance, which returns with each successive springtime and mocks the illustrious line of men and women that have come and gone across the threshold to return no more save in name and story. It is more for Hawthorne's sake than any other that we love the Old Manse, and remembering how he talked of the apple trees in this very orchard some of us crossed the meadow from the bridge and climbed the wall from whence the orchard reaches to the Manse and slopes down to the old boat house on the river's brink. We plucked moss from the grotesque old branches and stooped for buttercups and clover blooming in the tall June grass through which we waded; the river shone in the sunlight and swept by without a ripple to tell the tale of Concord days. Two old ladies inhabit the old house, keeping for protection against tramps and tourists a big white and yellow dog. The dog did not appear at first and some of the girls ventured near the house by the avenue. They were requested to leave in no very delicate way and they did so