

is that the Disciples are the best educators in the world, that they recognize Jesus as the "Great Teacher sent from God;" and their work is specially and supremely under the great commission, "Go ye into all the world," "Teach every creature." "These men," say they, "have no sectarian mould into which to press a student, nor theological bedstead on which to stretch and clip him. They are fully abreast of the times in progress, with every approved departure from antiquated methods, and all the advantages of co-education, improved texts and normal methods. They are strictly on the broad gauge in a strait road and a smooth track." Whether we merit all the praise implied in these figures, I leave others to judge. It is pleasant alike to have the confidence of our neighbors and the site and money with which to commence a college. I believe the Disciples have the business, sense, integrity and energy to sustain the high estimate placed upon their capacity as educators. I am tendered the leadership in this enterprise, but I respectfully decline in favor of Bro. Kirk Baxter, a classmate of mine in Bethany College in 1851, and who is now a preacher of note in this and adjoining States. He is my junior by many years, a man of fine culture and great energy of character. Under his management the enterprise is not likely to fail. If I remain in this part of the State, I shall let no opportunity pass unimproved of contributing to the cause of education in this as well as other institutions.

The executive committee of Christian University, in Canton, Mo., have tendered me the chair of English Literature, and President *ad interim*. I have no idea of accepting the position; for I am unwilling to return to the school-room.

I desire to limit my teaching in the future to the rostrum and pulpit.

With kindly greeting to all the brethren, I subscribe myself your brother in Christ,

T. F. CAMPBELL.

Letter from Bro. Adams.

ORETOWN, NESTUCCA BAY,
TILLAMOOK CO., OR.

Bro. J. F. Floyd:

I write from a beautiful little valley where I have been enjoying myself for two weeks with my family camped in a lovely nook,

by a cool spring in the pasture of Bro. M. Faulconer, while old ocean is casting its surf at our very feet.

When my wife read the suggestion in the HERALD of July 13, for a committee consisting of Bro. Spriggs and others to go to Yaquina about the last of this month and select a site for locating a campground for holding meetings during the summer months, she wanted to move camp at once to Yaquina, but I have something better to suggest; and that is that while the brethren

are looking out a place, if such an attempt be made, they come first to Little Nestucca Valley, a place that is destined to become a popular resort for those living in the heart of the Willamette valley who desire to seek recreation by the Sea-shore at a sacrifice of the least possible time in going and coming. I drove from McMinnville in one day in a two-horse wagon, leaving that place at 8 o'clock A. M., and arriving at camp before dark. A day's drive from the immediate neighborhood of McMinnville, Amity, Bethel, Dallas, or Sheridan, with a light wagon and good team will bring one to the beach here over the present road, which will doubtless be greatly improved another year, as I am told it has been the past year. A natural pass in the Coast mountains, at the head of the South Fork of the Yamhill river, makes a good road comparatively free from hills, entirely practicable. Brother Faulconer, who owns a farm in a charming locality, surrounded by fern hills, and reaching down to the sea, is anxious to have grounds for an annual summer meeting located here, and will, I am sure, offer inducements as favorable as any that can be obtained. Bathing, hunting and fishing, and like attractions which draw persons in search of respite from toil and care away from the heat and bustle of the city, country and town will be found as good in the aggregate here as anywhere on our coast I think. Perch, flounders and mountain trout are abundant and Salmon are just now beginning to run in the bay. Deer, elk and bear range the mountains in great numbers, and a plentiful supply of venison and bear meat now decorate the trees around our camp. Large quantities of whortle berries grow on the hill-sides, while within a circuit of eight miles by the beach can be found rock oysters, muscles and razor clams in abundance. One drawback is the character of the beach,

which is unfit for pleasure driving on account of the softness of the sand, which sluks under the weight of a horse so as to make traveling over it tedious. This, I am informed, was never so before this year and as it is caused by a temporary deposit of black sand washed up from the bed of the ocean, is not liable to occur another year.

By all means, brethren, see Nestucca Bay before selecting camping grounds: Fraternally,
W. H. ADAMS.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

NUMBER XXI.

HARRISBURG, VA.,

July 23, 1883.

Dear Friends at Home:

Do you recall the lines once so familiar:

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his tread, to and fro

By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

* * * * *
All quiet along the Potomac to-night
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of
the dead,

The picket's off duty forever."

You would do so, I am sure, if you had come with me to visit the resting place of the Confederate dead who were gathered from various places in the Shenandoah valley after the surrender and buried in the Harrisburg cemetery. A beautiful monument was erected in 1876 in the center of a hollow square where the unknown lie buried. The spot could not have been better chosen as it overlooks the valley to the west and south with a fine view of the Alleghenies a few miles away.

Harper's Ferry is one hundred miles to the north, the Potomac flowing peacefully between the Virginia mountains and Maryland heights as it did before it was stained with the blood of John Brown's reckless raid, and nothing recalls that bitter time except the lone walls of some windowless houses destroyed by fire. Winchester, the scene of Sheridan's ride, is some thirty miles south of the Ferry, but I could not imagine the terror and carnage of those four years with people crowding the train on excursions to the springs or caves, and steam threshers puffing away in wheat fields, very similar to the fields at home. But this valley, almost a counterpart of the Willamette, lying between the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies, was

once a land of camps, and armies marched and countermarched along the Pike which winds through the length of this quaint old Virginia town. It is the county seat of Rockingham county and court Mondays bring in a crowd of people from the country, besides those whose business it is to attend court for horse marketing and a gala time generally. There is a famous *big spring*, once a deer lick, near the court-house square, walled in and covered, about which Harrisburg had its small beginning. The spring is yet in the center of the town and is the only soft water in the neighborhood. The drinking water obtained from artesian wells is so impregnated with limestone as to be medical in taste to strangers, but there are beautiful springs of cold free stone water up the mountain sides. The scarcity of water of course gives the streets a dusty unclean appearance almost as bad as a frontier western town which does not yet feel a pride in her trees and cool streets. The pike is made of crushed limestone, which is very plentiful in this country, but lack the beauty of Massachusetts roads. Fully one-third of the population are negroes of every shade between ebony and almost white. The black children have a queer sort of fascination for me. They are so full of glee and song, though some wear nothing but tatters and rags; they are very light fingered too, and ripening fruit, gardens and woodpiles have to be watched in a way to make one lose all faith in the colored portion of humanity, and maybe some white folks as well. The day after the hard storm, (which is said to have destroyed much grain in this valley) the sheaves of wheat and rails washed into the runs and carried by the flood into the lanes were considered free property, and you should have seen the little darkies swarming about that chicken feed as if a bonanza had been sent them. The threat of the police scattered them finally. The rain that caused the damage came the day after my arrival and had I been at home I should have thought a flood coming sure enough. We thought it here merely a thunder shower that would soon pass over, and about sundown Miss D. and I walked out to an old place once called Clayland, because so liked and admired by Henry Clay, watching the lightning and magnificent black clouds sweeping over the