

amined the question as best we could, we decided to rent a house and remain a year. We accordingly leased a house from the M. E. mission (the present occupant is to go home permanently on account of failing health) and expect to go there as soon as our goods arrive or before.

We have two teachers, one for morning, the other in the afternoon, two hours each.

Our health is good, our hopes high, but we need great patience.

The wisdom of the board was commended by some aged missionaries in sending two families and in sending men of age and experience to begin the work. We look to Him whose cause this is for grace to sustain us until our work is done.

Yours in the best of bonds,

GEO. T. SMITH,
C. E. GARST.

"Always preach the best you can," was the invariable advice of the late Dr. Cyrus Dickson to young ministers entering the Home Mission service. The most impressive discourses of Jesus were delivered to individuals. And when had Paul a grander audience or opportunity than when he preached the gospel to King Agrippa and his queen? We were once shocked to hear a young minister say he had declined to preach, upon a certain occasion, "because there were only seventy persons present, and they were all young people." But the same man has preached to many a smaller congregation since. The eminent Robert Hall never saved himself for great occasions. If he were preaching in the smallest village, to a dozen of the plainest people, he would pour forth his grandest eloquence. It is related of the Rev. Dr. Thomas that upon one occasion when he had intended to preach a special sermon, because of a violent storm but seven persons were present. Recognizing their self-denial, he at once decided to preach one of the best sermons he had ever prepared, and it was declared to be one of the most eloquent efforts of his life. Indeed, it is often true that the most blessed work is done in the smallest audience.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

Secret prayer must be the root for nourishing all public prayer and service. "Apostasy begins at the closet door," says Philip Henry. It is only as we dwell much in the shadow of the Almighty that we are able to endure the sunlight of the world.

Educational Department.

CONDUCTED BY PROF. J. D. HAWES.

All matter intended for this department should be handed or sent to Prof. J. D. Hawes, Monmouth, Oregon.

Teachers' Institute.

The Teachers' Institute of the Fifth Judicial District of Oregon was held during the 26th, 27th and 28th of last month at Forest Grove, when a very interesting programme was gone through. Several who were on the programme failed to put in an appearance, but there were a number of excellent substitutes at hand, and nothing was lost. State Supt. McElroy was at his post as usual doing the work of conducting the Institute in his usual masterly manner. And just here we would call special attention to the princely manner in which the visiting members were entertained by the good people of Forest Grove. Never were a body of teachers, or any other body, ever better treated than were the visitors at this institute. We got there on Wednesday evening, along with several others of the followers of the "delightful task," and found ourselves to be in time for the evening session. The address of welcome by the Rev. H. S. Lyman was fully characteristic of the largehearted people of the "Grove," to which O. F. Paxton, Esq., County Supt. of Multnomah county, responded in suitable terms. Music by the choir, and an excellent lecture by Pres. Ellis, of the Pacific University, on "Primary Instruction in Civil Government in our Common Schools," of which no synopsis would do justice, made up this evening's work.

After another day of solid, substantial work, we enjoyed in the evening a rare treat in an excellent paper by Prof. Crawford, City Supt. of the Portland public schools. In this Prof. Crawford fully sustained his reputation of being one of the leading educators of the coast. His subject, "The Daily Duties of the Teacher," is one that is full of thought, and was handled by the Prof. in his usual happy manner. After a song, probably the real gem of the Institute, was a lecture by the Rev. Dr. Lindsey, of Portland. We would be glad if all the people of Oregon, especially our legislators, could have heard this. We hope yet to hear of its being printed, so we can have it to read ourself. The Dr., in conclusion, gave us the noble thought, "I would rather

freight a mind with noble thoughts than wear a crown, or sit upon a throne."

A pressure of business called us home on Friday, and that evening found us again perambulating the streets of Monmouth preparing for work in our noble cause, viz.: The Normal School.

The Hon. Adam Crooks.

It will take a very large number by surprise, and we are sure will fill all with unfeigned regret, to be told that the Hon. Adam Crooks is again very ill, and that all the symptoms of softening of the brain have so manifested themselves as to make both his friends and medical advisers regard his condition with the deepest anxiety. It is but a short time since we announced his return, apparently in greatly improved health, from a lengthened sojourn in Europe. The improvement, however, has been only apparent. It is now seen that the disease has been for some time past in progress, and that while its symptoms may have for a season been mitigated, nothing effective in the way of cure has been accomplished. We shall continue to cherish the hope that the Hon. gentleman may even yet be restored to comparative health, though the well-known character of the disease necessarily forbids any sanguine expectation of a favorable result.

We clip the above from the *Toronto Globe*. We have the honor of the acquaintance of the Hon. Adam Crooks, who, for over ten years was minister of public instruction for the Province of Ontario, and one who took the very deepest interest in the progress and welfare of the public school system of that province, a man of sterling character, strict integrity, and of broad culture, and generous to a fault. No one, no matter how much opposed to him politically, ever met him and formed his acquaintance but was changed to a friend. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery to health so as to be able to resume his work in the educational field, but from the above we have grave doubts of this hoped-for termination of that dreadful disease.

A PROBLEM.—Two ladies, each thirty years of age, are sitting on a sofa; one is a district school teacher and the other is worth \$200,000, which is the unmarried lady and which is the old maid?—*Rochester City Express.*

Miss Will was married to Mr. Shall in Allegan county, Mich., recently. We judge the above to be future indicative.

TRY AGAIN.

Margy with the flaxen hair
Sat the picture of despair.
"Five times six and eight times seven.

Add results, and by eleven
Multiply—O no, divide—
And I don't know what beside.
O, this horrid, horrid sum!
Right I cannot make it come."
So said Marg with a sigh,
Crying, "Tis no use to try."

Grey-haired grandma sitting near,
Heard the sigh and saw the tear,
"Margy, darling, hither come;
Let me see thy horrid sum!"
Scanning all the work, she saw
Here a slip and there a flaw:
"Ah, my Margy, plain to see
Why, the figures don't agree
Little maid, thy sore distress
Is the fruit of heedlessness."

"O, but, Grandma, I have tried
Just as hard!" poor Margy cried;
"But the naughty figures go

Somehow always wrong, you know,
Then, to her supreme dismay,
Grandma sponged the work away,
And for Margy's eyes to read.

Wrote in letters large and plain,
"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, and try, and try again."

When the wise old saw she read,
"Thank you, grandma dear," she said.

Then with bright and cheerful air
Worked the sum with double care,
And the answer—happy sight!—
Came at last exactly right.

"Now," the little maiden cried,
Laughing in her girlish pride,
"When my naughty sums go wrong,
'Try again' shall be my song."

—T. O. CONANT, in *Harper's Young People.*

At a school for telegraphy in the West, one of the students has not the use of his arms, yet he sends and receives messages all right. On the table in front of him is a pencil and a stick. Taking the pencil between his teeth he can write a good hand—if that is what one would call it—and with the stick in his mouth and resting on the key, he can send messages at about the rate of seventeen per minute.

A NICE PRESENT.—An Eastern lady has presented the Willamette University with \$60 for the purpose of improving the Natural Science department in that institution. Our address is Monmouth.

A distinguished editor and author of New York city remarked the other day that last winter he never spent a single evening at any social gathering or place of amusement outside of his own house. He was too busy, and most nights he worked in his library till two o'clock in the morning.