

Rice's, near Saratoga, four miles distant. Bro. Rice belongs to the Rice family of whom all the brothers are preachers, except himself, but he preaches with his dollars, which is a loud and telling way. We knew him when he lived in Morgan county, Illinois. He was then educating his daughter in Abingdon, and the writer remembers many, many years ago, the presence of that pure and lovely maid in the class-room, who now sleeps in waiting for the judgment morn. After dinner Bro. R. took his guests up on the mountain, where we met Bro. and Sister Pollard. Bro. and Sister Pollard were among the surroundings of their home spending the holidays from Washington College. Bro. P. has been preaching for the church at Saratoga for several years. This is a great fruit region, and land is very high, and will probably never be lower.

The next day we were hurried to the train by Bro. P., and we returned to San Francisco by the narrow guage—a real delightful ride it was. A few hours for business and we separated from Pres. McCullough, started on our way to Napa City, and after dark we were landed at the door of Bro. W. B. Berry. We found Bro. Seaman at Bro. Berry's. We had not met Bro. S. before. The evening was pleasantly spent with Bro. S., Bro. and Sister Berry and the little Berry's. Bro. B. is one of our best and ablest young men. The brethren at Hollister are trying to get him into their field of labor. Sister B. is a dear little woman. Bro. S. is still half a man, but having lately come to California, and being one of the F. F. V's, he probably thinks that he is not to be captured by the fair ones, like those verdant Missourians, but Bro. S. will find that Virginians are as easily caught. We hope he will soon be at work. There is much to do.

On Saturday, the 29th, we found a fine "pair of blacks" waiting to take us to Berryessa Valley, thirty miles distance, over two ranges of mountains two thousand feet high. Our dear old friend, J. W. Smittle, of the valley, had the "rig" ready to take us to that most beautiful valley, to the dedication of a neat little church, built by the people. Monticello is the name of the town in Berryessa Valley, where we lived during the first two years of our California life. The valley is a perfect beauty, about seven miles

long and two miles wide in the widest place. Mountains over two thousand feet high rise by foot hills on either side, while a beautiful stream flows through the full length of the valley. During the rainy season it is very dangerous stream. It is like going home to visit those old scenes. We have several brethren of means in the valley, and we were solicited very earnestly to preach for them once per month. Bros. Clarks, Griggsby and Smittle are well situated and can do a great good for the cause, and they feel so disposed. And I hope soon some arrangement will be made for them. A Cumberland Presbyterian preaches once per month for them. Bro. Smittle is a staunch old Missourian, but had lived as only a half a man for over 54 years, but at last he found a most amiable lady to suit his taste, and he looks younger and happier than I have ever seen him before, and that joy is so much the more increased since a bright, intelligent little daughter has come to gladden the household, and make a thrice happy home. May it live to be his comfort in his ripe old age and join them in the heavenly mansion. The people of the valley have a little gem of a house 30x50. It cost \$2,450, and was all settled up before the opening day. We spoke the forenoon and evening to a full house, and had good attention. The morals of the valley have been somewhat neglected during the last few years, but there is a disposition now to improve them. Every moral loving citizen ought to be more than ready to sacrifice something for that purpose. Nature has much for this beautiful place. Let man beautify the hearts and lives of the people who live there. We enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. Major Seawell and wife during the most of our stay. It is always pleasant to be with this brother and sister and their family. They are quite aged, and only a few years more and their race will be run.

On Monday morning Bro. Abram Clark, one of the leading farmers of the valley, took us in his buggy to the railroad at Winters, distance 17 miles. The road lay through Butah Canyon, one of the most beautiful and picturesque routes we have ever seen. Although we have been over the road many times, yet we love to gaze on those tilted stratas, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, and dashing waterfalls. When our

friends from the East visit us we love to take them over this road to that beautiful valley.

As we had to lay by for the night before we could reach home, we preferred to stop at Woodland and visit some of our friends there. The evening was spent very pleasantly with Prof. Baker, of Hesperian College. We talked till we had forgotten the hour, and just as we lay down and gave ourselves into the hands of the Great Protector, the knell of the departed year was tolling, and 1883 left us to join the great caravan of human life that it had sent to their long home during the days of its existence. She sank like a phantom ship into the restless wave and was gone forever. Oh! let the failures of the past be the light-house along the coast of time that may warn mankind of the dangerous sea. But a moment more and the merry joy bells were chiming in the birthday of 1884, and we forgot the past for the time and joined our thoughts to the new born year, which, like its sister, shall come and bring both joy and sadness to many hearts. Men and women will greet it as they did the old year, with many resolves, and yet, they will "resolve and resolve and die the same."

May 1884 chronicle the greatest work for humanity's good and God's glory that has ever been recorded.

We reached our railroad station at 1:40; found Dr. Fouch ready to take us home, and to a neighbor's, where were waiting Bro. A. W. Sanford and Sister Mary Gillenwaters to be joined in matrimony's sacred bond. A number of guests were present. "The merry wedding bells" made sweet melody with the "merry joy bells" of the new born year. It was a memorable and solemn scene. Yet, each new year will they celebrate its birth with that thrice happy wedding day. Bro. S. is a successful teacher and he has just begun his work in the ministry which is already prospering under his labors. May his faithful help-meet be his great help, that a ripe old age may find that their life work has been one of great success, and when the shores of time shall fade from view the heavenly welcome give them the "Summer Land of Song."

We found all at home well and happy. We had been in seven different counties, having enjoyed everything very much.

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.

Normal Methods in Percentage.

We brought this subject before the institute at Forest Grove, as best we could, considering the short time we had for preparation. We there advocated a uniform method by which all problems, based on the percentage system, could be solved, and tried to impress upon the minds of the teachers present the necessity of finding one good method and thoroughly exhausting it, with good practical illustrations, such as the diligent, wide-awake teacher will always be ready to supply. We write this for the benefit of those teachers who seek improvement in their profession, as no amount of talking, or writing either, will ever benefit the listless "school-keeper" who merely wishes to put in his time and draw his salary. We, in our several years of school work in all its branches, from the 8 by 10 loghut in the backwoods, to our high schools, and colleges, have met pupils who had gone through the "arithmic" and had learned the six per cent. method, the month method, the day method, and several other methods of calculating interest, who, after they were done, did not understand any method, and could not calculate the interest on a common note, average an account, or find the balance due on a note, commonly termed Equation of Payments, if their lives depended on the result. We contend that there are but very few problems in percentage but what can be solved, and logically explained, by simple cancellation. We write this because we know by observation that this subject is one that is, probably, more poorly taught than any other in all our best schools of the country. All our country schools should teach their pupils how to do all the principal business transactions of life, and keep their accounts in a systematic way; I do not mean a fancy set of books, with elaborate balance sheet, etc., but to keep in a systematic manner a regular account of their business; but shame on the high school, or college, which will send out its graduates ignorant of the most practical part of their education. We have lived long enough in this world to admire that education that gets us bread