

Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Oct. 12, 1877.

Bro. Porter:

The following is a brief statement of the state of the church in our city.

We have a membership of 93; meet in Christian chapel, 335 Minna bet. Fourth and Fifth streets. We have a comfortable house of worship, which will seat about 300. The surroundings are not so inviting as we could wish, but we are thankful for so good a place as we have.

We meet for worship regularly each Lord's day, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Also prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 P. M. Our Sunday school is at 12:45, or at the close of the morning service.

Our regular attendance on morning worship is from 75 to 100; about the same in the evening, but largely a different people, as many of our members are so situated they cannot come in the evening. The number is made up with strangers. Our prayer meetings number from 15 to 25. We have Sunday school teachers' meeting every Saturday evening, a part of the time being spent in singing practice for the service on the following day. We also have, at present, a praise service half hour before preaching on Sunday evening, for the purpose of improving congregational singing. We have recently added some deacons to our number, and our official board now is as follows:

Elder: J. H. McCollough, 128 11th street. Deacons: J. S. Lambert, 16 De Broom st.; H. H. Luse, 14 Essex st.; S. Sturges, 128 11th st.; G. Kenedy, 737 Howard st.; P. P. Ferguson, 16 De Broom st. Of these: G. Kenedy is treasurer; S. Sturges, church clerk. Our Sunday school officers are, S. Sturges, superintendent; Wm. Andrews, assistant superintendent, 405 Cal. st.; Mattie Davenport, secretary, 609 Willow Ave.; David S. Breheart, assistant secretary; Belle Sharp, treasurer; Uncle Garrison, librarian; George Martin assistant librarian.

Our Sunday school averages in attendance from 65 to 100. We have a gradual growth in all departments of the work, not rapid, but we believe healthy. Fourteen have been added to the church since I began my labors; two immersed.

Yours in hopes of the continued and increased favor of God,

J. H. MCCOLLOUGH.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., Oct. 8, 1877.

Bro. Stanley:

One year ago, at our Napa State Meeting, the missionary work was given a new impetus in California. The idea of concentration was discussed and adopted, and Sacramento, our capital city, was the chosen place. As auxiliary, the sisters put their shoulders to the wheel to help push on this glorious work. Sister Grant, of Woodland, was chosen secretary, and her report was not at all discouraging. Since her return home from our last meeting, she writes me that during our recent State Meeting "the frame work of the church was erected and the work is progressing." An appeal was made to the brethren and sisters during our last State Meeting to aid in this well-begun work. It was stated that the owners of the hall in which the church met for worship would not allow a Sunday school, and it was suggested that the Sunday schools of California should aid in building a house of worship in Sacramento, that the children of that city might be taught from the word of God. The Sunday schools of Santa Rosa, Yountville, Vacaville, Colusa, Woodland, Berryessa and Healdsburg, pledged to pay one hundred and fifteen dollars. Although the sisters began their work in this mission only as helpers, the brethren seemed inclined to drop the work on our shoulders alone, and we concluded we would do the best we could, and we met in council on the State Meeting

Grounds, Sept. 22, 1877. Sister Grant called to the chair; Sister Derham, secretary. After singing "A charge to keep I have," Sister Pearce read a portion of Scripture, when our venerable and beloved Brother Burnett led us in prayer. A report of our last year's mission by Sister Grant, which was as follows: The whole subscription list of last year for the Sacramento Mission was \$310. Of this sum \$261 was contributed through the Women's Mission, and they have paid \$237 25, having a deficit of only \$23 75. Bro. Pendegast has done noble work there, and the little band of Christians, at that place, stimulated by the interest their brethren and sisters are taking in them, have done a noble and sacrificing work in procuring a lot and raising funds to erect a house of worship.

Sister Grant then made an earnest appeal to the sisters to aid in this work, after which Sisters Truax, of Santa Rosa; Vincent, of Oakland; Wagstaff and Grant, of Woodland, were appointed to solicit means on the camp ground, and we find that in addition to the amount subscribed by the Sunday schools, there was \$225 subscribed, making in all \$340; \$117 of this amount was paid in. The amount seems small, yet, sisters, we feel that we should not be discouraged. It is a noble work, and if we work for the glory of God our labors will be crowned with success. I feel that it is time that Christian women should rise to the place that God has called them, and work while it is called to-day. We do not claim to be in favor of "Women's Rights." We shrink from it in its popular acceptance. And if we had no examples in our Perfect Guide, of women working with and for our Savior, we would be content to fold our arms and not take up our cross and follow Jesus. Were we all united what a conquest would be ours; how we would grow strong in the power of His might; overcome and bring the world in subjection to Him, and at the end of life how sweet to hear "Well done good and faithful servant enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

If any brother or sister wishes to contribute to this good work, send your donation to Sister Grant, it will be thankfully received and well appropriated. You need not wait for large sums. In every church let the sisters meet, determined to do something; appoint some one to do the collecting; teach your young sisters to work for our Savior; have them know and feel that they have a part in this work of life, in so doing they will be happier in time and receive a brighter crown "Over there."

Bro. McCollough dismissed our meeting by a word of prayer.

May the Lord crown the efforts of all who labor in His vineyard, and may our work be a pebble cast into the future that will widen and grow brighter till it reaches the pearly gates.

SUE E. GRANT, Pres.

VIRA U. DERHAM, Sec.

MOUND RANCH, JACKSON CO., OR.

Oct. 20, 1877.

Dear Bro. Stanley:

I was at Ashland last Lord's day at my regular appointment, and upon arriving at the place of worship, found more than an ordinary number of people collected, and quite a number of the aborigines of our country camped near the school house in which we held our meeting. Not arriving until about 11 o'clock, I had but little time for investigation before the forenoon meeting. I proceeded to address the large congregation on the subject propounded by David in the 8th Psalm: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him or the Son of man that thou visitest him," which was listened to with profound interest. After I closed my discourse, Bro. Rook, the Indian agent for the Klamath Reservation, spoke a few moments; then we arranged for me

to speak a half hour at night, after which Bro. R. was to speak. We then closed the forenoon meeting; but after going out we met with the polite and gentlemanly editor of the *Ashland Tidings*; and at the suggestions of Bro. Nutly (a Baptist preacher), and Bro. Rook (before named), and Mr. Applegate, the editor of the *Tidings*, we arranged for the chiefs of the Indians to speak in the meeting at night, and as they could not speak as well in English as in their own dialect, Mr. Applegate agreed to interpret. This was not generally known, but before the hour for the meeting had fully arrived, the house was full. After we entered, we arranged to seat somewhere near a dozen of our Indian brothers and sisters near by where we had our stand. As the Indians were brought to their place by the agent, some of the young and thoughtless manifested considerable levity, but I reminded them that it had not been many generations back when our ancestors were as much in the dark as these our red brothers and sisters, and that I hoped that the young people of Ashland would not show themselves more impolite than these Indians. This had its desired effect, and we then proceeded to open the evening service by lining hymn 447 in the large hymn book, "The Lord of glory is my light," &c. Many voices joined in the song; two of our Indian sisters' voices were among the others in singing this beautiful song. After prayer by Bro. Rook, we spoke of man as a religious creature, for fifteen minutes, then gave way for the Indians to speak.

The head chief, "Blow," then spoke in his native dialect, and Dave Hill in Chinook; and Mr. O. Applegate gave us the English of the Chief's speech, which was highly creditable to the Chief and very complimentary to the agent and his co-laborers. So also were the speeches of "Jack," chief of the Link river tribe; and Dave Hill (the Indian kidnaped in New York a few years since). These were all listened to with profound attention by the crowded and interested audience. At the close of the Indians' discourses, the agent gave us a short history of the work in this agency. He stated they had a good day school of quite a number of scholars who were progressing finely, and that they had a fine Sunday school, in which they had about as good singing as they had in their school in Ashland that day. As it was the unanimous voice of the meeting that Mr. Applegate should write in a condensed form the discourses of the Indians and publish them in his paper the *Ashland Tidings*, and as I have requested him to exchange with you, I will proceed no further with the history of this meeting, but request you to copy from the *Tidings* whatever you may consider of interest to the brotherhood.

Our congregations in Ashland are generally good, and we hope to benefit the people generally by our visits. We are very anxious that some good and true preaching brother may find it to his interest to settle in this beautiful and thriving little town. May the Lord put it into the heart of some true and faithful servant who has a will to work (who may read this), to come to this valley, and accompany me to my appointment on the first Lord's day of next month, or as soon as he can come to Ashland, and give a helping hand in the work of the Lord there, and not only there but throughout this valley. This is the sincere desire of your humble brother in the Lord,

MARTIN PETERSON.

"Some confounded idiot has put that pen where I can't find it!" growled a man the other day as he searched about the desk. "Ah, um, yes, I thought so!" he exclaimed, in a lower key, as he took that article from behind his ear.

The Brave Shepherd.

About two hundred years ago, during the reign of Louis XV. in France, two provinces of that country were in a constant state of terror and alarm, by reason of a ferocious beast which ravaged the villages. The strangest thing was that no one seemed to know what kind of beast it was. However, the fame of it had spread throughout the whole of France, and the king had set a prize of 20,000 francs upon its head.

This dreadful animal was said to have killed, strangled, torn into pieces, and devoured, some two hundred persons. It did its evil deeds at all periods of the year, at any hour of the day or night. People scarcely ever dared to leave their houses. A huntsman who should propose to take his gun and to go alone to chase this animal would either be looked upon as a madman or worshiped as a Hercules.

One of those who thus risked his life—and his name has been preserved like that of Nimrod—was the Baron of Esneval: he went with a pack of forty dogs, four wolf-hounds, and twelve pikemen; but he did not even see the animal.

Before he arrived, the country had been scoured for miles round about. Seventy-three parishes of Gevaudan, thirty of Auvergne and Roneque provided a host of huntsmen, who commanded by their captains, set to work to pursue this dreadful beast. For a long time they followed its tracks in the snow, and then lost sight of it in a forest.

After all, it was a child of twelve years of age who first saw it face to face, and boldly fought it, so that at last it was discovered to be nothing more than a she-wolf.

Seven children were guarding a flock of sheep—five little boys—the three elder being from ten to twelve years old, and two little girls of about the same age were with them.

Children and grown up people in those days talked about little else than the beast of Gevaudan. And so these poor little ones in the depth of winter—exposed to all its bitter cold—were making lances with sticks, to which they had fixed some old knife-blades.

Suddenly the famished wolf rushed out of the wood and hurried towards them. The eldest boy grouped his little companions by making them form a sort of square battalion. The beast went all round them, roaring frightfully. Then she darted upon the smallest of the little boys seized him by his arm, and carried him off in her jaws.

The children stood terror-struck. One said, "Let the beast take him, and while it is eating him we escape."

But the eldest, whose name was Portefaix, exclaimed, "Let us save our comrade, or die with him!" And all of them started with loud cries in pursuit of the wolf, and, happily for them, she ran towards a marsh, where the ground was so soft that she sank in it up to her stomach.

They all surrounded her, they all struck her; but their blunt knives did not succeed in piercing her skin. "In her eyes!" cried Portefaix: "in her eyes!"

And they struck her with their staves and knives, not in the eyes indeed—for that was no easy matter—but on the nose, and in the mouth, which she kept open ready to seize again the child whom she held tight under her paw, and who dared not stir.

But she had not time to bite him, for the blows fell so quickly one after the other.

The children fought the animal with so much courage that at last the wolf fled, leaving behind her the little boy, who had only got a bad bite in the arm, and a scratch on the face.

Louis XV. gave a pension of four hundred francs to the young twelve year old hero, who had vanquished the wolf with such bravery.

The story does not tell us whether the famous beast of Gevaudan ever appeared again, or whether she was ever captured and slain.—*Chatter-Box.*

The Grave a Reservoir of History.

All human beings lay carefully away in sepulcher or urn the dust of their dead. No race or tribe is so low that a certain reverence for the dead forms of associates is not felt. The African, Indian, Esquimaux, Chinaman and Turk, as well as the Caucasian, bury their dead with a care for decency usually superior to that exercised in most other acts of life. And why this care, since no grave, however sacred, can always remain unhallowed by alien touch? It is no matter whether the question be answered or not. The fact of interest is the one fact that the more closely-guarded graves are ever made to be torn open by the living of subsequent days.

A peculiarity of burial in barbarous and civilized countries alike, and especially in the former, is the surrounding of the last resting place of mortals with relics of the human life of the period in which the subjects consigned to the tomb lived. The barbarian is surrounded by his spears, bows, arrows, flint-heads, trinkets, etc., and in some instances his live-stock and even wives are buried about him. In classic times, rich were the jewels consigned to the mausoleum of monarchs and prominent individuals, and carefully sealed and guarded by solid stone and masonry. And even in our own era the dead are laid to rest in a death cradle of richest trappings and finest material, while our cemeteries are gardens of art with their ornaments of stone, marble and flowers.

The grave is a reservoir of history. The first generation does not tear open the graves of its ancestors, neither does the second, or the third. But in years long after, when the grave is rich with history, in its trinkets, in its jewels, in its curious trappings, then the archaeologist appears and with pick and spade undoes the sexton's book and reads its pages.

The remains of the mound-builders have long been teaching the history of an era most remote. Their resting-places have been long since attacked and turned into chaos by the vandal demands of science, and though dead and crumbled, the bones and their relic-associates of the thousands of years have been telling their marvelous living tales.

The Greeks buried their dead well. They buried them deep and in stone, and, as if to cherish the history of those tombs, the ages following piled upon the heroes of Troy more soil and more stone, until nothing marked the places, but mountains of debris, which nature kindly covered with grass, upon which the shepherds fed their flocks. They were hidden deeply, but the auger of science is longer than the whole earth is deep, and, moreover, is a divining rod, as persistent as susceptible to every attraction. And it has reached the dust of Agamemnon, has taken up the necklace of Helen, and has read the histories of their grave from preface to finale.

And will the graves new made to-day, be sometime thus disturbed? Never, and, for this reason, all that is beneath its surface soon perishes, or becomes, at least, worthless for any purpose whatever. The marble above the ground is the only permanency. They, indeed, must contribute to the great and growing book of universal knowledge; they must be the teachers of the far-prospective people of the Is-to-be. The people of that time will try to see if we lived and loved and labored and thought as they are then living and loving and laboring and thinking. They will study psychology by the light reflected from our monuments of stone and bronze. They will study our architecture and our customs, and the inscriptions upon the slabs, that wet with tears now, will then be deciphered, mayhap, to discern the passions of our hearts.—*Chicago Journal.*