

Correspondence.

NOTES OF A PREACHING TOUR IN INDIA. III.

BY REV. R. G. WILDER.

DEAR BROTHER MEARS: Leaving the beautiful village of Alta (described in my last), we emerged through a gorge in the hills into the broad fertile valley of the Krishna, dotted with villages varying from one to two thousand in population, twelve of which we are able to reach in travelling some dozen miles on our direct route.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand," seems never before to have broken upon these solitudes or disturbed the rites and reign of Hinduism here. No one betrays any knowledge of Christianity, and in answer to repeated inquiries, they tell us they have never seen a missionary before.

This is the richest agricultural region I have found in India—one unbroken sheet of cultivation as far as the eye can reach, tall rank zondli coming up to my shoulders on horseback, large fields of sugar-cane, grain, wheat, and India vegetables, and spreading out on either hand, immense fields of cotton, quite equal in rankness of stalks and quantity of fibre to any I ever saw growing in America, except on some of the "Mississippi bottoms."

Crossing the sacred Krishna, we find ourselves in the Putwurdhun States, beyond the limits of the Kolapoor kingdom, and winding up the river some two miles through these boundless fields of grain and cotton, we come upon the thriving town of Sanglee. It presents a sharp, bustling, city air, quite in contrast with the quiet villages we have left behind, and rejoices in a chief and government of its own, entirely independent of Kolapoor.

Remote from any European station, the sight of a white man here is no everyday occurrence. The curious stop and gaze and the Chief himself sends out a swar (horseman) to make a reconnaissance. Riding quietly along the suburbs of the town, supporting our little daughter on the saddle before me, and the bullock gharry with Mrs. M. and the other children near by, our appearance is not warlike. He has little reason to apprehend we have come to storm his citadel, or enforce the last orders of the Governor General. The swar is easily convinced of our peaceful intentions, and gallops off to report to his chief, while we pass, on in search of our tents. We find they had come up late and were just being pitched in one of the Chief's gardens some distance beyond the town. We are impatient at being removed so far from the people, but a glance about the town convinces us there is no good shade nearer.

By the time we are well arranged in our tents it is 9 1/2 o'clock P. M.; and being so far from town, we look for no callers till morning. But while we are taking a cup of tea, a native sends in his name as an old acquaintance. The name fails to recall him; but seating myself in the tent door to receive him, a tall, strangely-built Marathi approaches with quick step, a lantern in his left hand, and with a profound salaam, bowing almost to the ground, he makes his salutation; then standing erect, with clear, distinct voice, he begins to repeat our Christian creed, or Articles of Faith, as published in our eight-page Marathi pamphlet, just as we use it in admitting believers to the Christian church.

With mingled pleasure and surprise we listen without interrupting, till, without a moment's hesitation or the mistake of a word, he completes the entire creed; then bowing again he lifts a rupee which he at first placed on my foot unobserved, and places it on the back of my hand, and with a few words which recall our former acquaintance, and the remark that he must hasten or the municipal regulations would prevent his reaching his lodgings in town, he departs abruptly, leaving us surprised and thoughtful, that God's truth had taken such manifest hold of the mind of one in this great mass of idolaters. The recollection revived by his parting words is, that he visited us at the Mission House in Kolapoor in 1855, came repeatedly for conversation, and showed such interest in the truth, that we gave him a Bible, hymn-book, catechism, and the tract he had just repeated, and for some months after he then left us we followed him with our prayers.

Dzo. 29.—Among our first callers this morning is Mahadoo Bow, our last night's visitor. He brings the Bible and other books we gave him nine years ago, well soiled and worn with use; repeats portions of the Scripture and the entire catechism of forty pages, and fully avows his belief in Christ and the creed he repeated. In subsequent interviews we draw his attention to the ordinances and the believer's privilege and obligation to confess Christ before men. He listens thoughtfully, seems fully to apprehend the sacrifice and trial involved in such a confession, but declares his purpose to be baptized and obey the Gospel in all things. The Lord give him grace and courage for this severe test of his faith.

We find Sanglee a thriving, bustling little town with a population of 10,000, many of them Brahmans. They gather in large numbers at all my preaching services in the place, and many give audible assent to the truths presented, and come to our tents for further conversation. I find one or more Missionaries have visited the place in former years, and the more intelligent of the people

have some little knowledge of Christianity. The Chief, with a full understanding of our Missionary character and labor, shows much kindness, sending fruits and sweet-meats for the children, with grain and provender for our animals, and invites us to visit him. At the appointed time he sends two carriages, one for Mrs. W. and the children, who go to see his wives, mother, and other ladies of the Zenana, and one for myself. I am taken to the Fort and introduced to his Highness in full Durbar, with crowds of Sepoys and officials around him to demonstrate his greatness and wait his pleasure. I find him a Brahman about thirty years of age, of rather stern, military bearing, showing a good deal of reserve and hauteur at first, and it is easy to fancy him possessed of much of the spirit of his old ancestor Purishram Ramchunder, who sixty years ago kept this part of the Maratha country in constant turmoil with his intrigues and assaults, especially on the kingdom of Kolapoor. His father before him had long been the sworn enemy of this kingdom, and being captured in the battle of Chikoree, (1799,) is said to have been taken into the presence of the Kolapoor Rajah and barbarously cut to pieces.

This engendered mortal hatred on the part of his son and heir, Purishram, who, with his own troops and all the allies he could muster, soon invaded Kolapoor, (in 1800,) defeated the royal army, and laying close siege to the city of Kolapoor for some three months, prosecuted the most vigorous efforts to reduce it. Several European officers were employed in the besieging army, and the graves of three of them (one with a French inscription) are still visible just outside a temporary breach they effected in the Kolapoor wall.

But the Kolapoor fortress proved too strong for the Putwurdhun's forces, and troubles breaking out in his own country, he was obliged to raise the siege and retire. The contest was just enough of a drawn game to perpetuate the bitter enmity which has ever since been transmitted from father to son, modified somewhat by time, it is to be hoped, and for the last twenty years held in effectual check by the paramount power.

These Putwurdhun States are subordinate only to the British Government as "Independent Native States," and hold no political relation with Kolapoor to the present day.

Bear in mind that for many centuries India has been split up into a vast number of such contending states and kingdoms, large and small, cherishing the most deadly hostility towards each other, and you have the key to her easy conquest by Great Britain.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand.

Is our own fair land to be thus rent and subdivided? God forbid!

I found the Chief of Sanglee an intelligent man, giving more attention to the affairs of his government and the interests of his subjects, than has come under my observation in case of any other native chief. Finding me able to converse in his own language, his stiffness and reserve gave way, and a pleasant interview and acquaintance followed.

He has a Marathi Bible, presented by some missionary years ago, but frankly admitted he knew little of its contents. He readily consented to accept another copy for a public library he has begun to collect for the benefit of his subjects, and told me he would give more attention to the doctrines and claims of Christianity.

This chief's rule extends over Sanglee, his capital, and two hundred and fifty subordinate villages, altogether yielding him an annual revenue of six lacs (600,000) of rupees. His encouragement to education is deficient, but better than in the kingdom of Kolapoor. He has established a good Marathi and English school in Sanglee, and a Marathi school in each of seven of his largest villages. The Marathi school in Sanglee has one hundred and fifty intelligent pupils, and I was much pleased with their progress in study and ready answers elicited by a two hours' examination.

Our tracts and books were in good demand here, and those of the smaller size were readily purchased to the value of some dozen rupees. Among those most sought for, were "Kindness to Animals," "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," a treatise on "The Scientific Errors of Hinduism," and "The School Boy"—four works which I prepared for the press while at Ahmednuggur, in the early years of my missionary life, and which continue to be published by the "Bombay Tract and Book Society." The "School Boy" is especially adapted to be useful to pupils in schools, inciting to mental effort, and kindling a love of learning, and inculcating the highest morality and piety, holding up for emulation the character and lives of Joseph and Daniel, and the noblest human models. Our translation of this work was early adopted by the Government Board of Education. You may recognize it by its original English (American) title as one of the many books written by Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, and if the author is still living, he has reason to be thankful for the good this modified translation has already effected among the youth of India.

We prolonged our stay at Sanglee four days, and then left with sincere regret that we could not spend more time at a point of so much interest. If you know any minister in search of a parish, pray direct him hither. He shall have the whole province of Sanglee—its capi-

tal and two hundred and fifty villages, and build there, "on no other man's foundation," a blessed, glorious work for Christ and immortality.

THE WORK STILL GOING FORWARD IN DETROIT.

A gentleman of piety and standing in one of our churches in Detroit, who is also connected with the House of Correction in that city, writes as follows, April 7th:—

"Detroit has not had a wave of blessing for twenty years until this year, and now we hope and pray that a wave may roll over us continually—frequently—until our whole city is washed. There seems to me to be a deep religious interest pervading the whole community. "There is a change (real) among some of our prisoners. I think some of them are truly converted, and more are ready to put themselves under good influences on their release; but alas! evil must compass them. The Holy Spirit is present in our whole establishment I verily believe. We were singing, Wednesday evening, in the parlor, some of the revival hymns until 10 o'clock, when there came to me one of my young men, a tall, fine-looking fellow. He said his heart had been unusually touched as he had listened to these hymns from an adjoining apartment, and he requested me to go to his room, (where was another young man), and converse with them on the subject of religion, which of course I did with great joy. Before leaving them, they both, kneeling, gave themselves to Jesus, and, I believe, then and there began the new life.

"Another of my officers, who has recently left my service, has expressed his determination to erect the family altar, and I suppose has done so; he invites these two young men of whom I have been speaking to come to his house for prayer. He has been an impenitent man, and was educated as a Catholic.

Our Mission School has received a great blessing. Two weeks ago, at the close of the school, a whole class of fourteen boys remained, and requested me to come and pray with them, which I did. While the five hundred children were crowding out these—all bowed on their knees, and joined in a prayer of consecration. Oh! it was a blessed sight. Many of these boys give the very best evidence that they have been regenerated. I lately attended a prayer-meeting of twenty-five of these children, at a dwelling in the neighborhood. The meeting was led by one of the boys, and was most interesting. The prayers of some of them were such as to move my heart wonderfully. So simple, so sincere, so appropriate, so truthful, so conscious of the presence of God.

"One week ago last Sunday we buried a dear girl who had attended the children's meetings, and I think was converted. She died after a brief illness of two or three days. Going to the house late, the evening on which she died, I found one of the Sabbath-school girls, who gave her heart to Jesus a few days previous, kneeling in the front room alone, praying secretly. These and similar scenes and incidents with which I am daily coming in contact, establish my confidence in the genuine character of the work, and fill me with devoutest thanksgiving to God. Oh, let us praise Him!"

TO MY FRIEND ANDREW.

Extract from Mathias Claudius, translated for the American Presbyterian by G. D. A. H.

It is seldom that you ask me for information on the subject of prayer; and thou understandest it better than I. Thou canst be so within thyself, and yet outwardly appear so troubled, and foolish that priest Eli, were he your pastor loci, might call thee to an evil account, and that are good signs, Andrew. For this mill can not go when the water is scattered in mist, and where rattle and bang go on the doors and windows not much passes in the house.

That one shut his eyes in prayer is, I think, not needful; but I consider it better. Be natural. If one do not dissemble let us not complain. To do great and showy things before God in prayer is to be blamed, we must not endure it. Courage and confidence we need, but not to be presumptuous and self-conceited, for if one know how to counsel and help himself, then the shortest way is—to help himself.

To fold the hands is a good outward sign; it seems as if one waited for favor or for disfavor, and had grounded arms; but the inward secret performance, those desires uprising like the waves of the sea, and the heart's longing, this, it seems to me, the chief matter of prayer. And I can not understand what thy friend who know nothing of petition. It is as much as to say that we should not wish anything, or that a man should have no beard or ears. He must be a wooden boy who never really asks his father for anything, or who deliberates a half day whether he will suffer himself to come to extremities or not. When desire enters your heart, Andrew, and is of warm complexion, then you will not long question; it will overcome thee as a stronger man armed,—then thou wilt keep company with some bits of words short and good, and knock at heaven's door.

But there is another question. What and how shall we pray? Knoweth any one truly this world, (Wesen dieser Welt,) and doth he pursue it honestly, what is better? For prayer hath in this

its appointed place. But man's heart is vain and foolish for his mother's womb. We know not what is good for us, Andrew. Our most ardent wish hath oft deceived us. And so must man not stand on his own conceit, but meek and discreet must he be, and freely entrust all to Him who knoweth better than we. But whether the prayer of an agitated soul effects or accomplishes any thing or whether the chain of nature (nexus rerum) be fixed, as some learned ones affirm, in this lead me not into dispute. I have all respect for the "order of nature;" but I can not but think of Samson with this, who left the fastening (nexus) of the double gate unlocked, and carried the whole door up into the mountain! In short, Andrew, I believe that the rain cometh well when it is dry, and that the heart crieth not in vain for fresh waters, if one only prays rightly; if one only feels rightly.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, April 14, 1865.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES FOR THE PRESIDENT.

AT THE 1ST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

A large audience filled every part of Rev. Mr. Barnes' Church on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at noon. The services were opened with prayer by the pastor, who also made a brief address after the first hymn. He alluded to the greatness of the crime that had been committed by the assassination of our good President. It is the greatest crime by far that has yet been committed in the history of our country, and greater even than is anywhere recorded in the annals of the world. We met thus on this solemn day to ask the God of our fathers that his blessing may yet be continued to this beloved country—that he will not forsake us in our hour of need, that he will bless to us this severe dispensation of his providence, and lead the nation in paths of righteousness.

Mr. Barnes spoke with evident agitation and with deep feeling. The audience was much moved, the solemn appearance of the church, deeply draped in mourning, the immense audience, almost breathless, and many in tears, formed a scene that will never be effaced from the memory of those present.

Rev. John McLeod, of the Southwestern Presbyterian Church, then led in a fervent prayer, in which he acknowledged God's sovereignty, praying that his humble submission to his will might fill every breast. He prayed that God would forgive the nation its sins of nearly a hundred years. He thanked God for the light of the good man, now fallen, which through four years of war had been so benignantly shed upon this country; for his bright example of integrity and truthfulness in all that is right and good and just; that he had been spared so long against violence and conspiracy. He thanked God for the millions that he had been permitted to lead out of the house of bondage. He then prayed for the President's family; and for the new President—thanked God that he had now united our nation; as it had never been united before, against treason and rebellion. He thanked God for our victories in the field, and that the nation lives and the rebellion dies.

Rev. Daniel March then addressed the audience. He said that in Wooster, Massachusetts, when the news came of the assassination of President Lincoln, the Mayor called the people together in the largest hall in the city, to express their feeling in relation to the event. There were speakers there, able speakers and many of them, clergymen and others; but the vast assembly could do no more than bow their heads in prayer, pour out the swelling of their burdened heart in a solemn hymn, and then return quietly to their homes. No one undertook, in words, to express their sorrow. So we feel to-day—words cannot express what we feel. But while our hearts are thus bowed down, they should be drawn near to God. He is speaking to the heart of this nation. Our hearts must feel, and feel profoundly, that all our interests, with those of this afflicted nation, are in God's hands. This is the utterance of the booming minute gun, that comes to our ears while we now speak; the solemn tolling of the bell that we heard while praying a moment ago. This is the utterance of the sad drapery of this house, which makes us feel as if the murdered corpse of our President were here in the midst of the congregation. This great God knows all the interests of this American people. He knows the consequences that will result from this sad event. He knows our perils, our necessities. When God afflicts a household by death, we impress upon the weeping family that God has come to their home. As a nation we feel that God has come to our home; that he has thus visited us to make us a more devout and more Christian nation.

God can by no means look with indifference upon this audacity of pride, which has made us a weeping nation to-day. He has sacred and holy purposes with reference to this nation. He is interested in our behalf, and though we have lost and suffered so much, he will carry on his wise and sacred purposes.

A member of one of our churches told me that twenty odd years ago, when the churches were similarly draped in mourning, in memory of President Harrison, the solemnity of the occasion had a powerful effect upon his mind. If the greatest position attainable upon the earth could be visited so suddenly by death, if the highest earthly honors and the grave were so near to each other, it was high time that he was looking for something worth living for, something greater and higher than anything this

earth could afford. He resolved, while in one of our churches, then clothed in mourning, to live for Christ and heaven. Does not this solemn hour now upon us teach us a similar lesson? Let us improve it.

Rev. Mr. Crowell then led in prayer, in which he thanked God for the life of President Lincoln—for the long years of preparation he had given him, in his Western home, for the important work he had planned out for him—for his choice by the people just when peril was so close at hand—that his first utterance, when starting out from home was, "pray for me, that I may be enabled to do my duty in whatever trying circumstance I may be placed."

He thanked God for his prompt and manly call upon us to defend the life and liberty of the nation when imperilled, and for his glorious proclamation of liberty to the enslaved millions of the South. "Though dead he yet speaketh."

Rev. Mr. Calkins, of Calvary Church, made the closing address. He said, Was there ever such a funeral as this in all the wide world; where the mourners find none to give comfort and consolation; where there are none but mourners? We came to this sanctuary with the hope that its pastor would give us words of comfort in our distress, but his voice breaks down in sobs. Our very prayers are but expressions of agony and grief.

There must have been something in the character of that great man who has fallen, that thus moves our hearts as they have never been moved before. When Jesus entered Jerusalem just before his death, his disciples began to be exceedingly amazed as he foretold them of his coming sorrow. After his martyrdom, they ceased to wonder. So to-day, many of the sayings of him who has fallen, that were wonderful once, cease to astonish us; they are, invested with grandeur unspokeable.

Four years of heroic labor have been passed through by our fallen chief, knowing all the while that the assassin's knife was at his throat. In this city, four years ago, Gen. Scott's despatches warned him of the fact. He hinted to us his knowledge in these memorable words, spoken as he raised the flag upon Independence Hall, "I had rather be assassinated on the spot than to give up the principle for which we strive." Ever since that day his life has hung upon a thread, and he knew it. His dying words seem to show us that he was not greatly taken by surprise. "I am dying," "good by"—farewell words spoken to our whole country, show what he had been expecting through four years of conflict.

We know, from private authority, in addition to what is publicly known, that he steadily believed that some day his life would be taken by his and our enemies.

We thus begin to get a clue to his character. Look at his cheerfulness, his exhaustless good humor, when he knew so well that there were relentless spirits in the land, daily waiting his blood. His kindness and clemency, viewed in this light, become all the more grand and sublime; counselling pardon and forgiveness, while he knew that his own life would be a martyr's offering to this cause. Not an impulse of vengeance seemed ever to enter his brain—all was charity, even towards those who would murder him. He never intended, as has been intimated, that the record of this rebellion should go down to history as an unsuccessful Revolution. No! no! he meant it to be stigmatized as a crime—that a fearful mark should be branded on it, like that upon Cain, only blacker and deeper. That was his purpose, I believe; and because his heart felt this, he was fit to be anointed of God for this holy purpose. A blood-thirsty President could not have fulfilled God's great purpose, in setting before the world in its true colors, as is now done, the fearful crime of rebellion and treason.

In this light, expecting to be martyred for his principles, let us look at his religious character. How upon the field of Gettysburg he gave his heart to Jesus. How he chose the still morning hour for his favorite devotion. Accustomed to be interrupted, at all hours in the day, while intent upon business, or even while at his meals, he chooses the early morning hour when he was sure of no interruption. While there were some things in his life not fully satisfactory to those who are apt to be cautious, as ministers should be, in judging of the piety of others, some things which we would not hold up as examples to the young, yet viewed in the light that he knew he was marching towards martyrdom, that the solemn impression ever rested upon his mind that he never would live through a second term, we have sufficient that it is good to indicate that his heart was right towards God. We must not forget that he was a man of but few words. In two or three words he tells us he loves Jesus, that he never was brought to give his heart to him until he stood on the field of Gettysburg, surrounded by the thousands of martyred ones who lay silently around him. Then he thought his life was nothing unless he gave his heart to the Martyr on high. This speaks volumes now. How few his words. What momentous things he could say in just a word. Look at his last message to Congress. What a wonderful paper, so short, and yet so full. For one saying so much, so compactly, his three words, he loved Jesus, constitute a profession of religion, a standing up before this nation as a humble follower of Jesus. Let us cherish the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Let us teach it to our children side by side with that of Washington.

I was once dining with a family where I noticed an empty seat at the table. A little plate was placed there, a little cup, a little knife, and fork, and spoon. They remained unused; none of the other children touched cup, plate, or spoon, and, as I looked upon them with probably somewhat of curiosity, one of the little ones explained, "that is sister Lucy's place. She used to eat from that plate, and use that cup, and knife, and fork, and spoon; but Lucy is up in Heaven now, and we keep her things just as she used to have them, because we love to think of her and remember her." The parents told me that Lucy had died before the little one who told me all this was born, but they loved her memory, and had taught their little one to love it too.

Let us teach those yet unborn to remember the name and cherish the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Let them be a shrine in every house, in every church, and every State.

His strict integrity, his religious devotion to a great purpose, place Abraham Lincoln by the side of Washington. The wreath and the crown of martyrdom must ever rest upon his brow. Cherish his memory. Keep it bright. Let it not be put away in the histories, laid upon the shelves; but as he has been noble, true, brave, yielding no principle, ever clinging to the right; he noble too, be honest, be manly, be cheerful, trust in God as he trusted in him, and love Jesus as he loved him.

Rev. Mr. Calkins closed with prayer, when a hymn was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Albert Barnes.

Thus closed a service that will not be forgotten half a century hence, when the young in that vast assembly shall be gray headed, and when the middle aged and gray headed there, shall have long lain in their silent resting place.

G. W. M.

A PERMANENT BUILDING FOR THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN THIS CITY.—The movement towards this object, of which we have before spoken, has so far reached the point of success, that an eligible situation has been obtained, and will be put in condition for the uses of the Association. A house on the south side of Chestnut street, above Twelfth, has been fixed upon, and will receive such alterations and improvements as will meet the convenience of young men, strangers or dwellers in Philadelphia, who desire a pleasant and comfortable resort for their leisure hours, particularly evenings, in place of club-rooms or immoral places of amusement. It is designed to make this building a popular place of daily resort. The fine library of the Association will be replenished, newspapers and magazines will be provided, and a room fitted up for a gymnasium and other employments for leisure hours. The enterprise still needs liberal contributions, and it certainly commends itself to our business and moneyed men. We understand that Messrs. William G. Crowell, 510 Walnut street; John Wiest, 240 Chestnut street, and John Wannamaker, Sixth and Market streets, have been appointed to receive contributions.

HOLY ANTICIPATIONS.

"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; the bright side because nearest to everlasting glory. "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To one old disciple it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied. "I know I am; but blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it, I hope it."

Such testimonies as these are not confined to aged Christians. I know of a Christian in middle life, active, earnest in every good word and work, who looks forward to death with positive pleasure, because it will bring him nearer to Christ; and I have heard a young Christian say, who was by no means weary of this world, nor invalid, nor afflicted: "To be with Jesus is the highest happiness of which I can conceive."

These were not transient emotions in seasons of high spiritual enjoyment and holy communion, but the constant temper of the soul, the expression of a life hid with Christ in God. Doubtless, such expressions are unintelligible to all those whose hope and portion is on earth, and perhaps they seem exaggerated to many professing Christians. But they are the natural language of true and deep piety. Christ is the dearest friend of the true believer; and any event which brings Him nearer to us, should be viewed with holy joy. We delight to live, that we may labor for him; we rejoice to wait his holy will, and to finish the work which he would have us do for him on the earth; but it is sweet to look forward to that time when every veil shall be removed, when we can serve him without sin or imperfection, when we can see him as he is, when we can behold his glory, and adore him in a manner worthy of his exalted character and claims.

And the nearer we come, in the course of nature, to the time of perfect union to our Lord, the brighter should be our joy, the more blissful our anticipations. As years pass, the number of our friends and relatives in the heavenly world increases, till the number of the family in heaven is greater than that on earth; and as those whom we love are multiplied in the "many mansions," our souls should long for their sacred society, and for unalloyed fellowship with our mutual Friend and Redeemer.—Sunset Thoughts.

A WIDE FIELD.—Southern Kansas is a land destitute of the means of grace; its fine and fertile prairie lands are drawing emigrants, and their wants should be met. The Rev. H. K. Stimson of Humboldt says: "My field of labor is quite extensive, and needs six good ministers, where we have but one. My appointments are in three counties, viz: Allen, Woodson and Coffey, and I have seven preaching stations. If any of our brethren in the ministry want a large field of labor, let them come to southern Kansas, and I will guarantee a large farm and a free pasture for horses and cows, with abundance of good beef and corn bread without stint."