Fram the Christian Intelligencer.

The Guide's Story.

BY G. I., V.

Our guide Ulrich seemed to know every body who-lived in the valley through which we had just passed, and seeing that I was interested in his stories, he was about to tell me about

LITTLE RUBI THE WOOD CARVER,

when the rest of the party reached us We all dismounted and accompanied the guides into the grotto which had been cut some distance into the Grindlewald gla cier. The dog followed us in of course: he was such a great fellow, and took up so much room, that he was quite crowded against the icy wall, for the grotto was not very commodious, and there were number of travellers who had come to se it. The ice, where the light shone through was of a beautiful sea green tint, and looking up, one might think the whole ceiling was one magnificent emerald. The cool air within was delightful, but not quite healthful to those coming from the August warmth without, so we did not remain long in the grotto, especially as Flrich's dog began to push his way through the crowd to get out. It was no new sight to him, although, wise dog as he was, he seemed disposed to appreciate our admiration as something which might be expected in a place to which his master

had led us. When we had mounted our mules again, Ulrich pointed out the three gigantic mountains southward, which he told us were the Eiger, the Mettenberg, which forms the base of the Schreekhorn, and the Wetterhorn. Two glaciers lie between these mountains; near the upper one lies the bridle path to Meiringen. "There," said the guide, "lives Rubi the wood car ver, of whom I was about to tell you." "Tell me about him by all means,"

said. So Ulrich began the story.

"Christen, the father of Rubi, was a guide; if you have ascended the Mettenberg some years since you may have seen him. Have you been there?"

No, we had not; then Ulrich went on with his story, but not until he had risen in his saddle to point out with the end of his whip which way you started for your laborious six hours of ascent. He grew very enthusiastic, and began to expatiate upon the wonderful scenery to be found there, the view of the Schreckhorn and the Finsteraarhorn, of the Grindelwald valley and the Eismeer. "It takes you only an hour," he said, "to cross the Eismeer (sea of ice;) then you reach the chalet of Zasenberg, a rude stone cottage in the pasture lands, the last among the giants of the Bernese Alps. There among the huge masses of ice you can take in one view the grand hights of the Eiger, the Schreckhorn, the Viescherhorn, and others. The whole journey can be accom plished in five or six hours, Christen used to say, if you go right through."

I wish you could have seen how enthusiastic Ulrich became as he spoke of the grand scenery of Switzerland. Some of the guides were stupid, heavy-looking men, who seemed blind to the natural beauties around them. Not so Ulrich. In his enthusiasm he quite forgot about the story he was to tell until I reminded him of it. "Oh yes, surely; well, as I was about to say, Christen had two sons, Joseph, a handsome young fellow, who was a guide like his father, and poor deformed little Rubi. 'Poor lad,' his father would say, 'he will always be a burden to us, he is so lame and so misshapen. I wish he was like our Joseph, but alas! he is so ugly and so helpless.' Rubi cried when his father spoke so roughly of him, but his mother wiped his tears with her coarse apron and said: 'Never mind, poor boy. I will buy you something nice the next time I go down to sell my lace,' for she used to make lace and sell it to the fine

ladies who went by in the diligence. "So one day she bought him a wooden toy representing a goat, carved by Pete, who lived along the Black Lutscine, and

who made his living by doing such work. "Rubi thought the goat was not as natural as it might be; its head seemed too small, and its legs too long, but he did not say so to his mother, for although he was only a deformed little Swiss boy, he had finer feelings than some better folks and he was very thankful to his mother for her kindness, although he did not think much of his present as a work of art.

"He kept constantly looking at the illshaped goat, and wondering if he could not carve if he should try.

"He was so persistent in asking that finally his mother got the necessary tools he had been. for him, and he not only succeeded, but he soon became very expert. He worked daily in his father's absence. He would often say, 'Dear mother, if I can be as good a wood carver as some have been, then I should not be a burden to you.'

"You are not a burden to me, Rubi, she would reply; "you are the comfort of my life;' then his mother would kiss him; and thus these two seemed dearer to each other for the very helplessness of poor

Rubi and his dependence upon her love. One cold autumn day Christen and Jose were near the deep gorge between the Jungfrau and the Wengernalp, and they were caught by a severe storm. Oh! what among themselves.

to bluster and confuse a poor traveller. "Christen was brought home with a bro-

ken leg, trying to save Jose who fell. "'There will be no one to support you now,' groaned the father; 'that poor, helpless Rubi will be more of a burden than ever, and you, the mother, will get blind over your lace work if you have to support us all.'

"Not so, father,' cried Rubi; 'I have a little money here I have saved up. Take it, use it, it is all yours.' The father did not know how the boy earned the money; he thought it had been the gift of some traveller who had taken compassion upon the poor deformed lad.

"The money which had been paid from time to time at the way side by those who purchased Rubi's carvings was soon exhausted, because it was only pedestrians who used that mountain path, and Rubi had little chance of selling his work. Then how hard the poor mother had totoil, and Rubi cried every night to think that he was only a burden, and could not support | cripple Rubi." is mother as he hoped.

"One day there were footsteps heard without, and in came Hottinger the rich dealer in carved work. In his hand he held a delicate carving of a chamois climbing over the rocks. 'Does the boy who carved this live here?' he asked.

"'No,' said the father from his bed in the corner, 'no one lives here but my wife and I, and that poor, helpless creature yonder. If only my handsome Joseph had been spared he could have showed fore God for judgment. you, sir, the road over to Meiringen; it is there, I suppose, the man who carved

"'No, father, no,' cried poor Rubi; 'it is who carved vonder piece.'

"'You,' exclaimed the father, 'sir, the boy must have gone crazy. He never carved a thing in his life. Alas! is that to be added to my misfortunes? Is the boy to be an idiot like Jose Horner's children over at Brienz ? and he looked at broken leg and groaned, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"'It is very strange,' said Hottinger, for the man of whom I bought this told me that the boy who lived here carved it, and I have come to order some more work

"The mother was not at home, but had gone to sell her lace, and the father would not listen to his son. He thought Rubi was getting crazed, or idiotic, as so many of the Swiss are, and he would not allow any orders for copies of the carving to be left with them, for, as he honestly said, he would not cheat the merchant into thinking that the orders would be filled.

"As you see, Christen was a very honest, straightforward fellow, but a very stupid and very obstinate one. Hottinger left to look elsewhere for the artist; Rubi hobbled out of the chalet after him.

"O sir, please, I am not an idiot. Fa ther tires of the sight of me because I am ugly and misshapen. I am not like handsome Jose my brother, but I did, sir, I did carve the piece in your hand;' and then Rubi cried from the very excitement and eagerness to make the merchant believe him. But his tears and his twitching and trembling occasioned by his earnestness did not make his appearance more prepossessing, and the man was only the more convinced that the father was right and the child was out of his mind. He thought that the beautiful chamois could never have been the work of that miserable, deformed boy.

"While still the child sat on the roadside crying as if its heart would break from the disappointment, he saw his mother coming up the mountain path in

"Then his eagerness to keep the merchant until she should come made his manner more crazy than before, for he knew that if his mother reached there before the merchant left, she could tell him that it was he who had done the beautiful

"Poor Rubi caught the merchant by the arm, but it was not hard to shake off a

child so deformed. "Then he put both arms around the merchant's leg so that he could not free himself without hurting Rubi. The merchant looked angry, and the poor boy r leased his hold and threw himself flat upon the grass with such a sad and piti ful cry that the merchant stopped to look at him. But it seemed as if the child's heart was broken, and he did not even offer to pick up the little copper coins the merchant threw down before him. It seemed as if the last hope of getting work was gone, and all his dreams of helping to support his mother were over. He must always be the poor, helpless burden that mounted feet foremost, and finally clung

"The merchant was so touched by the look of deep distress on the face of the boy that he could not leave him, and be fore he had made up his mind as to what he should do, Rubi's mother came up.

"She confirmed what the poor little cripple had said. Yes, Rubi had indeed carved the work that was so much admir-

"The mother was so proud to hear he poor little cripple praised that she raised him up tenderly in her arms and said 'He will yet get work to do like the work men in the great cathedral.'

"'Oh, no, mother,' he cried, 'no one will trust in me, no one believes in me, only storms those Oberland giants can get up you mother. I had thought to earn something to help you. But I shall be always each more wonderful than the one that wine and a wafer-cake. The old man did "The Morneh and the Eiger know how a burden. The gentleman spurned me; preceded it, following each other in rapid not notice him, but ate, drank, then tot- bar keeper ?'

"He put his thin arms around her neck, and as she held him her tears mingled with his, and she wine I them away with her rough coarse hands, for she had known hard work and much trouble, this poor Swiss mother, and she was the reverse of gay and fashionable women, for her heart was soft and her hands rough and

"'Nay, my lad, but the rich merchant praises thy work and he will order more.' "And the mother was right; Rubi had

orders for as much work as he could do. "He helped his father more than his handsome brother Jose had ever done. There were none in the family who earned so much for their support as the poor deformed lad, and he was as patient and as humble as before, even though he was known through the valley as Rubi, the

When the guide finished his story I tried to remember it to tell our young people at home, for I have heard of boys to do all the good they can.

I would remind such that we are all of us unconsciously carving day by day, not in the perishable material in which the poor cripple worked, but by little deeds of every day life we are shaping the char-

Are we carefully working? Are we do-

ASTONISHING JUGGLERY--THE

MAGICIANS OF SIAM. A letter from Siam to the World thus describes a scene at an exhibition given

by some native jugglers: "That is Norodom," whispered Woun Tajac in my ear. Another actor now came upon the scene, whom I recognized to be the tall athlete, Tepada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woon-Tajac informed me, was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe, unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun round with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spun with fary of dervishes, Minhman sprung up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established the boy Tsin-ki caught to his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human, jointless lever around, A last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the old man's white beard touched his body. There was a sudden strain, and the arms of the men, from being horizontal, became perpendicular, Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tsin-ki's head on Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and presto! Tepada's head was on the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin ki's feet on Minhman's head. Each had turned summersault, and the column was un-

broken. I could fill several columns with de scriptions of the most remarkable and unaccountable feats of magic by these wonderful jugglers, but I must refrain. On trick with Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange. cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. when they were raised there was a wolf which was killed with a sword. Three robes, and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, which, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shricking, the unwiedly animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a

Minhman upon his feet. During three hours the exhibition con-

everybody hates me, only you, dear succession. I shall content myself with tered to his feet, the feeblest, decrepit old describing the last and culminating wonder of the startling entertainment. .

A perfectly-formed and most lovely

nautch girl spring out upon the stage, and was hailed with universal exclamations of delight, everybody calling out her name. Luan-Prabana, as if it were a word of good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated feather-work. A wreath of rose-buds crowned her soft, short, black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace, as well as broad, gold armlets and anklets. With a brilliant smile, she danced exquisitely for some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then knelt and laid her head upon old Norodom's knee. The boy fanned her with a fan made of sweet fern leaves, Minhman fetched a lotos-shaped goblet, and Tepada poured into it from a quaint looking flask a fluid of a greenish hue. The old vogigreat carver of wood, instead of being like Norodom took the goblet and blew spoken of as that helpless burden, the his breath upon the contents till they broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepada extinguished with his breath, when Norodom held the goblet to Luan-Prabana's lips, and she drained the contents and girls who are not so anxious as Rubi with a sigh. As if transfigured, she suddealy spring to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin giddily around in one spot. First the-boy, then Minhman, then Tepada, tried to arrest her, but they no sooner touched her than she repelled them with a shock that thrillacter in which we shall be presented be- ed them as if she had imparted an electric spark to them. Spinning constantly, with a bewilderingly-rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tsin-ki, Minhman, and Tepada in active pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, three chasing. Tepada seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her. It broke, and as she whitled along a of spray rose buds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful never was seen. And now a greater wonder: At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when, still revolving, she rose slowly into the air and floated gently over our heads towards the stage, scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in mid-air; then, with a slight, wind-like motion of her arms, mounted up, up, up towards the loftiest arch of the vaults overhead. Suddenly old Norodom seized a bow and arrow and shot towards sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to flags of the floor, and laid there an appar-

> hags came tumultuously forth and bore her off in their arms. Now, from behind the red curtain came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great leaden box, which they laid upon the front part of the stage. As they retired the old woman came out. bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold embroidered drapery upon which lay Luan-Prabana, decked forth in bridal garments, and sweetly sleeping. The coach, with its sleeper was quietly put down upon the front of the stage and left there, while Norodom and Tepada went to the leaden box, and with hot irons attempted to unseal it. "That is Stung-Tieng's coffin," whispered Woun to me; "the old saint has been dead more than half a millenium."

> ently bloody mass. The music burst forth

into a wild wail, and the chorus of old

Quickly, eagerly it seemed to me, th two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience falling out at last, a teak-box was discov ered. This was prized open with a small crowbar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepada and Norodom commenced to unwind this wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and folded away by Minhman, and at last, after at least 100 yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry. shrivelled mammy of an old man was visible-eyes closed, flesh dry and harddead and dry as a smoked herring. No rodom tapped the corpse with the crow bar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. ened, and her face flushed. When the robe was lifted again a fox was Tepada tossed it up and caught it; it was in place of the snake. The fox's head stiff as a log. Then he placed the mummy was ent off, two robes borrowed, and upon Norodom's knees and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censer burning with punguent incense. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and prying open the mouth of the mammy with a cold-chisel, showed that the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eye lids, nostrils and ears. Then he and Tepada mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censer upon the chest and withdrew a pace, while the drums, and gongs, and cymbals crashed and clattered, and the shrill, cackling reable of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

A breathless pause ensued-one two, three minutes-and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censer. A moment later the thing sat up and stared blinking and vacant around the vault-an old, old, wrinkled man, with mumbling chops, a shrivgreat boa constrictor, and holding up elled breast and belly, and little tufts of its little, half-fool editor." white hair upon his chin and forehead. Tepada approached him reverently upon tinued feats of the sort I have described, his knees, bringing him a salver, with

dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the nautch-girl slumbering upon her couch; he shuffled feebly to her, and, mumbling, stooped as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. What a glad cry the maiden waked, clasping him in her arms and to her breast, and kissed him. Incomprehensible magic! He was no longer a nonagenarian dotard, but a full-veined, fiery youth, who gave her kiss for kiss. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there is was before our very eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, the chorus of the old women came out, and, with strange Phallic songs and dances, bore the two away- a bridal pair. I never expect again to behold a sight so wonderful as that whole transformation.

DOMESTIC QUARRELS.

[From the Danbury News.] It was at this season of the year just seven years ago, that an extraordinary scene occurred in Danbury. It was in the evening, and a couple were bringing in several pots of plants from the yard to save them from the frost which the temperature of outdoors threatened. While thus engaged she spoke, referring to geranium she had in her hand: "I wouldn't lose this one for a great

deal, as mother gave it to me." He looked at it. "Your mother give it you? Guess not

I bought that plant myself." "Why, it's no such thing."

"And I tell you you didn't," she firmly asseverated. "Do you suppose I don't know what was given me?"

"Do you suppose I don't know what bought with my own money ?" "If you say you bought that geranium," said she, speaking very slowly, and with

white lips, "you say that you know to be "Do you mean to say that I lie?" he

"If you say that, I do." "You shall be sorry for this," he threat-

"Never!" she retorted.

He put on his hat and coat and left the

That was seven years ago this fall. She her. There was a wild shrick, a rushing never saw him again, nor heard from him in all that seven years. What must have may do-in Christian discretion, and been the thoughts, the agony of mind endured by the wretched wife in that time no one on earth knows. She kept her thoughts to herself and patiently, as far as outward appearance went, bore the and piety in connection with Congreburden put upon her.

> On Friday evening of last week her door opened, and a man walked into her presence. There was a look, a cry, and she was in the arms of her husband, What a happy home was that. All the agony of the seven long years was forgotten in that hour of reconciliation and reunion. A hearty supper was spread, and that the congregation is the highest with tears and smiles she hovered about him, ministering to every want. After supper there was a long talk of the past.

"It is so singular," she said, speaking happened as it did. I can scarcely comprehend it all. It seems like an awful dream. We both lost our tempers, and we have both suffered for it. The miser able geranium! Do you know I can not would not have it in sight."

"What!" he ejaculated; do you still persist in saying that she gave it to

you got over that idea yet ?" darkening. "I bought that geranium as

sure as I am a living man." She thought of his years of cruel desertion, of all he had caused her to suffer because of his obstinacy, and her heart hard-

"You are mean to say that when you cil is only advisory. know it is false."

"It isn't false; it's heaven's truth." 'It's no such thing; it's a mean, con temptible lie.

hat and coat and shot out of the house in a flash, and she never uttered a word of protest. She sat there with clenched hands and white face, and let him go.

And so he is gone. And to-day she is alone again, with the old burden and the old pain.

ous paragraph, which is from the Reidsville Times, of this week: "But great Jerusalem! the little sap heads, wild children, foolish men, and overgrown gawks, who are running about the country as editors! As soft as a gourd of soap, they are as cheap and as dirty to the profession, and the result is that the press to-day is frequent now. I doubt whether any a splendid, strong throne, whose sceptre is a despised plaything in the hands of any 'big man' or 'big firm,' who chooses present such an array of long pastoto bribe, or to bully or court or to flatter rates as the Congregational Church of

It was a Delaware wife who said, 'my dear, if you can't drink bad coffee without abusing me, why is it that you can drink bad whiskey without abusing the

From the Lutheran Visitor. The Congregational Church.

This denomination takes its name from its government, which rests in the congregation. It was planted on the shores of New England by the Pilgrims; who, having fled from religious persecution, desired to estallish a church wholly free in its gov-

The Congregationalists differ very little from Presbyterians (New School in doctrine. How little they differ from Lutherans in church government will appear from the following:

1. They recognize only ministers and deacons as officers of the Church, Such an eminent scholar as Dr. Krauth maintains that there is no authority in the New Testament for the order of "elders," and that the introduction of such an office into our Lutheran churches in America was purely acci-

2. They hold local conferences, twice a year. These conferences are usually composed of about a dozen ministers and as many lay delegates. At these meetings, discussions of practical and doctrinal questions are had just as in our Lutheran conferences The usual matters of business pertaining to these particular churches com up for consideration, but the conference has no legislative power.

3. Next comes the general association in each State, which meets an nually, and answers to our district synods. So far as I can learn, there no material difference in the power exercised and the kind of business transacted by these two bodices; both are advisory.

4. In 1853 the American Congregational Union was organized. This body meets triennially, and is in al leading features like our general synods. In the language of its constitution, the Union is "to do whatever a voluntary association of individuals without invading the appropriate field of any existing institution-for the promotion of evangelical knowledge gational principles of church govern-Detroit October 17th.

5. The conference, association and National Council are advisory. Not ular congregation. It follows, then, is Congregational.

6. Councils of churches are called in one of the pauses, "that it should have to declare the opinion of the churches on any matter of common concern .-These usually consist of pastors and lay delegates, invited from several dence, R. I. The reports showed neighboring churches. "A council is that the board owed a debt of \$48,bear to see one of those plants? I told to be called only by a church, or by mother to come and take it back, for I an aggrieved member or members in a church which has unreasonably refused a council, or by a competent was adopted, and in less time than number of believers intending to be an hour the whole amount was se-"Why, John, of course she did. Haven't gathered into a church." When a church refuses to call a mutual coun-"No, I haven't," he persisted, his face cil, and ex parte council may be called Page and Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of by an aggrieved party. "Councils New York, each gave \$5000; two are constituted for the communion of persons gave \$2000 each; one, \$1,500; churches with each other, and not for sixteen, \$1000 each; and so it went government over the churches"; so on down to contributions of less than that, after all, the decision of a coun- one dollar. Of course, such amounts

As with us, pastors are settled .--What this meant a hundred years ago, may be learned from some fig-He jumped up from the chair, seized his ures which I have gleaned from a "Historical Survey of Churches, 1776 -1876," by Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D.D.: ing, may be learned from the follow-In 1776 there were 271 settled Congregational ministers in Massachusetts. Of these, 223 remained in their places until death. One had a ministry in the same parish, or congregathe average editor, in proof of which tion, of over 70 years; 21, over 60 dained missionaries; 7 physicians not statement we present the following vigor- years; 51, over 50 years; 66, over 40 ordained; female assistants sent from years; 62, over 30 years; 24, over 20 this country, 227; native preachers. years, and 46, under 20 years. The average period of ministerial service in one pastorate, in the whole list of 256-with 13,435 members; training 271 ministers, was a fraction less than 38 years. The changes are far more other church in any country can Massachusetts one hundred years ago. In 1776, when the Congregational-

ists had 289 churches is Massachuother denominations in the State .- | the steamer Charleston.

Now the Congregationalists have 521 out of an aggregate of 1,884 churches. Then the Methodists had none, now 336 (second in rank); the Catholics none, now 249; the Baptists 38, now 289; the Episcopal 12, nów 110; the Quakers 10, now 9; the Presbyterians 4, now 15; Lutherans are credited with two.

I gather still further from the "Historical Survey" that "there never was a fire lighted in the first meeting house; nor in the second one until January 21, 1827. A period of 92 years had passed before it was ever conceived that a fire could be had in the Church of God." The expedient adopted was "Sabba'-day houses," about sixteen feet square, with a large chimney and fire-place. During the intermissions there was an opportunity for warming.

May I not add, that it has not been practically conceived yet in some parts that a fire may be lighted in the house

Bass viols were formerly used in the church choirs. The parish of Barre passed a vote "that the bass viol be laid aside on communion and lecture days." This was done in deference to an old gentleman, who could not enjoy the sacramental occasions when the "big fiddle" was about.

It seems very strange that the New England fathers did not have the Bible read in the churches. They, perhaps, did not, simply because the Episcopal (Church of England) did. The Bible might be read, verse by verse, for exposition, but not otherwise in the churches. Although many of the town and city churches adopted the practice of reading the Scriptures over a hundred years ago, yet it did not become general until the early part of the present century.

Since the war the Congregationalists have increased rapidly in the Northwest, and also gained ground on the Pacific coast. The Church is seventh in the order of numerical strength, having a little more than half as many members as the Lutheran. In general education, benevolence and missionary enterprise Conment." The National Council met in gregationalists stand first. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (A. B. C. F. M.), the American Home Missionary Society, one of them can legislate for a partic- the American Tract Society, and the first movements in behalf of sailors and in the cause of temperance are authority. In this respect our Church due to Cougregationalism. The members of this Church are liberal contributors to these, and all other benevolent objects.

> Several weeks ago the A. B. C. F. M. held its annual meeting in Provi-000. Ex-Gov. Page, of Vermont, moved that steps be taken to pay the debt then and there. The motion cured. Indeed, next day it was increased to over \$51,000. Ex-Gov. could not be similarly raised in some churches, because the members are not so wealthy. But the question is, whether in all the spirit is in proportion to the ability. What this Congregational board of missions is doing summary: Number of missions, 17; stations, 81; out-stations, 53 Whole number of laborers connects. with the missions, 1,563; of whom 151, including 7 physicians, are or-125; preachers and catechists, 255 native school-teachers, 522; churches. and theological schools, 16-with 551 students, and 24,562 pupils in common schools.

The educational work in our next. IOTA.

Parker Gone Home .- New York, Oct 14.-Niles G. Parker, ex-State treasurer of South Carolina, who was arrested on requisition in Jersey city last evening. setts, there were but 64 churches of was taken to South Carolina to-day on