

strength just as its writers, the prophets and apostles, did, by seeking to find out the good and the right for themselves, and to do it, and to teach it, without regard to what folks said, or do we think that in some mysterious way a mere belief of the Bible and an unthinking, unintelligent acceptance of its statements will save our souls?

We profess to believe in one God, one Good, one Right, and it seems to me that faith in God should mean *confidence* in the present and ultimate superiority of a course of life, action and aspiration, in uncompromising harmony with God, the sum and substance, as well as the spirit, of all that is good and right.

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WHATSOEVER.

The winter of '81 was in South Carolina an unusually severe one. This inclemency increased everywhere the poverty of the poor; and one bitter cold stormy afternoon in response to a feeble tap, the door of a teacher's home was opened to a poor, ill-clad, starving, colored child, whose mother had died two years before, and who that night had been locked out by the cruel mistress with whom she had been staying. "I comes to you, Miss Munroe," said the suffering child, "because I hears you loves little children." Those who heard the pathetic story in the Seminary parlor at New York on First-day evening 10th mo., '26, had sufficient assurance in the manner, face and tones of the speaker, that the child's confidence was not misplaced. Many of our readers may have heard of Abby Munroe's Colored Orphans' Home and School at Charleston. These and others will, we trust, feel interested in a condensed report of her informal address on the evening mentioned. "I want first to tell the Friends," began the speaker "who had so generously responded to our appeal, why it was that I undertook the

responsibility of the Orphans' Home in addition to our school. I have felt that I should like to explain to them that I did not voluntarily undertake this work, but that it was entrusted to me in such a way that I could not but feel that the Heavenly Father had himself entrusted me with these orphan children, and that the call was one which I could not mistake nor disregard." Then in simple, earnest words she told us the story of the coming of the child to them on that terrible night. Not long after this, about the time of the Charleston riots, a family of eight, driven out of their home, and left destitute and suffering, came to the teachers for shelter. Just as a home had been procured for them, and they were about moving into it, the parents within a short time of each other died, leaving five children under twelve years of age to Abby Munroe's care. "There was no one else to care for them," she said. "I talked it over with the other teachers, and, feeling stongly that this was God's time, and that He wanted us to undertake this work, we took the five youngest children in addition to the little girl who had come to us before, and determined to start our Orphans' Home. We had no money but we sent out letters, and the little ones were provided for." In feeling terms she spoke of the first fifty dollars that came in response to their appeal. "The people here," she went on, "can have no idea of the difficulty we had in obtaining a house. So strong was the race prejudice that no one was willing to let a house for such a purpose. Providentially we heard of a house and lot which could be purchased for \$1,200. Our letters went in all directions and in less than two months we had \$800 in our hands. I cannot tell you where it came from. I could not have told you then, but our hearts were full of glad thanksgiving for every contribution. On the 12th of April, '82, the Home was dedicated. Shortly after this a curious, uncouth and altogether indiscribable vehicle came to the door