

comfortable residence, where they can be under the immediate care of himself, (the sixth.) He thoughtfully adds that it will be desirable to have a carriage constantly at command. These modest conditions being secured for himself and his fair invalids, he concludes with the comforting assurance that his *four sons* can rough it almost anywhere, on either side of the Avenues. Whether this interesting family have arrived, I regret to be unable to say, having been called out of town early in the week and detained until a late hour on Saturday evening. Another applicant, a widow lady, considerably requested an assignment for herself and her three married daughters, with their husbands and children. There were *only seven* children in ail, but the eldest was under six, and it was necessary to arrange for a special supply of *pure country milk*, (twice daily)—the darlings would perish with cholera infantum, if exposed to “pedler’s milk.” I believe the only other conditions indicated were that it would be pleasant if the entire party could be entertained at the same house, and that a couple of thoroughly competent nurses should be engaged to relieve the mammas of the care of the little darlings, as the mammas designed to go through the “tunnel,” the “museum,” and the other “sights” generally. This “widow’s mite” was forwarded to the Chief of Police, who immediately notified the anxious grand-mamma that an escort in uniform would await the arrival of the party, and conduct the fourteen to the first floor of the Armory at once!”

Now for the other side of the picture. This reads quite refreshingly: —

In the report of the recent session of the Maine (Methodist) Conference, *Zion’s Herald* says:—“The brethren and sisters of Bath deserve great praise of both conferences, and of the church generally, for cordially inviting to the Conference the preachers’ wives. No persons in our church deserve a season of rest and change at Conference time more than the devoted and self-sacrificing wives of our itinerant ministers. But few of our lay women entertain more company during the year, or toil harder with fewer accommodations than our preachers’ wives; and we think it cruel, almost a crime, to deny those who are able to go, and need the change to cheer their toilsome life, the privilege of attending, occasionally at least, their Annual Conference. All honor and praise to both the Conferences in Maine, this year, for their cordial sympathy for preachers’ wives. Many of the wives of the itinerants, old and young, of both Conferences, were present on this occasion; and we were glad to observe many of them smiling through their tears of grateful joy.”

MORE HOLIDAY NOTES.

The Editor now resumes and concludes his Notes of American Travel, in the pleasant assurance, from what he heard of those given last month, that they will be acceptable to stay-at-home readers.

HENRY WARD BEECHER’S PRAYER-MEETING.

Mr. Beecher I saw at one of his Friday evening prayer-meetings. It was a very wet night, and many of the people were out of town, so that there were but 200 or 300 present. The room will seat 1000, and in winter it is filled! It is lofty, light, and airy, seated with cushioned settees, well provided with hymn books. Mr. Beecher sits in an arm chair on a platform, with a table beside him for the Bible and hymn book. He does not rise from his seat till the close of the service. He first announced a hymn by its number twice repeated,—say, two, forty-four; two, forty-four. The leader plays the tune on a grand piano, and then all the people sing, and sing well, heartily and sweetly, so as to warm you up at once. A brother, called upon by name, prayed, and that naturally and evangelically. Another hymn and another prayer followed. Then Mr. Beecher spoke (from his chair) for some fifteen or twenty minutes. His theme was, the motives from which we may do