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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN CONNECTICUT.—The whole number of Congregational churches in Connecticut is 283, and the whole number of members 46,174, being an average of 163 1-2 to each church. The largest churches in the State are Rev. Dr. Benson's, New Haven, 571; Rev. Mr. Eusden's, New Haven, 567; late Rev. Mr. Strong's, New Haven, 558; Rev. Mr. Barton's, Hartford, 557; Rev. Dr. Hawes', Hartford, 550, and Rev. Dr. Phelps', Milford, 540. Of the 283 churches, 186 have settled pastors, 87 have acting pastors, not settled, and 10 are vacant, thus affording but a poor field for candidates.

Poetry.

WELCOME TO THE PROCLAMATION.

Hail! Freedom's Proclamation! hail!
To night and right and truth prevail!
To captive millions speed thy way,
To hither of glorious day.
Make glad the hearts that long for thee,
That give thee place and place to thee,
Release the hands uplifted long,
Turn from fear, confusion to song,
To sable bow and bow with grace,
To heavy burdens, bring relief,
O! that crushed, degraded race,
That God provides for them a place,
Which Freedom's power at length controls;
That human rights and human souls,
That give the world a new domain,
Are there to cherish and to gain,
That those whose promises are true,
Hail! and to the oppressed and poor
That cry to him both night and day,
Vengeance is mine, I will repay,
Thy work is righteous and thy way,
Thy foes are my, fierce and strong,
But, onward march, thy cause is just,
By force must have the place of right,
A fast like that which God ordains,
That men should break their chains,
And let the oppressed go free, declare
Throughout the land, thy everywhere,
The soul of freedom, thy everywhere,
Rejoicing in thy Jubilee.

LEILA.

For the Morning Star.

H. M.

I love thy tale, Lord,
Where I behold thy face,
I love to see thy light,
For thou dost show thy grace.
These emblems bring thee all,
And quicken both my heart and flesh.
Here I can find my soul,
On Jesus' dying love,
And be created whole,
These emblems bring thee all,
And quicken both my heart and flesh.
Invite me to thy board,
To taste the bread and wine,
To love thee, O my Lord,
And be forever thine.
These emblems bring thee all,
And quicken both my heart and flesh.
Providence, R. I.

The Family Circle.

GOING TO LIVE IN HEAVEN.

"If I could have your faith, Hawkins, I should be a saint; but I was born a skeptic. I cannot help my doubts more than you can. The results of my life, I cannot look upon God and the future as you do; with my temperament, and the peculiar bias of my mind, it is utterly impossible."

So said John Harvey as he walked with a friend under a dripping umbrella, for the night was stormy and very dark, though the brilliancy of the shop lamps made a broad path of light along the wet sidewalk. John Harvey was a skeptic of thirty years' standing, and apparently hardened in his unbelief. Everybody had given him up as unconquerable. Reasoning ever so fairly and calmly made no impression on the rocky soil of his heart. Theologians disliked the sight of his massive face, and young Christians could not be persuaded that a man with such capacities, they said, with such generous impulses, (for everybody knew how kind he was), with an intellect so enriched, and powers of the keenest metal, and yet no God, no hope of the future, walking with the lamp at his feet, unenlightened. Alas! it was said, very sad.

But one friend had never given him up. When spoken to about him, "I will talk with you and pray for that man until I die," he said; "and I will have faith that he may yet come out of darkness into the marvelous light. And O how wonderful that light will seem to him, shut up so long."

And thus whenever he met him (John Harvey was always ready for a talk) Mr. Hawkins pressed home the truth upon him. In answer to that stormy night he only said, "God can change a skeptic, John; he has more power over your heart than you have, and I mean still to try for you."

"O, I've no objection; now in the world, seeing is believing, you know. I'm ready for any modern miracle, but I tell you it would take nothing short of a miracle to convince me. However, let's have a subject. I'm hungry, and I'd like to go up town to supper this stormy night. Where's a restaurant? Here's a restaurant; let us stop here."

How warm and pleasant it looked in the long brilliant dining-salon! Clusters of light streamed over the glitter and color of pictures and gorgeous carpets, and the rows of marble tables reflected back the lights as well as the great mirrors.

The two men walked, had eaten, and were just on the point of rising, when a strain of soft music came through a door—a child's sweet voice.

"Upon my word that's pretty," said John Harvey; "what marvelous purity in those tones!"

"Out of here you little baggage," cried a hoarse voice; and one of the waiters pointed angrily to the door.

"Let her come in," said John Harvey, springing to his feet.

"We don't allow them in this place, sir," said the waiter, "but she can go into the reading-room."

"Well, let her go somewhere, for I want to hear her," replied the gentleman.

All this time the two men sat in the shadow of something hovering back and forward on the edge of the door; now they followed a slight figure, wrapped in patched cloak, patched hood, and leaving the marks of wet feet as she walked. Curious to see her face—she was very small—John Harvey lured her to the furthest part of the great room, where there were but few gentlemen, and then motioned her to sing.

The little one looked timidly. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes dark, but a flush rested there; and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of blackest hair, looked two eyes, whose softness and tender pleading would have touched the hardest heart.

"That little thing is sick, I believe," said John Harvey compassionately. "What do you sing, child?" he added.

"I sing you Italian, or little English," she said softly.

John Harvey had been looking at her shoes. "Why," he exclaimed, and his lip quivered, "her feet are wet to the ankles, absolutely; her shoes are full of holes."

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hood, and folding before her her little thin fingers. Her voice was wonderful; and simple and common as were both the air and words, the power and pathos of the tones drew from several of the gentlemen of the reading room. The little song commenced thus:

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Never could the voice, the manner of that child, be forgotten. There seemed a halo round her head, and when she had finished her great speaking eyes turned toward John Harvey.

"Look here, child; where did you learn that song?" he asked.

"A Sabbath school, sir," was the simple answer.

"And you don't suppose there is a happy land?" he continued, heedless of the many eyes upon him.

"I know there is. I'm going to sing there, and I'm going to sing to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir; my mother said so. She used to sing to me until she was sick; then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Well, and what then?"

"And then she died, sir," said the child, tears brimming up and over on the dark cheek, now ominously flushed scarlet.

John Harvey was silent for a few moments. Presently he said:

"Well, if she died, my little girl, you may live, you know."

"O, no, sir! no, sir! (very quickly.) I'd rather go there, and be with her. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side and cough as she did. There would be any pain there, sir; it's a beautiful world!"

"How do you know?" faltered on the lips of the skeptic.

"My mother told me so."

Words how impressive! manner how child-like, another doorway opened; at every moment could be heard even in their deeps—and still those large, soft, lustrous eyes, like magnets, impelled his glance toward them.

"Child! you must have pain of shoes!" John Harvey's voice was husky.

Simultaneously hands were thrust into pockets, purses pulled out, and the astonished child held in her little palm more money than she had ever seen before.

"Her father is a poor consumptive organ-grinder," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to be to-night."

Along the sloppy street went the child, under the protection of John Harvey, but not with shoes that she had never seen before. Warmth and comfort were hers now. Down in the deep, den-like lanes of the city walked the man, a little child-child in his. At an open, broken door they stopped; up broken, creaking stairs they climbed; at another doorway opened; a wheezy voice called out of the dim arch, "Carletta."

"O father! father! see what I have brought you! Look at me! look at me! and down went the hoarse, old, and, venting her excessive joy, the child fell, crying and laughing together, into the man's arms.

Was he a man?

A face dark and hollow, all overgrown with hair, black as night and uncombed; a pair of eyes, like a body bent nearly double; hands like claws.

"Did he give you all this, Carletta?"

"They all did, father; you see you shall have soup and oranges."

"Thank you, sir! I'm sick you see; all gone, sir; had to send the poor child out to 'starve'—sir! God bless you, sir! I wish I was well enough to play you a tune; and he looked wistfully toward the corner where stood the old organ, bawled covered, the bawling and the clanging of the organ.

"It's no matter," said John Harvey with difficulty. "I'll come and see you some other time; and he groped his way down stairs.

One month after that the two men met again, as if by agreement, and walked slowly down town. Threading numberless passages, they came to the gloomy building where lived Carletta's father.

No, not there; for, as they paused a moment, out came two or three men bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, the tall, thin man who had no mourner might open it, provided there had been any such, slept the old organ-grinder.

"Was very sudden, sir," said a woman who recognized his benefactor. "Yesterday the little girl was taken sick, and it seemed as if he dropped right away. He died at six last night."

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a nurse provided by John Harvey. The child lay there, not white, but pale as marble, with a strange polish on her brow. As those who had seen her in the instant, became eloquent as John Harvey sat on the side of the bed!

"Well, my little one, so you are no better."

"O, no, sir! father is gone up there, and I'm gone."

Up there! John Harvey turned unconsciously toward his friend.

"I wish I could sing for you," she said, and her little hands flew together.

"Do you wish to sing?" he asked, and it went hurt me up there, will it? Where was the child looking, that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked John Harvey.

"O yes!"

"Do you know who he was?"

"Good Jesus," murmured the child, with a smile.

"Hawkins, this breaks me down," said John Harvey, and he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"O, I've no objection; now in the world, seeing is believing, you know. I'm ready for any modern miracle, but I tell you it would take nothing short of a miracle to convince me. However, let's have a subject. I'm hungry, and I'd like to go up town to supper this stormy night. Where's a restaurant? Here's a restaurant; let us stop here."

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The little one looked timidly. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes dark, but a flush rested there; and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of blackest hair, looked two eyes, whose softness and tender pleading would have touched the hardest heart.

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