

Address  
delivered to the  
Seidel Society  
Brooklyn N.Y.  
Jan'y 4<sup>th</sup> 1890

No 6

Subject:  
Caring for Children



Chas. W. Johnson  
Secretary of the  
Board of Trustees  
of the University of  
California  
Jan 11, 1890

That

Subject  
California



Ladies & Gentlemen =

1.

The Providence which brings us together here is at least remarkable. The Seidl Society whose soul is music; the Plymouth Church whose soul is love of humanity, and we outsiders whose soul is militant, are under <sup>for an evening</sup> the same roof to amuse and entertain each other in behalf of an orphan asylum.

usually  
Human groupings are elective. Music, sweet harmonies, draw together those whose hearts delight in <sup>the</sup> pure pleasures of an almost ideal performance; and, without doubt, heavenly sounds lift up the soul. The followers of the Blessed One have a Spirit, yea an image, alive and glowing with the effects of a faultless life, in common. And who dare limit the uplifting power of such an anointing force and living example? But how <sup>is it</sup> with us outsiders <sup>who come hither</sup> from ~~our~~ money desks, merchandize, work-rooms, narrow offices, military business and what-not! "Oh, you come for one brief evening to be amused." All right; take us as you find us, Dear Seidl Society; penetrate us by your gentle thrills and raise us by your unseen but <sup>never</sup> ~~un~~ unfelt power. You will

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relieve us from our absorptions, rest our brains weary with endless contrivances which we enter into to adjust the obstinate and bothersome timbers in the every day frame-work of our life-structures. Yes, <sup>ne thinks</sup>, you may somehow show us an inside meaning to out Blessed Lord's words: "come unto me all ye that are heavily loaded <sup>[burdened]</sup> and I will give you rest." If you can do this even in a minute degree, you then meet at once more than half way, <sup>us indiscriminated</sup> <sup>and</sup> the Christians of Plymouth Church, and all <sup>others</sup> who are the bearers of good tidings of great joy, viz., of rest for the weary, relief to the suffering and comfort for His children. But the Seidl Society <sup>, good friends,</sup> has already gone <sup>for</sup> beyond its expected influence. Its own heart has been stirred with brotherly love and it has sought out objects upon which to exercise it.

Is there a collection of little ones whom others have over-looked? Yes, for a long time about a hundred orphans have had no outing. Their bare necessities <sup>, it is true,</sup> have been covered but they needed to see clear skies, sweet

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flowers and breathe pure air. Let us take them, you said.

Twice at least last year, the society imparted to these little ones this great boon. They took them to Brighton Beach and <sup>gave</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>There</sup> them each time a feast.

They <sup>provided</sup> ~~gave~~ these same and also the groups of aged men and women next door to the Howard Orphan Asylum, <sup>an abundant</sup> Thanksgiving dinner and Christmas gifts.

The society chose these little colored beneficiaries because they seemed to have the least help from the city, and they remarked about them, they are "appreciative, bright and well behaved."

May I say further that the Seidl Society determines never to trench upon other benevolence, particularly <sup>not</sup> upon that which undertakes to kill mortgages, give daily and yearly support to these large asylums; nor to lessen the efforts of the superintendent and others who are keeping the constant needs before the churches and before other cheerful contributors. Oh no. The society comes in like grandpa and grandma or uncle George, into <sup>Tailsome</sup> a family, to relieve

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tired arms now and then, and to make summer a real summer, thanksgiving-day, christmas <sup>or</sup> ~~new~~ new year, an even happier occasion because they too <sup>with hearts & bodies</sup> are in the world.

And never forget it; as it is with folks whose hearts are not quite full, or like those other folks whose hearts are a little too full, their eyes are <sup>ever</sup> on the children.

Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid <sup>¶ Several of us went away out there to the children's home,</sup> them not. They, sprightly wee things, come around us, they <sup>Oh, so easily & so melodiously;</sup> extended their hands, they sang us sweet songs, they listened to our <sup>na</sup> ~~gave~~ advice and tried to take it in; - being asked for their motto, - they said with one voice:

"In God we trust!" They will not trust in vain, for their Angels do always behold the face of <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ Father in Heaven.

I guess there is a common plane <sup>somewhere</sup> for us all ~~and~~; strong sympathy for sweet childhood and helpless old age <sup>aided</sup> by heavenly music & Christo power will <sup>land us there</sup>.

Original  
ms.

Genl. Howards  
address before  
Said Society  
Brooklyn N.Y.  
Jan'y. 8. 1890