

er's cup at the lips. Christianity is the mighty power before which intemperance must fall. "Christianity assails and withstands this vice, as nothing else can, by appealing to men's hopes and fears; by speaking to the conscience in the name of the Almighty Judge; by speaking to the heart in the name of the Merciful Father; by proffering strength to human weakness; pardon to human guilt; by revealing to men an immortal nature within them, and an eternal state before them; by binding fallen man by new ties to God and his race."

But Christianity, to do this part of its work—to reach those now perishing by intemperance, and those exposed to deadly danger of falling—must not content itself with speaking in churches, for the perishing are not here! Christianity these perishing ones want, but they want it in you! It must enter their dwellings, they must feel its heart-beats, see the tear of loving sympathy, and feel the pressure of the pierced hand of Christ in yours, before Christianity will be a saving power!

If to-morrow, from the one thousand Christian homes in Portland there should go forth one thousand Christ-like, self-denying Christians to begin this work, they would prove one of the most powerful barriers against intemperance, and the days of its horrible reign in Portland would be numbered.

We stand face to face with a terrible antagonist. The monster is clutching at the very life of our homes! I grow sick at heart when I see the indifference, the apathy, in regard to the deadly ruin wrought before our very eyes!

Says Rev. Dr. Crane: "We are like dwellers in a lofty mansion built on some dangerous coast where frequent wrecks occur! Darkness and storm may be without, but we are safe, and full of peace and comfort within. A ship, crowded with passengers, is going to pieces among the rocks, and we know it. We see the red flash of the alarm-guns, and hear the booming signal that death is at work and help is needed, but we are safe! We look around at the circle of loved ones; we glance at the cheerful fire, the table, the books, the pictured walls. Yes, we are safe! Faintly amid the roar of the winds and the sea we hear imploring voices—but we are safe! We sing our evening song of praise, we

say our evening prayer, we retire to our beds and fall asleep to the sound of storm, and surf, and imploring voices still more faintly heard, while all through the night, one after another, men, women, and little children are dropping, dropping from the icy wreck, and the busy waves are piling the dead along the shore under our very windows, but we sleep soundly, for we are safe!"

No! You are not safe! There is not a home in this city safe from that fell destroyer. To-morrow his fatal hand may strike *your* son with drunken imbecility! *Your* daughter may yet be chained to a drunken husband! "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise! Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not!"

OUR SHIP-BUILDING.

To Seabeck, W. T., belongs the credit of constructing the largest vessel ever built on the Pacific Coast. Her hull is now more than half finished, and about twenty men are at work upon it. Her length of keel is 214 feet, her breadth of beam 44 feet and eight inches, her depth of hold 17 feet, and her future lumbering carrying capacity estimated at 1,300,000 feet. She will be single-decked and ship-rigged. Captain Edwards, now of the bark *Cassandra Adams*, will command her. Hiram Doncaster is her builder, and Adams, Taylor & Co., will be her owners. It is said that she is being made as strong as wood and iron can make a vessel, and it is thought she will be fast. She will be somewhat larger than the largest vessel ever built on the Pacific Coast, and she will probably be the biggest single-decked ship afloat.

SILVERTON.

The town of Silverton is pleasantly located on the banks of the beautiful little stream called Silver Creek. It is the center of a very rich agricultural district and near the foothills of the Cascade range of mountains. It is a pleasant drive of fourteen miles from Salem, over excellent roads and through some of the finest lands of the State. Howell Prairie, than which none better can be found on all "God's green earth," is seen in all its loveliness, at this season of the year, as you pass through its center, nearly.

Silverton shows signs of thrift; several new buildings have gone up since

our last visit to the place, some eight months ago. This point in the near future is destined to be a place of considerable importance. When the Salem and Silverton railroad gets into successful operation, this will be the eastern terminus and will become quite a manufacturing village and the depot of supplies for a large and wealthy district of country.—*Statesman*.

LILLIES.—Of all the lilly family, "the golden banded" is perhaps the handsomest and most fragrant. A few days ago we were presented by Messrs. Hacheny & Beno with a stalk which had twenty-two of these gorgeous full-blown flowers on it. It was cut from a bulb sold by them to a resident at Butteville, from whence the flowers were shipped back to this city. The Golden Banded thrives even if planted in large-sized flower-pots, and will well repay any trouble that may be taken in their cultivation.

How to get fat—Go to the butcher's

A SEVERE LESSON.

We are not in favor of mob-law, nor do we approve of daubing orators with eggs of questionable age. Sometimes the aggravation is so great, and retaliation in any other manner so difficult, that when people, under excitement, do resort to egg-exercising of this kind, it is almost impossible to say just where to attach the blame. Mrs. Dunway, of the *New Northwest*, went out to Jacksonville; some of the residents, to all appearances, were not kindly disposed to her, and did not come out with "the filth" as liberally as Mrs. D. expected. In return she wrote back a correspondence to her journal, in which some of the prominent citizens, men of as high standing in society as Thomas Heames, Esq., were very severely handled, and the word *cowards*, etc., very generously attached before and behind their names. Mrs. D. finally relates an old, long-forgotten slander about one of Jackson county's very best families, and which, but for this *Yehash*, would perhaps never have been known to their own children. She winds up thus:

"There are a number of would-be prominent men in this place who have tried their best, because of their ignorance of our position, to snub and ignore and ridicule us, who, did they but know what their impudence will cost them, would bow like monkeys and chatter like magpies. It's too jolly for anything."

Had a man written one-half of what Mrs. D. in that particular correspondence, he would certainly have received a well merited, severe handling, but Mrs. D. being of the weaker sex, was let off with a shower of strong eggs and by being hung in effigy. All this, of course, did her no particular bodily harm, but we sincerely hope that she will hereafter bridle her pen somewhat. She does take advantage rather too often of the fortunate circumstance of being born a woman. We have always admired Mrs. D.'s grit, which made her paper live, where ordinary men under similar circumstances would have failed. As her paper, however, is taken mostly in families where the young folks are liable to read it, we have a right to demand that it be edited with a little more decency than what would be expected from a pot-house politician.