THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

Volume X. CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1889. Number 44

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,

—BY—

D. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

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Church Directory

Rev. A. Eads holds divine service at the Winegar school house at 11 o'clock a. m. on the 1st Sabbath of each month, and at 7 o'clock in the evening at the M. E church in Prairie City. Also at the Strawberry school house at 11 a. m. on the 3rd Sabbath of each month and at Prairie City in the evening of the same day. At John Day City at 11 a m. on the 2nd and 4th Sundays, and at Canyon City at 7 in the evening of the same days.

DEPUTY STOCK INSPECTORS

NOTICE is hereby given that I have appointed the following-named persons as my Deputies, viz:

Joseph Keerins	Stewart
P Thompson	Burns
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M. S. Keeney	Long Creek
Warren Carsner	Wagner
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T. H. CURL,
Stock Inspector for Grant County.
Postoffice Mt. Vernon, Or.

THE BIG REVIVAL.

Mr. Moody Preaches to Those Who Cannot Find The Savior.

MIRACLE OF THE BLIND BEGGAR.

The Evangelist's Description of the Rich Publican Who Gave Half His Goods to the Poor.

San Francisco Alta.

The rain was responsible for the falling off in the attendance at the Pavilion last night, and Mr. Moody preached to the smallest audience he has had since the beginning of the revival meetings. The usual large number of clergymen occupied seats on the platform, among whom were Revs. C. B. Pitblado, Carrington, Adams, Smith, McFarland, Kincaid, Dickson, Schofeld, Rowell, Wykoff, Griffith, Stewart, Culver, Gibson and Alexander. After the choir had sung "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing" and "God Is Calling Yet," Mr. Stebbens played his own accompaniment to a hymn, the first verse of which ran as follows:

I was once away from the Savior
As sinful as a sinner could be.
And I wondered if Christ the Savior,
Could save a sinner like me.

"Yes, he can," said Mr. Mooney abruptly, when Mr. Stebbins had finished. "That's just what he came to this earth. Listen to this text. You'll find in St. Luke xix, 10: 'For the son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.' Now, when the Prince of Wales came over on a visit to this country some years ago there was a tremendous commotion to know what he came for. Some said it was to study the Republic; others thought it might mean war, and there were all sorts of rumors and conjectures, but the Prince went back without telling any one what he came for. Now, we know what Christ came here for. He proved it before he offered himself up a sacrifice for you and for me. Christ had one hundred and fifty-six different titles, but he choose to call himself by the lowliest of them all—the son of man. There are a great many people before me to-night who will tell you they have sought the Lord but couldn't find Him. Those are just the kind of people I want to see in the after meeting. Come on, you friends that can't find the Lord, and let me get hold of your hand! The spirit of God will come you in a thousand different ways if you're only ready to receive Him. Why, I remember being told of a young man who was leading a dissipated life in Brooklyn, New York. He came home to his room one night, and looking up he caught sight of his mother's picture hanging on the wall. Her sad eyes followed him all around the room. Whichever way he turned, those eyes were looking at him. He couldn't stand it! He got up and turned the picture face to the wall. Do you know what that was?" shouted the evangelist as he stamped on the platform. "That was the spirit of God moving that young man's heart. Oh, He'll come to all of you if you only give him half a chance.

"I'm going to let my imagination loose now for a little while. You know the story of the blind beggar sitting by the wayside. A friend comes up to him and asks him if he wants his sight restored. 'Of course I do,' says the beggar. 'That's a foolish question to ask.' 'Well, all you've got to do is to go down to Jericho. There's a prophet there called Jesus. He's been healing the sick and making the blind to see. Just you go there if you want to get your sight back.' But don't he charge anything?' asks the beggar. 'I suppose I'd have to get some influential people to back me?' 'It won't cost you anything, and you don't need any friends.

"Just then Jesus comes up the road, surrounded by His deciples. 'Who is that?' shouts the blind man; 'who is that?' And the decipies rebuke him, and the crowd would have pushed him to one side, but he's not going to lose this great chance of having his sight restored, and he shoves his way through the crowd and cries. 'Oh, thou son of David, have mercy on me.. And Jesus commanded that he be brought near to Him. And when they had brought him, He spat on the ground and anointed the blind man's eyes with clay, and immediately his eyes were opened. And what did Jesus say to him? 'Receive thy sight; thy faith has saved thee.' Yes, his faith had saved him, as it will save you to-night, my friends, if you will only have it.

"Well, the beggar started down the road, and he thought to himself. 'I guess I'll go home and see my wife.' That was perfectly noatusal, for he had been born blind, and he wanted to see what kind of a looking wife he had. So, as he was going on his way, a rich publican named Zaccheus came up to him and said: 'Hello! Why, how is this, I thought you were blind?' So I was, but a prophet named Jesus anointed my eyes with clay, and now I cee as well as any man.'

"Where is this prophet? I'd like eo see him,' said Zaccheus, who was a little man.

"There was such a crowd around the Savior that Zaccheus couldn't get anywhere near Him, so he ran up the road a bit and climbed up a sycamore treee. Jesus came up to the place and stopped. Then He called out, 'Zaccheus, come down. I must abide in thy house to-day.' Zaccheus probably thought to himself, 'how in the world did He know my name?' He didn't stop to think that Jesus had invited Himself to his house, but he came right down and took Him to his house and received him joyfully. Then Zaccheus told the Lord that he would give half his goods to the poor. Wasn't that a sign he was converted? Let one of your rich men in San Francisco give half his wealth to the poor. Wouldn,t you think he was converted? Wouldno't the poor think so?"

Then Mr. Moody told how he had been asked to preach to the prisoners in the tombs in New York. After he had addressed them, locked up in their cells as they were, he went from cell to cell to see them and ask them how it was with them. In the first cell were four men playing cards. "I've an idea they were playing cards all the time I was preaching," said the evangelist, and the audience laughed. "I went from cell to cell," he continued, "and couldn't find a man who'n admit that he was justly imprisoned. I never saw so many innocent men in my life as I did in that prison. But I found one man with his head bowed down on his cot, and the tears streaming down his face. I talked with him an hour, and I tell you I found my way to his heart. He finally got down on his knees and prayed with me, and to my dying day I shall never forget that poor man's earnest, pathetic pleading to the Throne of Grace."

Sharp Thrust.

Youth's Companion.

Some men who pass for very respectable citizens, and who really are not without good qualities, have a habit of not only finding fault with their wives at every least provocation, but of doing it in terms such as no gentleman wouln ever think of applying to any lady except his wife, or possibly his own sister.

There is a story that such a man came home from the shop one night and found his wife much excited over the outrageous behavior of a tramp. He had begged for something to eat, and not liking what the woman gave him, had abused her in the roundest terms.

"Johnny," said the man, thoroughly indignant, when you heard that cowardly rascal abusing your mother, why didn't you run at once to the store and let me know? I would have made short work of him. Didn't you hear?"

"Yes, pa, I heard. I was out in the barn and heard what he said about the vitals; but—"

"But what?"

"Why, pa, I thought it was you scold ing mother. He used the very same words you do when the dinner doesn't suit you. I didn't think anybody else would dare talk to mother in that way."

Was of Some Use.

Arkansaw Traveler.

An old fellow in a Mississippi town stood with his arms resting on a rail fence, when a man drove up in a buggy and asked:

"What is the population of your town?"

"Niggers."

"Yes, but how many?"

"The Lord only knows."

"How many do you suppose?"

"Don't suppose."

"But can't you give me some idea. I am out getting statistics of the agricultural districts."

"Would give you an idea, but ain't got none."

"You seem to be in trouble."

"Am."

"What's the matter?"

"Wife left me this mornin'."

"That is bad, I must say. Why did she leave you?"

"Oh, on account o' a little fool thing. Couldn't agree erbout the Scriptur'. She 'lowed that Cain was older than Abel an' I 'lowed they was twins."

"She was right."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, and can prove it by the Bible."

"You ain't a foolin' me now, air you?"

"No, it's a fact."

"Wall, now, here, I don't want to be pigheaded. Jim, oh Jim, (calling his son) hitch up the ole roan an' go over to Posey's after yo mother. Tell her that yo' pap 'lows that she is right. An' say, Jim, tell her not to forget that bottle o' licker she tuck away with her. Stranger, I am powerful glad to see that you have been of some use ter the community."

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editors's desk. "I have written a poem," she began. "Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate, but she wouldn't annihilate worth a cent, and resumed: "I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—" "Oh!" interrupted the editor, with extraordinary suavity, "you don,t know how relieved I feel. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn I'll stop and read the poem. Good afternoon, miss."—Detroit Free Press.

"Oh, papa, Mr. Clearhead has asked me to marry him."

"Indeed, my dear; and what did you say?"

"Well, of course, I asked him to give me time. So he said in an abstracted sort of way that if I could give him good references I could have the usual thirty days, but it was not his custom—"

"My dear, I think that is a very business-lik man. You had letter close directly."—Judy.