

Correspondence.

Letter from Pleasant Hill.

PLEASANT HILL, OR.,

June 7, 1882.

Bro. Stanley:

As I have not seen anything in the HERALD for some time from Pleasant Hill I thought I would write you a few lines as an item for your paper. We all like to hear how the cause of Christ is prospering at different points. I can say the church here is living in peace and prospering. We have had twenty-four additions within the last six months. Bro. I. N. Mulkey preaches for us once a month; he immersed two persons in the beautiful waters of the Coast Fork last Lord's day. We also have a good Sunday-school. Bro. Stanley, success to the HERALD and the cause of temperance. I will hail the day with joy when every whisky shop will be banished from our fair land and nation.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

POLLIE CALLISON.

The Answer.

Dear Bro. Stanley:

I am in receipt of many letters from the Pacific Coast, especially from Oregon and California, making inquiry as to the standing, and skill of Mrs. Dr. Augusta Smith, who, as a physician, is advertised in your paper. To answer all these letters, separately and directly, would require more time and labor than I can well afford to give. With your permission, I will give a brief answer to them all, through the HERALD.

I have known Mrs. Dr. Smith for many years. I knew her when she presided over a large and flourishing Ladies' Seminary, near Philadelphia, and I have known her as a physician for twenty years at least. She is my family physician to day. She has restored the hearing of one of my daughters, after several eminent physicians failed to effect a cure.

Mrs. Dr. Smith is an educated woman, is reliable in all respects, and I regard her as the most successful physician of the day. I know many persons whom she has restored to health by her treatment. Those who have written to me on the subject will regard this as my answer to their inquiries. I know her to be a most successful physician. Fraternaly,

JESSIE H. BERRY.

Springfield, Mo., June 7, 1882.

From Bro. T. M. Morgan.

The Pataha is a beautiful little valley, the waters of which, (I believe), runs into the Tucannon.

The country on the south side drops down abruptly into numerous points and deep canons, almost disgusting to look at, while on the north it is a gradual slope. A railroad will soon add to the already many improvements of this valley.

On coming from Walla Walla via Waitsburg and Dayton, and ascending the awful grade which meanders until it nearly crosses itself in order to reach the top of fearful hills overlooking Marengo, and coming suddenly down a long grade into the Pataha, one would hardly think of finding so much thrift and enterprise as is seen in Pomeroy and Pataha city.

Said I to a man on the streets of Pomeroy, "What is it that makes so much business here?" Said he, "fine farming country." Looking up and down the narrow valley wedged in by high hills, I wondered where they kept it. A few days afterwards I got the use of a pony and followed up a gulch for four miles and finally reached the "flat," and was surprised to find such beautiful surroundings. On each side of the Pataha and far away eastward I could see a fine farming country, a great portion of which is in cultivation. The soil is good and springs are in abundance affording pure, cold water. The only timber accessible is in the Blue mountains, from ten to fifteen miles to the southeast.

Those timbered mountains are not abrupt, much of which is claimed and some farms have been opened up notwithstanding the snows fall to considerable depth.

The farmers only expect a half crop this year in consequence of the backward spring and protracted dry weather. Twenty bushels per acre here is called a half crop; which they expect this year, I mean of wheat, while they expect more of oats and barley. Small fruits do well with the exception of grapes. Apples are uncertain, yet I see many young apple orchards coming on.

On last Lord's day we had meeting at the Central School house where there was a fine attendance where I met with Bro. Hastings and Bro. McKee, both preaching brethren, the former of whom is in poor health. It was his appointment, but the writer after urgent

requests did the most of the preaching.

On Monday morning (June the 19th) I procured a pony and set out for Spangle via Colfax. From Pomeroy, I took the road to Central Ferry on Snake river. Passing through some nice country I finally reached the rocky cliffs of Meadow Gulch down the barren bottom of which, after descending a huge hill I journeyed, seeing nothing of note but a luxuriant growth of hoarhound and a traveling "varment" which refused to give the road, at the same time curling its nose uttered a whistle, the signal of which I understood to mean "approach no farther." Uttering a scream and applying the whip to my pony I bounded forward and succeeded in putting the "beast" to flight. I think it was of the badger species.

The country along Snake river is "hugely" rough and disgusting to the traveler. A few wild currants and a little brush occasionally constituted the only timber visible.

The "bars" along the river where irrigation is possible are almost tropical. Peaches and melons are said to grow to rare perfection, and vegetables are full four weeks earlier than on the more elevated altitudes.

The river was quite high and rapid and at least 80 rods in width. Leaving Snake river I was disagreeably surprised in finding nearly no settlement until I reached Colfax, some 35 miles. The country in part lies to good advantage and covered with fine grasses. This sparsely settled condition of this section is in a degree attributable to its remoteness from timber and the abundance of alkali and scarcity of water.

Colfax being so wedged in by mammoth rocky bluffs one comes in close proximity to the blocks of fine business houses before the surroundings would indicate there being a town within ten miles.

Leaving Colfax I began to come into farming districts which measurably accounts for the amount of business in Colfax. The soil in this section puts on a dark caste, and the growth of grass and vegetables also evidence to the traveler that the soil possesses fertility unsurpassed by the Willamette.

The surface is very much chopped up reminding one of the gentle billows of the great deep. The hills are low and the gulches not deep, in fact the land is nearly all susceptible of cultivation—except

on the streams of the Palouse.

Finding the home of Bro. W. H. McClure, I was soon resting my weary self under the "shadow of his roof," conversing with his worthy and interesting family. However I was disappointed in finding Bro. M. absent. He had gone to assist in preparing for the contemplated discussion to commence 3 miles east of Farmington on the 26th inst., to be followed by the Whitman county camp-meeting. A synopsis of the debate will appear in the columns of the HERALD in due time.

Bro. McClure has a fine tract of land with a good supply of timber and pure water. Bro. M. is an earnest worker in the good cause of which he is one of the main pillars.

The foundation for a handsome church building has recently been laid on his land, which they contemplate completing during the present summer. More anon

Why Are You Not a Christian?

Is it because you are afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of you? Jesus says:

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be-ashamed."

Is it because professing Christians do not live consistent lives?

"Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

Is it because you fear Jesus will not accept you? He says:

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Is it because you think you are too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Is it because you think if you do the best you can, and pay your debts, God ought to be satisfied?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty to all."

Is it because you think there is time enough yet?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Is it because you are not willing to give up all for Jesus, and take the narrow way?

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxix. 1.)—Ex.