

**"A Preacher Wanted."**

To those who have replied to my letter in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 16th: I am happy to say that the services of Bro. R. H. Moss have been engaged by the brethren of Umatilla county. Please accept this as an answer. Come and see us. If we have good luck, I think we may be able to support two or three preachers in another year.

C. M. ELY.

Helix, Or., June 26, 1882.

**Christianity Not a Failure.**

Christianity a failure! Then man is a failure. Then the race is a failure. The government of God is a failure. The man whose face is seamed and ridged all over with the fruits of vice says virtue is a failure. The bloated, besotted, driveling inebriate says temperance is a failure. The highway man and the murderer says the law is a failure. The reckless violators of the laws of health says the science of medicine is a failure. Pope Pius IX. said the civilization of the nineteenth century is a failure. Is it any wonder that men may be heard to say that Christianity is a failure? It is an old cry; every single century since Christ it has been scudded out. But somehow this thing we call Christianity *does not fail*. And the charge of Christianity's failure never seems quite so absurd as in the high moon of the nineteenth century. He only can make the charge who shuts his eyes to some tremendous facts, and who is smitten with the notion that his own little world of doubt and cavil is the whole wide world of thought and feeling of to-day.—  
HERRICK JOHNSON, D. D.

**From Scio.**

Dear Bro. Stanley:

We deeply regret the following facts, and the necessity of submitting them to you for publication, if you think it best for the cause of Christ.

Bro. E. W. Barnes called on us for a letter of commendation on Saturday before the first Lord's day in February, at which time we knew nothing of his determination of going into Sabatarianism.

The letter was ordered by the church, but *not* written, except he may have written it himself, as he was acting clerk at the time.

At our next meeting, having had knowledge of his *heresy*, the church recinded the order, granting the

letter of Christian commendation. And on Saturday, June 3d, for trying to organize a Sabatarian church, we withdrew Christian fellowship from Elder E. W. Barnes, and ordered the statement submitted to you, for publication.

By order of the church at Scio, June 3, 1882.

J. B. COFFEY,  
M. C. GILL,  
W. W. RICHARDSON, } Elders.  
J. A. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

**Personal.**

—We should have said last week that Bros. Whitney, Doty and I. N. Mulkey were conducting the Linn county meeting.

—Bro. Doty who has lately arrived from Eldorado, Kansas, will locate at Scio, and preach there and at Stayton.

—Bro. S. M. Hubbard preached an excellent discourse here on Wednesday evening. We acknowledge a pleasant call from him.

**Victory Through Faith.**

Christian, take good care of thy faith; for, recollect, faith is the only way whereby thou canst obtain blessings. If we want blessings from God, nothing can bring them down as answers from God's throne except it be the earnest prayer of the man who believes. Faith is the angelic messenger between the soul and the Lord Jesus in glory. Let the angel be withdrawn, we can neither send up prayers nor receive answers. Faith is the telegraphic wire which links earth and heaven—on which God's message of love fly so fast that before we call, he answers, and while we are yet speaking he hears us. But if that telegraphic wire be snapped, how can we receive the promise? Am I in trouble? I can obtain help from trouble by faith. Am I beaten about by the enemy? My soul leans on her dear refuge by faith. But take faith away—in vain I call on God. There is no road betwixt my soul and heaven. In the deepest Winter-time faith is a road on which the horses of prayer may travel. Ay, all the better for the biting frost; but blockate the road, and how can we communicate with the great King? Faith links me with divinity; faith clothes me with the power of God; faith engages on my side the omnipotence of Jehovah; faith insures every attribute of God in my defense; it helps me to defy the hosts of hell; it makes

me march triumphant over the necks of my enemies. But without faith how can I receive anything of the Lord? Let not him who wavereth, who is like a wave of the sea, expect that he will receive anything of God.

Oh, then, Christian, watch well thy faith, for with it thou canst win all things, however poor thou art; but without it thou canst obtain nothing. If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.—*Spurgeon.*

**Labor.**

You are obliged to work; Thank God and all your stars for it! In the midst of your weariness a pain, think a moment—labor of some sort lies at the foundation of all progress, all good, or hereafter. From first to last, life is a school to teach activity, effort, labor. Every sense and every muscle of the body must be trained; every intellectual and moral power within us has to be brought out and cultivated. Nature is a vigorous old school dame and her morning greeting and evening charge to her pupils is what the word of God is, and what the voice of conscience within us is—he that will not work shall not eat.

We are not sent into the world to be sheep, to crop the spontaneous herbage of the fields, and then recline on full stomachs in thoughtless repose. Nature gives us nothing but the raw material, which we must work up for our wants. Thoughts, as well as wool, must be combed and spun; virtue, as well as gold, must be dug out and cleansed, and assayed: honor, station, power—all good must be built up, course by course, toiling and anxiously every step to the top. If Nature had her way, the monarch of this world would be the greatest worker, and the only order of nobility composed of those that achieve the largest and best results. Labor is life's great function. With spade and plow, with shaft and furnace, with fire and steam amidst the whirl and noise of bright machinery abroad in the silent fields under the roofing sky—everywhere and always man must work, always by experimenting, pushing, progressing. He is a man only when he works—he is faithful to life's great law and God's express will, only as he toils on, in imitation of the nature that supports him.—*Sel.*

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.

Asked from this world's standpoint if there is no life beyond the grave, if there is no immortality, if all spiritual calculation is to end here, why, then, the mighty work of God is all to end in nothingness. But if this is only a state of infancy, only the education for eternity, in which the soul is to gain its wisdom and experience for higher work, then to ask why such a mind is taken from us is just as absurd as to question why the tree of the forest has its first training in the nursery garden. This is but the nursery ground, from whence we are to be transplanted into the great forest of God's eternal universe.—*F. W. Robertson.*

A good man said he had to go to church every Lord's day to keep his religious life just passable. How is the life of those who go only once a month, or once a quarter?—*Messenger.*

A Christian woman who was slowly approaching death said: "It seems to me that I am in this room, and presently I am going into another room; and my Savior will be there." Compare with this the agony which attends many a death-bed of the rich and great; compare it with the dying utterance of Queen Elizabeth: "Millions of money for one inch of time!"—*Ex.*

Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper is not? If a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?—*John Angell James.*

Harvard has the largest college library in the United States. It contains 185,000 volumes. Yale has 93,000; Dartmouth 60,000; Brown 52,000; Princeton 49,000; Cornell 40,000; Wesleyan 31,000; University of Michigan 29,000; Tufts 25,000; Williams 19,000; University of California 25,000.—*Occident.* N. W. U. has 25,000 volumes and 8000 unbound pamphlets and manuscripts.—*Northwestern.*

Bro. Williams speaks of a man who "went his full length for the sale of whisky." This is what all the friends of the traffic are liable to do. It is very rare that a man favors drinking without occasionally going "his full length"—in the gutter.—*Ex.*