

sent from home. [As Josephus was an infidel Jew and commentators are liable to make ridiculous blunders, we prefer the statement of the Bible. It is not said that Judas jumped off the wall at Jerusalem,

nor that he strangled himself to death. But Matthew says he went out and hanged himself. This is the correct translation of the Greek word.—ED] To-day our neighborhood is excited by the workings of strong drink. Last night at Bro. David Inman's saw mill two drunk men were burned to death in a cabin some of the hands occupied as a sleeping room. A hired man is seriously if not fatally burned. He was snatched out of the burning building by another party. I am told that one or two others received some injuries in their efforts to give aid to the victims.

J. L. WIGLE.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Martha E. Adams, wife of Eld. S. C. Adams, of Salem, Oregon, departed this life Dec. 16, 1882. Aged 51 years, 7 months and 4 days.

Sister Adams was born near St. Louis, Mo., May 12, 1831. She was the daughter of Dr. James and Mahala McBride, being the eldest daughter of a family of fourteen children, all of whom are still living, except the youngest daughter and now the eldest. The family moved from Missouri to Texas, and after a brief sojourn in that State crossed the plains to Oregon in 1846, locating in Yamhill county. The father was a pioneer preacher of no ordinary ability, and his unremitting labors had a large influence in establishing the cause of Christ in Oregon. The children are filling many important places of trust and usefulness. One of the sons has been a member of Congress and the youngest was the honored speaker of the House in the recent session of our Legislature.

Sister Adams was married to Eld. S. C. Adams, in Yamhill Co., Feb. 6, 1851, with whom she lived and enjoyed much of happiness from the union for a period of nearly 32 years. She became the mother of four children. The eldest and youngest are still living, but the other two have preceded her to the spirit world. She became a Christian early in life, when she was about 15, and until the day of her death, not only maintained her Christian integrity, but was an active energetic Christian worker in every good enterprise within the

reach of her influence. In 1869, during a visit to California, Eld. Adams was called to Salem to take pastoral care of the young church which had been organized in 1867. From that time until this they have

resided in Salem, with the exception of about four years spent in Cincinnati, and an occasional visit to California. During their residence in Cincinnati they identified themselves with the work of the Central church and she was so active in her work and so pleasant in her disposition that with much entreaty they vainly would have persuaded her to remain with them,

but her heart was entwined with the little vine planted in this city, and they returned to the old home to spend and be spent in its service. The Sunday-school was organized in 1871. This was one of the special objects of her care and solicitude. In fact she has been one of the most important factors in the church and Sunday-school, and every enterprise associated with good of either. She was truly an helpmeet to her husband in all of his labors in the Gospel, and his varied enterprises of life. She was an inspiration to him as well as to every one who endeavored to work in any Christian labor that was within the sphere of her influence. She was one of the principal originators of and workers in our Literary Society, connected with the church; and its annual reunions were usually held at her house. She was an untiring worker in the Sewing Society, and every other temporary or permanent work of the Church. Her labors were not confined to the church and its immediate agencies, but she was allied to many charitable and benevolent agencies that promised good in the community. She had been for many years one of the Board of Managers and the Secretary of the Orphan's Home of this city. She was also one of the Board of Managers of the Woman's College, connected with Willamette University. Her work in the community—in her visitations among poor and sick, and strangers, was marked and characteristic of a heart that prompted her to be ever going about and doing good.

She had a decided influence for good in the social circle. The young never felt embarrassment in her presence, but were instinctively drawn unto her, and she was a wise and prudent counselor unto such. Her home was always a

cheerful place, and a hospitable one, especially to the minister of the Gospel, and her pastor always received much encouragement and help in varied ways from her.

Notwithstanding her life was filled with activity, she suffered much from bodily affliction. Many and many a time she went about her work and kindly ministrations amid much physical suffering. Last winter she and her husband spent the winter in California. She returned to Salem in April about the time of my first visit to this place, and consequently has been my helper so far in all my works in this place. During the latter part of the Summer and Fall she had more frequent attacks of a distressing headache that had been her affliction all through her life. On the 29th of Nov. she had an attack of it accompanied with a very bad spell of a spasmodical character. She lingered for a little over two weeks her head never ceasing to pain her, and with frequent returns of her spasmodical symptoms which seemed to threaten paralysis until at 1:45 on the morning of Dec. 16th she quietly breathed her last. During the early part of her sickness, she enjoyed the society of her friends very much, and all the time seemed to think her work was not done. Yet from the first she seemed to think she would die, and frequently said she was not afraid to die, but she seemed to think there was much for her to do, yet, in the church work.

During the last week her condition was such, she could take but little comfort in the society of her friends whom she loved so much. And thus has ended a busy life, and we can well say her work was well done, though we all felt we must retain her longer, that we could not give her up.

O, how much we will miss her! Her family will miss her, the church and the Sunday-school will miss her, her pastor will miss her loving counsel and work; and the community will miss her. Brethren, pray for us all; pray for the bereaved family; pray for Bro. Adams who feels so deeply his sad bereavement.

"We know she is safe on the further side Where all the angels and ransomed be."

* * * * *
* But none return from those quiet shores
Who pass with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of their golden oars,
We catch a glimpse of their snowy sail,

And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They have crossed the stream and are gone for aye—

We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our visions the gates of thy

We only know that their boats no more
Will glide with us o'er life's stormy sea;
But somewhere I know on that unseen shore,
They watch and beckon and wait for me."

J. W. SPRIGGS.

Christian Standard please notice.

A Few Thoughts On Our Missionary Work.

Dear Sisters of the Missionary Society:

I will attempt to give you a few thoughts on this, our great work, again, through timidity and fear.

If I should say anything worthy of your consideration, I hope you will please accept it; if not, I know I am among friends and hope they will be kind enough to look over all mistakes that I may make. I consider this to be a duty we owe the society, to do what we are called upon to do with what ability we have, although it be a cross; bearing in mind it is not good for human nature to have the work of life too easy.

I love the principles of the missionary work, and for this cause I expect to labor. And I hope we are all working for the same purpose, and that our object will be accomplished. I think when we are assigned a duty we should be prompt to attend to it. Promptness in duty is what makes our meetings pleasant. We know promptness is required in all things through life if we would make a success of anything. I feel at home in the missionary society wherever I find one, the same as in the church, because I feel that I am surrounded by friends and people of respectability. I remember while on a visit to our sister State recently, I never felt so much at home as when among our church and missionary friends. I admired the friendship shown by the members to all strangers. Oh! the dear gem of friendship! It sweetens the bitter and smooths the thorny path of life. A true friend whose heart is drawn out in sympathy for those around them and who is ever ready to speak words of comfort and consolation without expecting recompense is to be prized above the sparkling gems of earth. But a pretended friend is worse than an avowed enemy and more to be dreaded. We know the