

over Lord's day with the church. I preached in the neighborhood Saturday evening and two discourses at the church on Lord's day. There were two additions on Lord's day by letter. The church at Center is getting along slowly, but is in earnest.

Since I came to Scio (the first of July) there have been nine additions to the church; and at Stayton six additions. I am giving my whole time to the work, but my labor is too much scattered. Here is the greatest difficulty with the cause in Linn county; we need two more preachers in this county, good workers. Brethren, be careful and not allow your preachers to spread over too much territory. I never did like butter spread too thin on my bread.

Yours fraternally,
D. M. DOTY.

Card from Bro. Rains.

WINFIELD, Ks., Dec. 29, 1882.

Yesterday I closed a meeting with the church at Salt City resulting in eleven additions. We had much opposition.

I have received the CHRISTIAN HERALD and like it. May God bless you in your new home and the work for which you are so well fitted.

Your brother,
F. M. RAINS.

Report from Bro. Jones.

ISLAND CITY, OR., Jan. 15, 1883.

Editor Christian Herald:

DEAR BRO,—Since our last report from this valley, I closed a meeting on Indian Creek of thirteen days with three additions, two by baptism and one that had formerly belonged to the Baptists. I think the Word has found its way to many other good and honest hearts and will work out an obedience in a near future.

I also closed a meeting of eleven days in what is called the Cove, on the east side of Grand Ronde valley, on the 7th inst., with a crowded house and much interest, but no additions. There are a few disciples there that we want to organize into a congregation at our next meeting which will be the first Lord's day in Feb., and Saturday before.

I am now engaged in a meeting near Island City on the west side of the valley, after the close of which I will report.

The field here is large and I am the only preacher—but there are many good, warm-hearted brothers

and sisters to stand by me and give me their aid. Brothers and sisters, pray for our success.

Your brother in Christ,
J. M. JONES.

Temperance Department.

The Liquor Question From a Business Point.

BY JAMES HENRY HARRIS.

One would naturally suppose that the temperance question had no side untouched by the hand of argument, or no phase unpictured by the public press.

We can hardly imagine any new idea of interest in this mighty problem in political economy. We pause and look down the line of prosecution to discover some attainable ground wherein a logical point or persuasive argument can be made, to more fully demonstrate the horror, bloodshed, crime and misery following in the wake of intemperance.

Pictures of the attendant misery caused by strong drink have been painted upon the canvas of facts, and the indignant populace at the time cursed the traffic that created such pictures, and then go themselves to seek relief from their melancholy by draughts from the wine-cup, under cover of social or temperate drinking.

The question then presents itself, is there no other reason why men should refrain from drink, save the possibility of utter ruin by ungoverned excess? For the arguments of this article are not directed to the drunkard, for his case is pictured every day, but to the sober men, the men that "never get drunk," the men that take an occasional glass for friendship sake or for the sake of sociability.

I invite the attention of that class of young men that hold good positions in life; to the young men emulating positions of honor or trust and fame; to the young men that are just starting out upon the active highway of life, with all its myriad cares and burdens—I say I invite their attention long enough to give this question a thought from the standpoint of reason and business, and let us see what it costs you to be "nice fellows" among your companions.

There are thousands of men in this country who would resent the name of drunkard, would get angry at being called a drinking man, who spend every year more for strong

drink than their clothing costs.

For several days, during the last spring, I was forced by circumstances to take my meals in a boarding-house with a saloon attached, and where a party of laboring men from a railroad track came to sit and eat their illy-provided lunch. One man attracted my attention particularly, as I never saw him eat any meat, but lunched on bread and cheese, moistened by five cents' worth of beer. On asking him the reason why he never had meat, he told me he was not able to afford it, for he had a wife and six children to support, and only received \$1.10 cents per day for his labor, which, if he utilized every working-day, would only be \$6.50 per week. I, naturally, inquired of him if he drank to excess, and was assured of his undoubted temperate habits, for as he said, he took only one drink of whisky and five cents' worth of beer every day—but said his wife got sometimes ten cents' worth in a day, and always five cents' worth, for she required it raising children. Here was a man, earning at the very outside \$6 60 a week, and only eating meat once a day, and hardly half enough, who was giving every day of his life for drink fifteen cents at the least calculation, or \$1.05 a week, nearly one-sixth of his entire earnings, even if he worked every day, which he could hardly do owing to the inclement weather. Bad weather did not interfere with the visits to the corner grocery, however. C. H. Kent, in his New Commentary, says that "One of the prime causes of failures is the ignoring of small things in detail—the insignificant matters, as they are styled." And so it is.

How many young men, or old ones either, that ever for a moment consider that one ten-cent drink each day amounts to \$36.50 in a year, or sufficient to buy a good suit of clothes; and yet the man that merely takes one drink a day thinks he is almost a total abstainer, and will get up and boast of his remarkable temperance proclivities. Look at the thousands of married men, men that are good and honest, men that strive hard to get along, yet never have a respectable coat, never for a moment think of attending any place of amusement with wife and babies, simply because they think they cannot afford it, yet who take their regular three drinks a day, which, at the rate of ten cents each, amount to \$109.50 per annum.

Ten cents spent is not much, they say; why it takes ten days, at a ten-cent drink a day, to make one dollar. Very true; but ten cents a day for 365 days is 36.50, a nice sum for a poor man. I knew two young men that agreed to lay aside ten cents a day for one year for the purpose of buying their sweetheart a Christmas present. One of the young men actually lay aside ten cents in a box every day; the other concluded to just take \$36.50 on the day before Christmas and buy the present, but who, when the time came, found the sum so large that he failed to carry out his promise. The other man, having saved his sum by dime installments, did not miss the amount, and his intended wife was made supremely happy by an elegant necklace. And so it is with the money spent in drink by the young men of the country; it is given out in such insignificant quantities as to be unnoticed, but which, in time, swells into alarming proportions.

"Very well," remarked a young friend of mine, "suppose I do not spend my money for whisky and cigars, it will go for something else, and I am no better off."

True; if you spend \$50 annually for drinking and smoking, then reform your bad habits, and spend the same amount for concerts, theatres, books, pictures, buggy-riding, or I care what not, you are still the gainer in the end, for you have abstained from habits that are in every way loathsome and dangerous, and received for your money an equivalent, something not received by the consumption of strong drink.

Here comes a man that claims to barely earn a living anyway, and, as he works hard, must have some "fun" out of his earnings, by which he has reference to a few drinks, some cigars, etc. This looks very reasonable at first glance, but if the statement that he barely earns a living be true, and still he squanders any portion of his money for something not only useless but hurtful as well, he commits a crime against the woman he swore to love and protect, and is guilty of insult to the marriage vow.

I remember a young machinist who never went to his work save in a white shirt, and his "overalls and over shirt" were changed at least twice a week, making, you perceive, quite a laundry bill. His fellow-work-men used to laugh at him for spending all his money for washing—for his work, remember,