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J. W. Cowles 1894

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Please Notice.

We are not responsible for the opinions and sentiments expressed by our contributors, but for our own writing alone. Hence our readers must judge for themselves. We intend to give space for the free expression of opinion, within the limits of sound discretion, and the good of the cause; but not be held as indorsing what others may write.

All matter intended for publication in this paper should be written:

1. On one side of the sheet only.
2. In a plain legible hand.
3. Let there be plenty of space between the lines.
4. Write with a pen instead of a pencil, so that it may not be defaced in transit.
5. Write brief articles.
6. Expect no attention to articles, notices, or queries not accompanied by your name.

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—
—been to a stylish one—
And, seein' you can't go from home, I'll
tell you what was done;
You would have been surprised to see
what I saw there to-day;
The sisters were fixed up so fine they
hardly bowed to pray.
I had on these coarse clothes of mine—
not much the worse for wear—
But then, they knew I wasn't one they
call a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat away
back by the door;
'Twas bookless and uncushioned, a re-
served seat for the poor.
Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold
ring and clothing fine;
They led him to a cushioned seat far in
advance of mine;
I thought that wasn't exactly right, to
seat him up so near,
When he was young and I was old and
very hard to hear.
But then, there's no accountin' for what
some people do;
The finest clothing nowadays oft gets
the finest pew;
But when we reach that blessed home,
all undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate
while poverty goes in.
I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far
away,
So, through the hour of service, I could
only "watch and pray;"

Watch the doin's of the Christians sit-
ting near me round about;

Pray that God would make them pure
within as they were pure without.

While I sat there lookin' all around
upon the rich and great,

I kept thinking of the rich man and the
beggar at the gate;

How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor
beggar's form grew cold,

And the angel's bore his spirit to the
mansion's built of gold.

How at last the rich man perished, and
his spirit took its flight

From the purple and fine linen to the
home of endless night;

There he learned, as he stood gazin' at
the beggar in the sky,

"It isn't all of life to live, nor all of
death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in
that religious fold,

Who went up from their dwellings like
the Pharisees of old;

Then returned home from their worship
with their heads uplifted high,

To spurn the hungry from their door
with naught to satisfy.

Out, out with such professions! they
are doin' more to-day

To stop the weary sinner from the gos-
pel's shinin' way,

Than all the books of infidels, than all
that has been tried

Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—
since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and
yet how very graud—

The shells in ocean caverns—the flowers
on the land—

He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the
gold light from his throne,

Not for the rich man only; not for the
poor alone.

Then why should man look down on
man, because of lack of gold?

Why seat him in the poorest pew be-
cause his clothes are old?

A heart with noble motives—a heart
that God has blest—

My be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath
that faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love
simplicity;

I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's
piety;

Jesus told us in his sermons, in Judea's
mountains wild,

He that wants to go to heaven must be
like a little child.

Our heads are growin' gray, dear wife—
our hearts are beatin' slow—

In a little while the Master will call for
us to go;

When we reach the pearly gateways, and
look in with joyful eyes,
We'll see no stylish worship in the tem-
ple of the skies.

Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We call special attention to the
piece of poetry printed above. It
expresses a fact too often overlook-
ed by many churches, and we print
it for the Scriptural lesson it
teaches.

Bro. R. R. Beothby, our traveling
agent, wishes us to express his
thanks to the sisters and breth-
ren for assistance and kindness
shown him while canvassing among
them for the HERALD.

Bro. A. M. Collins, in the *Old
Path Guide* is trying to show that
the phrase "Christian Church" is
the most Scriptural name for the
Church. We do not believe there
is any more Scripture for the name
"Christian Church" than there is
for "Disciple Church," "Saint
Church," or "Brethren Church,"
that is to say, simply *none at all*.
The word "Christian" is applied to
individual members of the church,
but never once to the *Church*, and
where the Holy Spirit has left such
matters, there we think they should
rest.

Let our readers please remember
that by the time this issue of the
HERALD reaches many of them,
Miss Frances E. Willard will be in
Oregon. June 11 is her reception
at Portland, which is only next
Monday. See the date of the other
appointments as published in last
week's HERALD. We hope that our
Oregon people generally will avail
themselves of the opportunity of
hearing Miss Willard.

A sister writing to the *Christian-
Evangelist*, among other things,
says, "In the lives and acts of the
Apostles, women are discovered
baptizing," etc. This evidently
proves one thing for women viz:
that they possess the ingenuity and
critical skill to find that in the
Bible which no man has ever been
able to discover! But we are truly
glad that this point has been made,
for we are perfectly willing that
the lady preachers shall have the
privilege of baptizing all their con-

verts. Indeed, we think one of the
best ways to settle this much
vexed question of the sisters occu-
pying the pulpit is to have each one
to take her turn at cutting the ice
and administering the ordinance
when the thermometer marks
twenty-five below zero.

The article from the *Christian-
Evangelist* on "That denomination-
al Name" so nearly expresses our
sentiments on that question that
we take pleasure in giving it a place
in the columns of the HERALD.
We are truly glad to see this able
journal speaking out on this ques-
tion in such language as this. As
the matter has been pressed on us
by a few, there is simply no such
thing as evading a fair Christ-like
discussion of it; and we are glad to
see that our papers are taking such
a firm and noble stand against this
tendency towards denominational-
ism in its extreme form. We con-
fess no sympathy with such a
spirit, and we have declared an
eternal war against all sectarianism
and all tendency in that direction
whether *within* or without. While
we are able to plead at all, we pro-
pose to earnestly contend for un-
adulterated primitive Christianity,
or for *nothing*.

On last Saturday morning the
editor of the HERALD and Mrs. F.
got into a buggy and started for
Scio to be at the closing of the Linn
County Coöperation Meeting which
convened at that place on Thursday
and closed on Saturday evening.
After traveling a distance of some
38 miles *via* Albany we arrived
there about 6 o'clock P. M. Not-
withstanding we were programmed
for the evening we begged to be ex-
cused on the ground that we were
too tired for the undertaking, and
so Bro. G. M. Whitney, of Eugene,
preached us a good sermon. We
were informed that the brethren
had a very pleasant and profitable
coöperation meeting. The delega-
tion was not large, and the only
visiting preachers present were
Bro. J. W. Spriggs, of Salem, and
Bro. Whitney, of Eugene. But