

be implicated. I remember an anecdote by our great pioneer in the Reformation, Elder A. Campbell, about the Aporto vinedresser. If no fault was found where would be grounds for reformation? I have heard some in our congregation say, "It may be best to have different sects that converts may have choice." Others are at a loss what church to join, when they might see, if they would, that all others professing christianity claim the Bible as the foundation of all that is contained in their creeds.

Will you be so kind as to give us some light on the numbered subjects 1, 2 and 3. If you deem any or all of this wrong, do not publish it, assign it to the trash basket. I would not do injury if no good arise from it. Sometimes an injudicious friend does more harm than an open enemy. You must be the judge of this, whether to prune, correct, retrench or obliterate. I believe the Scriptures say the "truth makes us free." Let us in understanding be men.

Yours in love of the gospel,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

Palouse, W. T., July 8, 1883.

The Sheep and the Hog.

When a sheep falls into the mud it will kick, bleat and try to get out. Not so with the hog, it will lie perfectly contented, for the element is congenial. In this way we can tell the true Christian from the false professor. If a sincere Christian falls into sin, he will immediately get out. The hypocrite like the hog, enjoys wallowing in the mire.

JAMES W. LOWBER.

Correspondence.

Letter from Union County.

SUMMERVILLE, OR.,

July 11, 1883.

Dear Bro. Floyd:

By your permission I will give your many readers a few items from this part of the Master's heritage. Religiously this country has been greatly neglected. But I cannot see why. There certainly is not a better field for ministerial labor in the State of Oregon than Union county.

Grande Ronde valley itself is at least 25 miles long and 10 or 12 broad, and nearly every foot of it is areable land. The soil is generally very prolific, and the climate is healthy; hence it is pretty densely populated. And in passing from

this valley to a northeasterly direction, you find heavy settlements continuing through Indian Valley and Elk Flat, a distance of seven miles; beyond which lies the fertile, healthy and famous Willowa, noted for its fine grazing lands, limped streams of sparkling water and beautiful lake with its inexhaustible store of fishes. I have never seen the Willowa, but I suppose fishers of men are wanted there. I am told it is a good field for ministerial labor, and large enough for

any one man. From the best information I have from there, there are 30 or 40 disciples scattered through that country, like so many sheep without a shepherd, perishing for the bread of life. Hence from those quarters we sometimes hear the Macedonian cry, but their cry so far has been almost in vain. I expect to visit them soon. I am of the opinion a preacher would do well to go in and locate among those people. All the territory I have mentioned lies in Union county. Brethren, here is work enough for five or six faithful preachers; and I here alone to plead for the cause in my feeble manner. Oh that there could be more laborers come into this part of the vineyard. So far the good Master has blessed my labors. We have three congregations in this county, numbering in the aggregate about 105. All in harmony. We held a camp-meeting, beginning the 7th of June and continuing eleven days. Bro. C. J. Wright, of W. T. was with us and did some noble preaching for us, resulting in 8 accessions to the church. And by the masterly addresses of Bro. W. upon the work of Christians—the brethren were aroused to a sense of their duty. Bro. Wright is a man who well knows how to divide the word of truth and in its ancient simplicity he sends it to the very core. Last Lord's day at my regular appointment two miles south of Island City, we had two additions; one reclaimed and the other made the good confession, to be immersed at my next appointment. Now as we have a membership of more than one hundred in this county, with our confidential evangelizing board, and our quarterly coöperations, we with bright anticipations look forward to a glorious harvest of ingathering. For there are many hearts here susceptible of the gospel. We have many generous hearted brothers and sisters who love the Master's cause, and sacrifice liber-

ally for its maintenance. Never did I meet with a more self-sacrificing band of disciples than here. Never in any country met with more kindness than here. They surely love the cause and respect those who plead for it. This manifested by the many nice presents the brothers and sisters have poured into the hands of myself and family. To whom and for which we return our heartfelt thanks.

J. M. JONES.

Letter from Dakota Territory.

FARGO, D. T., July 8, 1883.

Bro. Floyd:

No doubt some are wondering where I am. I started on a tour East on the 15th day of May, and arrived here yesterday morning. It is a grand trip over the N. P. R. R. The company are taking great pains to make everything as comfortable as possible for the traveling public; nice Pullman and dining cars on all trains. The trip is a grand one for scenery. We see first the Multnomah Falls, which are beautiful, though but a small sheet of water. Then the Cascades, the first falls or rapids in the Columbia river, where Uncle Sam is hard at work cutting a channel or canal round the Falls. From here we wind around the foot of the mountains, through tunnels, over tressels and racks up to The Dalles, the first town of importance on our trip which is a growing town and has a country to support it. For 200 miles to the north and south above this town are located the second great barrier to steamboat navigation of the Columbia river, which in time, no doubt, will be cut around by Uncle Sam, if he does not get robbed too much in the work he has already commenced. From here we followed along the river's bank to Wallula, and saw very little of the grand country along each side of the river. Here we bid adieu to the O. R. N. Co., took the N. P. R. R., crossed the Snake river at Ainsworth; thence north-east through the poorest country in Washington Territory, to Sprague, the end of the first division of the N. P. R. R., but located in the midst of the finest agricultural region in W. T. Cheney is a nice place and in a grand country for farming. Medical Lake is located about six miles back or north-east of Cheney, which is a fine resort for people who are feeling unwell. Its waters are splendid to bathe in. We next came to Spokane Falls, the finest

water power in W. T., and is destined to be a manufacturing town of importance in the near future. We have some brethren here, and we think that there is a good opening for a church, and it ought to be started now. We moved on to Lake Pen de Oreille, which we crossed on a long trussel, and rolled round the lake to the north, passing magnificent scenery on either side. Then we next struck Clark's Fork, a fine river which cuts through the mountains for miles, and along the foot hills are chances for stock ranches. The first town of importance we come to is Missoula, in Montana. It is located in a fine valley, and a short distance from the junction of Helgat and Bitter Root rivers; and from here on to the little Missouri river is a good grassy country. The next town is Helena, the capital of M. T., located in Lost Chance Gulch, at the foot of the mountains, just after we have crossed the divide of the Rockies. The Prickley Pare valley is a beautiful sight after our 125 miles of ride from the last named place which opens up to the view as we emerge from the Mullar tunnel. Helena is a rich town of 7000 inhabitants 5,550 feet above the level of the sea, and located in the midst of the finest grassy lands in North America, and a few miles from it raises the waters which flow to the Columbia river and the Missouri. We next pass on till we saw the meeting of the waters the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson rivers, all meet close together and form what is known as the Missouri river. The Gallatin valley is the finest we have seen since we left the Columbia river; and Bozeman is a nice town and substantially built, its business most of brick; from here we pass through the Bozeman tunnel. We next arrived at Livingston, a town which has grown up so rapid that its inhabitants wonder where everybody comes from. This is where a branch of the Northern Pacific runs up to the Yellowstone Park, which is so grand that language and picture fails to describe it, and has to be seen to realize its wonders. But we will close for the present as we are tired, and no doubt you will be by the time you get through with this.

Yours fraternally,
CRAIGIE SHARP, JR.

The Lord's days are quiet islands in the tossing sea of life.