

CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. W. Cowles 1884

DEVOTED TO THE RESTORATION OF APOSTOLIC CHRISTIANITY.

VOL. XIII.

MONMOUTH, OREGON; FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1883.

NO. 31

CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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Editor and Publisher, Monmouth, Or.

Subscription Price:

One Copy, one year.....\$2 00
One Copy, six months..... 1 00

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Prices will be given on application.

[Entered at the Post-office at Monmouth, as second class mail matter.]

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.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side.

"I'm bound for Heaven; and when I'm there
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his robes were heavy and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked in that blissful spot
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed—
His dress of a sober hue was made.
"My coat and hat must be of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And steadily, solemnly waded in;
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then he gazed to the further shore;
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven his suit of grey
Went quickly sailing—away—away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing—

That the people in Heaven "all around"
might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the waves went down.

And after him with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?"

The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went on the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without the manuscript up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkle or plunge—may I ask you, friend,
How you attend to life's great end?"
"Thus with a few drops on my brow,
But I have been dipped as you see me now.

"And really I think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You are bound I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be;

Not even a moment paused to think,
That both would lead to the river's brink.

Or, "I'm in the old way and you're in the new;"

This is the false, and that is the true,"
But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek.

But if ever one of them chanced to say,
What trouble she met with on the way—
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor dared to cross over the swelling tide,—

A voice arose from the brethren then;
Let no one speak but the "holy men,"
For have you not heard the words of Paul,
Oh, let the women keep silence all?

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream?

Then just as I thought the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet—

And would talk on till the heaving tide,
Carried them over side by side;
Side by side for the way was one—
The toilsome journey of life was done,—

I saw them all on the other side,
There was no deception, no chance to hide
The life they had lived, the work they had done,
Made many poor souls as bright as the sun.

And the priest and Quaker, all who died,
Came out alike on the other side:
No forms, or crosses, or books had they—

No gowns of silk, or suits of grey,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

—Gems of Poetry.

Christ appeared to each according as he was worthy—like as it is written of manna when God sent bread from heaven to the children of Israel, which adapted itself to every taste.—Origen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

New subscribers are coming in, and we are glad to know that some of our agents are pushing the work.

The poem we print this week is not as "orthodox" in all its expressions as we would like, but we give it for what it is worth.

Bro. S. Bonney writes us that the brethren at Sumner hope to begin work on their new house of worship in course of a month.

Prof. Yates, of Christian College, kindly comes to our assistance this week with his article for our editorial page on the Sunday-school work. Read it.

The editor is suffering this week from a bad felon on his thumb. In fact he is bed-fast part of the time, and has slept but little for more than a week. This will account for the lack of our usual amount of editorial matter in this issue.

The following brief note from Bro. I. G. Davidson, of Portland, under date of 24th ult. is sad news to us. He says: "My baby, aged ten months, died last evening. Will take its remains to Salem and place along side of its mother." It has only been a short time since our brother lost his dear wife, and now comes his darling baby. This is a severe trial on him, and he has our deepest sympathy. But thank God, there is to be a resurrection when the righteous and the babes will be called forth to enjoy eternal happiness. Even now they are being cared for in the arms of Jesus. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The following card from Bro. Morrison, of Albany, under date of 24th ult. fully explains itself:

Dear Bro. Floyd:

Yours of the 16th inst. and also the HERALD came duly to hand. I was in bed very sick at the time, and was happy indeed to be remembered by you. About one