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## CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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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 OUTCAST'S WARNING.

BY MARY H. PRICHARD.

Almost within the city's sound  
A bloated, unknown corpse was found  
Beneath an oak tree, on the ground,  
One hand outstretched imploringly.

That bony hand so stiff and cold  
Still grasped a paper, worn and old,  
Which to the world this story told,  
Of Strong Drink's fatal treachery:

"Here, underneath this wildwood tree,  
My sinful soul from earth must flee,  
With none to cheer or comfort me,  
Alone in all my misery!

"If time is spared me, I will write  
What brought me down from fortune's  
height

To this, my present woeful plight,  
An outcast dying helplessly.

"Some tempted souls in time of need  
May take a warning when they read,  
And check their reckless, downward  
speed;  
Avert their fearful destiny.

"Once I possessed a home of bliss  
And loving friends, which now I miss;  
I never dreamed to die like this,  
Amid wild nature's scenery.

"No eye to shed for me a tear!  
No heart to hold my memory dear!  
No hope my dying hour to cheer,  
Or light the dark futurity.

"Forsaken, friendless, poor and lone,  
No place on earth to call my own,  
Hope, rest and peace forever gone,  
Leaving remorseful memory

"To haunt me with the joys once mine,  
Which deathlessly my heart entwined;  
And in their maddening beauty shine  
As fancy paints them, vividly.

"I had a child and loving wife,  
My priceless pearls, my light of life!  
We lived in peace and knew no strife  
And all was love and harmony.

"No feeble words can ever trace  
The peerless charm, the wondrous grace  
Of my sweet Ina's perfect face,  
And soul of spotless purity.

"Our boy, a dimpled cherub fair,  
With sunny, clustering, auburn hair,  
And laughing eyes undimmed by care—  
Our treasure, guarded lovingly.

"Our home was fair as Eden's bowers,  
For all that wealth could buy was ours.  
Life's pathway strewn with blooming  
flowers,  
Our lives one round of ecstasy.

"But when the Tempter's cup I sought,  
Where precious souls are sold and  
bought,  
A blighting change soon, soon was  
wrought  
By that destroying enemy.

"It chilled my heart! It fired my brain!  
It soiled my soul with many a stain;  
Then left remorse and anguish vain  
To bear me constant company.

"I placed my boy on ruin's brink,  
To serve the man who sold me drink.  
It drives me wild when'er I think  
Of that base act of cruelty.

"That brave, bright lad, that boy of  
mine,  
Was forced to pour the foaming wine,  
And watch the crimson bubbles shine  
In tempting beauty, luringly.

"It charmed him like the serpent's  
glare;  
It bound him with its cruel snare;  
And now my boy is where?—oh, where?  
For life imprisoned hopelessly.

"Shut out from every cheering ray  
By massive stone walls cold and gray,  
He wears his sad young life away  
In darkness, brooding gloomily.

"The cruel blow fell like a dart,  
And pierced my Ina's gentle heart,  
And we were severed far apart  
By worse than death—dread lunacy.

"In the asylum, lone and drear,  
She sadly pines from year to year,  
Bereft of all her heart holds dear,  
Heart-broken, sighing wearily.

"Thus Satan's draught my soul be-  
guiled,  
Took from me home, friends, wife and  
child,  
And now in death, despairing, wild,  
I sink to endless agony!

"With darkness hovering like a pall,  
And in my ears the stern death-call,  
I let my worn-out pencil fall,  
To face the dread eternity."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Who can tell what our good brother, "Christian Missionary," is writing about? We give it up, and await something more definite.

A colored woman, when reproved for undue expression of grief, said: "Now, look here, honey, when de good Lord sends us tribulations, don't you 'spose he 'spects us to tribulate?"

Bro. F. D. Srygley who has been conducting a Texas Department in the *Old Path Guide*, now becomes office editor of that paper. We are glad of this, for Bro. S. is a strong and safe writer. By the way, brethren, have you seen the Kentucky Department in the *CHRISTIAN HERALD*?

When the good Editor of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* gets through with his camp-meetings and is fairly settled down to business again, he will please give attention to those questions we submitted for his benefit the other week.

The Sup't. of Public Instruction, E. B. McElroy, has our thanks for a copy of the "Report of the Proceedings of the State Teachers' Association" recently held in Salem. It is an interesting document and should be in the hands of the educators of the State.

Our readers will please give attention to the letter from Bro. Adams found in another part of this issue. We are inclined to think, from his letter, that he has found the place for our Sea-side Camp-meeting Grounds. We hope Bro. Adams will learn more of this place and report again. Let those who visit other parts of the coast send in their reports and we will compare them.

Sister E. Himes, of Elma, W. T., in a private letter to us says: "Our little town is improving with new buildings. We had a new Christian minister arrive here last

night. I haven't met him yet, but hope we can secure his services in the gospel. He comes with good report by his friends before him." We are always glad to hear of gospel preachers coming to this coast, and will give all such any assistance in our power. None others need apply.

We have the pleasure this week of introducing to our readers a new department, called the "California Department," conducted by our good brother, Judge Durham, of College City, Cal. As Bro. D. states, he has not the desired time to devote to the *HERALD*, but all who know him will expect that when he does speak he will have something good to say. Hence, all our readers will gladly welcome Bro. Durham and his department to the columns of the *HERALD*.

The Christian Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo, has recently reissued the tract entitled, "Christian Experience; or, Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven by Benjamin Franklin." It contains 30 pages and is the best tract for missionary work published by our brethren. Send for it. Address Christian Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo. Price: single copy, 5 cts.; per dozen, 50 cts.; per hundred, \$4.00. A few copies can be had from this office.

Which is the better, to place a tastefully arranged bunch of flowers on the pulpit desk in quiet spirit of love and reverence, or to show a bad temper over them after they are there? Which is worship, which is glory to God? And which is the better, to offer praise to God in a devotional frame of mind, or to madden over the same act as if it were an abomination? In which case does the greater piety come in? Recently we read of a deacon, who being accompanied on an autumn morning when the foliage was all ablaze with high colored hues, by a young friend, had his attention called to a clump of trees which was specially attractive,