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J. W. Cowles 1883

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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.

HOW THE LAUREL WENT TO CHURCH.

When the pink of the Sabbath morning
Began to blush through the gray,
"Well is it," said child Reinie,
"That I praise the Lord to-day.

"But, in the solemn minster
I seem so weak and small,
And my voice in the flood of singing
Makes scarce a ripple at all.

"Oh, I would praise and praise Him
So gladly if I could!"
Then a sweet thought came to cheer her,
And she started for the wood.

"I'll seek the loveliest blossom
Of all the wood," said she,
"And set that in the minster,
To praise the Lord for me."

On tripped she, past the daisies,
And the star-flowers of the grass;
The dewy brier-roses
Did her little bare feet pass.

They twinkled over the mosses,
They crushed the clinging fern;
Beside the singing brooklet
They did not rest or turn,

Till they reached a deep, dim hollow
In the very heart of the wood;
And there, all in his beauty,
The great King Laurel stood,

His pink-white crown upon him
And his robe of glossy green:
In the wood was not another
So royal to be seen.

Right glad then, was child Reinie,
And she laughed out in her glee:
"This Laurel shall go to the minster
To praise the Lord for me."

But the little flowers in the grasses
Seemed to answer, moaning, "Nay!
For the wood will be so lonely
When our king has gone away."

And it seemed as if the Laurel
Was sad and loth to go;
But, to them all, child Reinie
Talked lovingly and low.

She told the little blossoms,
"Oh, glad will be your king,
To stand in the great minster,
And hear the people sing!"

"And the wind with many a message,
Will come to you from him;
And theirs he will bring you, dear Laurel,
From the hollow, deep and dim."

Then no more with the moaning
The wood's heart seemed to stir,
And the great and grand King Laurel
Went meekly forth with her.

He went to the solemn minster,
And, by the altar place,
All day long to the people
Smiled in his royal grace.

He heard the happy singing,
He heard the holy Word;
And all who looked upon him
Did louder praise the Lord.

And in her heart, child Reinie
All day long sang in glee:
"Oh, glad am I, the great King Laurel
Will praise the Lord for me!"

And in and out, through the window,
With whispers sweet and low,
'Tween the wood flowers and the Laurel
The wind went to and fro.
—EMILY A. BRADDOCK in August *Wide Awake*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The religion of Christ consists largely in theory; but there is something more. There must also be practice; and the practice must correspond with the theory, otherwise such religion is vain. We should desire the true religion.

Our premium list is hereby withdrawn. Till further notice no premiums will be given for new subscribers. We hope our friends will be willing to work for the HERALD without our offering premiums we can not longer afford.

We write these notes as we pass up the Columbia river on the *Mountain Queen*. This boat evidently has the right name, for God's mountains are to be seen on either side towering up to a prodigious

height. Not only the heavens declare the glory of God, but the earth also.

The other day a Methodist remarked to us that he was not prejudiced against other religious people, but went to hear them all preach. He said it made no difference to him which denomination they belonged to just so they were following the Bible. We replied, if they were only following the Bible that was all that was necessary.

But suppose all were to really follow the Bible, what would become of the denominations? Would not it be a strange Bible that all the denominations could follow in their present condition?

For the satisfaction of some of our readers we wish to state that there is too often negligence on the part of some post masters in promptly delivering the mail. It is not our purpose to make out a direct charge against them as a class; but it is a simple fact that in Astoria the HERALD is often allowed to lie in the office for two weeks before being delivered to the parties calling for it. This is only a sample of what we have found in other parts of the State. Such gross negligence should be looked after by the people at once.

The cholera is still spreading in Egypt, though it has not yet appeared beyond the boundaries of that country. The panic has been followed by the disease in Cairo and Alexandria. The English government alone of the European governments appears to be not apprehensive of its further extension. Spain, France and Italy are taking stringent and it is to be hoped successful measures to prevent the disease from crossing the Mediterranean. The best medical authorities assure us that there is but little danger of its appearance in the United States this season.—*Christian Union*.

The people of God are not the only beings in the universe who engage in missionary work. The

devil is one of the best missionaries in the world, and he never allows an opportunity to pass without making his influence felt. He is busily engaged in the publication of books, pamphlets, etc, and his literature is to be found in every nook and corner of the civilized world. Our railway coaches and steam boats are often supplied with his literature to the exclusion of that even of moral tendency. Not long since we were traveling by rail when the news-boy entered the coach with his arms literally full of infidel books for sale, among which we noticed several copies of Robert G. Ingersoll's works. But the worst feature of all was, that many of the passengers bought and eagerly read these poisonous books. Thus the devil does his work in making his converts. Now let us ask, What are the children of God doing to counteract this evil influence? Are they making as strong effort to preach Christ, by the circulation of religious literature? If not, why not? Would it not be a good idea to scatter our tracts, books and papers all over the country, putting them on the railway coaches and the steamers? Let us have more small tracts and brief statements of our plea, and let them be freely distributed among the people.

Avoid the beginnings of evil. One does not become a deep dyed villain or a miserable sot at a single stride. The monster in crime commenced with slight deviations; the debased drunkard was first a moderate drinker. The backslider at first neglects some little duty. Peter followed afar off before he denied his Master. Avoid scrupulously the approaches of the downward path, the first steps in the way of evil. Keep the sense of duty bright and the conscience clear.—*Ex.*

PERSONAL MENTION.

Bro. H. M. Waller will preach at Corvallis, morning and evening, on the first Sunday in September.