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J. W. Cowles 1884

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## CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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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.

### "LET US GO FORTH."—HEB. 13: 13.

Silent, like men in solemn haste,  
Girded wayfarers of the waste,  
We pass out at the world's wide gate,  
Turning our back on all its state;  
We press along the narrow road  
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We cannot and we would not stay;  
We dread the snares that throng the way;  
We fling aside the weight and sin,  
Resolved the victory to win;  
We know the peril, but our eyes  
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,  
From Christian toil our limbs to keep;  
No shrinking from the desperate fight,  
No thought of yielding or of flight,  
No love of present gain or ease,  
No seeking man or self to please.

No sorrow for the loss of fame,  
No dread of scandal on our name;  
No terror for the world's sharp scorn,  
No wish that taunting to return;  
No hatred can or hatred move,  
And enmity but kindles love.

No sigh for laughter left behind,  
Or pleasures scattered to the wind,  
No looking back on Sodom's plains,  
No listening still to Babel's strains,  
No tears for Egypt's song and smile,  
No thirsting for its flowing Nile.

No vanity nor folly now;  
No fading garland round our brow,  
No moody musings in the grove,  
No pang of disappointed love;  
With the brave heart and steady eye,  
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?  
'Tis but a little, and we rest.  
This throbbing heart and burning brain  
Will soon be calm and cool again.  
Night is far spent and morn is near,—  
Morn of the cloudless and the clear.

'Tis but a little and we come  
To our reward, our crown, our home!  
Another year, it may be less,  
And we have crossed the wilderness—  
Finished the toil, the rest begun,  
The battle fought, the triumph won!

We grudge not then the toil, the way;  
Its ending is the endless day!

We shrink not from the tempests keen,  
With little of the calm between;  
We welcome each descending sun—  
Ere morn, our joy may be begun!

—Sel.

### GRADUATION.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we  
rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by  
round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step towards  
God—  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under  
feet;  
By what we have mastered of good  
and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion  
slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly  
meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we  
trust,  
When the morning calls us to life  
and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere  
the night,  
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we  
pray,  
And we think we mount the air on  
wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy  
clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the  
men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the  
way—

We may hope and resolve, and aspire  
and pray;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.  
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire  
walls;

But the dreams depart and the vision  
falls,  
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of  
stone

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we  
rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to its summit round and  
round.

—J. G. HOLLAND, in *Australian Chris-  
tian Witness*.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Editor will probably be at  
home by our next issue, and then  
the HERALD and matters connected  
with the office will receive special  
and prompt attention.

The missionary work on the  
Panama Canal under the charge of  
our brethren is being pushed for-  
ward. That is a hard place to  
labor, yet the work is under wise  
management and we have hope  
that, to a good degree, it will prove  
successful.

Brethren will please note the  
change of time for holding the  
Convention at Salem. The Ex-  
position at Portland coming at the  
time before named (16th), it was  
believed that all parties would be  
greatly accommodated by appoint-  
ing the meeting two weeks earlier.

India is to have two more mis-  
sionaries. Bro. Morton D. Adams  
and wife, of Stubenville, Ohio, have  
been selected for that field of labor.  
They will start in September or  
October. We hope they will be  
faithful to their holy calling and  
charge and be able to do much good  
for the Lord.

As one of the committee we have  
not failed to pay some attention to  
a suitable location for our Sea-side  
campmeeting. We were informed  
by those who know that there is a  
very beautiful place on the beach  
south of Astoria; and about six or  
eight miles from the city. This is  
about half way between Astoria  
and the Sea-Side House, a very  
popular resort for the people of  
Oregon and Washington Territory.

It is thought that the ground can  
be had for a number of years free  
of charge, and the people of that  
section most of whom know but  
little of our plea, will be glad to  
attend such a meeting. Of course  
this would be inconvenient to most  
people in the Willamette valley,  
and would require another ground  
farther south. But we are in favor  
of as many locations as we can  
operate successfully. But more  
anon.

How refreshing it is among all  
the clashing and discordant affairs  
of life to remember that there is  
above and around us one who can  
control the storms, and rescue from  
every peril those who put their  
trust in him, and that he is our  
Friend and our Father. With this  
consciousness we may well take  
courage in darkness, be patient in  
tribulation and rejoice in sorrow.  
One may well envy the trusting  
servant of God his lot, whatever  
his earthly surroundings may be;  
but who would share the atheist or  
the infidel's outlook. God save us  
from unbelief.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Vernon writes from Rome:  
"Miss Quercia is working admirably  
with real Christian spirit and de-  
votion, and is accomplishing much  
for the cause of Christ. Her  
methods are special and variable,  
according to the circumstances and  
needs of the work. Among other  
things, she established a woman's  
class, providing them with work,  
and calling them together in this  
way, teaching them at the same  
time hymns, instructing them from  
the Bible, and praying with them.  
She has done this at her own ex-  
pense, reimbursing herself by sale  
of the goods. All the mission works  
here have a similar class or classes  
in connection with them, and they  
are thought to be a fruitful source  
of good, and very helpful in the  
prosecution of the work."—*Heathen  
Woman's Friend*.

Remember that a noble human  
life is the greatest inspiration to  
noble living.