

PERSONAL MENTION.

Bro. Bruce Wolverton has been engaged to preach half of his time for the church at Seattle. The other half will probably be devoted to New Tacoma. There is no church organized in the latter place, but several members live there and the prospects are good for a church in the near future.

General W. T. Sherman arrived in the city of Seattle on last evening, Aug. 22, and was received with a general's salute of seventeen guns. He was accompanied to the hall where he made a brief speech, and after remaining a couple of hours, took the steamer for other parts. The General is looking well, and one would hardly take him to be old enough to soon be retired from the army.

As we prepare these notes in Seattle, W. T., we notice the display of large hand bills announcing the coming and lecture of the "Rev. Henry Ward Beecher" on next Saturday evening, Aug. 25, in this city. As we have a more important mission to fill, namely, preaching the gospel of Christ, we shall not remain in the city to hear Mr. Beecher on that evening. We have in our library the works of Robert G. Ingersoll, and when we wish to hear or read infidelity and skepticism we prefer it unmixed. Mr. Beecher is lecturing in the leading cities of this coast. He has a son residing in Seattle, and his wife has already arrived in the city. If he will keep clear of the Bible in his lectures, he will doubtless say some good things; and what he does say should stand or fall on its own merits.

This place was favored by two of Elder Edmund's deep and logical sermons Sunday, morning and evening. The Elder is a forcible speaker, uses beautiful language and is listened to, by the young, who as a general thing, pay very little attention to preaching, with the profoundest attention. At his forenoon service, he met his son and wife, whom he had not seen for years, under the following circumstances: The son, who has been living in Iowa since his father came to Oregon, recently left that State and came directly here, via Portland and Roseburg, and intended, after seeing this part, to return to North Yamhill, where he supposed his father was residing. At Rose-

burg he hired a team and came in via Fairview, arriving here last Saturday. On Sunday he and his wife went to church, and after they had been seated for some time in the congregation, the preacher—their father—came in and took his seat in the pulpit. They recognized their father, but did not let themselves be known to him until preaching was over. It is hard to tell which were the most surprised of the parties. They had all spent Saturday and Sunday in town but did not happen to meet, and while the son and daughter thought that the father was in Yamhill, the father thought they were in Iowa.—*Coquille City Herald.*

AMONG THE BRETHREN.

While in Astoria we tried to take in the religious situation as near as we could, and we are sorry to say that we were not very favorably impressed with that feature of the city. We succeeded in finding but one brother, a Bro. Dickinson, of the Portland church, and he and, we believe, two of his family, are the only resident members of the city. There are but very few members in the surrounding country, and, so far as we could learn, there is not a church or preacher of the reformation in the county. Astoria morally and religiously considered is evidently one of the "hardest places" on this coast. We saw more saloons, drunkenness and evidences of other wickedness of even a more heinous nature during our short stay in that city than we have seen since we have been in Oregon. And we could hardly expect it to be otherwise, seeing the population is largely composed of foreigners, and of that class who engage in fishing and boating for a living. With most of them morality is a thing of indifference, and Christianity is a stranger. We were told that the denominational churches in Astoria were making but little if any progress, and were really doing but little good. We think money spent for missionary work in Astoria could be much better applied in other fields. We would not be in favor of making a direct effort there at present. There is but one hope to plant primitive Christianity in that place and that is, for enough members to move there to form the nucleus of a church. When this shall have been done, if ever, we will be in favor of providing for them at home.

Through the kindness of the proprietors and managers we had the privilege of visiting

THE CANNERIES.

Here the salmon are caught and canned in abundance, and shipped to all parts of the civilized world, so that the Columbia canneries are known and read of by all men. We were shown the entire process from the spreading of the nets in the bay till the cans were labeled and packed for shipment, a description of which we shall not attempt in these columns. Writers from the East especially have charged these canneries with wasting a large proportion of the fish caught, and for this reason it is thought the salmon will soon become so scarce that the supply will not be equal to the demand. Of course this charge, as we learned on inquiry, is stoutly denied. But we also sought information on this point from others not directly interested, and from all the evidence submitted on both sides, we are inclined to think that there is some truth in the charge; just how much we are unable to say. It is also evident we think that the run of salmon is gradually growing less from year to year. It is true as argued that the smaller fish which were caught a few years ago are now allowed to escape through the nets while only the larger ones are taken out of the water, and from this fact it is argued that the number of salmon is increasing. But those which are allowed to escape in the bay are caught farther up the river. Immence wheels are constructed and placed in the water where the fish are accustomed to pass up, and large numbers are thus scooped out, many of which are unfit for canning and are never returned to the water. This slaughter and unnecessary waste of the salmon will certainly tell in a few years. The fishing season begins with the first of March and closes on the first of August, at which time the boats are brought in till the next season. Having now about spent our allotted time in Astoria, by special invitation we took the little steamer, *The Daisy*, and after a very pleasant hour's run around the bay we were landed

AT WOODLAND FARM.

Woodland farm is the home of Bro. A. H. Sale, and is located at the head of Young's Bay, some five miles from Astoria. Here we found a very pleasant home and were royally entertained for one week.

This bay is a very beautiful sheet of water, and at times a ripple can scarcely be seen on its surface. Through the kindness of Bro. Sale and family we had the pleasure of taking a boat ride daily over these waters, visiting several places of interest; and among other things we went fishing and bathing both in the salt water and fresh. After taking a good degree of such exercise during the day, we found this to be one of the best places for eating and sleeping we have ever visited. If any one should feel disposed to question this statement, it can be fully corroborated by reference to Bro. and Sister Sale. The climate here is delightful, and is very healthful. Being near the ocean beach it seemed a little chilly however. Let our Eastern friends imagine our sitting by a good fire in August, and when we go out of evenings, of donning a heavy Kansas overcoat. The temperature is near the same the year round. The tide land at the head of Young's Bay is thought to be very valuable; and in connection with timber claims is being rapidly settled and improved. It is also thought that a railroad will soon pass through this section, connecting Astoria with the Willamette valley. This is very desirable, and will not only open up some good farming country along this bay and river, but will make Astoria the principal and direct shipping point for the upper country. The people of Oregon would do well to urge that this road be built in the near future.

On the second Lord's day we preached to a fair audience at Bro. Sale's house, he and his wife and daughter being the only members in the neighborhood. The people here know but little or nothing about our plea for primitive Christianity. Sister Sale is a very zealous Christian woman, and although she and her husband have been deprived of their church privileges for a number of years, yet they have not seen and felt the necessity of uniting with some of the denominational churches in order to "have a home." This of itself is enough to show the utter folly of some of our people in pursuing a different course. If one is not at home in simply the Church of Christ, he is not likely to find a better one by going outside of it. We protest against this abominable practice. Brethren, if you can not find a church of Christ where you go, unite with nothing. You are