

IN MEMORIAM.

Bro. Floyd :

Through the *C. Evangelist* I learn of the death of my uncle Elijah Davidson in Fayetteville, Ark., at the ripe age of 79. His wife, my aunt, was the youngest sister of my dear father, the late John E. Murphy of this place. Over thirty-one years ago we bade dear relatives adieu to cross the then, almost trackless wilderness, they taking their course to the sunny south. We hope to meet them in the sweet-by and by, over there.

E. F. LUCAS.

Monmouth, Sept. 3, 1883.

Died, at McCoy, Or., Aug. 19, 1883.

Walter, son of Mrs. S. F. Garrett, aged four years, seven months and eleven days. He talked of his death for a week before he was taken away and often sang his favorite song, "Oh think of a home over there."

With the flowrets passed from earth
This darling child so young and fair;
The Cherished object from his birth
Of affections tenderest care.

The sleeping germ shall wake again,
Though buried now beneath the sod;
Spring from the mould in which it's lain
And bloom at the command of God.

R. M.

Died, May 28, 1883, at her home in Kittitas valley, W. T., Sister Betsy, wife of Bro. S. S. Cox, aged 72 years. Her maiden name was King. She was born in Knox county, Kentucky, Dec. 22, 1811. When quite small she moved with her parents to Jackson county, Indiana. Married Bro. Thomas Bailes, one of the first ministers of the reformation in 1826, with whom she removed to Missouri in 1833, where she remained until the death of Bro. Bailes, which occurred in 1860. In the spring of 1861 she crossed the plains to Oregon, settling in Marion county, where she married Bro. S. S. Cox, removing with him into the beautiful valley of Kittitas, W. T., in 1880, where she resided until her death. Deceased leaves a husband and 10 children (all married and having families) and numerous grand children and great grand children. All of her children and many grand-children are Christians. She was the mother of Elder K. Bailes, a faithful preacher of "the faith once delivered to the saints." She was a zealous Christian, a kind companion and a good step-mother. She knew that she could not recover for months before her departure, and always said with hopeful confidence, that she was ready and willing to go. She suffered long and much, but bore all with Christian fortitude. Surely her life has not been in vain, and she has left "footprints on the sands of time," which others seeing shall take heart again.

E. G. GRINDROD.

SOUTH SALEM, OR.,
Aug. 30, 1883.

Our Dear Earthly Friend :

How void and vacant seems the moment when we are no more greeted with thy presence! Since five in the morning, May 30, 1883, which was the second day of thy sixty-sixth year, all sounds

of thee are silent except tokens of the past echoing through our memory, these, like other worldly consolation, seemed but dross to that anxiety which thy presence only could gratify even, our aged father who survives thee, and other relatives, or kind friends, all fail to satisfy our great desire for thy presence again. But the consoling angel who speaks to our inner senses now invites our attention in tenderest actions. We hear her say thy mother had finished her earthly pilgrimage, that ever benevolent and never erring Father who so kindly gave her to thee has taken her to himself; and far aloof from all pain and sorrow she waits to welcome the coming of her sightless child. Oh! blessed charity, we hear thy gentle voice. Our dearest earthly attractions are as nothing when we comprehend with a moment's communion with thee, be thou still our refuge. For want of physical sight we had not seen our mother during the extent of our recollection, but in heaven we shall behold her face for no afflictions are there, though this denial is generally regarded as one of the greatest calamities that can befall humanity, yet how little does it disturb our real enjoyment even during our earthly pilgrimage when through the eye of faith and by the inner dwelling of the Holy Ghost we behold thy celestial abode so greatly prepared for us in the future. And our dear readers, if true self examination find you depending on a perishable foundation we would implore you to read carefully the Book of divine truth. Ask God fervently for heavenly grace that ye may give proper attention and due reverence to the precious intelligence thereby attained, then, peace, holiness and never ending happiness is our sure reward. May the Lord add his blessings is our prayer for ever to you who love the Saviour, we are happy to present ourself your brother in his service and you who still reject this great salvation your sympathizing and pleading friend,

D. W. BREWER.

A Re-Union.

At the re-union of the survivors of the battle of Wilson Creek, held at Springfield, Mo., recently, many of the veterans, both "Blue" and "Gray," called at the residence of Mrs. DR. AUGUSTA SMITH, in that city, and paid their respects to that lady.

Many of these, with their wives and daughters, had been her patients, and they were glad to see the great woman doctor, whose skill had restored them to health. The greeting was cordial on both sides. The laboratory, office, parlor, and grounds of Mrs. DR. AUGUSTA SMITH were visited.

This lady by her skill and many womanly qualities, has endeared herself to thousands of persons, whom she has treated. She holds a warm place in the great heart of the public, and her field of labor and usefulness is becoming larger daily.

She treats the sick at their homes. Send for pamphlet and lists. Inclose stamp and address, Mrs. DR. AUGUSTA SMITH, Springfield, Mo., and you will receive a prompt reply.

BOOK TABLE.

[Under this head we will be pleased to give editorial reviews of all books and tracts of interest that may be sent to this office.]

HISTORICAL AND OTHER SKETCHES, by Jas. Anthony Froude.—This selection from the works of Mr. Froude is edited by President Wheeler of Allegheny College. The introduction gives an account of Mr. Froude's Life, Opinions, Works and Style. It gives a more comprehensive estimate of his powers than any other that is known to us. These essays abound in the felicities of the historian's style and suggestive thoughts. We select a quotation, almost at random, "The Norway Fjords." (fyord, pronounced in one syllable.) "The next day was Sunday. The sight of the boats coming from all quarters to church was very pretty. Fifteen hundred people at least must have collected. I attended the Service. * * * The faces of the men were extremely interesting. There was nothing in them to suggest the old free-booter. They were mild and gentle-looking, with fair skins, fair hair, and light eyes, gray or blue. The expression was sensible and collected, but with nothing about it especially adventurous or daring. The women, in fact, were more striking than their husbands. There was a steady strength in their features which implied humor underneath. * * * Sunday afternoon is a holiday. A yacht in such a place was a curiosity, and a fleet of boats surrounded us. Such as liked came on board and looked about them. They were well bred and showed no foolish surprise. One old dame, indeed, being taken down into the ladies' cabin did find it too much for her. She dropped down kissed the carpet. One of our party wondered afterward whether there was any chance of the Norwegians attaining a higher civilization. I asked her to define civilization. Did industry, skill; energy, sufficient food and raiment, sound practical education, and piety which believes without asking questions, constitute civilization; and would luxury, newspapers and mechanics' institutes mean a higher civilization? The old question must first be answered, What is the real purpose of human life?" Published in FUNK & WAGNALL'S STANDARD LIBRARY." Price, 25 cents. * Page 81.

D. Lothrop & Co.'s recent publication include miscellaneous books of exceptional value, notable among which are the following:—

CAMBRIDGE SERMONS, by Dr. Alexander McKenzie, possess the qualities of incisiveness and suggestiveness so helpful to ministerial students, and so instructive to all readers. While free from illiberality, Dr. McKenzie's utterances are full of a common-sense philosophy forcibly applied to the strengthening of character. D. Lothrop & Co.

DONAL GRANT will unquestionably be pronounced one of the most fascinating, if not the best, of George McDonald's remarkably popular stories. The fact that it is published in America from MSS. and will be re-published from advance sheets in England, is an innovation creditable to the enterprise of the

American publishers. D. Lothrop & Co.

Among books suitable for all readers, and especially for the young, are two delightfully entertaining stories, one, HILL REST, by Miss S. M. Moulson, the other, KENNIE'S TO-MORROW, by Jennie M. D. Conklin. The characters are realistic enough to have been drawn from life, and to follow the charming heroines will excite to emulation in good deeds.

Mr. C. M. Livingston, "Pansy's" sister, is a deserved favorite with young readers, and her latest book, the enchanting tale of PUFF, a canary bird who tells its own story, with choice pictures will afford endless delight.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, PANSY AND BABY-LAND, justly denominated "peerless among juvenile magazines," as they appear in the form of Annuals for 1883, are, if possible, more attractive than ever.

Our home artists, of whatever age, will have a warm welcome for DECORATIVE PLAQUES, with its round dozen of artistic and handsome designs by G. F. Barnes, which they are expected to employ their skill in coloring. Appropriate poems by Mary E. Wilkins accompany the plaques.

Mailed free by Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1106 Girard Street, Philadelphia, their "Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Action, Nature, and Results." A very remarkable publication.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

Tools to him who can use them, is the unwritten law, and neither land nor capital can remain long in the possession of him who cannot direct or use them wisely.—Sel.

"Do Likewise."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.

The eye is sometimes called the window of the soul, consequently a black eye must be a stained window.