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J. W. Cowles 1884

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CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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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 PRISONERS.

MARY M. GAY.

'Twas night, and o'er Phillippi's hills
The lingering moonbeams shone,
And over all the sleeping host
Night's mystic veil was thrown.
Each trembling leaf and drooping flower
Were wet with midnight dew,
No sound save that of moaning winds
Where the tall cedars grew.

Within the inner prison cell.
Shut out from human sight,
Two captives lay in cruel bands
Lone watchers of the night.
The heavy bolts were made secure,
No friendly hand to aid;
The cruel stocks, the galling chains
Upon their limbs were laid.

But hark! amid the stillness
A sound breaks on the air,—
The prisoners start and listen
To the low sweet sound of prayer.
O, holy words so full of love,
From lips that kiss the rod.
Blest angels bore them onward
In their upward flight to God.

And then a song of gladness
Rang out upon the air.
'Twas not a sound of wailing
Or the note of dark despair,
But a joyous song of triumph
Such as from angels rise,
And their voices joined the chorus
In its passage to the skies.

Did ye think, O Roman soldiers,
That a ransomed soul could weep
Just because of chains and fetters?

These to Christian hearts are sweet—
With the smile of God upon them
And the angels standing by,
Heart and tongue would shout his praises
Till the falling bodies die.

In our passage through life's journey,
Over sharp and crumbling rocks,
Oft we fell the chains of bondage
And our feet made fast in stocks;
Snares of sin and dire temptation.
Chafing us on every side,
Still we have the loving Jesus
For our comfort and our guide.

Let us each my brothers, sisters,
Strive to learn this lesson well,
Learn that song which Paul and Silas
Sang within the prison-cell.
Let it be our note of triumph
Through this world of sin and woe,
Strewing oft these gems of music
In our pathway as we go.
—New England Evangelist.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Brethren, if you sometimes fail to get your paper, don't always blame us with the trouble, but first examine your own post office.

Our meeting in Monmouth so far has been a glorious one. Up to this writing (Tuesday) thirty-six have been added, thirty of whom were by confession. We hope to have more to say next week.

The *Christian Evangelist* of Nov. 15, says: "Bro. Campbell is only beginning his work as pastor of the church in Springfield, but he has already grown into the confidence and affection of the brethren.

We take it all back. Last week we stated that Bro. Morrison would attend the meeting at Eugene; but we finally persuaded him to remain with us. Those good brethren can blame us with it all if they wish.

We are indebted to Bro. F. M. Green, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for a copy of the report of the second annual meeting of the general Christian Sunday-school Association, held at Island Park, Ind., Aug. 16-18, 1883.

We have received from the Corresponding Secretary of the State Board the report of the Christian

Missionary Convention of Oregon containing the two annual sessions held at Eugene city, Oct. 18-21, 1882, and Salem, Oct. 3-6, 1883. It is a neat pamphlet of 13 pages and is for free distribution. Address J. W. Spriggs, Salem, Oregon.

TOO MANY.—Brethren, I do not pretend to know why the churches do not appeal to the State Board for help from the State Evangelist. But they are appealing to me *directly*, from all quarters; so much so that I despair of answering the fourth part of them. Brethren, make your appeals through the Cor. Sec'y. of the State Board. You are too many for me!
NEAL CHEETHAM.

Bro. W. E. Pedigo in writing us to change his address from Colfax to Garfield, W. T., adds: "We are among a host of live brethren in Eden Valley. The cause of Christ is on the upward march in this part of the world." Such news from distant friends we repeat with pleasure to the HERALD readers and we hope the work for Christ may continue and increase in the valleys of Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory.

As our associate editor is comparatively a stranger to many of our readers on this coast, we take pleasure in quoting the following paragraph from our esteemed brethren of the *Christian Evangelist*: "H. T. Morrison, recently of Waupun, Wisconsin, is located at Eugene City, Oregon, and has become associate editor of the *Christian Herald*. Bro. Morrison is well known to us, is a good and true man, and our Oregon brethren will always find his voice and pen, and what is better still, his life, on the side of righteousness. We devoutly hope that he and his faithful helpmeet may find a pleasant home and a useful field of labor in the Sunset Land." We have accepted Bro. Morrison, not so much on what others have said of him as on his real worth among us. We have tried him and know what he is capable of doing.

How strange and oftentimes sad the vicissitudes through which a minister is called to pass! Not inexperienced himself in all the sufferings incident to humanity, is it any wonder that his spirit is stirred, or that his heart aches in sympathy with the bereaved who come to him for consolation? Death comes up still into our windows, stealing away the young children, and many a servant of the Lord could repeat as his own, these words written by one who pleaded for the gospel in a distant land: "Yesterday I conducted funeral services for a young mother who was giving to the tomb her first born, an innocent babe of a few months. To-day I was requested by parents, strangers in the land, to help them give up a lovely child of three summers. Two weeks ago they buried one younger; and less than three months past they lost one a few months older. It was enough to melt a heart of stone to hear that young mother call in tones of anguish inexpressibly sad, my baby! Oh, my baby!! I returned with the heart broken parents to their desolate home, where the sweet prattle of babes was hushed forever. Both father and mother broke completely down as they entered the lonely house, crying "No hope! no hope! all are dead!! Then lifting up their voices they wept as only the desolate can weep. My own heart breaks in sadness and I cannot sleep, for the whole world seems in anguish, weeping for the children that were and are not."

The *Catholic Sentinel* of last week says: "Our readers know that the *Christian Herald* has been our opponent for some weeks past in a controversy to which we gave some attention in our columns. Among other points the *Herald* denied the fact that the Catholic Church was the oldest organization in Christendom. In addition to what we have said in reply to his monstrous assertions, we will subjoin another passage from a minister of the *Herald's* own church." Now if the editor of the *Sentinel* will put his finger on the paragraph