

For the Herald.

CROSSING OVER.

'Tis dark, the stars have fled beyond the gloom
That settles down upon that grief filled house;
The rain, the wind, like to the ocean's boom
Loud roar as if they meant the dead to rouse.
But howling wind and deep impervious gloom
Are heeded not by those that there abide;
Mournful they stand, waiting within that room,
Watching around their dying one's bedside.
His feet, e'en now, are dipped in Jordan's tide,
Cold are its waters to his mortal frame,
But Hope shall lead him, safely shall he glide
Across its chill waves, lighted by its flame.
O joyful Hope, that lights that stream's dense gloom,
Reveals the mount of God, upon the other shore,
"The gates ajar," whence comes the sweet perfume
From Eden's bloom across that cold stream o'er.
And airs from golden harps call through those gates,
And greet the sense of that poor stricken one,
"Come, leave the world with all its loves and hates,
Our Savior calls thee, let his will be done."
O Christ, we thank thee, thou hast thrown such light
Across dark Jordan's cold and sullen tide,
Sent us such sweet and heavenly visions bright,
And through death's valley walkest by our side.
O parents, brothers, let your tears of woe
Be blended with the holy tears of joy,
Though good or ill attend you as you go
Bless, bless the cup your father does employ.
Bend to the seeming rod, he's free from sin,
His pain, his trials and his cares are o'er;
Be it our care, our strife to enter in
To that blest realm where sorrow comes no more.

R. C. P.

Monmouth, Or., Dec. 24, 1883.

"Dragging Pain."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife had suffered with "female weakness" for nearly three years. At times she could move, she had such dragging pains. We saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to any thing, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUXCH, Deposit, N. Y.

The Good of a Sabbath.

Lord Macaulay was no saint, cynic or Puritan, but this he did say:

"Of course I do not mean that man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But I very much doubt whether, at the end of the year, he will generally have produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week, and I firmly believe that, at the end of twenty years, he will have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is we are not poorer but richer because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as

any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machine—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labor on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, and with renewed corporeal vigor.—*Ex.*

"Only One Fault."

I was riding through a county town a short time ago, when I noticed a concourse of people in the churchyard, encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day and I had ridden ten miles, and I drew the rein under some trees to allow the horse to rest.

Presently a villager came towards me, and I said, "There is a funeral to-day in your town?"

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest-hearted men I ever knew. He had great abilities. We sent him to the Legislature three times. They thought of nominating him for governor. 'But,' he added sadly, 'Stephen had one fault.'"

I made no answer. I was tired and watched the people slowly disperse, leaving the sexton to his solitary work.

"A very generous man Stephen was. Always visited the sick. The old people all liked him. Even the children used to follow him in the streets."

"A good man, indeed," I said differently.

"Yes; he had only one fault."

"What was that? I asked.

"Only intemperance."

"Did it harm him?"

"Yes, somewhat. He didn't seem to have any power to resist it at last. He got behindhand and had

to mortgage his farm, and finally to sell it. His wife died, on account of the reverse; kind of crushed, disappointed. Then his children turned out badly. His intemperance seemed to mortify them, and take away their spirits. He had to leave politics; 'twouldn't do you see. Then we had to set him aside from the church; and at last his habits brought on paralysis, and we had to take him to the poor house. He died there; only forty-five. Poor man! he had only one fault."

"Only one fault!" The ship had only one leak, but it went down.

"Only one fault!" The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it fell.

"Only one fault!" Home gone, wife lost, family ruined, honor forfeited, social and religious privileges abandoned, broken health, poverty, paralysis, and the poorhouse.

One fault, only one.—*The Christian.*

Chautauqua Lake is 1,400 feet above sea level. It is the highest navigable water in the State of New York, if not in all the States. Lake George is 346 feet only above sea level. Lakes Placid and Saranac, and some others in the Adirondack region are 1,600 feet above but are not navigable for large boats, as Chautauqua Lake is. Its length is twenty-two miles, and it is three miles in width, and nearly a score of beautiful steamers sail it by day and night, carrying the thousand of visitors eager for instruction or pleasure, or both. The scenery about the lake is quite picturesque. Villages are planted along its banks and nestle amid the overbranching trees, adding life and vigor to this scene of great beauty. Edward Everett Hale compares it to Lake Como, in Italy, and the comparison is quite just. It is well stocked with fish, and the anglers pour benediction on Seth Green for his active work in behalf of piscatorial interest.

Weather Report.

During December, 1883, there were 10 days during which rain fell, and an aggregate of 5.63 in. of water, 6 clear days and 15 cloudy days other than those on which rain fell.

The mean temperature for the month was 40.32°. Highest daily mean temperature for the month 50.02°, on the 26th. Lowest daily mean 26°, on the 31st.

Mean temperature for the month at 2 o'clock P. M. 44.16°.

Highest temperature for the month 52°, at 9 o'clock P. M., on the 26th. Lowest temperature 24°, at 7 o'clock A. M., on the 31st.

Frosts occurred on the 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 29, 30 and 31.

The prevailing winds for the month were from the North during 17 days, S. W. 14 days.

During Dec., 1882, there were 20 days during which rain fell, and 9.76 in. of water, 5 clear and 6 cloudy days. Mean temperature for the month 43.24°. Highest daily, 55°, on the 13th. Lowest daily, 29°, on the 31st.

T. PEARCE.

Eola, Or., Jan. 1, 1884.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—But there is a woman whose whole nature is beautiful, and, being beautiful, is noble, chaste and true; whose life is the outward expression of the inward thought, and who cannot choose but set forth the lesson of loveliness drunk in with her very being; whose mind makes itself seen as much in the graceful fashion of her dress as in the sweet words which fall from her lips, as much in the rhythmic ordering of her household as in the glorious teachings of her children. Such a woman gathers around her forms of beauty, both outward as well as spiritual, as flowers gather dew by night to fashion it into living food by day. She is never heard to use a vulgar word, never known to do a graceless deed, nor seen to prefer a meaner taste. Her soul is a noble lyric set to gentle music—a low, sweet chant with words of love for the cathedral verses. This is the woman who elevates and purifies, and whose lessons of beauty and outward harmony have a deeper meaning than lies on the surface, and spring from a nobler source than mere artistic taste.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamps, 25 cents per vial, by druggists.