

slow to learn and incompetent to appreciate the simple, yet sublime aphorism, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Until this hour the foolish and the deluded of these churches are violating daily a positive injunction of Jesus: "Call no man your father upon the earth; for one is your Father, who is in heaven." Matt. 23: 9. But vanity finds lodgment even in the clerical heart, and causes the priest to forget his station—a servant—and makes him aspire to be a god, called father—spiritual father.

"O, but man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

Alas, that we should import our religion either from England or Italy! and suffer ourselves to be duped with the idea, that the only route to heaven passes through Rome or London.

It were better for this country, spiritually, that an ocean of fire separated it from the old world, than that a native American trembling before a European monk, should bend the suppliant knee to an Italian pauper, sustained by "Peter's pence," "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." And whose blasphemous designation in the mouth of his priests and taught to the "vulgus profani," is "The Holy Father." Episcopalians are not quite so radical on the succession, and in some places, I understand, join the preachers of other churches in coöperative work. Our association in Springfield, composed of three Methodists, two Congregationalists, one Baptist, one Presbyterian and myself, works harmoniously, and the fruits of our labor are apparent, in that we learn to know each other better, love each other more, and drawing nearer to each other and to God we are approaching that unity so fervently prayed for by Jesus immediate in view of his suffering and triumph.

Love to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yours in the gospel,
T. F. CAMPBELL.

Pray for patience; every day will bring something that will call for its exercise.—*St. Jerome.*

Canada Letter.

ACTON, CANADA,
Jan. 12, 1884.

Dear Bro. Floyd:

To give you a friendly shake across a 3,000 mile gap, is no easy task, but the regular visits of the CHRISTIAN HERALD tells me of the progress of our precious work on the Pacific coast, has placed me under a slight obligation to send a friendly salutation over the expanse. This will have to suffice, for the present, but I do not intend to be so easily satisfied always.

Our work in Canada is progressing very satisfactory, even beyond our most sanguine expectations. I began the same work here, that was intended if I had gone to Oregon, Sept. 1st, and the summing up of four months work, shows 23 places visited, 103 discourses, 34 additions, 27 by baptism, two Lord's day schools organized, two prayer meetings started where there was none and one thousand dollars raised for the work.

We are arranging to open out a new field at Welland, a town with 2,500 inhabitants. Well, this is about as much general news as your readers will care for from a distant field, like Canada. My heart is with you in your good work out on the Pacific coast, and if I should walk into your sanctum in the course of twelve months, you need not be surprised. I must express my appreciation for the CHRISTIAN HERALD; and the outlook which must be for a paper of its stamp, when there are so many able writers contributing to its columns. The California department is good, and I wish to especially commend Bro. Durham's article on dancing. Canadians are proverbially shaw, but we have quite a sprinkle of dancing Christians (?) here, even two of our editors (not me) have dances in their houses, and they are both preachers! and elders!!

We have had a very mild winter until about Dec. 20th. Since then we have been well frozen in; snow here is two feet deep. One hundred miles east it stands four feet deep. Where is your Kentucky department? Its editor recently wrote that men often, by cheek, pushed themselves into positions for which they are unfitted in both heart and education. *Selah.*

H. B. SHERMAN.

Life counts not hours by joy or pangs,
But just by duties done.—*Mulock.*

Report.

SALEM, OR., Jan. 21, 1884.

Editor Herald:

We observed the week of prayer in our church here, which resulted in a feeling that we should continue the meetings. So we preached last week, and will continue through this week also. Five have been added to our membership.

J. W. SPRIGGS.

Report.

ISLAND CITY, OR.,
Jan. 18, 1884.

Bro. Floyd:

I have just returned from holding a meeting on Prairie creek, in Upper Willowa valley, about 70 miles from my home, where I preached 17 discourses, resulting in 20 accessions to the Prairie creek congregation; 13 by relation, 1 from the Methodist, 1 from the United Brethren and 5 from the world. Closed with a crowded house and seemingly much interest. I think the foundation is laid for another fine meeting in the future. Their congregation now numbers 34.

At the close of the meeting they made a pretty liberal contribution to assist the Board in paying for my services as Evangelist this year, for which we return our heart-felt thanks. The Willowa is a fine field for the work; large enough for one man. I think a good preacher can do well to locate there.

J. M. JONES.

Evangelizing.

Closing our meeting at Bundy school-house on Tuesday evening, in company with Bro. Wm. Dwire, of McMinnville, Or., we visited the brethren of Touchet church on Wednesday to commence a series of meetings. It having snowed on the night before sufficient for sleighing, we anticipated pleasant getting around; but, to our disappointment, there came a chinook with rain carrying the snow nearly all off by the commencement of our meeting on Thursday night, leaving the roads very sloppy and making the outlook unfavorable. On the first evening there was small attendance, and on Friday evening the weather was more favorable and we could see an increase in numbers. I was joined on Saturday by Bro. I. N. Richardson who was with me through the major part of the meeting, also Bro. Hamilton was in attendance a part of

the time. From the Lord's day following, our audiences were about all that the church building could accomodate till the close of the meeting. Our meeting continued over 3 Lord's days during which there was 25 discourses preached. 21 by the writer, 3 by Bro. Richardson and 1 by Bro. Hamilton. Resulting in 31 additions, 17 by confession and 14 by relation.

Church difficulties were satisfactorily adjusted, and now Touchet can claim a membership of about 80, many of which are good working members. The brethren seem much encouraged and will meet each Lord's day to keep the house of God in order. They will commence a weekly prayer meeting, and have arranged to organize a Christian Sunday-school. I predict that Touchet church will be one of the most flourishing congregation on the coast. The young members got up a subscription and succeeded in raising funds to employ one fourth of the time of Bro. I. N. Richardson. This was one of the happiest meetings of my life. I met with a number of old acquaintances such as Bro. Eccles and son, Bro. Ware, formerly of Eugene City, Or., Bro. Killensworth, Bro. Lindsay, Bro. Muncy and others. It would not be possible for me to make mention of the many pleasant acquaintances formed during this meeting. I feel to thank God to whom all praise is due for the success of the meeting. More anon.

T. M. MORGAN.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub on a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.