

ST. PETER AT THE GATE

BY JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate.

With a solemn mein and an air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood

Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,

With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short, and thick, and stout,

His stomach was built so it rounded out;

His face was pleasant, and all the while

He wore a kindly and genial smile.

The choir in the distance the echoes woke,

And the man kept still while the woman spoke:

"O thou who guardest the gate!" said she,

"We two come hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land
And play our harps with the angel band.

Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt.
There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.

I've been to meetings three times a week,

And almost always I'd rise and speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way.
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all

'Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal Fall.

I've shown them what they'd have to do

If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career.

"I've talked to 'em loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong,

So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.

He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,

Or go to revivals or join in a hymn.
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.

He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,

While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord.
And if cucumbers was all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But, O St. Peter! I love him so,
To the pleasures of heaven please let him go!

I've done enough—a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below.

But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter, who's so dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
So their relations can amble through.

And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand right by the opening there

And never sit down in that easy chair.
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed.

They're cut too wide and outward toss,
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.

Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,

So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,

But in spite of his office he had to laugh.

Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye:
"Who's tending this gateway— you or I?"

And then he arose in stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell:

"Escort this lady around to hell!"

The man stood still as a piece of stone,
Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone.

A life-long, settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below

That he would certainly have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim—
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went,
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh).
And then he thoughtfully added:
"Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down,

He raised his hand and scratched his crown.

Then seeming a different thought to take,

Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there
No wonder the man has lost his hair!
Swearing is wicked, Smoke's not good.
He smoked and swore—I should think he would!

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp?

Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string!
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best,
Let him enjoy the music and rest!

See that on finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the hell he needs;
It isn't just hardly the thing to do
To roast him on earth and the future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings,

A glittering robe and a pair of wings,
And he said as he entered the Realm of Day:

"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway."

And so the Scriptures have come to pass,

"The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

With the Churches

Evangelical Church

By W. A. GUEFFROY

One more addition to the Church, by profession of faith on last Sunday morning. Also a good attendance at the Sunday school and the morning services. The evening services were discontinued on account of the baccalaureate services at the College chapel and we voice the general sentiment of the people present that the Dr. made good. It was one of the best sermons for the occasion that we have ever heard.

Because of the dedication of the Christian Church on next Sunday, there will be no preaching services in this church at the eleven o'clock hour. The Sunday school will meet at the regular hour, 10 o'clock; also the Y. P. A. at 6:30 and the evening preaching services at 7:30 o'clock. May we ask the Sunday school attendance to be very prompt.

The young people of the church met in business session at the parsonage on Tuesday evening, twenty-four being present, and a good time was had by all. The meetings of our Young Peoples Society have been growing in interest and attendance but there is still room to grow. We invite those of the college students who are not attending any other meeting at that hour to come and spend it with us. Our purpose is to do you good and we can only do that as we mingle together in these and the other services of the church.

Christian Church.

By H. F. JONES.

Plans are being laid for a great day next Sunday. All our plans will be incomplete and the day a disappointment without your sympathetic co-operation.

The Bible School at 10 o'clock will be the first service of the day. If you do not attend any Bible School we invite you to worship with us at this hour.

At 11 o'clock there will be a great service in which the other churches and ministers have been invited to participate. We have every right to believe this will be

a great service. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

If conditions are propitious, immediately following the morning service the congregation will gather in front of the building as a target for the photographer.

There will be a basket dinner at the Odd Fellows hall. Bring your basket with enough for your family and one over. The ladies will serve coffee and tea. Let us make this a real family gathering.

At three o'clock a fellowship service will be held. The communion service will be at this time. The minister and choir of the Independence Christian Church will have charge of the music.

The C. E. meets for one of their usual happy and helpful meetings at 6:30. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to attend this service.

At 7:30 the regular evening service. We are planning to make this gospel service a fitting climax to the day.

The minister will preach both morning and evening. The place and time of the sermon at the afternoon service will be taken by a series of short speeches by the ministers and workers of other churches and institutions. This will be a most helpful service.

A freewill offering will be taken at the services of the day. None of the money raising methods which sometimes cause embarrassment to all concerned will be resorted to.

Come and help us make the day so joyous, in the spirit of Christian helpfulness and brotherly love, that when it is past, its memory will linger as a blessing.

Following is a calendar for the week following the dedicatory services on Sunday, February 8:

Monday Evening. C. W. B. M. Night. Mrs. Ellen Hunter will deliver the address. She is a specialist in this work.

Tuesday Evening. C. E. Night. G. Everett Baker will come with an address that will interest all young people. He is president of the State C. E. Union.

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Wednesday Evening. Home Missions. C. F. Swander, Corresponding Secretary of the O. C. M. S., will speak. If you have ever heard him, you will want to hear him again.

Thursday Evening. Bible School Night. C. C. Curtis, of Dallas, will be the speaker. A man with an inspiring message. Hear him.

Friday Evening. Foreign Missions. A stereopticon lecture by a returned medical missionary, G. Carl Ghormley. He has been on the firing line of missionary activity, so his information is first hand.

A most cordial invitation to all the public to attend all of these services.

B. F. SWOPE,
Attorney at Law and Notary
Public.

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