

Praying in the Night Watches.

I am not surprised at David's praying to God in the night-watches; at his rising from his bed, and ascending to the roof of his house, and, when the mighty heart of the city was still and the mountains round about Jerusalem were sleeping in the calm brilliancy of an eastern night, that he should gaze with rapture on the sky, and pour forth such a beautiful psalm of praise as "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers," etc.

The night is more suited to prayer than the day. I never wake in the middle of the night without feeling induced to commune with God. One feels brought more into contact with him. The whole world around us, we think, is asleep. But the great Shepherd of Israel slumbers not, nor sleeps. He is awake, and so are we! We feel, in the solemn and silent night, alone with God. And then there is every thing in the circumstance to lead one to pray. The past is often vividly recalled. The voices of the dead are heard, and their forms-crowd around you. No sleep can bind them. The night seems the time in which they should hold spiritual communion with man. The future, too, throws its dark shadow over you—the night of the grave, the certain death-bed, the night in which no man can work. And then everything makes such an impression on the mind at night, when the brain is susceptible. The low sough of the wind among the trees; the roaring or eerie whish of some neighboring stream; the bark or howl of the dog; the general impressive silence—all tend to sober and solemnize the mind, and to force it from the world and its vanities, which then seem asleep, to God, who alone can uphold and defend it.—Norman M'Leod.

Will the Pillars Stand.

Some years ago, according to a story often told, an insane man, in one of our New England towns, once rose from his seat in the midst of a large assembly, and seizing with a great deal of energy one of the pillars that sustained the gallery of the church, declared aloud that he was going to pull it down. Had another "Samson Agonistes" suddenly appeared, and declared himself just ready to bow between the pillars of another of Dagon's temples, there could hardly have been a greater consternation. If the people had but stopped to consider, their good sense, as well as their confidence in the architect of the edifice, would have assured them of the man's utter impotence to execute his threat. But amid the outcries, and faintings, and general confusion, they yielded to the most foolish fears. Nor did they recover their self-possession, and quietly resume their seats, until another man, significantly pointing to the large and strong pillar which had been threatened, calmly said "Let him try—let him try."

This proposition restored order and confidence at once; the house did not fall, and the service went on. And so, "to compare great things with small," when men insanely threaten to pull down the pillars that the skill of the Divine Architect has reared and holds up, we are to easily moved with alarm, and too slow to consider the strength of the structure. When God pleases, he can indeed "the pillars of heaven to tremble, and to be astonished at his reproof." But so long as it is a feeble mortal who undertakes to shake them, our confidence in the Omnipotent Ruler would do well quietly "to let him try." This seems to be the very object of that assurance of God to the trembling inhabitants of the earth in a time of great fear: "The earth, and all the inhabitants thereof, are dissolved," that is, melted with fear, trembling with dark forebodings; but "I bear up the pillars of it."—Christian Intelligencer.

Subscribe for the MESSENGER.

The Laughter of the Bible.

On this subject Rev. De Wit Talmage concludes a sermon thus:

The next laughter I shall mention as being in the Bible is the laugh of God's condemnation. "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh." Again: "The Lord will laugh at him." Again: "I will laugh at his calamity." With such demonstration will God greet every kind of great sin and wickedness. But men build up villainies higher and higher. Good men almost pity God because he is so schemed against by men. Suddenly, a pin drops out of the machinery of wickedness, or a secret is revealed, the foundation begins to rock. Finally the whole thing is demolished. What is the matter? I will tell you what the matter is. That crash of ruin is only the reverberation of God's laughter.

On-wall street there are a great many good men and a great many fraudulent men. A fraudulent man there says; "I mean to have my million." He goes to work reckless of honesty and he gets his first \$100,000. He gets after awhile his 200,000. After awhile, he has 500,000. "Now," he says, "I have only one more move to make and I shall have my million." He gathers up all his resources, he makes that one last grand move, and he has not enough money of his own left to pay the ten cents of the Broadway stage on his way home. People cannot understand the spasmodic revulsion. Some say it was a sudden turn in Erie Railroad stock, or in Western Union, or in Illinois Central. Some said it was Jay Gould. Some said it was Cornelius Vanderbilt. Some said it was Daniel Drew. They all guessed wrong. I will tell you what it was. "He that sitteth in the Heaven laughs."—Ex.

Suggestive to Fault-Finders.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear your preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology!"

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see! I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick—you know how sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and throws it one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or a weed which she leaves. But if she refuses to eat, and spends the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would 'grow lean,' and my milk would be dried up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood silent a moment, and then turned away, saying: "Neighbor, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."—Dr. Dodd.

It will be seen from the telegrams that the crusade of the nineteenth century is characterized by the same fanatical and barbarous spirit which has always disgraced humanity in these religious contests. The Turks charge the Russians with vandalism of the basest character, while they themselves are giving loose rein to an irregular soldiery who respect neither age nor sex amongst their enemies.

Chromos.

We offered as a premium to every subscriber who took and paid for volume 5 of the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER a beautiful chromo.

We sent the premium promptly to each as the name and money came in; yet it may have happened that some were overlooked, or that some of the chromos mailed did not reach their destination. In any case, the party who was entitled to and did not receive the premium, can have one by sending me a postal card saying it was not received. I have on hand several hundred of the "Cascade Falls," and "Angling" and I have no other use for them only to send to the parties entitled to them.

T. F. CAMPBELL.

Obituary.

Died, at Dallas, Polk county, Or., Sept. 17, 1877, of consumption, Mrs. Clarinda B. Scott, aged 46 years, 2 months and 19 days, wife of John M. Scott, Esq., of Dallas, and daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Robinson, of Salt Creek.

Thus to another pioneer, Who toiled so long and well, Good friend, true wife, and mother dear, Farewell! alas! farewell! Eugene City, Salem and Portland papers please copy.

J. C. COLLINS.

Never was a better answer made than a poor Irishman made to a Catholic priest while defending himself for reading the Bible.

"But," said the priest, "the Bible is for the priest, and not for the likes of you."

"Ah! but, sir," he answered, "I was reading in my Bible, 'You shall read it to your children,' and sure the priests have got no children."

"But, Michael," says the priest, "you can not understand the Bible. It's not o' you to understand it, my man."

"Ah! very well, your reverence, if I can not understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I can understand does me a heap o' good."

"Very well, Mike," said the priest, "you must go to church, and the church will teach you; the church will give you the milk of the word."

"And where does the church get it from but out of the Bible? Ah! your reverence, I would rather keep a cow myself."

From Hon. W. H. Jones, of West Dover Vt.

"I have been troubled from my boyhood with chronic or hereditary lung complaint. Some years since, early in the winter, I took cold, which was usual settled into a severe cough, which continued to increase as the season advanced, although I made use of all the cough remedies I had knowledge of. My family physician also prescribed for me, but I experienced no relief. During all this time I was gradually running down, losing flesh and strength, until my friends as well as myself became very much alarmed, thinking I should waste away in consumption. While in Boston, during the spring following, I was induced to try Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. After one day's trial I was sensible that it was relieving me; in ten days time my cough had entirely ceased, and I was restored to health and strength. I have ever since kept the Balsam in my house, and whenever any member of my family has a cough or cold, it is immediately resorted to. No family should be without it." Sold by all druggists.

The Machine Was Worn Out.

Why? Not because it was not well built, but it was wrong run. Thousands of men who have run down long before their three score and ten years are accomplished, might have been rejuvenated into sprightliness and vim if they had tried the well known Peruvian Syrup, which contains among its compounds the Protoxide of Iron, so combined that it assimilates with the blood and invigorates the whole system. This syrup has proved efficacious in thousands of cases, and will do everybody good who uses it. All druggists keep it.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE.

We are offering for Sale at a bargain and on easy terms a Hoe Washington Hand Press, No. 5; as good as new. For particulars, address The Messenger Publishing Co., Monmouth.

Relief Without a Doctor.

Though we would by no means be understood as depreciating, but rather as recommending, professional aid in disease there are multitudes of instances when it is neither necessary or easy to obtain. A family provided with a comprehensive household specific like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is possessed of a medicinal resource adequate to most emergencies in which medical advice would be otherwise needed. That sterling tonic and corrective invariably remedies, and is authoritatively recommended for debility, indigestion, liver disorder, an irregular habit of body, urinary and uterine troubles, incipient rheumatism and gout, and many other ailments of frequent occurrence. It eradicates and prevents Intermittent and remittent fevers, relieves mental despondency, checks premature decay, and invigorates the nervous and muscular tissues. Sleep, digestion and appetite are promoted by it and it is extremely useful in overcoming the effects of exhaustion and exposure.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST.

LOST Sept. 22, 1877, One Wheat Receipt from J. M. Bewley, agent, Farmer's Storage and Shipping Co., dated Sept. 12, 1877. No. of receipt 24, and calling for 82 bushels and 18 pounds of wheat. Receipt drawn in favor of M. Nichols. The finder of the above receipt will be liberally rewarded by presenting the same to J. M. Bewley, agent, Farmer's Warehouse, Independence, Oregon.

M. NICHOLS.

DAVIDSON BROTHERS,

Photographers,

Corner First and Yamhill Streets,

PORTLAND, OREGON,

Is the best place to go for pictures, because their work is not excelled and their prices are lower than at any other gallery in the city. When you come to Portland be sure to examine their sample work, learn prices, and you will hardly resist the temptation to sit for a dozen pictures. 7-27-ly

**GOLD.** Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports making over \$100 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. 7-27-ly

CHANGE OF BASE.

G. W. HOWARD,

MONMOUTH, : : OREGON.

Would respectfully inform all of his old customers (and as many new ones as would be pleased to call) that he has moved his

BOOT & SHOE SHOP

to one door north of Postoffice, where he will be found ready, at short notice, to put you up a first class BOOT, SHOE or SLIPPER. Satisfaction guaranteed or no sales 7-15 ly



GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

A STERLING REMEDY FOR DISEASES AND INJURIES OF THE SKIN; A HEALTHFUL BEAUTIFIER OF THE COMPLEXION; A RELIABLE MEANS OF PREVENTING AND RELIEVING RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, AND AN UNEQUALLED DISINFECTANT, DEODORIZER AND COUNTER-IRRITANT.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap, besides eradicating local diseases of the skin, banishes defects of the complexion, and imparts to it gratifying clearness and smoothness.

Sulphur Baths are celebrated for curing eruptions and other diseases of the skin, as well as Rheumatism and Gout. Glenn's Sulphur Soap produces the same effects at a most trifling expense. This admirable specific also specially heals scabs, brucias, scalds, larks, sprains and cuts. It removes dandruff and prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray.

Clothing and linen used in the sick room is disinfected, and diseases communicable by contact with the person, prevented by it.

The Medical Fraternity sanction its use.

Prices—25 and 50 Cents per Cake; per Box (3 Cakes), 60c. and \$1.20.

N.B.—Sent by Mail, Prepaid, on receipt of price, and 5 cents extra for each Cake.

"HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE," Black or Brown, 50 Cents. C. H. CRISTANTON, Prop'r, 7 Sixth Av., N.Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In re Estate of H. M. HOLDER, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that Hon. Warren Truitt, County Judge of Polk County, Oregon, has appointed me administrator of the Estate of said decedent.

All persons holding claims against said Estate will please present the same to me duly verified within six months from this date, at my residence, at Buena Vista. And all persons owing said Estate will make me immediate payment.

I, M. HALL, ADMINISTRATOR. JNO. J. DALY, Attorney for Administrator. Dated Sept. 4, 1877. 7-27-4t

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

In re Estate of W. C. BECKETT, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that I have been duly appointed by Hon. Warren Truitt, County Judge of Polk County, Oregon; administratrix of the Estate of said decedent.

All persons having claims against said Estate will present them to me, at my residence, near Bethel, in six months from this date. And all persons indebted thereto will please make immediate payment.

JANE BECKETT, ADMINISTRATRIX. JNO. J. DALY, Attorney for Administratrix. Dated Sept. 4, 1877. 7-27-4t

JUSTICE'S SUMMONS.

Justice's Court for the Precinct of Monmouth, State of Oregon, vs. EZRA POPPLETON, Plff. Civil action

vs. C. J. MERRILL, Deft. To recover \$100.00 money.

To C. J. Merrill, the above named Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for the precinct aforesaid, on the 13th day of October, 1877, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the office of said Justice, in said precinct, to answer the above named Plaintiff in a civil action.

The Defendant will take notice, that if he fail to answer the complaint herein, the Plaintiff will take judgment against him for Seventy Six Dollars Twenty-nine Cents (\$76.29).

Given under my hand, this 30th day of August, 1877.

IRA F. M. BUTLER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Nelson Neally, administrator of the estate of Samuel S. Neally, deceased, will, by virtue of an order of the County Court of Polk County, State of Oregon, will at public auction, at the Court House door, at Dallas, in said county, on the 27th day of October, A. D. 1877, between the hours of nine o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described real estate, to wit: The Donation Land Claim, of Samuel S. Neally, Not. 7497 in sections 21 and 22 in T. 9 S. of R. 5, W. of the Willamette Meridian, in Polk County, Oregon, and in lots 4 and 5 of section 22 in said Township and Range, and also of that tract beginning at the S. W. corner of Claim No. 60 Not. 2470, in said sec. 22, T. 9 S. R. 5 W., thence E. 26.50 chs., thence N. 6.50 chs., thence N. 51° W. 31.50 chs., thence S. 23.86 chs. to the place of beginning, there being in all of said premises 226.86 acres, more or less.

NELSON NEALLY, ADMINISTRATOR. J. L. COLLINS, Attorney. 7-24-6t

J. L. COLLINS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, DALLAS, : : : OREGON.

Special attention given to real estate, collection and probate business. 7-24-ly

JNO. J. DALY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Will practice in all the Courts of this State and the U. S. Courts. Office, Mill Street, DALLAS, : : : OREGON. 7-24-ly

WEST SIDE UNITED STATES MAIL AND Stage Line.

STAGES on this Line will leave St. Charles Hotel, Albany, Ga. (except Sunday) at 1 o'clock p. m., pass Buena Vista, Independence, and Monmouth, arriving at Dallas at 7 p. m., CONNECTING WITH STAGES FOR ST. JOE.

Stages leave Dallas Hotel daily, (except Sunday), at 7 p. m., and arrive at Albany at 11 a. m.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS Will be found on this Line, which passes through some of the finest country on the Pacific Coast, and is especially inviting to immigrants and others seeking homes.

J. S. COOPER, PROPRIETOR. Monmouth, Oregon. 6-1-ly

\$55 & \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine 6-31-86t