

Few Items from Canyonville.

CANYONVILLE, Sept. 20, 1877.

Bro. Stungy.

I give below a few items from this place. Raining this evening. Crops good this year in this part. E. A. Chase preached at Day's Creek school house last Sunday; a good attendance; also preached the funeral of David Fate's youngest daughter at the same place on the 15th; she was a promising girl indeed; the procession was large and the best of order. Col. Reed, with about a dozen others, stayed in Canyonville last night, all out looking at the mines of our country. Mr. A. Riddle has threshed about thirty thousand bushels of grain in Cow Creek valley, this year. All peaceable and quiet here. Several quartz ledges and also gravel beds have been discovered lately, some bid fair to be very rich. One hundred men hired by the Middle Creek Co., 60 men at work on a wagon road to the same place. The mining excitement now prevails; the Tellurium at the head in Southern Oregon; the company will soon be ready for smelting, at the same time the work is being vigorously prosecuted on the tunnel; those wishing to purchase stock in said mine may expect to pay advanced prices soon. Everybody busy hauling off grain. G. W. Riddle's new barn adds greatly to the looks of Canyonville. Elder E. A. Chase has secured a home in our vicinity. Considerable sickness now in our part of the country, not very serious, mostly colds.

SUNT.

The New Minister's Sermon.

BY PAUL HATHBURN.

It was a very placid and peaceful-looking congregation that met the eye of the Rev. Timothy Northam as he rose in the pulpit that morning. The breath of May, redolent with apple blossoms and violets, stole through the open windows, toying with the ribbons and caressing the flowers that adorned the new summer bonnets; and the birds outside joined their artless praises with those of the carefully-trained and well-paid choir. Surely the new minister could not wish for a more auspicious day on which to begin his labors.

There was a slight rustle as each one settled himself more comfortably in his seat preparatory to the sermon, and turned toward the pulpit with that self-satisfied, quietly expectant air, that congregations are wont to wear at such times.

Their former minister, good old Domine Rogers, had preached to them for many years. His sermons were always good, interesting, thoughtful discourses, but they were never what is called stirring. True, his trumpet never gave an uncertain sound, yet it was not the thrilling call to vigorous action, but rather the music that comes to the soldier's ears when lying by his camp fire—music that fills his mind with brave plans and noble resolves of what he will do some time, to aid his leader and conquer the enemy. Well is it for him, if he awake to the necessity of action before the opportunity for it has passed; or if, while he is dreaming, the ever watchful enemy does not steal upon him and make him prisoner.

There were no revivals in Domine Rogers' congregation. Additions were made now and then. Children of pious parents, coming to years of discretion, stood up in the church and publicly professed their faith. Some middle-aged persons, after deliberately considering the matter, well weighing the pros and cons, decided for the Lord and took their stand with his people. Occasionally an old man or woman, tottering on the verge of the grave, felt their need of a helper, and, coming to the One who alone could help them, were welcomed into the fold. But there was no fervor among the people, no strivings after God, no

intense longings to serve him more perfectly.

Once in the church, the idea that they had not done all that was required of them seldom disturbed them. They paid their minister's and choir's salaries, supported a prosperous Sunday school, kept their church free from debt, and made semi-annual contributions to the well-established and approved charitable societies. What more could be expected of them? Clearly nothing, and they leaned back in their pews complacently, with the confidence of those who, feeling that they have done their whole duty toward God and man, are waiting, yet not anxiously, for their reward.

They were pleased with sermons denouncing the impenitent, and felt that it was right that those miserable sinners should be told how bad they were. They were glad when the minister exhorted persons to come to Christ, for it was certainly right that he should do so, and it called for no action from them. They enjoyed sermons treating of the privilege and duty of prayer, since it gave them a comfortable sense of their own advantages and superiority, for did not they always pray, and teach their children to do the same? They liked to hear charity extolled and its opposite censured, for were not they eminently charitable?

There were exceptions, it is true; all in the congregation were not victims of this Pharisaical complacency, but these exceptions were much in the minority, and the new minister had not learned to distinguish them. So it was with a feeling of discouragement, as if he were trying to move a mountain, that, in answer to their expectant look, he gave out his text and proceeded with his sermon.

"Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

He was a very different man from Domine Rogers; a sensitive, earnest man, with his whole soul in his work; one who felt sin to be a weight; a hateful barrier that separates the creature from the Creator, causing the misery of the one and the grief of the other. Like St. Paul, he longed to be delivered from the body of this death, and to see others free from it. Loving God with all the strength of his nature his soul was ever aspiring toward him longing to attain wisdom, purity and love, that he might better comprehend the perfection of the Infinite. He preached from the fullness of his heart. Thoroughly feeling all that he said, he could not but impress his hearers, and on many a face the expression of polite attention changed to that of eager interest as he showed how noble, how glorious was that race to which they were called, and how sweet was the reward of those who faithfully and bravely accomplished it—the "Well done" of the Master—was any amount of labor or self-denial too great to be endured, with the hope of gaining that exciting us?

This race was to be run. They were not to walk or loiter, by the way, but every muscle must be taxed to its utmost ability. A man cannot run when he is heavily burdened. One carrying the world upon his shoulders would make but sorry progress in the Christian race. They must lay aside every weight and the sin which did most easily beset them. "Each person has his own besetting sin," he told them, "no one can judge for another, but let me suggest that what troubles most of us, what lies at the root of our faults and failings is selfishness, which is in every way the opposite of love, and causes us to break the law in all its points. Look at yourselves, my brethren, and see if it is not so. Study your thoughts and actions, and see if down at the beginning of them you do not find a selfish motive. Then if you do find this to be the case look at yourselves no longer, look outside of

yourselves, beyond, above, and find nobler, purer motives that shall make your thoughts and actions pure and noble; above all, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, find there both the example and the motive."

When at last he stopped preaching there was a faint stir through the church, but it was that caused by the people coming back to consciousness of the things around them, not the sigh of relief which breaks forth at the end of an unheeded sermon.

The people had heard of another condition nobler and better far than that of the satisfied self-righteousness they had before thought to be all-sufficient; and in many minds had arisen a longing desire to reach that better state even though it should demand a sacrifice of that selfish ease they had prized so highly, convinced now that it was "high time to awake out of sleep" and "to press forward toward the mark for the prize of their high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Christian Intelligences.

Ignorance of Literary Men.

In one of Horace Walpole's letters occurs this paragraph; he is praising a certain childless couple, and the sweet life they were living away one side on a small estate. He says:

"They may comfort themselves

with having no children, when they recollect that the earliest born of men committed murder with the jaw bone of an ass—a deadly weapon, I am sure!"

William Hazlitt, in like carelessness, says it was "the Samaritan" who prayed, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Leigh Hunt declares that the poet Shelley, of whom he was writing a defense, "was a student of the book of Job, but for his Christianity he went to the Gospel of St. James."

Thackeray states that it was Eli for whom his mother made some "little shirts" every year, instead of Samuel, for whom Hannah made a coat.

And in the earlier editions of the story of Paul Dombey, Charles Dickens set one of the stupid boys in that school where the little chap learned the rudiments, as repeating a chapter "from the first epistle of Paul to the Ephesians," as his punishment for coughing out of season at the table.

The New York Tribune got terribly mixed lately over the history of Michael, the daughter of Saul, when talking about that horrible picture in the exposition, "Rizpah protecting the bodies of her sons." The Saturday Review asserts that the poet Cowper was converted by a verse in "the third epistle of Paul to the Romans." And this paragraph we cut straight out of the New York Herald not five months ago: "There is a story in the Bible which tells us that a certain Philip was recommended to bathe in the Jordan river, and that the great man objected to that obscure lavatory, because of the argument that the Euphrates was the nobler torrent of the two." This is one of the bright authorities which insist that no minister of the Gospel must assume to speak of science, since preachers are not instructed thoroughly in the details and the vocabulary.

Col. Benton, once in the United States senate, spoke feelingly of the man out of whom our Savior cast seven devils at one time.

And Waddy Thompson, formerly our minister in Mexico, when describing the hospital he visited in that forlorn country, called "The Hospital of Lazarus," said "the inmates would have rivaled in sores and rags the brother of Martha and Mary."

Lord Kenyon, on the judicial bench, charged a jury thus: "Finally, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the example of the Roman Emperor, Julian, who was so distinguished for every Christian virtue that the Scripture called him 'Julian, the apostle.'"—Ex.

The Pathos of the Bible.

Palestine to-day is a land of ruins. Fields, once fertile, are desert; hillsides once clothed with vineyards, are barren and unsightly; cities dismantled; harbors choked with rubbish and the refuse of the sea. All is worse than solitude, accursed, "trodden down of the Gentiles," yet the hills are musical with words that shall outlast them an eternity. Traverse the valley of Hebron—there lie the bones of the patriarchs; visit the borders of the Dead Sea—its sluggish waters roll over the Cities of the Plain, and trace the fire-storm from heaven. And there, beautiful for situation, the Holy City stands—Jerusalem, whether the tribes went up; the guilty city, where Christ warned, and healed, and pleaded, over which he wept; the fated city, desecrated by man's darkest crime, consecrated by the marvelous manifestations of redeeming love. As the verification of prophetic truth; as the centre of memories tenderest, most sacred, these ruins are Nature's tribute to the pathos of the Bible. They call the touching narration of Holy Writ, whose sympathetic influence is felt wherever the Word has gone forth. Divested of its pathos, the Bible were but a compilation of social ethics.

An ancient legend has it, that a tyrant of the East went forth to battle with the Greeks. Gazing upon the mass of living millions enlisted in his cause, the monarch's heart was melted.

He wept, he knew not why. The tears came not, as he supposed, from any inference of reflection. They rose spontaneously, as they will at times amidst the bustle of a crowded thoroughfare. Our own emotions are reflected back from other hearts. We feel the thrill of spiritual contact, the mighty presence of life. Such is the pathos of the Bible, the underlying tenderness which makes the Book of books the book of human nature; sounding the depths of human sympathy, universal, indefinable, profound.

Poetry and pathos in the Bible are subordinate. It never controverts its sacred office, nor makes effect a purpose. The tender and poetical are humble instruments to seal the truth upon the consciences of men. The child who cannot comprehend the love divine, is melted as he hears from mother lips the sweet story of him who was himself a babe at Bethlehem, who loved and blessed the little children. The man who, scarcely better than the child, can know the wonder of the same inexplicable love, is impressed by the simplicity and tenderness which mark that strange, eventful life.—HOWARD P. ELLIS, in *The Christian*.

The Early Rising Delusion.

For farmers, and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten, or eleven, or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty, about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours a night, is apocryphal. They have been put upon such small allowance occasionally, and prospered; but no man ever kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. Let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion

to the pulses. It is barbarous to expect children to land, on the center of the floor at the call of their nurses, with the thermometer below zero. Give them time after you call them to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before they leap.—Ex.

John the Baptist a Bug Eater.

At a recent Sunday school convention in Kentucky, a large concourse of people had assembled—Baptists, Methodists and others. The Methodist circuit-rider of that community, Rev. Mr. H., was addressing the children. "The Sunday school is not like John the Baptist, for they do not dress like he did; he wore a coat of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his waist." Turning to Dr. P., of Shelbyville, who sat near, he inquired: "Doctor, about how high did John wear that 'girdle?' " "Just high enough to measure the depth of the water to baptize in." [Loud laughter.] The lecturer, a little confused, proceeded. "But John the Baptist was not like the Sunday school in another respect; he did not eat the same kind of food." He ate locusts and wild honey; and locusts, according to ancient languages, were grasshoppers, and grasshoppers are bugs; hence John the Baptist was a bug-eater; but you children do not eat bugs!" The preacher took his seat amid roars of applause.—Ex.

Slanderers.

BY W. E. SEINDEL.

Slanderers are among the beings most abominable, and most to be detested. Within them may be found almost all the other vices common to transgressors. His business of slandering requires that he shall be a "liar," and that of the worst kind. Whether he invents the calumny himself, or retails that of some co-partner in the business, it matters not, if his purpose is to deceive and injure. Those who circulate a slander, knowing it to be unfounded and untrue, are liars in the sight of God and man. Not only is this true, but they are thieves and robbers, of the worst class. It is true that, "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my good name robs me of that which does not make him rich, and makes me poor." He is, also, a coward, and does not say to the face what he so freely utters behind the back, thus "biting the back." He resembles the sneaking dog in the road that bites at the heel of the traveller.

The slanderer, if he slander a brother, is a murderer in the sight of God; for he must necessarily hate the person slandered, and "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." A reputation is next thing in value, to life.

From the above, we draw the following conclusion: That the man, or the woman, who, wilfully and knowingly, and the purpose of injury, makes, or vents slander, is Scripturally, a "liar, coward, thief and murderer."

Nebuchadnezzar's Diary.

Among the discoveries made by Col. Rawlinson, in the excavations of Babylon, was Nebuchadnezzar's hunting diary, with notes, and here and there a portrait of his dogs, sketched by himself, with his name under it. He mentions in it his having been ill and while he was delirious he thought he had been out to graze like the beasts of the fields. Is not this a wonderful corroboration of Scripture? Rawlinson also found a pot of preserves, in an excellent state, and gave some to Queen Victoria to taste. How little Nebuchadnezzar's cook dreamed when making them that twenty-five centuries after the Queen of England would eat some of the identical preserves that figured at his master's table.—*National Repository*.

Don't deary enthusiasm; it makes men strong—and gives them success, when under other circumstances they would fail.