the spring that deserves a line or two in these reminiscences.

As I approached the school house one Sunday morning in company with Col. Ford, he remarked to me, "I see the Methodist preacher, Mr. Parish coming." I did not expect to see him at our meeting, and therefore was at a loss to determine what notion had prompted him to leave his own meeting, and come to mine. But I was resolved to let circumstances take their course, and so I walked on. As I entered the door, Mr. Parish met me, and with a very cordial shake of my hand, introduced himself to me, calling me Dr. McBride. I corrected his miss take, caused doubtless by embarrassment, by informing him of my name. The preacher in a very kind and obliging way, said to me that he had come down to my meeting, and would like to join our meetings together, he thought it was best to preach together. Very well, I replied to him, and invited him to the stand, and asked him if he would preach first. This he declined and said he would follow me. My theme was drawn from the first chapter of 1st. Peter, the golden text, (to use a recent expression) was born of incorruptible seed by the word of God. In my romarks the leading thought was brought to the surface embraced in the idea of birth. After I was done he dismissed the people for a few minutes, and then called them together. I did expect him to take issue with me but to my surprise he said he had just heard the Gospel, and it was just what he had been trying to preach himself, but never before had he heard it so plain as now. This is substantially what he said about my discourse, and then gave us a sermon drawn from the second chapter of the Hebrew letter.

The secret came out in a few days, Mr. Parish had no one to preach too at Mr. Howards, where he had his appointment, and he must needs preach to somebody, and hence the proposition for a union meeting. If my memory is not at fault, he never came back there to preach again. It seemed that from that day they gave up that side of the Willamette, at least in Polk county, to us. But said, (as I was informed by good authority) I could do nothing on the other side, or in Salem. I have concluded that whenever a Methodist minister propose to unite with a Christian minister in preaching, the proposition grows out of a similar fact.

It is still to be regretted even at this great distance of time from these scenes, the unkind feelings that those good people entertained against us, and our effort to preach the Christ.

My apology for them is based upon two considerations. First they had been sent out to Oregon in quite an early day as missionaries, and many of them had grown quite rich, and had had religious control as far as religious influences had been felt, almost without the slightest opposition, until it seemed that they had become impatient of any thing that would call in question their right to the exclusive field of operations.

In the second place they doubtless had heard marvelous tales about our heresy, and being exceedingly ignorant, about what we believed and preached, had come to the conclusion that we were a dangerous people, and ought to be repudiated by all good men, especially of Methodistic inclinations. It seems they only heard to be heard themselves, and what they could not meet in argument, they simply endorsed and claimed as a part of what they had before done themselves.

Tidings soon reached the ears of a Mr. Shaw that had come out to Oregon the same year that I had, (he came in company with Judge Crumps family, from Mo.,) that our Methodist brethren had said we could do nothing in Salem.

Mr. Shaw wrote to me, inviting me to Salem, and offering to seat off his large cabinet shop for me to preach in. Accordingly I sent him the time when I would be there. The day came at ast for me to start, I had some misgivings in going to the very headquarters of the Methodistic temple; but I went, and when I arrived, his shop was all sealed in good style, and a fine congregation in attendance. I spoke twice that day, dwelling largely upon the sixth chapter of the Roman letter, and in harmony with the teaching of the chapter, I led I think six into the water, and planted them in the likeness of the Saviour's death, by burrying them in baptism unto his death. Thus a small beginning was formed for the church of Christ, that stands to this day in the city of Salem.

G. O. B.

It appears that Bob Ingersoll has gone into partnership with his brother in the practice of law at Washington, D. C. Probably Robert prefers to look after that ministry business himself next time instead of having his friends to do it.

Now is the time to raise subscribers for the MESSENGER for the new yerr. Thousands of families would take the paper, which do not now, if the matter were properly presented to them, and we promise that as soon as the subscription will warrant, to make still further improvements.

Reports from the Field.

The brethren at Madison, Yolo county, Cal., have just completed a very comfortable and commodious church house. Bro. Pendegast will preach the dedication sermon, and have no occasion to ask for money, as the brethren have paid for their house themselves.

The brethren at Knights' Landing are holding a protracted meeting. J. P. McCorkle is doing the preaching.

COLUSA, CAL., Dec. 6, 1877.

The brethren at Oakland, Cal., have secured the services of Bro. Carrol Hendrick, formerly of Texas. They, at present, hold meetings in Odd Fellows Hall, and have a good attendance. May God bless our brother abundantly.

PORTER.

HARRISBURG, OR., Dec. 17, 1877.

Bro. Stanley:

I closed a meeting at Muddy (Liverpool) Station, three and a half miles from Harrisburg, on last night, of one week's duration, with five additions; three by baptism, and two from the Baptists. May Christ be glorified in them.

E. W. BARNES.

Bro. Stanley:

I will tell you something about the churches that I am laboring for this year.

The church at Halsey, Linn county, Oregon, for which I preach twice a month, is in pretty good condition, though but few in numbers, yet they appear to be willing and ready to work for the Master. At present the elders are Bro. Alingham and myself; brethren J. H. Moore and Maxwell are the deacons. We have no house of our own, but get the use of the M. E. church once a month, and we have meeting once a month at the Oak Plain school house.

The church at Brownsville, Oregon, appears alive to the cause of Christianity. They have but few members there. I preach for them the 2d Lord's day in each month. At present they have but one elder, Bro. David Putman, and but one deacon, Bro. Lemaster. We have had three additions there last month by relation. Our good Bro. J. H. Cole and his amiable Christian wife, and a young Bro. by the name of Howell, from California, took membership with the church. The church is and may be proud of such accessions. I am truly in hopes the good cause will prosper in this part of the country. May God help us to do good is my prayer.

Your brother in Christ,

J. E. ROBERTS.

WESTON, UMATILA CO., OR., Dec. 7, 1877.

Dear Bro. Stanley:

I have this day enjoyed the great pleasure of seeing a brother obey the form of the Gospel. Jesus died in the flesh, that is, his flesh died.

On last Sunday, at a meeting held by Bro. I. N. Richardson, two young men made the good confession of their faith in Christ. To-day, one of them (my brother) was immersed; circumstances prevented the other.

We must die, that is to sins. Jesus was buried, we must also be buried. Jesus arose and so must we. Who will be the next? Dear reader, are you a Christian? If not, why tarry longer? Will you be the next? Jesus invites you. If you are old, you must die soon. If you are young, you are not too young to die.

"Come you thou blessed of our God,
In Jesus' name we bid thee come."

Your brother,

CHAS. M. ELY.

A Printers Dream.

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow-bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cowhide sole. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door that creakingly swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke:—

"Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums, for though in life they may escape, they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshment they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a turn."

With these last words the printer then awoke, and thought it all a practical joke, but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.—*Selected.*

Whose Pocket-Book?

The *Christian Giver* says:

"Whose pocket-book is that which you carry?" said a friend to a business-man, as he drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket.

"Why, my own, of course. Whose else could it be?" was the prompt reply.

"To whom the pocket-book belongs depends on another question. If you belong to the Lord, I guess the purse is his also."

"Well," said the man, thoughtfully, "I hope I do belong to the Lord, but your remark throws a new light on this subject. It never impressed me before, as it does just now, that I am to carry and use this pocket-book, 'My pocket-book,' as my Lord directs. I must think this matter out, for I confess honestly I never have looked at it in the light in which you place it."

Worldliness the Great Sin.

Dr. Howard Crosby says: "If I were called upon to point out the most alarming sins of the day—those which are most deleterious in their influence, and most soul-destroying in their effects—I would not name drunkenness, with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling, with its crazed victims, nor harlotry, with its hellish orgies. But the love of money on the part of man, and display on the part of woman." While open vice sends its thousands, those fashionable and favored indulgencies send their tens of thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of wordliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man and woman the worshipper of self. While doing all this, the poor victim is allowed by public opinion, to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler, or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment.—*Golden Censor.*

Says an exchange: Beecher said it was true that there was no Scripture for infant baptism, but they had tried it, (like men tried the ox-yoke, for which there is no Scripture), and found it to work well, and must hold on to it. Our pedo-baptist friends should bear in mind this ox-yoke argument, when they look into the Bible for infant sprinkling and can not find it.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1878 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now is ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. It combines, with the soundest practical advice fer the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1878, in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish langnages, will in all probabilty be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Mess. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one n his neighborhood.

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To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 7-40-1y

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