

his frame, till he is now the fully developed man, and in each of these seven years, the particles of his body so change, that he becomes an entirely new being. Rome sat on her seven hills and for almost fourteen centuries, did she stand opulent, with the spoils of a conquering people. The seven sleepers were seven Christians of the third century of the Christian era, who were put to death for their faith in Christ. The event transpired at Ephesus, in Asia, in the reign of the Emperor Decius. More than two centuries after, and about the year 479, their bodies having been found in a cavern where they had been enclosed, they were taken out and exposed to view. The legend in speaking of their death, said they had fallen asleep in the cave, and, that at last, they awoke to the great astonishment of the spectators. Such is the origin of the legend of the seven sleepers. The Persians celebrate annually the feast of the seven sleepers, and their names are considered as a powerful talisman against the decree of fate.

The Seven Wise Men of Greece, were celebrated for their maxims of life. Their names are variously given, but those most generally admitted to the honor, are Solon, Chio, Pittacus, Bias, Periander, Cleobulus, and Phales. The Seven Wonders of the World are seven very wonderful objects of the old world. They are given as follows: The Pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of the Olympian Jupiter, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Colossus of Rhodes. In Scripture this name denotes perfection. In the sacred books, and also in the religion of the Jews, a great many events and mysterious circumstances, are set forth by the number of seven. Not only is the seventh day a day of rest among the Jews, but the seventh year and the seven times seventh.

Every seventh year, they let the ground rest. And every forty-ninth year, or year of jubilee, was a year of general rejoicing. The land was left unsworn. The bond servants were free, all debts were forgiven, and mortgages become void. Pharaoh dreamed that he saw seven fat kine and seven lean ones; seven full ears of corn and seven blasted ones. There were seven years of plenty and seven years of famine in Egypt. Jacob served seven years for each of his wives. Balaam said to Balak, build me here seven altars. Seven priests bearing seven trumpets went before the ark of the Lord, and encompassed Jericho seven days, and on the seventh day seven times, and at the seventh time, the walls of the city fell down.

The golden candlestick had seven branches. There remained among the children of Israel seven tribes which had not received an inheritance. The land beyond Jordan was divided into seven parts. The ark was with the Philistines seven months. Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. Seven of Saul's sons were hanged. The temple of Solomon had seven steps. The door of the temple was seven cubits wide. Seven weeks after the passage of the Red Sea, the law was received from Mt. Sinai. The Bible naturally divides itself into seven parts. The law, the psalms, the prophets, the Gospels, the acts, the epistles, and the apocalypse. Christ fed 4000, from seven loaves and after they had eaten, they took up seven baskets full of broken bread. Seven deacons were chosen at Jerusalem. There were seven churches in Asia, and seven stars to represent the angels of the seven churches. "And in the midst of the elders stood a lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth." "And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound." "And the mighty angel stood one foot on sea

and one on land, and cried with a loud voice, and when he had cried seven thunders uttered their voices, and when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write, and I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me: "Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered and write them not." "And there appeared another wonder in heaven, and behold a great red dragon having seven heads." "And I saw another sign in heaven great and marvelous. Seven angels having the seven last plagues, and the seven angels came out of the temple having the seven plagues clothed in pure white linen. And one of the four beasts gave unto the seven angels, seven vials full of the wrath of God, and no man was able to enter into the temple till the seven plagues were fulfilled. And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the seven angels go your ways and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth."

E. H. PARNELL.
Christian College, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Sorrow.

Sorrow first fell upon man with all her crushing weight, when through disobedience he was driven through the Garden of Eden; and since which time in an aggregated form, she has intruded her unwelcome presence into the homes, and laid her unrelenting hand upon the hearts of all mankind. The law of suffering is a great universal law of our nature. The history of the world is the record of this truth. The generations of men as they successively followed each other, have uttered the same lamentations over the miseries of life. Patriarch, sage and philosopher have all wept over its disappointments and vanities. No favored spot of earth has been found, however mild its climate, or gorgeous and beautiful its scenery; however clear its crystal waters, where the wail of sorrow and lamentation is not heard. It is a calamity that surrounds us on every hand, throughout the length and breadth of this bright and beautiful world. Its influence is felt from the arid deserts of Africa, where the burning sun pours his heated rays, and the dreaded simoon sweeps with awful power, to the vine-clad hills and vales of sunny Italy. The same balmy breezes that waft the odor of sweet perennial flowers, bear upon their perfumed wings the sigh of sadness and the wail of despair. The melancholy surging of the ocean chants a perpetual dirge over the many thousands sleeping in its unfathomed depths. Every storm that sweeps across the mighty deep brings the wail of those who have gone down, to rise no more, until that day when all nations shall stand before the Great White Throne. The earth, though robed in beauty, is the abode of sorrow. The low moaning of the wind through the tall trees of the forest, comes in mournful cadence, like a requiem over some departing soul. It is borne upon every breeze. Its shadow falls upon every heart. The morning sun rises in glorious splendor, and his cheering rays fall upon a sorrowing world. Each must drain his own bitter cup to make life's joys sweeter. Each must grope through darkness and gloom to make the sunlight brighter. Each heart must be draped in the habiliments of mourning; fires must be built upon its altars that it may be purified by the burning and made an acceptable offering to God. Were there no clouds to darken the skies of our earthly happiness, were we never called upon to drain the bitter cup of sorrow and disappointment, we would soon become unmindful of our dependence upon the protecting care of our Heavenly Father. But when sorrows gather thickly around us, and the hour of tribulation and trial comes, when our idols are broken, and the shrine whereon we laid our earthly affections has been removed,

when the heart's most tender ties have been rudely torn asunder, and the golden band of friendship broken; then, in anguish of spirit, we turn to our Heavenly Father, who stands with outstretched arms, ready to receive us. Far in the dim distance, across the dark, sullen waters of gloom, we behold a ray of sunlight. It is the dawning of a brighter day to our troubled souls.

Our hearts being humbled, and our souls purified by suffering, we may turn from the transient things of earth, and find solace in contemplating a blessed future, where sorrows, partings and farewells are never known; where the immortal mind, freed from the shackles which bind it so closely to earth, shall take its flight upward, throughout the ethereal realms of space, drink deep of the waters of perfect peace, and receive instructions from the omnipotent Creator of this, our beautiful and complicated world.

"No life was ever free from blight of care,
Each soul must bow beneath the chastening rod;
Each human heart some weary cross must bear,
Each brow the thorny crown of sorrow wear,
Until in death we yield them up to God."

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The Temperance Cause.

We clip the following from the Germantown, Penn., Guide, in regard to "Temperance" in the city of Philadelphia:

A GOOD WORK.
The temperance cause has evidently taken a new start. For some time its active advocates appeared to have been moved by a singular spasmodic effort. To-day their hopes were bright, to-morrow they were dragging through the very gloom of despair. But this is not to be wondered at when it is considered what they have had to contend with. There is no disguising the fact that the friends of temperance all along have had a city government with all its executive machinery arrayed in hostility to their noble work of humanity and reform. This, however, disheartening as it may be, does not deter them from pointing the way of right to the fallen and infatuated drinker. Within the past few months there have been several marvelous cases of reform in this particular brought about by the instrumentality of sincere men, whose kindness and sympathy and prayers have met with a reward that all the tongues of praise can never tell. While the grogshop is waging war against a thousand firesides around us, what a consoling thought to reflect upon is the fact that there are still warm hearts, noble souls, and willing hands reaching out into the dens of sin, constantly laboring with all their manly courage to snatch from the fire a burning brand. Oh, what a wicked crusade is that which avowedly directs against the hearthstone! In respectful language, and with "malice towards none," we cannot but characterize it as a heartless struggle for pelf. War upon poor, weak and infatuated man. War upon starving and innocent children. War upon the hopes and ambitions of our sons. War upon the honor and virtue of our daughters. War against religion and morality. War! relentless, bloody, blasting, agonizing, cruel war! And yet what can be done save to gather up the fallen? Aye, to save one poor soul that is found floundering in the meshes of intemperance is worth a long life of persistent effort. The glorious harvest that has been recently gathered, and the rich reward following individual labor, it is hoped, will encourage others to direct their energy and persuasive influence in the same field, until the reclaimed shall become a powerful army against their destroyers. Every considerate person should deem it a duty to take a part in the heaven-blessed work of saving men from the thrallhold of rum.

It's a work for the old and the young;
It's a work for the pen and tongue;
It's a work for pulpit and pew;
It's a work for me and for you.

Chuckled with Delight.

There is high glee in Pademonium. The spirits of the damned are on a rampage. "The prince of the power of the air" is holding high carnival. "The spirit that now works in the children of disobedience" has clothed himself in a garment of light, and he who flies above us, puissant as an "angel of light," exultingly rejoices that the hearts of the righteous are made sad, because Satan has promised eternal life to the ungodly. The Devil no longer "goes about as a roaring lion." He now bleats as meekly as a sucking lamb. He no longer treads the house of the Lord in hard and horny hoofs. He walks in silver slippers trimmed with golden lace. He has doffed his sooty suit, impenetrated with the mephitic smell of the infernal regions, and appears upon the streets in a shiny, silken garment of super-sublimated holiness. His eyes no longer glower and gleam with the fierceness of wrath and vengeance, to startle children and overcome the impenitent, but those great cavernous eyes, once deeply set in sockets of iron, now speak the sweet speech of the celestial angels, and sparkle with the joys of a newly-discovered treasure. That vulgar sepulchral voice, that once groaned and moaned like the pent up steam of a trembling vol-

cano, now speaks with the enticing and persuasive words of man's wisdom, and the tongue of the circus sings a sweet lullaby of cheering repose. He no longer touches you with his horny hands, nor greets you with an icy grasp, but the palm of his hand is as soft as velvet, and his touch as sensitively tender and tickling as the kiss of a coy maiden. He no longer walks into your parlor in a cloud of bituminous smoke but the air he breathes is one of sweet perfume, and the atmosphere he moves in is redolent of the aroma of roses, myrrh, and frankincense. A spruce old gentleman, in this modernized Devil. He goes about lecturing for ungodly gains, and tells the people that the idea of hell is a figment of fancy, that a general day of judgment is a hallucination of the brain, and that the personality of *Ho Satanas* is an emanation of ancient mythology.—Review

A Literary Oddity.

The "Brewers" should to "Malta" go,
The "Boobies" all to "Seilly,"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"
The "Furriers" to "Chilli,"
The little scolding, caroling "babies,"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to "Babylon,"
To "Lapland" or to "Brest,"
From "Spithead" cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the "Miter" waits
His passage to the "Guinea" coast,
"Spendshifts" are it the "Straits,"
"Spinsters" should to the "Needles" go,
"Wine-bibbers" to "Burgundy,"
"Gourmands" should launch at "Sandwich Isles,"
"Wags" at the "Bay of Bandy,"
"Bachelors" to the "United States,"
"Maid" to the "Isle of Man,"
Let "Gardeners" go to "Botany" Bay,
And "Shoeblacks" to "Japan."
Thus emigrate—and misplaced men
Will then no longer vex us,
And all who're not provided for
Had better go to "Texas."

FIRST SWELL.—I say, Plevna has fallen. Second ditto—Ya-as, so I see. First swell—Great blow to the ah—the ah. Second ditto—To the ah, yes—the wussians. First swell—Ya-as. He was their principal general, I believe. Second ditto—Ya-as, something of the sort; but, really, I don't twouble to wead about the war. It's too much. First Swell—Quite awfully too much, really; only everybody is saying Plevna's fallen, you know, and it's fashionable. Second ditto—Ya-as. Come to my chambers. Got some doosid fine Chartwense. Come over. A pweasant. Come along old fellah. First Swell—All right. I suppose old Plevna was a vevy general, else they wouldn't have made such a doosid fuss about him.—London Fan.

A Good Rule.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance, an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.
Since life's a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor while passing along
To make it as smooth as we can.

The new alloy, known as manganese bronze, has been made the subject of some recent experiments to test its strength. A cold rolled rod sustained a strain of 34,000 kilograms (34 tons) before stretching, and displayed an ultimate strength of 40,000 kilograms per 6 square centimeters (1 square inch), with an elongation of only 11.6 per cent. of its length. This places the alloy on a par with steel, and in its elastic limit somewhat above it. The alloy has been made in the form of wire, plates and tubes, and in all these forms it is reported to be superior to brass, and as it retains its qualities under great heat, it would seem to be valuable for boiler and condenser tubes.

The search for tannin materials has been rewarded by the discovery and application, upon a commercial scale, of the valuable properties of the wild "sweet fern," so abundant in New England. This hitherto useless product affords a good extract of tannin, a manufactory has been erected to utilize the crop of fern in Maine.

Dr. Hayden believes that his parties have fixed the position of the ancient outlet of the great lake that once filled the Salt Lake basin. This appears to have formerly drained into the Columbia River; and the lowest pass between the great basin and the drainage of the river is continued directly south at the head of Marsh Creek, and so low is it that one marsh connects two streams, one flowing to the Bear River and the Great Lake, and the other to the Portneuf and Snake rivers of the Columbia. This generalization was actually made several years ago, but only fully established during the past season.

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