

**The Rest that Remaineth.**

The prospect of rest is refreshing to all who know the fatigue of toil, and is the greatest incentive to physical and mental exertion. It is not hard work alone that worries and disheartens men, so much as unrequited toil— toil that is carried on without any prospect of adequate reward, and without the hope of cessation or rest. Men can labor to the point of exhaustion without discouragement and even cheerfully, when they know that their labor is productive and bids fair to secure for them such a competence as will, some time, enable them to rest from excessive toil.

But there are many who never have adequate rest, or any prospect of it. There are multitudes of overburdened and overtaxed toilers in the garrets, cellars, shops and offices of our towns and cities, who labor day and night to obtain a bare subsistence, and never the luxury of thoroughly refreshing rest, but rise with weary, aching bodies, to resume their daily drudgery, and with little or no hope of any mitigation or cessation of their toil.

How indescribably comforting to such is the blessed invitation of the Savior: "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And how precious the hope of that heavenly rest which "remaineth for the people of God," where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat;" where they will not need to fear and to be anxious about a subsistence, for "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water." There the weary and heavy laden shall rest, and shall find infinite compensations, for their hardships here in, the ineffable joys which God has prepared for them that love Him—joys that will seem all the more precious by contrast with their sufferings here.

This rest "remaineth." It is abiding and eternal. Here, our moments of rest are short; the slumber of the night is soon past, and we have to engage again in the toils of the day. There, there will be no such thing as toil, no weary limbs and aching bodies, but all our occupations will be the most delightful rest. There will be no such thing as fatiguing routine and sameness of duty, but every variety of congenial employment and change, which is itself rest. Here, the rest of the Sabbath, though the best earthly type of the heavenly rest, is soon closed and we have to engage in the exhausting labors of the week. But there, it is an eternal Sabbath filled with such services as will minister perfect joy and satisfaction to the soul. Here, all our joys are transient, but bliss of Heaven is eternal—it remaineth.—*Western Advocate.*

**Make Friends.**

Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our consciousness, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to all our human relationships? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not often times put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountains of our loves? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstanding to build up strong walls between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels, year after year, which a manly word any day would compose? Would we pass neighbors or old friends on the street without recognition, because of some real or fancied slight, some wounding of pride, or some ancient grudge? Or would we be so chary of

our kind words, our commendations, our sympathy, our comfort, when weary hearts all about us are breaking for just such expressions of interest and appreciation as we have it in our power to give?—*Rev. J. R. Miller in S. S. Times.*

**The Overcoat Doxology.**

"Praise God from whom"—and all through the congregation there is a general stir to find hats and draw on overcoats, so that by the time those who have nothing more important to do than to join in the singing have come to—

"Praise Him all creatures here below"—a number of these same "creatures" are in a deadly wrestle with sleeves and lining by a backward measurement of arms. Much they are thinking about praising the Highest! Their chief concern seems to be that they shall be ready to dart out as soon as the benediction is pronounced to stand on the sidewalk in front and criticize the people as they come out, or hurry away to some less "tiresome" place. Well, well! and the saints above—"Ye heavenly host,"—how pitifully they must look down upon this contest between overcoat and praise to God! Hearing the appeal of a divided, half-hearted congregation coming up from beneath some heaven-pointing spire, is it likely their pure spirits will be wrought into a greater devotion and thankfulness? We need not answer.

What is a doxology for, if not to express gratitude to God? And if this gratitude be felt by only a few, had not the pastor better preach a series of sermons on "The Duty of Thankfulness," or in some way awake those who are careless to a sense of their irreverence? The very words—"from whom all blessings flow," silence all questions as to the duty; and who can indulge much religious sentiment in connection with a mental problem of economizing time?

We believe it to be thoughtlessness, principally. The devil has gained some advantage in the souls of believers, and from making them wander in their prayers toward the last, finally gets behind, begging to assist them on with their overcoats! Indeed! And this is the same spirit of darkness now urging to the shortening of God's time, who will ere long jeer over the too late repentance of a lost soul. Who shall say but some of these may be among the number of his victims—those who irreverently consider the ordinances of God's house?—*Methodist Recorder.*

**Life's Cherry Autumn.**

I wish that any who fancy life at forty is necessarily gloomy, would read the noble sermon by that most noble man, Albert Barnes, on "Life at Forty-score." Such cherry inspiring, heavenly views are good for body and soul. With good health and even measurably easy circumstances, forty may be the very golden autumn of life. The little children are probably now grown and sound sleep can prepare one for the day's duties, and helpful older ones relieve the mother from many cares. A good woman in my neighborhood has an assured position, and is prized in any community; and this last adds not a little to the pleasantness of one's condition. She has time now for small, neighborly charities, which bless her own soul even more than those to whom she ministers. Do not dread the fortieth milestone, because the bloom will depart. Many a woman is far more charming at middle life than she was in the rosy flush of youth. Wisdom, the result of experience, and a thoroughly kind heart will make a wrinkled cheek and silvery hair more beautiful than the fairest face which has the "crow's feet" of a sharp temper, or a sinful, censorious spirit. It is ourselves, and not our age that will make us happy and admired, and better still, beloved. Do not adopt the

gloomy view even when you have gone still further on the journey. As Linda gave us a verse on "Forty Years," let me give you another on a still later age:

Just sixty-two! Then trim thy light,  
And get the jewels all reset.  
This past meridian, but still bright,  
And lacks some hours of sunset yet.  
At sixty-two be strong and true,  
Scour off the rust and shine anew.

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,  
And fight fresh battles for the truth;  
For what is age but youth's full bloom,  
A riper, more transcendent youth.  
A wedge of gold is never old,  
Streams broader grow as onward rolled.

Above all, to have the way seem glad and bright as we go down life's sloping hill-side, we need to have it lighted from the cross of Christ. This can gild the darkest clouds that ever brooded over our earthly path, and it will light us through the low-lying valley which stands at the end of the way.—*Ex.*

**Retrospection.**

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.  
"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. x. 35.

He was better to me than all my hopes,  
He was better than all my fears;  
He made a bridge of my broken works,  
And a rainbow of my tears.  
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path  
Carried my Lord on their crest;  
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march,  
I can lean on His love for the rest.  
He emptied my hands of my treasured store,  
And His Covenant Love revealed;  
There was not a wound in my aching heart  
But the balm of His breath hath healed.  
Oh, tender and true was the chastening sore,  
In wisdom that taught and tried,  
Till the soul that He taught was trusting in Him,  
And nothing on earth beside!

He guided my paths that I could not see,  
By ways that I have not known;  
The crooked was straight, and the rough made plain,  
As I followed the Lord alone.  
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,  
And the water springs by the way;  
For glowing pillar of flame by night,  
And the sheltering cloud by day.

And if to the warfare He calls me forth,  
He buckles my armor on;  
He greets me with smiles and a word of cheer  
For battles His sword hath won;  
He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,  
He blesses my hand to toil:  
Faithful is He as He washes my feet  
From the trace of each earthly soil.  
There is light for me on the trackless wild  
As the wonders of old I trace,  
When the God of the whole earth went before,  
To search me a resting-place.  
Has He changed for me? Nay; he changes not!  
He will bring me by some new way,  
Through fire and flood, and each crafty foe,  
As safely as yesterday.

Ne'er in the glare of the enemy's land  
He suffers His own to sleep;  
The combat, the tempest, the raging wave  
Till His wondrous works in the deep.  
The treasures of darkness in secret hid,  
Can the child of the kingdom proclaim?  
Oh, tell forth the praise of Jehovah to-day  
Give glory anew to His name!  
Never a watch on the dreariest halt,  
But some promise of love endears;  
I read from the past that my future shall be  
Far better than all my fears.  
Like the golden pot of the wilderness  
Laid up with the blessing rod,  
All safe in the Ark with the law of the Lord,  
Is the Covenant care of God.  
—*Anna Shigon.*

**Inquire Before You Determine.**

Ask your druggist what Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is doing in cases of severe cough and cold, within his own personal knowledge, before you try it your self. Inquire of him if he has ever known a medicine of his class as popular as that pure and agreeable vegetable preparation. Be governed by the facts he will state to you. We venture to say that there is not an apothecary in the country who will not endorse it as a specific for diseases of the lungs and throat.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

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**Obituary.**

Our columns have become too much crowded for the insertion of long obituary notices, except in cases where the deceased was extensively known among our readers on this coast. In all cases we will insert 100 words free. For each additional 100 words we will charge \$1. When long notices are not accompanied by the money, the editor will abridge them to suit.

Died, at his residence, near Tangent, Linn county, Oregon, Feb. 15, 1879, G. W. Vernon, aged 66 years, 6 months and 11 days.

Father was born in Tennessee in 1812; his father died in 1815; his mother, with five children, of which father was the youngest, emigrated to Missouri in 1817. Father was married in 1828, to Rebecca Greenway, who still survives him. He emigrated to Texas in 1847, and to Oregon in 1853, where he has since resided until his death.

Father was paralyzed in September, 1877, but soon recovered sufficient to walk about the house, but suffered intensely, both in body and mind, from that time until his death.

He confessed his faith in Christ and was baptized by Eld. Thomas Allen, in 1839, and has lived a devoted Christian life, and died in full triumph of the Christian's hope.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

A. C. VERNON,  
Christian and Texas C. Messenger please copy.

**Separation.**

There are deep lessons in holiness to be learned on this point. Some do not like to rise in a congregation, and be identified with the professors of holiness. They think, it may be, it separates brethren. So it does. And such is frequently the intention. But this is done, not as a matter of pride, but to lure on others to join them in the happy experience of full salvation. Without some point of outward separation, little that is solid is likely to be accomplished. It was so when Ruth left her country for that of Naomi, and the principal holds good to day. We may sorrow to leave dear brethren; but a greater sorrow ought to be, to let the company of the blood-washed go on without us. We help to save the unsanctified by separation, followed by invitation.—*Harvester.*

**A Well-Known American Author.**

Referring to his own complete restoration to health through the use of Compound Oxygen, after many years of invalidism and exhaustion from over-work, T. S. Arthur, the well-known American author, says, in his Home Magazine, under date of February, 1878: "Dr. Starkey and Palen are physicians in regular standing, of high personal character, and above the suspicion of quackery or pretense. A new curative agent has come into their possession, and their administration of it, so far, has resulted in restoring to health many who had regarded their ailments as incurable, and in giving back a good measure of health to a large number of invalids who had vainly sought for help through other means of cure." The testimony of others as well known to the public will be found in our Treatise on the Nature, Action, and results of "Compound Oxygen." It is mailed free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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**The Tallest Chimney in the World.**

The tallest chimney in the world is the Townsend chimney, Glasgow, Scotland. It was built by Robert Corbett of Glasgow, for Joseph Townsend of Crawford Street Chemical Works. The total height from foundation to top of coping is 468 feet, and from ground line to summit, 454 feet; the outside diameter at foundation being 50 feet, at ground surface 32 feet, and top coping 12 feet 8 inches. The number of bricks used in the erection was as follows: common bricks in chimney, 1,142,532; composition and fire-bricks for inside cone, 157,468; common bricks for flues, etc., 100,000; total, 1,400,000. The weight of bricks at 5 tons per 1,000, is equal to 7,000 tons. When within 5 feet of completion, the chimney was struck by a gale from the northeast, which caused it to sway 7 feet 9 inches off the perpendicular, and it stood several feet less in height than before it swayed. To bring back the shaft to its true vertical position, "sawingback" had to be resorted to, which was performed by Mr. Townsend's own men, ten working in relays, four at a time sawing, and two pouring water on the saws. The work was done from the inside on the original scaffolding, which had not been removed. Holes were first punched through the sides to admit the saws, which were wrought alternately in each direction at the same joint on the side opposite the inclination, so that the chimney was brought back in a slightly oscillating manner. This was done at twelve different heights, and the men discovered when they were gaining by the saws getting tightened by the superincumbent weight.—*Scientific American.*

**The Newspaper.**

The great press slowly moves; its arms are reaching for their strong embrace. "Stop that press!" The giant rests again. There is an error of statement to be corrected, or an objectionable article to be withdrawn. The types are taken out and borne away—corpses of dead thought. Look now again at the mass of type—dead! inert as the mass of earth you tread on. But see! the white sheet has fallen upon their upturned faces; the touch of the press has baptized them; the life that was in them has passed upon paper, and the new creation is pregnant with thought—a thing with a soul, for it can move the souls of men. That sheet, so blank before, is a living power now. A change has passed over it as marvelous as if in an instant the unwritten face of the boy should put on the furrows of age, the impress of manhood's experience, thought and toil. Thus the paper is born, and goes out into the world. No messenger can overtake it. Its utterance is unalterable now. It may be explained, but not erased. The printed wordscan no more be recalled than the departed spirit can be wooed back to the cold body which it has left. Here now, we have it—the newspaper. Wonderful product of brain and toil! One would think it would be dearly bought and highly prized; and yet, the cheapest thing in the world. Two or three cents will buy it. One or two dollars will bring it to your home every week in the year. And yet, there are men too poor to take a paper! They can pay 25 cents for a circus ticket, or 50 for the theater—yet they are too poor to buy a newspaper, which is a ticket into the great Globe Theater, whose dramas are written by God himself.—*Ex.*

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