

Death-bed Confession.

PALOUSE, W. T., May 30, 1880.

Dear Bro. Campbell:

Thinking it may interest the readers of your valuable paper, I give the following account of the death-bed confession of a young man named Joseph Forsit.

On May 21st, while engaged in a protracted meeting at Palouse City, I was sent for, to visit this young man who lived about ten miles away. The messenger informed me that it was thought by some that he was already dying, but said he could not die satisfied without seeing me. We left Palouse about one o'clock P. M., and arrived at the place about three o'clock P. M., and found him yet alive and in his right mind. His disease was consumption. On my arrival he seemed to brighten and said, "I told them God would not take me away until you came." I asked him what he wanted me to do for him. He answered promptly "I want you to baptize me." I asked him if he thought he could stand it to be immersed; he said he thought he could, and if he should die in the act it would not rob him of many minutes, for, continued he, "I know I must die in a few hours and am not excited over the matter. I want to obey my Savior, I then can die happy." "Don't delay," he said, "For I feel that my breath is growing shorter and I must soon leave this world." We immediately sent for a suitable box, which was distant some three miles. Word was sent to the neighbors, about fifty of whom gathered in to witness the solemn scene. It took until six P. M., to arrange for the baptism, during all of which time he seemed very anxious for them to return with the box. He asked me how many buckets of water it would take, and how long it would take to carry it from the well, which was about fifty yards from the house. He said he did not want us to wait to warm the water. The friends who gathered in were divided in opinion, some thought he would strangle to death.

The sectarians in the neighborhood did not come out to see the murder, as they called it.

But I concluded that it was right for God's will, not ours, to be done. Since He had said that it was His will for all to be baptized, I did not feel like lifting the arm of rebellion against Him. One good brother said to me, "Bro. Wright, if you baptize that young man and he dies in the act, as I believe he will, what will the sectarians say about you?" I replied, my brother, if I don't grant his dying request and baptize him, what will God think of me, if he dies without baptism? I remarked that I would obey God rather than men, though earth and hell oppose. When all things were made ready I had the candidate placed on a sheet, and four men carried him to the box. They held him over the water while I pronounced the solemn formula. I then placed my right hand under his head and held his nose with the left hand, placing the palm of the same firmly over his mouth. We then gently lowered him beneath the water, while the anxious spectators stood in death-like silence awaiting the result.

When he arose from the liquid grave and I removed my hand from his face a bright look was in his eyes and he smiled and said, "Well Bro. Wright I did not get strangled a bit, for you held my nose and mouth so I could not."

We placed him in a warm bed and he seemed much better, remarking that he felt better than he had for several days.

As I sat by the bedside holding his hand in mine he smiled and said, "Bro. Wright, there is no stick in my road, the way seems clear to me now. I have just one more job of work for you to do for me and then I shall be glad how soon I may leave this world." I told him that I should be

glad to grant any request he would make, if I could. He then said he wanted me to stand by the side of his bed and preach his funeral, so that he could hear it while living.

I suggested that it might worry him too much for me to preach his funeral then. He replied that it would not, and he wanted me to talk freely about his dying, for it would not excite him in the least.

At his request, I quoted several passages of Scripture from which he selected the following to be used as a text—I Cor. xv. 19, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

During the preaching the congregation wept aloud, he alone seemed calm and composed. After the services were over, the congregation dispersed and we left the young man in the care of his faithful attendants. He lived until Sunday morning. Like the Savior, the old man was crucified on Friday and on the first day of the week the spirit arose from its tenement of clay and left this earth to find a comfortable lodgment in Abraham's bosom, where it will await the resurrection of the body. He was an outcast on the world. Some two years ago his father, who lives in Missouri, sent him from home almost penniless, and from that time until his death persistently refused to furnish him any money, even to buy medicine, saying money could not save his life. Although he was away from earthly relatives he found good friends who kindly administered to his necessities. He made his home at the house of Bro. Chas. Moore. The kindness of him and his christian family may never be rewarded in this world, but they will have their reward in heaven. See Matt. xxv. 31-46. The church at Farmington, W. T., also contributed to his support which was their reasonable duty. Dear brethren, let us not forget this duty, that we should always remember the poor.

Your brother in Christ,

C. J. WRIGHT.

Evangelist please copy.

The Habit of Frivolity.

The duty of being cheerful is one which is at all times binding upon us. We have no right to be morose or sullen, or to accustom ourselves to look on the dark side of things. No sense of the solemnity and importance of life can excuse us for giving way to a sour and unhappy temper. Though sadness must at times fall across our path, and our hearts and souls be often impressed with the weight and seriousness of imposed duty or of surrounding circumstance, yet sadness and seriousness ought by no means to be considered synonymous with gloom and despondency. From the exercise of trustfulness and cheerfulness, in a high and true sense, we are never absolved, whatever discouragements or temptations beset us.

But cheerfulness and frivolity are utterly different things, and those who confound them make a sad mistake. Some of the noblest and serenest natures, which are cheerful and wholesome the whole year round, cannot assume a manner of light playfulness, nor utter tripping words of banter and jest, nor rouse their companions to a merry laugh. And on the other hand, there often lies beneath the thin veneering of real or affected gayety, wherewith men and women win the reputation of being happy and hearty, a true disposition toward insincerity and cowardice and cynicism, and all the essentials of genuine misery. True cheerfulness, whatever its reserve and modesty, will surely show itself sooner or later, if not in spontaneous outbursts at unimportant times, then all the more at such seasons of trial or danger as threaten to overwhelm the more superficial nature. But the frivolous mind, however it may seek to conceal its real character behind its slender barricade of outward manner or spoken word, is equally certain to

reveal to others, at some time when it is least prepared, the essential feebleness and the consequent wretchedness and misery which it vain would cover.

Since frivolity is plainly to be distinguished from that wholesome and natural gayety which is either innocent or positively praiseworthy, it often seems strange that persons of a frivolous disposition so deceive themselves as to the effect which they produce upon others. Every community, however small, is pretty sure to contain within its society, and sooner or later to rate at his true value, some person—man or woman—whose walk and talk are utterly given over to the frivolous and the trifling. If the conversation turns upon some topic of the utmost importance to religious or social welfare, such persons find nothing in the words of those who are wiser than they, save material for some cheap pun or would-be witticism. If news comes to their ears of a sad casualty, or a woful downfall of personal character, they gayly intimate that "those people won't travel on that railroad again," or that "he has been found out at last." By them a political revolution is measured by its effect on their personal comfort, and a foreign war is reckoned only in view of its effect upon the price of dry goods. All the true work of life—in the line of the betterment of men's souls, the instruction of their minds, or the welfare of their bodies—is to them but food for playful jest and humorous sally. They seek to conceal ignorance on some important subject by hollow jokes or ill-timed personalities, and they seem to think that their own superior wisdom and importance are sufficiently proven by the fact that they are, in their idle way, more ready to attack and criticize than to defend and up-build.

If the habit of frivolity were only a thing affecting young men and young women in their "salad days," it would still be sad enough to look at, and hard enough to endure. But it is a habit which grows apace with all indulgence of it, and too often fastens itself upon the adult character so that it can be shaken off, if at all, only by an effort that shakes the whole moral nature. And it must be shaken off, else it will surely bring one down to the lowest depths of that woe and misery at which it has so long laughed and mocked. A time of storm and stress is sure to come, a time beneath which the nature accustomed to nothing better than frivolity is sure to quail. And whether in life or death—for a frivolous death is really no worse than a frivolous life—he must indeed have little forethought or brief experience, who thinks to escape a tempest by relying upon any habit of joking or superficial thinking, however long and however painstakingly that habit may have been acquired.—S. S. Times.

—They have a high and mighty Bishop in Toronto, named Sweatman. There was to be an anniversary-meeting of the Bible Society in the city, at which his loftiness had condescended to speak. But he heard that it was appointed to be held in the St. James Square Presbyterian Church, and sent word that he could not compromise his dignity by speaking in a Presbyterian house of worship, and so they changed the place to Shaftesbury Hall in deference to his Lordship's peculiar prejudice. It is a case of spiritual atavism. After generations of the new birth, the works of the flesh will occasionally break out among which are strifes and envyings.—Independent.

—The liberal application of soft coal ashes around the roots of gooseberry bushes is said to be a preventative of mildew, which is the bane all the better and larger kinds of gooseberry. A writer in the horticultural paper says he has grown the choicest English kinds with perfect success by using this preventive.

Obituary.

Died, at his residence in Albany, June 18, 1880. Elder John A. Powell, aged seventy-three years, three months and twenty-eight days.

Another pioneer in the Great Reformation has passed from his labors on earth to his reward in "The Better Land."

John A. Powell, was born in the State of Ohio, February 20, 1807. He was married to Sivilla Smith, in April, 1828. They raised ten sons and daughters. The oldest daughter died in the Blue mountains, on the way to Oregon—one is in Jackson county—eight attended and waited on him in his last sickness. He embraced Christianity in 1833, uniting with the Christian church, and entering the ministry the same year. He continued to warn and instruct sinners and comfort saints to the time of his death. His last sermon and public worship was at Central Church on the second Lord's day in May last.

In company with two brothers, Noah and Alfred, he crossed the plains to Oregon in 1851. He settled in the Willamette valley, and engaged in farming, which he continued until a few years ago, when he removed to Albany, where he resided at the time of his death. He was an earnest disciple of Jesus, and a zealous advocate of education. One of the prime movers in founding Christian College, he was an active member of the Board of Trustees from the beginning. Though of limited education himself, he appreciated the value of learning, and desired that it should become general. Gifted with a large share of good practical sense, and sound judgment, he made life a success financially; and blessed with liberal views, a generous nature, a noble heart, firmness of purpose and energy of character, he was not less successful morally and spiritually. A long and useful life terminated in a triumph—and death, for its sting was taken away by faith in Jesus. Fully realizing his situation, he expressed only a few minutes before his departure, his readiness to go, his faith in the Savior and his hope of heaven. Full of years and full of honors a good man has sunk to rest. He sleeps in Jesus.

Of him it may be written: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13.

Literary Notices.

DEMOREST'S for July is already on our table. This number contains the "Love Token" an exquisite picture in oil. The story of Charlotte Bronte illustrated, Shakespeare and the flowers, Jants in and about Dublin, Stories, Talks with Girls. In short, the July number is full of good things. \$3.00 a year. W. Jennings Demorest, 17 East 14th St., N. Y.

GOLDEN DAYS, a new child's paper, published by James Elverson, Phila. Pa., is a treat to every boy and girl that has the good fortune to receive it weekly. \$3.00 a year in advance.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.—A repository of Science, Literature, and general Intelligence. Embellished with numerous portraits from life, and other engravings. Vol. LXX. old series—Vol. XXI. new series. January to June, 1880. H. S. Drayton, A. M., and N. Sizer, Editors. S. S. Wells & Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, N. Y.

VICK'S MONTHLY for June brings us nearer June flowers, the birds and the bees. "Joe's Boquet" is a touching little poem, and the whole magazine is fascinating. Only \$1.25 per year. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURAL for June, contains extensive editorial notes, a number of valuable communications from persons scattered the length and breadth of the United States, and the usual advice on Horticultural subjects. \$2.10 per year. Gardener's Monthly, 812 Chestnut St., Phila. Pa.

THE CONTENTS OF GOOD COMPANY are, Certain Men of Mark; VII.—Beaconsfield, by George M. Towle. Maria's Marriage; a story, by Sydney Hall. Country schools and State Needs, by W. M. Bicknell. The Canada Thistle, by Octave Thanet. Consequences, a story, by Mabel S. Emery. Names, by John Bascom. A French Home, Emily F. Wheeler. Going—going, by Mrs. Edwaid Ashley Walker. Halliwell's Pearly Sister, a story by Sarah O. Jewett. Science in High Latitudes, by S. J. Douglas. Carrying an Election, by Penn Shirley. Editor's Table.—The English Uprising; Gratuities to Servants; The Bad Use of Good Examples; When we are Out of Sorts; The Minister's Outing. Good Company contains original matter only and is published in twelve numbers each year at intervals of a month. Number One, with which subscription should begin, is issued in September.

Terms, \$3.00 a year, postage paid. Good Canvassers wanted. Address all communications, Good Company, Springfield, Mass.

TABLE OF CONTENTS OF THE ORIENTAL AND BIBLICAL JOURNAL: Influence of the Aboriginal Tribes upon the Aryan Speech of India, by Prof. John Avery. The Latest Cuneiform Discovery, by Prof. A. H. Sayce, D. D., F. R. S. The Assyro-Babylonian Doctrine of Immortality, by Rev. O. D. Miller. Osirids of Ancient Egypt, by Prof. T. O. Paine. Human Sacrifices in Ancient Times, by Senor Oroscio Berra. Teutonic Mythology, by Prof. R. B. Anderson. The Antiquity of Sacred Writings in the Valley of the Euphrates, by Rev. O. D. Miller. A Cinerary Urn, by Selah Merrill, D. D. Mount Tabor, by Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D. Editorial Notes. Art and Architecture. Geographical Explorations. Proceedings of Societies. Published by Jameson & Morse, 164 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., price \$2.00 per annum.

THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER—Standard Series. I. K. Funk & Co., New York. Price, 15 cents.—Taken from documents among the Archives of Coppet. Collected and edited by her great grandson, OTHERIN D'HAUSSONVILLE. Parts I. and II. Translated from the French, for the Standard Series publications, by M. S. Smith. This remarkable book has created much interest in France, where it has been just issued. This translation is the first published in America. This volume is rich with the conversations and correspondence of these great men, never before published. As is well known, Gibbon, the historian, was engaged to be married to Suzanne Curchod (the maiden name of Madame Necker), and this engagement was broken. Correspondence is here published, which, it is thought, will reverse the verdict of history on this point. The book has the interest of a thrilling novel, yet every word is history.

THE OREGON KIDNEY TEA

Read the following testimonials, not from persons 3,000 miles away, whom no one knows, but from well-known and trustworthy citizens of Oregon, whose names, written with their own hands, can be seen at our office:

INDEPENDENCE, OR., Dec. 13, 1879. Both myself and wife have been for some years afflicted with disease of the kidneys, and had tried many remedies without obtaining any permanent relief. About three months ago we were induced to try a package of OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which has apparently entirely cured both of us, as since taking it two weeks we have felt no symptoms of the disease. We can heartily recommend it to others similarly afflicted, as we believe it will do all that is claimed for it. M. L. WHITE.

ASTORIA, OR., Dec. 28, 1879. I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. For the past three years I have been suffering from kidney troubles, and during the time have tried nearly every kind of kidney medicine in market, almost without any relief. Having heard that the OREGON KIDNEY TEA possessed wonderful properties, I purchased a package, and from the first dose obtained relief, and by the use of the one package feel completely cured. SAMUEL GRAY.

It Meets the Wants of Public Speakers Exactly.

Rev. J. V. R. Miller, an eminent Methodist minister, the present pastor of Ames M. E. Church, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Whenever I have a cough or am troubled with hoarseness, caused by cold or from preaching, I use Mrs. Rohrer's New Remedy for the Lungs, the Great Oregon Cure, and always find it an excellent medicine, meeting my wants exactly. I am acquainted with many who have used it in lung diseases of long standing, some having derived great benefit from it, while others have rejoiced in speedy cures. I can heartily commend it to the public, and believe it deserves the patronage it is so rapidly gaining." Sold by druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, wholesale agents.

Decay of the Teeth

Arises from various causes, but principally it may be attributed to early neglect or the indiscriminate use of tooth powders and pastes, which give a momentary whiteness to the teeth while they corrode the enamel. The timely use of that delicate aromatic tooth-wash, fragrant SOZO-DONT, will speedily arrest the progress of decay, harden the gums, and impart a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes those ravages which people sustain in their teeth from the use of sweet and acid articles.

THE APOSTOLIC TIMES.

THE APOSTOLIC TIMES (J. B. Briney, Editor,) will be sent to NEW subscribers from now till January 1, 1881, for ONE DOLLAR. Any one sending a club of ten will be entitled to a copy free. Specimen copies sent free. Address B. H. Cozine, Lexington, Kentucky.