

A Visit to the Grave of Thomas McBride.

Twas on Jan. 20th of the present year—as beautiful a day as ever dawned on the beautiful Willamette. The sun had passed the zenith of its glory and the sky was clear as crystal. The broad grainfields verdant with smiles of promise to the hopeful husbandman. In company with Bro. David Caldwell, of Carlton, we visited the "McBride Graveyard," so named after the heroes of the current reformation, the subject of this writing. The name of Thomas McBride is immortal, and his memory is sacred with thousands. He was one among many that more than fifty years ago discarded all human creeds and unscriptural names and usages and made a bold stand upon the Bible and the Bible alone. Elder Thomas McBride at the time a prominent Baptist preacher, and some twenty-five years ago, in a letter to his grand-son, Thomas Caldwell, then living in Missouri, said, "I was in charge of a large and influential congregation, and strange as it may seem I knew not that another preacher upon the earth was making the bold stand upon the Bible that I was with determination to occupy apostolic grounds. Unexpected to me all my congregation followed me, except a few who afterward gradually yielded to the exclusive word of God. Soon I heard of B. W. Stone, but his heterodoxy was unfurled upon every breeze. Being curious to know for myself rather than from others I visited him, and comparing notes we, to our joy, found that we were agreed on the main and leading points of doctrine, and were ever afterwards co-laborers."

The greater part of his life's labors were in north Missouri, where he lived and traveled over those prairies and established congregations until their names were legion. A happy influence has ever prevailed in that section, and the hallowed memory of that pioneer will never be forgotten in the hearts of that people.

He came to Oregon in the year of 1847. Although laden with the weight of some 80 years his heart was young and his hope brilliant. He stood the turmoil and hardships in crossing the dreary plains and lived a number of years to advocate the primitive Gospel on this coast, giving encouragement to Oregon's pioneers that preceded him in planting the Gospel here.

He has fallen upon life's battle field, His voice is no longer heard; Heaven's armour at death he did yield To the God whom he had revered.

His body rests beneath the sod, No marble to mark the place; His spirit has returned to God, And we no longer see his face.

No roses are planted there, Where his body rests in peace; No friend a stone did rear, Where angel's footsteps trace.

No epitaph is seen and read, By those that visit there; To tell of the sainted dead Whose ashes slumber near.

Only a mound of earth all bare, And some decayed fir wood, Neath the oak shrubs that grow there, In view of great Mount Hood.

But in heaven, the name so fair, In gold letters did angels inscribe In that radiant sunbrigh sphere The name of Thomas McBride.

T. M. MORGAN. Bethel, Or., Feb. 1, 1881.

—I would not give much for your religion if it cannot be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the water its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

And to dream of the sweetness we miss Is not wholly in vain; For the soul can be glad in a bliss It may never attain.

Fortune and Luck.

Christian, in whom do you put your trust? Who guides you and keeps you from harm? To whom do you pray for the blessings of peace and plenty? Who has declared that "all things work together for the good of those who love him," and that "He will never leave nor forsake you?" Oh, I know you will immediately answer "My God and Preserver." Then I ask why do you not give him the glory for answering your prayers and keeping his promises to you? Why so ungrateful, so miserably thankless as to give the praise to a heathen goddess, and tell of how "fortune" had smiled on you, when the Lord has blessed in some pleasing and perhaps unexpected manner? Why will you attribute the mercies of God to mere chance, rejoicing over your "good luck?" I do not wonder at the world talking thus, but for Christians to one moment aver that in God they "live," and in the next tell of their "streak and good luck" the other day, to say the least is very inconsistent.

But how about our troubles and trials, are they also sent of God? Yes, many of them are sent by the Lord that we may be thoroughly tried in all things. Flowers would never develop their beauty if only sunshine was given them. Neither will the human heart bear the fairest, sweetest bloom in the sunshine of prosperity alone. Often the heart grows proud if afflictions come not. God chastens them for he loves them and would not have them lost. How often do we hear them crying of the "terrible misfortune" that has befallen them.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face." By the way, just as truly as "Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face," for some people, for others "Behind a smiling providence He hides a frowning face).

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Matt. x. 29-32.

But much of our tribulations and suffering is brought on us by our own sins, our carelessness, or ignorance, and it is this that we are most likely to call sent of God. O how merciful the Lord is to bear with us at all! But, "He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." Luke vi. 35. Yes, he is so full of mercy toward us that if we will to do so, he will aid us to turn these same evils that our sins have brought upon us into blessings. Then away with such expressions as "luck" and "chance" and "fortune." "Do not err my beloved brethren, every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Jas. i. 16, 17. Then give to him the glory. Centerville, Or.

—The Jewish Messenger says: "There is a sad lack of revival of old-fashioned Judaism, so that, instead of 2,500 members of synagogues and 3,500 children in their schools, out of at least 60,000 Israelites in New York, there may be at least ten times that number interested in the ancient faith. The curse of all the churches, Christian and Jewish, is that in the statistics thousands are credited with the profession of one faith or another who never go near church or synagogue and know no more about the Gospel by Isaiah than they do about the Gospel by John. Is it any wonder, therefore, that Christian missionary societies find ample room for evangelistic efforts among Jewish children and adults as well as among those of their own faith?"

Why They Are Not at Church?

It is one of the sorrowful signs of the times that so many of our American population habitually absent themselves from the house of God. A very much larger proportion than is generally supposed, thus voluntarily cut themselves off from the influence of the Gospel. The sanctuary is open; its services are free; it is conveniently near by; and yet, Sabbath after Sabbath, they are not there.

A reason that will apply to some is that they are foreigners, and have not been educated to it; but thousands of those who never frequent the sanctuary are our own native-born American citizens, and their homes are not in the crowded cities alone, but largely in the beautiful country which God made, and filled with fruits and flowers, and every form of thrift, that all might be glad and delight to adore him.

A reason for the absence of some is that they have possibly not been invited. Their neighbors and minister naturally desire their attendance, but, knowing their habits, having faithfully tried, and failed, they have become utterly discouraged and given them up. Ought there not to be, in every church, an invitation committee, some one living in every part of the congregation, incapable of discouragement, and commissioned to repeat the Spirit's gracious invitation "Come," to all neglecters, week after week, until they come? A continual wearing will make a hole in a stone.

A reason for the absence of others is that they do not feel able to dress as expensively as the mass of church-goers, and are unwilling to appear where they will feel humbled by their garb in comparison with those around them. When the ladies of Nashville, a few years ago, resolved to wear nothing but calico on Sunday to church, they set an example worthy the imitation of the whole Christian world. Better save a soul than shine in silks. The Gospel is a great leveler. If it brought this leveling power to bear on our attire, and thereby gathered in the millions, who would be the loser?

A reason for others is that having gone a few times, and not been noticed, they feel slighted, and shun a repetition of the mortification. Should not every church-member resolve himself into a special committee to seek out, every Sabbath day, all new comers and infrequent attendants, and give them a hearty greeting and a pleasant seat, and make them feel a cordial welcome and a loving companionship in the house of God?

A reason for another's non-attendance is that having gone, and there seen figuring as a prominent member in the church a man whom he recognized as a selfish manipulator and unprincipled deceiver in the transactions of life, he was moved with disgust, and indiscriminately jumping to conclusions, pronounced all religion a sham and all Christians hollow hypocrites. How softly we should walk in our intercourse with men, in all the relations of life, that there may be "none occasion of stumbling" in us! It were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our neck, and we were drowned in the depth of the sea, than that, by one single inconsistency, we should cause one of these little ones to perish.

A reason for another's absence is that, when he has gone, he has not been fed by the word. There are those who go away hungry from the house of God. The Gospel has not been preached to them. The sermon had nothing in it to meet their wants. It had too fine a finish for their appreciation. It was too highly wrought for their comprehension. Prepared for a dainty palate, a delicate ear, a highly cultivated taste, the plain man found nothing in it to touch his tender feelings, to stimulate his better desires, to instruct his longing heart.

It did not grapple with the great problems that oppressed his soul, and he went away hungering for the bread of life. There is an attractive power in the Gospel of Christ. Awakening the conscience, inspiring the sympathies, and stimulating the affections, it holds the soul captive in its silken thrall, and we long to drink again at its life-giving fount. The power of the Gospel to attract, the masses is not in its brilliant rhetoric and lofty periods, but in its practical application to the heart and its spiritual quickening in the currents of the soul. Christian ministers have no small responsibility here. "Feed the flock of God." Break the bread of life. Let none perish because the hay is too high in the rack.

For the absence of a great many, one reason is that having for a long time been accustomed to stay away, the habit is formed, and it is not easily broken. We are largely slaves of habit. How important that they be right habits! Oh for more of the Christian homes of our Puritan and Scottish ancestors, that the young might be early trained to "love the way to Zion's gate."

Another reason is that the topics of the sanctuary—sin and its remedy, Christ and his Gospel, death and eternity—are not pleasant topics to the unregenerate mind, and many desire to banish them from their thoughts. It takes a sore bereavement, often, to open the heart to Christ. There is a blessing in sorrow when it draws us to Jesus. The greatest trials of life are sometimes our highest causes of gratitude.

Another reason for many is that all the associations of life are against it. Their Sunday friends and life-long Sunday employments all tend toward the broad and downward road. They have always spent the day in visiting, pleasuring, and gossiping, in laying plans for the week, and discussing the questions of the day; and it is almost impossible to break away from these old associations and their evil influence. How shall we counteract these pleasure-going habits, now, alas! so prevalent on the day of rest? Will men never learn that their interest and duty lie in the same direction, and that their highest pleasure coincides with both? Christians, see that your skirts are clear.

Another cause, that is, lack of means to assist in the support of the Gospel, should be so provided for by the generous courtesies of Christian people that it should never operate as a hindrance to any. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," is the test of its heaven-born origin, uttered by Christ himself.

Still another cause, and one of the most potent of all, is the sympathy of vast multitudes with the sources of intemperance. The demon of drink is the most powerful foe, to-day, of the Gospel of Christ. Its spirit is deadly. Its attitude is hostile. Its influence is ruinous. The friends of its indulgence are at war with the spirit of Jesus. Not the drunkards, nor those in the drunkard's path only, but those who take the side of indulgence, and defend the use as harmless, are helping the influences that draw men away from the Gospel. Sympathy with drink usually means hostility to religion. The bar-room has been called "the devil's chapel." Certain it is that those who congregate there usually love the song of the wine-cup better than the songs of Zion. Oh that this formidable mountain barrier to the salvation of men could be overthrown! When shall we all rise up in our might, and triumphantly sweep it from the land? God speed the day! Meanwhile let us open the doors wide. Let us make the church homelike. Let us ask them to come "without money and without price." Let us gather them in, and win them to Christ,—the rich and the poor, the great and the small, the learned and the rude. The Gospel is for all, and

all are welcome to Christ. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—S. S. Times.

Red Bags and Blue Bags.

Frequenters of the law-courts will have noticed that while some barristers, or their clerk for them, carry red bags, others carry blue ones. The latter color is the original one. But when the rank of Queen's, or rather King's Counsel was first instituted in the time of King Charles II.—or as some say, later still—to each holder of the dignity three red bags were given, in which to carry His Majesty's briefs, and also the privilege of granting one in each year to a staff gownman presumably his junior in his official work. Now as is well known any member of the Bar in large practice will on application to the Lord Chancellor be granted sooner or later this titular honor, which carries with it the right of precedence over all members of the "utter" Bar as well as over all sergeants-at-law not possessed of a patent or precedence. The practice of giving away a red bag annually to some member of the junior Bar, is still continued. In the Common law courts, although red bags are permitted, the bringing a blue bag into court is looked upon as a grave breach of professional etiquette but the custom does not obtain in the Chancery division, where the introduction of blue bags is of common occurrence.

It is not generally known, or rather perhaps we should say, remembered, that one of the best known and indeed the only distinguishing feature in the garb of a barrister, namely his wig, is but a remnant of a bygone fashion; and that until the time of Charles II., when every gentleman wore false hair, counsel learned in the law were in no way distinguishable from their fellow-subjects in this particular. The much older degree of sergeants-at-law it is true wore the coat; and this covering for the head is still typified by the little black patch on the top of a sergeant's wig, and of those of such of the judges as were admitted to Sergeant's Inn on their elevation to the Bench. This ancient legal dignity is however, now apparently doomed to extinction; but so conservative is the law—or rather the law's wig makers—that a circular patch, but of the same color and material as the wig itself, is still shown on the wigs of those judges who have been made since the Judicature Act rendered their admission to the grade of Sergeant no longer necessary. Purely matter of custom, however, as is the wearing of the wig, there is little doubt that no judge of the High Court of Judicature would for a moment allow himself to be addressed by a barrister devoid of that decoration; and we think it more than possible that no habitual criminal would consider himself to be legally sentenced except by a judge similarly adorned.

We might extend this paper almost indefinitely were we to enumerate all the laws and customs of more or less perfect obligation which obtain in the profession; such as the proper proportion which a junior's fee should bear to that of his leader, the still vexed question of "refreshers," and half a hundred others of a similar nature; but we think we have said enough to give our readers some idea of the species of trades-unionism which characterizes the higher branch of the profession. There is, however one rule which does honor to the guild of Barristers, and which we are glad to believe is seldom or never broken—namely, never to state in court as a fact, that which the speaker knows to be untrue. The judges implicitly recognize this rule, and never hesitate for a moment to rely on any statement made by counsel which he alleges to be within his own knowledge. —Chambers' Journal