

Correspondence.

Scenery in Oregon.

BY J. M. M'CLURE.

I have often seen with pleasure,
Pictures drawn by master hand,
Drawn in poet's rhyme and measure,
Of some far off beautiful land,
Landscape scenes of hill and mountain,
And of vale and dell between,
Lake and river, brook and fountain,
Dressed and girt with verdure green.
Then have turned and looked around
me,

And beheld with wondering gaze,
Real scenery clothed in beauty,
Lighted by the sun's bright rays.
Yes, I saw the Cascade mountains
Dressed in forests old and grand;
And their many peaks snow covered,
High above like watchtowers stand.
Mount Hood's bold and frozen summit
Rising fourteen thousand feet;
And Mount Jefferson to southward,
Covered o'er with snow and sleet.

Farther south I saw the Sisters;
Three of them dressed out in white;
And again, the top of Diamond
Glittering in the morning light.
And I saw about the summit
Of this range of mountains old,
Fair sized lakes of purest water,
Crystal clear and icy cold.

Some, whose smooth and glassy surface
Reached a dozen miles away;
And, whose rugged walls were dented
Deep with many a sheltered bay,
Into which the rushing waters,
From the snow-capped mountain side,
Melted by the heat of summer,
Down the gulches swiftly glide.

White below, deep, dismal cañons
Lined with walls of flinty rock,
Which have stood the wear of ages—
And the mighty earthquake's shock,
Carry off the hoarded waters
With a never ceasing flow,
And uniting form the rivers,
Which run through the plains below.

I have stood upon the hilltop,
Near the valley of the west,
And beheld its varied scenery,
While in greenest verdure dressed;
And, I thought so bright a picture,
As my eyes did then behold,
Ne'er had been on canvas painted—
In poet's language told.

Grove and prairie, field and pasture,
With their flowers of every hue,
And the clear Willamette river,
This rich valley running through.
I have seen it in the winter,
While in icy fetters bound,
When the snow had deeply covered,
All the hard and frozen ground;
While on this a rain had fallen,
Which had frozen as it fell,

Covering ground, and house, and
forest,
O'er with ice, like coat of mail.
Every tree, and shrub, and grass-talks,
Every house, barn, fence, or gate,
Was set off with icy hangings,
Or spread o'er with icy plate.

I beheld it as the sunlight,
First shone o'er the mountains high,
Sending forth its beams of glory,
Through a blue and cloudless sky.
As it shone upon this picture,
What a gorgeous, dazzling sight,
Oh what bright and changing colors,
Were revealed by its pure light.

Every color of the rainbow,
Blue and green, and red and gold,
Were reflected from the jewels,
Nature wore like queens of old.
And I saw the vales of Umpqua,
Nestled 'mongst oak covered hills;
With their groves of spicy myrtle,
And their many springs and rills.

While above the hills the mountains,
Rising higher still were seen,
Covered o'er with fir and cedar,
And with pine forever green.
Far beneath I saw her river,
Rushing onward to the sea,
O'er its winding rock-ribbed channel,
As if hasting to be free.

From the many vexing barriers,
Which impede its onward tide,
And the walls of mountain vastness,
Rising steep on either side.

Other scenes as grand and lovely,
In our fair young state are found;
Many, which are for their beauty
Unsurpassed the world around.
But I cannot now find language,
To unfold each lovely sight,
So must leave the pleasing subject,
Though the scenes be e'er so bright.

If you want to get rich, give; if
you want to get poor, grasp; if you
want to be happy, deny yourself
for others.

Tragic Death of Smith Peterson

MOUND RANCH, JACKSON CO., OR.,
May 12, 1877.

Bro. Stanley:

It is with sorrow and sadness that I take my pen to write you of the death of my son, M. Smith Peterson. He died at 7 o'clock P. M., on Friday, the 11th inst., at the Grave Creek house, in Josephine county, Oregon. He and others were on their way with freight from Roseburg to Jacksonville, and put up at said house on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., and after supper they were shooting with pistols at a target. After the shooting, they were on the porch talking and laughing as boys commonly are, and my son had Mr. Vest's Derringer, and went to put it in his pants pocket, under his overalls, and some way it discharged, and the ball entered just in front of his right hip bone and ranged downward, and lodged against the skin in his right groin. He suffered very much.

Mr. Homer Harkness immediately telegraphed for Dr. Akin, at Jacksonville, and for me. The Dr. started immediately, and Mr. Cardwell sent a message to me 12 miles from Jacksonville, and about 50 miles from where the accident happened, and in about 11 hours the Dr. was there, and in 14 hours I was there.

We and the friends did all in our power for his relief, but to no effect. Smith was born in Trenton, Grundy county, Mo., April 11, 1858, and was 19 years and one month old. He was a promising youth, but he is gone, and we are left with but one son, now in his 16th year. "In the midst of life we are in death." How sad to thus lose our children.

My wife and other son reached the sad place in time to be with Smith about half an hour before he expired. We had to bury him on Grave Creek, as putrefaction prevented the practicality of our bringing him home. It has not only cast a gloom over our pleasant home but also throughout the neighborhood.

Glad would I be if people would learn that Derringers are not useful but really detrimental to society, and therefore have none around.

Your afflicted brother,
MARTIN PETERSON.

Social Meetings in Salem.

The prayer and social meetings in Salem are usually well attended and full of interest.

As they are regarded as family gatherings, each one contributes cheerfully and promptly to the general edification. One hath a song, another a Scripture reading, another a word of exhortation, while others offer prayer. They are all promptly offered and freely given, and what is of equal importance, they are short. The tie that binds them to that hallowed hour is sweeter than life, and stronger than death, so that nothing but sickness or absence from town keeps them away.

By one spirit have we all been baptized into one body; and having that spirit which is "gentle and easy to be entreated" there is "no schism in the body," but the members have the same care, one for another. Those who are "of the same mind," whether residents or visitors, often meet with us.

At our last meeting we were highly favored and blest by the presence of Bro. I. M. Johns, of Walla Walla, and of Sister N. E. Morse, of St. Helens. The former made our hearts to rejoice and wax stronger, as from a full and glow-

ing heart, he gave evidence of his increasing love, and knowledge of God and his word, while the latter in simple eloquence, as with angels wings, swept us along up toward the mount of God, by giving an assurance of her increasing strength and growth in Christian character and work, although deprived almost entirely at home, of the privileges of congregational and social fellowship and instructions.

Brethren and Sisters do not fail to attend your own social meetings when at home and when abroad, do not fail to visit others; and thus you will enjoy the Christian life that now is, and by continuance in well doing, that which is to come.

SALEM.

From Brother Chase.

OAKLAND, OR., May 23, 1877.

Bro. Stanley:

Enclosed I send you five dollars to be credited to Bro. J. Littrel, of Oakland, subscription to MESSENGER. I have received him from vol. 5, No. 34 to vol. 7, No. 34.

I prepared a report for you the 15th, in which I introduced to you our young and estimable Bro. L. F. Eccles, but when I started south I left it at home, by accident, and I presume Bro. Eccles has reported our meeting; the cause of the Master needs much labor here; however the Hebron congregation is in the best condition now, it ever was.

The congregation on Day's Creek numbers 15; with two elders, two deacons and one clerk. Bro. Andrew McCabe and Dillard Strode were elected elders. Brethren J. C. Harris and J. R. Jemings, deacons, and Bro. Wm. Briggs, clerk. I first met with this congregation last November, there was four or five members scattered over a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, but all rallied to the support of the truth, and are now in a condition to make their influence felt. It is 50 miles from my place to their place of meeting, yet I have managed to meet them each month so far. But I regret to inform you that I am compelled to suspend preaching and go to work. We have had some sickness and my debts must be paid, and there seems no other way to do but to go to work. Times are hard here, consequently I have not done much for the MESSENGER. I think a ter-

harvest we can do more.

Fraternally yours,
E. A. CHASE.

Which he Would Rather Have.

A Detroitter of liberal education has been greatly annoyed because his wife and other women are not better posted on history and other matters connected with the growth of the country. The other day he carried home a big history and handed it to his spouse with the remark:

"There, Mary, I want you to commence at page one, and see if you can't learn something."

She agreed to become his pupil, and when he came home to supper he found her reading away, hair down, slippers on, all the fires out but one, and no sign of supper.

"Why, how's this?" he inquired; "are you sick?"

"Sick! no."

"Well, where's my supper?"

"I don't know anything about your supper," she replied as she settled back in her chair, "but I can tell you all about the first discovery of Florida as straight as a string!"

That history hasn't been opened since that evening.

Divine Worship in a Kalmuck Temple.

A recent traveler thus describes a scene which the artist depicts with singular skill and accuracy: "We now were ushered into the part of the building set apart for divine service; it was a good-sized room, capable of holding two or three hundred people; cushions were laid across it in parallel rows for the congregation to kneel on, and the officiating priests, to the number of fifteen or twenty, sat in rows on cushions raised a little above the floor."

"It was not the time for regular service, but they made no objection to giving us a private performance. The priest who sat on the right opened a book, rang a little bell, and commenced intoning in a low voice—we could distinguish the prayer *Om mani padme hom* recurring very often. His monotonous chant was soon taken up by the priest next to him, and quickly swelled into a regular chorus; then the instruments chimed in, and the clashing of cymbals, the tinkling of triangles, the braying of trumpets, and the roll of drums sounded at intervals. Suddenly, a deep, prolonged roar drowned all other sounds. It proceeded from two enormous trumpets that stretched along the floor. The mouths of these instruments and a few feet of their length were alone visible—the performers being seated in a dark cloister beyond. This appeared to be the signal for redoubled exertion, and the intoning, the clashing, the tinkling, the drumming, the braying peated louder and louder in a rapid crescendo. But the pace was too good to last; symptoms of distress were soon apparent after this "grand crash," and at last, to our great relief, the instruments began to drop off one by one; then the intoners began to think they had had enough of it, and soon naught but the monotonous mumble of the old lama on the right was audible, and so the service ended."

I fancy that this was a sort of *extravaganza*, got up for our especial benefit; for, apart from the more general points of resemblance, such as the monastic life, the tonsured head, and flowing robes of these people, I could trace but little of that striking similitude in the details of the service to the customs of the Church of Rome, which is so insisted on by others.

After the dissolution of the Mongol power, the Kalmucks divided into four great tribes, each with an independent prince. From these descend the Koschotes, Derbetes, and Soongars formed, in the seventeenth century, the most powerful tribes in Asia; they subdued the other Mongols, but failed to conquer the Mongol Chinese. Their religion is Buddhist, as the sketch we cited shows. The hierarchy comprises four classes: *backchans*, or high-priests, *ghelungs*, or priests, *quetzuls*, or assistants, and *mandsche*, or musicians. The Dalar Lama of Thibet is the pontiff over all. One of our illustrations shows a *backchan* in his tent, instructing his *ghepi*, or master of ceremonies.

Madame de Hell thus describes a temple scene, portrayed in the other sketch: "As we entered, a din to which the clang of a hundred bells would be harmony, stunned us. This was produced by the rows of musicians facing each other. The high-priest knelt at their head on the altar-side, on a rich Persian carpet, and behind them, near the door, stood the *ghepi*, in a scarlet robe, with a yellow hood, and bearing his staff of office. The other priests and the musicians were all on their

knees, arrayed in bright-colored vestments, overlaid with gold and silver embroidery, and composed of a large tunic with open sleeves and a kind of *camail*. Their headdress resembled that of the ancient Peruvians."

What amazed us most were the instruments of music. Besides enormous tymbals and tamtams, were huge conchshells, and two immense tubes, ten or twelve feet long, and each resting on two supports. Each seems to endeavor to make all the noise he can, for there is no measure, accord, or method. The concert began with small bells, then the tamtams and tymbals broke in, and the roar deepened with the blasts of the immense trumpets.

Rainy Sundays.

Don't make them an occasion of sinning by neglect of duty. Go to church at the appointed services. Your pastor will be there, why not you? His personal comfort in reaching the place will be as much impaired as yours; he has no better over-coat, over-shoes, or umbrella than your-self. His health is as delicate as your own, and he is as likely to take cold from exposure to damp weather as you are. It is too, exceedingly depressing to him to see a small audience. When the congregation dwindles to small dimensions for a trifling reason, he is forced to believe that either his ministrations of the Gospel is unacceptable, or that the ordinances of the sanctuary themselves are unattractive. Either inference is painful, and cripples his usefulness.

Then again, if you stay away from church, your absence will exert an unfavorable influence. Those persons who are present will come to the conclusion that they have as good a right and as strong a reason to remain at home as you have. Your neighbors will call you; or regard you, as a fair-weather Christian. Persons in your employment will think that, after all your talk about the importance of religion, you are willing to make but little sacrifice for the cultivation and diffusion of it. If you were certain of finding a \$100 bill in your pocket on a rainy Sunday, would you not be found in it? It is far better to please God, and prepare for heaven, by obeying His command, than it would be to come into possession weekly of any such amount. God is said to make the rain, hail, and snow to praise Him. But what kind of praising Him is it when men make these agencies an excuse for not assembling at the appointed place and time for His worship? Go to church on the rainy Sunday, and go with reverence, faith and hope, for it may be your last Lord's day on earth.—*Ex.*

The University of Virginia has 347 students. It has received during the past year donations of \$225,000, besides books and the full equipment of a gymnasium.

The name of General Joseph E. Johnston, the ex-Confederate has been suggested as a candidate for the Presidency of the University of East Tennessee.

Ground was broken recently for the Livingstone Hall, Fisk University, Nashville. It will cost \$50,000. The funds for its erection have been given on condition that it shall be dedicated to the training of missionaries for Africa. Jubilee Hall, which was dedicated last year, is now so crowded that more room is needed.

The West Point Graduating class this year numbers seventy-seven—the largest class ever graduated.