

Correspondence.

Trip to Washington Territory.

I left home on Thursday morning, May 24th, for my appointment at Brush Prairie, W. T. Taking Friday morning's train, I arrived at East Portland at 10 o'clock, A. M.

As the boat for Vancouver would not start till half past two, I concluded to visit the State Insane Asylum, located here.

On making myself known to the Superintendent, he expressed much pleasure with my visit, said they were always glad to have visitors, and especially ministers of the Gospel. That complaints were sometimes made that the unfortunate ones placed under their care, were not properly attended to, and desired that if I had time that I should make a visit to every part of the premises and see what accommodations were provided for the inmates.

I had four hours and a half at my disposal, so Mr. Baty was sent to show me over the premises.

The patients are graded according to condition. We began by going first to the department of those but slightly deranged, or convalescing. Everything was clean and orderly. All were provided with good beds and every convenience for health and comfort.

There were well furnished bathrooms, and exercise room; with swings, croquet, &c., out doors for encouraging beautiful exercise. The dining room was well furnished, and everything neat and tidy.

The attendant insisted that I should examine the food furnished, which I did. The bread was of excellent quality, and the meats and fruits seemingly the best the market furnished. In fact, it seems that everything that can be done for health and comfort, is done.

We visited the other departments, of those more unfortunate, mentally, and the same care for their welfare, seemed to be manifested.

The furniture of the hopelessly insane, was not so fine in quality, and the vessels used were mostly tin, to avoid breakage, but all was clean and arranged for their health and comfort.

I have visited some of the Asylums of the Atlantic States, and must say that I have not seen one, where there seemed as much care, and as many conveniences for the health and comfort of the inmates, as I saw in East Portland.

Religious services are held every Sunday in the institution by one of four religious denominations that have each one Sunday in the month, and when a fifth Sunday occurs, a fifth denomination is called in to have services.

Expressing my happy disappointment with the state of affairs, I took my leave, and went aboard the boat, reaching Vancouver in time for my appointment at night. There was a good audience and fine attention. I was told the audiences was larger than they usually have been at their regular meetings on Sunday.

I left for Brush Prairie on Saturday morning, which place was duly reached. Here I preached Saturday night and Sunday morning. There was one addition from the United Brethren.

On Sunday a messenger arrived from the country with a request for me to attend the funeral of old Bro. Cameron. So on Monday morning I traveled out fifteen miles and talked to the friends at the burying ground, on the sad occasion, of laying to rest a father

in Israel. By his own request the exercises began exactly at 12 o'clock. I rode back in an old lumber wagon, and felt much the worse for the trip.

Tuesday morning I started home and reached Salem too late for any boat to Independence. I got everything in readiness to walk to Monmouth and carry my cloak and valise. But starting out from Bro. Johnson's, he invited me into his buggy to go a little distance, and to my surprise and great pleasure, he did not stop till he set me out at Dr. Davidson's, in Independence. Here I found my folks with a team, and reached home safely, but my buggy used up, on Wednesday afternoon.

I find myself unable to endure hard usage as I once could, particularly since I hurt my back last fall. For this reason, I can not answer the calls from many places for meetings that I would be glad to go.

With many wishes for the success of the MESSENGER and the triumph of the Master's cause, I remain,

Your brother in Christ,

H. M. WALLER.

Monmouth, May 31, 1877.

The Battle of Life.

We have often been impressed by the deep significance of the phrase which Dickens has given as a title to one of his Christmas stories, "The Battle of Life." It is full of solemn meanings. All our hours from the cradle to the grave, are but a series of antagonisms, hunger, fatigue, sickness, temptation, sin, remorse, sorrow—these are the strong powers with which we must wage continual war. Foes beset us from without and from within, and make life one long and earnest battle. But there are victories to be won on the field, more glorious than those which crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Evil habits may be subdued—fiery passions brought under the control of principle—temptations resisted—self denials cheerfully sustained, and life itself consecrated to high and holy purposes. To triumph over the infirmities of a perverted nature, and render life once deformed by passion and stained by sin, beautiful with love made manifest in deeds of beneficence, is worthier our ambition than all the blood-wrought heroisms that ever linked a name to a world's remembrance. Every day witnesseth triumphs such as these—yet fame proclaims them not. What matters it? In the serene depth of these all-conquering spirits, God's peace abides, and harmonies are heard such as the angels make, when they welcome the victorious soul from the conflicts of this, to the raptures of the heavenly world.—*Ex.*

Poverty.

How poor Christians are getting! I was at the home of a brother A. recently, and upon the examination found the *New York Weekly Sun*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, on his table. I searched in vain for a Christian periodical, Brother A, you should subscribe for one of our Christian papers.

"I would but I'm too poor. When I get able I intend to."

Passing from thence I met brother B and by invitation accompanied him home. When seated I asked what's the news.

"I'm very busy this morning haven't had time to look over my papers. Daughter, bring brother D the papers."

A sweet little girl of seven eyes,

and my lap is filled with them. I took up the *Galveston News*, then the *Waco Examiner*, then *Pomeroy's Democrat*, and last, but not least in the estimation of brother B, a *Galveston Prices Current*.

"There," says brother B, please look and see what cotton is doing.

I hastily glanced at it for his satisfaction and read cotton declined one-eighth.

There! Just my luck—been holding for a better figure, but too late: Martha, my dear, you must curtail our supply of coffee and sugar—hard times ahead—can't afford to buy four barrels of sugar, two sacks of coffee—five barrels of flour every season—'twill break any poor man.

After a while I ventured to suggest that he ought to, by all means, subscribe for one of our papers.

"Well, brother D, to be candid with you—times are hard, taxes too high and I can't afford it."

In a few days I approached brother C just as he was paying to the Secretary of Leona Union, Lodge No. 39 his yearly dues. Brother C, give me that much and I will send and get you a good Christian paper for your family to read.

"That," said he, "cleans up my pile, and now I haven't a cent."

In a short while brother Sacrifice preached a series of discourses for the church at L.—result, 24 additions. I ventured to make up a small sum for his labors of love. It was an unfortunate time. The tax gatherer was in town. However, I must try. I found brother D at the desk of the Collector. His receipt was handed him. How much, are your taxes brother D? \$18.50 was the reply. Just the sum I want from you for our preache. You can certainly afford to pay to the Redeemer's cause as much as you pay to Caesar.

"Now, brother, I have been saving this amount for this very purpose, knowing it would be demanded and my property sold if not paid."

Well, but you know you should lay by you in store as the Lord has prospered you for His cause. The Judge demands it of you.

"Well, brother, I do not think he will be so strict with a poor man. You know we teach, where there is no ability there is no accountability."

A short while after this I stayed all night with brother E. Brother E is well to do in this world, and besides his numerous political papers he takes the *Review* the (*Texas*) *Christian Messenger* and the *Texas Christian*.

His son John brought in the mail early in the morning.

"Jane hand me the *Sun*. We will see Dana's position on the Presidential question.

Reads aloud, and is perfectly enthused over an editorial doubting the sincerity of Hayes his "Southern Policy Measure."

"Well, now hand me the *World* and let's see if we have the solution of the 'Eastern question.' I like to see men with stability of character. If I was a Turk, I would fight to the bitter end."

Brother E thus continued to read all of his worldly papers, and when through called for John.

"John, take the *Review*, *Messenger* and *Christian* and put them carefully away, on the book-case. When I get time (perhaps next Lord's day) I'll glance at the religious news."

This man I pronounce the poorest of the lot. Poor! Poor man! Poor in the spirit of our blessed Savior, who died to redeem him from sins.—J. S. D. in *Texas Christian*.

More Sheep Wanted.

A few weeks since a very convincing article was written to this effect and one would think farmers would see that when a country like United States imports \$50,000,000 worth of woolen goods and \$11,000,000 worth of wool there must be something altogether wrong in sheep husbandry, here especially, when England overruns with cattle and dairying, breeding immense numbers of pleistures horses for the chase and turf and with mankind swarming to that degree as to require millions upon millions worth of vegetables, can yet breed more sheep on her area, garden-like in comparison with the States, than the whole of this country. Yet not only does she do so in number but each average animal sells for more than treble the price obtained here, and the washed wool brings fourfold the price of the fleeces here even with protection added. Now there is no protection there and nothing can show the folly of any interference with free commerce better than this, for here are farmers whining about 40 cents wool when 25 cents will always pay for growing it with proper management.

Here in New York city and other cities are men looking for safe investment, yet these cannot see the immense fortunes which await the men who will form companies and go into sheep raising with the same spirit and business tact that are displayed in mercantile pursuits, and the few young men go forth with their little alls, do not realize that in following the advice of the Western men, who talk as if nobody knew aught but themselves, they are permitting the blind to lead the blind, for why have not these men met the exigencies of the country, by growing enough for home manufacture and exportation instead of sending away the heart's blood of the soil in exporting wheat and corn.

Men cannot use their faculties aright when they grow cotton at a loss buying artificial manure, when with their mild winters they could keep sheep at half the cost entailed in the North, and, with the example of Australia before them too, the inhabitants of which country, though on the opposite side of the world and so far from market that they can make little of mutton, yet export more wool than the Americans grow, and thus bring gold in abundance, adding riches every year to their pockets, while the sheep give rich fertility their soil instead of the owners despoiling it by plowing continually till they have sucked out every atom of the original maiden purity of newness.

There never was anything to equal the present state of agriculture in the United States and in Canada, for the experience of seeing the run-down, poverty-stricken fields in the East, doesn't stop the pitiable despoilation out West.—*Rural New Yorker*.

Almost sweet is unsavory; almost hot is lukewarm. Almost a Christian is like Micah, who thought himself religious because he had gotten a priest into his house. Almost a Christian is like the Ephraimites who could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. Almost a Christian is like Ananias, who brought a part but left a part behind. Almost a Christian is like Eli's sons, who polled the sacrifices; like the fig-tree which deceived Christ with leaves; like the virgins, who carried lamps without oil; like the willing-unwilling son, who said he would come, and would not.—*Henry Smith*.

The Quaker's Hat.

The first occasion on which the Quaker's hat came publicly and officially into trouble was at the Launceston Assizes in the year 1656, before no less a person than Chief Justice Glynn. "When we were brought into the court," says Fox, "we stood a pretty while with our hats on, and all was quiet, and I was moved to say, 'Peace be amongst you!' 'Why do you not put your hats off?' said the Judge to us. We said nothing. 'Put off your hats,' said the Judge, again. Still we said nothing. Then said the Judge, 'The court commands you to put off your hats.'" George Fox, with amazing simplicity, asked for some Scriptural instance of any magistrate commanding prisoners to put off their hats. He next asked to be shown, "either printed or written, any law of England that did command such a thing." Then the Judge grew very angry, and said, "I do not carry my law books on my back." "But," said Fox, "tell me where it is printed in any statute-book, that I may read it!" The Chief Justice cried out "Prevaricator!" and ordered the Quakers to be taken away.

When they were brought before him again the Chief Justice asked Fox whether hats were mentioned at all in the Bible? "Yes," said the Quaker, "in the third of Daniel, where thou mayst read that three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command with their coats, their hose, and their hats on!" Here was a proof that even a heathen King allowed men to wear hats in his presence. "His plain instance stopped him," says Fox, "so he cried again, 'Take them away gaoler!' accordingly we were taken away and thrust in among the thieves, where we were kept a great while."

After nine weeks imprisonment "for nothing but about their hats," the Chief Justice told them, they were again brought before him.

"Which he did," says Fox, "and gave them unto us; and we put them on again. Then the Judge began to make a great speech, how he represented the Lord Protector's person, and that he had made him Lord Chief Justice of England." The Quaker's were incorrigible. They were sent back to prison, but not really so much for the wearing of their hats as for the suspicion that they were royalist emissaries affecting religious singularity in order to win their way among the extreme Puritans.—*London Saturday Review*.

This is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrong doing. But if you submitted to that, as men submit to maiming or a lifelong incurable disease—and made the unalterable wrong a reason for more effect toward a good—that may do something to counterbalance the evil. One who has committed irremediable errors may be scourged by that consciousness into a higher course than is common. There are many examples. Feeling what it is to have spoiled one life, may well make us long to save other lives from being spoiled.—*George Eliot*.

Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras wisest maxims, in his golden verses, is that which enjoins the pupil to reverence himself.