

Our Trip to the Annual Meeting.

COTTAGE GROVE, LANE CO., OR.
D. T. STANLEY.—
Dear Brother: I have concluded to drop a few lines to the MESSENGER concerning our pleasant trip to the State Annual Meeting. Anything that I might say about the nice country over which we traveled would not be likely to entertain the Oregonians, yet inasmuch as the MESSENGER crosses the plains to many of our old friends in Missouri and other places, we have concluded to give a slight description of the country over which we traveled.

Wife and I took leave of dear ones on Monday morning of the 18th day of June, and after nearly three days travel we landed in the neighborhood of the meeting grounds, situated near the village of Dallas, in Polk county. Inasmuch as Dallas is situated near the Willamette, and we traveling down the river on the west side, and returning home on the east side, we had a good opportunity to look at about 160 miles in extent of the country, and I must say the crop prospects are beautiful, beyond description. I saw many fields of grain that was as high as my head and I am something over six feet. Men who have been here twenty or thirty years say they never saw better wheat crops than the present. I can't exactly clear my conscience without advising my friends in the east to come to Oregon, and more especially if they desire a mild and pleasant climate, one that is never extremely hot nor extremely cold, one that has never failed to bring a good crop.

One of the many advantages of this country is, you can sow wheat from June till May. Though this country is so delightful, many people east are coming to Oregon like they are by their religion; they say, "Mother died happy though she never belonged to church, therefore I will live and die as she did." So with the people about coming to this country. They say, "Father lived here and got rich, and I will do the same." They forget that half the effort here would bring as much as the whole would in many of the eastern states.

As to the Annual Meeting, I will speak of it as I viewed it from my standpoint. My opinion is, it was a success in various respects, while it is a failure in others. 1st. It was a success in numbers, I never saw so many people convened for religious purposes. I will try and give the reader an idea of the number of people. On a nice shady island surrounded by clear cool water, is a shed 100 feet square, then there is a fence outside of all this. Shed and yard all around this was full, besides great throngs still further out were on the wing all the time. No doubt the ablest men of Oregon were present, hence many noble discourses, the good old fashioned singing; Oh how grand, my pen inclines to linger while my mind goes back to listen on some of those grand occasions, when hundreds of voices would melodiously unite in singing "There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Loose all their guilty stains."

And another verse in that good old fashioned hymn that says: "E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply; Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die."

To sing this last verse truthfully and understanding is worth exceedingly more than all this earth can command. We would insist upon careless Christians to consider the sentiment before singing it again. There is another feature that deserves notice, that is, the social meetings. How pleasantly we can spend an hour in listening to our brothers and sisters, old and young, speaking of their prospects for heaven, and making solid resolutions to live nearer to God the remainder of their

days. We have been speaking of some of the beauties of the Annual Meeting, and I believe I will venture a few words concerning some things that we did not admire so much; those good social meetings were sometimes marred by the long prayers and exhortations of some of the brothers. I have often thought it was strange that some of our good brethren could not tell when they had prayed or exhorted long enough. In my humble opinion our object should be more to please and edify others than ourselves.

As my scribbling is already too long I will close by noticing one other objectionable feature, I shall not admit to describe my mortification when I learned that the Lord's supper was omitted on both Sundays of the meeting. Before we left home we thought of the happy privilege of sitting with more brethren around the Lord's table than ever before. But it was a sad mistake. Now, somebody is to blame for this. Shall we hear an apology or shall we hear an acknowledgment?

JESSE GROP.

A QUERY TO BRO. CAMPBELL.

Shall we commune with persons that have been sprinkled only for baptism, or to make it a little more plain, shall we in our first day meetings call on sprinkled persons to give thanks at the Lord's table?

Will Bro. Campbell please notice this soon. J. G.

[The following essay was read before the California Christian Sunday School Convention, which met at Hollister, May 29, by Mrs. M. E. Thousson, of Gilroy.]

The Development of the Missionary Spirit.

Christianity began in missions. The Harbinger, in accordance with the last prophet, began the Kingdom with a preparatory mission to the Israelites. The seventy were missionaries sent out to accomplish good. Christ Jesus our Lord, who was made in all things a pattern for us, set forth in all its beauty the length, breadth, and depth of a true missionary spirit, and sought by precept and example to instill into the mind of man the happy results of obedience. Consequently we have not been left in doubt and ignorance concerning the will of God, who gave his only begotten and well-beloved Son to die that we might live, but have ever before us, in letters of living light, the will of him that "so loved us." Can we contemplate such love, and our hearts not go out in gratitude to God? If it be a crime to treat with ingratitude a natural parent, who has given us being, and cared for us in helpless infancy, then how great must that crime be in reference to our Heavenly Father, without whose sustaining power and providential care we could not exist for a moment. It is because we do not cultivate a sense of thankfulness and devotion to God, that our lives do not harmonize with our professions as Christians. We confess with the mouth that Jesus is the Christ, and persuade ourselves that we are laboring in the Lord's vineyard; but can we stand the Master's test? Have we made a complete surrender? Are we standing upon Christ alone, with a fullness of faith that considers him first, and self afterward? Are we giving our influence and our means as God has blessed us, to help and bless others, or are we laying up treasures on earth that in the day of judgment shall declare our ruin?

We may be able to deceive others, perhaps ourselves, but we cannot deceive God. He is omniscient. James says that seeming to be religious is vain; but that pure and undefiled religion is to visit the orphans and widows in their afflictions. Are we performing these missions—showing by our acts the faith of our souls?

God intended all his children to be missionaries, at home and abroad, individually and collectively, to work for the upbuilding of Zion. It is time for earnest action and concentrated power. With our homes, and our Sunday schools, and our churches, rests the hope of the world's salvation. Through the power of these agencies may be developed the highest attributes of the human heart, love to God and man. Through the power of these agencies may bud and bloom a missionary harvest of untold wealth; and our pride should be to vie with each other in carrying the sheaves to the Master. Let us begin first by preparing the home soil. It is said that early impressions are the most lasting. This is true. The deep memories of age reach back to childhood, and entwine themselves around the place called home. How important, then, that right principles be woven into those mystic associations. Let us work to advance the religious culture of our children; let us be at least as anxious concerning their eternal welfare as we are to promote their worldly interests. The minds of children are susceptible and easily impressed, and God has committed to our care the training of their immortal souls. Do we realize the fearful responsibility?

We learn from the Scriptures that God foretold his judgments upon the Jews, and commanded that they should be taught to their children, that they might be led to turn to him and escape his wrath. In the 78th Psalm he commands them to make known to their children the law that he has established in Israel, that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments. Solomon says, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." There is much meaning in that little word "train," and every mother should ask herself this question: "How am I training the little ones that God has given into my keeping? Am I teaching them to love God and to deny themselves for his sake; or is it my highest pleasure to deck their mortal bodies and pamper their selfish appetites?"

It is in childhood that the foundation is laid for an honorable and Christian life, and by following the command of the apostle, all that was lovely and artless and simple in the charms of the child will be transferred to the dignity and honor of age; then, to quote the words of another, your sons will be as plants grown up in their youth, and your daughters as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. How prayerfully, how seriously, and how earnestly should we labor to teach our children God's holy truths. Our Sunday school is destined to become a mighty stronghold for good; within her extended borders our little missionary buds from the home soil may be transplanted to a larger field of usefulness. To dig about these tender plants and enrich them with words of wisdom is a grand and noble work, and the faithful laborer God will bless. Knowledge that is born of the Sunday school is pure and noble, and the character that is moulded under its sanctifying influences will unfold into a true and pure manhood. Thus a noble work is given into our hands, stamped with grand possibilities, to achieve which will require labor, patience and self-sacrifice.

Let us go to work with a determined purpose, patiently enduring all things for Christ's sake. Let us deny ourselves. Sisters, let us deny ourselves of superfluous dress and costly raiment, of rich jewels and rare laces; these things have a tendency to lead us away from the meek and lowly Savior; rather let us labor to make our calling and election sure. I am persuaded that our present unprofitable manner of living arises partly from thoughtlessness and partly from the mistaken idea that because we

cannot do great things, we need therefore do nothing. To correct this idea, we must take a rational view of God's demands. God as surely demands the poor man's mite as the rich man's dollar. One-half cent may rank in deed as great as half a Rothschild's fortune. The rich have no advantage over the poor with reference to deeds, but all can meet upon one grand level, where the loving heart that gives but a mite of the little he hath receives as great reward as he who of his abundance gives much.

If we would have the church prosper, we must be careful to teach this important truth in our Sunday schools. When our children are properly trained to understand their duty to God and man, then will our church revive as the corn; and, through the power of a well developed missionary spirit, go out to conquer the world. God's philanthropy will be her illustrious pattern. She will be a doer of the word, reaching out for opportunities to the extent of her abilities. Her members will waste neither time nor substance for the foolish and frivolous things of earth, but will remember that they are only stewards, and that God is testing their liberality in time that the result may be known in eternity.

The Inquisition in Madrid.

There is another place of mournful interest for Protestants—that is the Plaza Mayor. This is the old grand square of Madrid, where the Royal bull fights were held, and where the Inquisition held the 'auto da fe.' The square is 400 feet on each side, and in the center is a fine equestrian statue of Philip III., by John of Bologna. When the trials and executions of the 'auto da fe' were held, a great platform was erected for the judges of the Inquisition on one side of the square. The front rooms and balconies fronting the square were reserved for the royal family, the noblemen and the clergy. The seat of the king was on the balcony in the center of the north side of the square, where we're now seen on the front of the house. The populace crowded in and filled the square. Thus under the countenance of the king, in presence of all the high dignitaries of the church arrayed in their priestly robes, the culprits were brought forth to be tried by the judges of the Inquisition, who were accusers, judges and jury. The trial generally commenced early in the morning and lasted the whole day, and ended in the lurid flames which consumed the wretched victims and gave a grand finishing stroke to the spectacle which was intended to strike terror into the hearts of all beholders. This accursed institution did its work well and accomplished what was intended by it. Ferdinand first established it in Seville in 1481. His object was to extort money, terrify his opponents, and to revenge himself on his enemies. The church used it as an engine to extirpate heresy and to perpetuate their power. Working in secret, its mysterious agents scattered everywhere, invincible in power, from whom no secrets were hid. Omniscient and omnipresent, it struck a dread fear to the heart of every Spaniard and locked his soul in suspicion against each, and every man; froze all the sweet and tender sympathies of social life; destroyed confidence and trust in his fellow men and shut the door on hospitality. Three centuries of this discipline has made the haughty, reserved, suspicious Spaniard what he is to day. Every man suspects his neighbor. Revenge is a national trait, and the dagger of the assassin has ever been the familiar weapon to execute its behests. In days gone by no Spaniard was without his weapon concealed under his cloak, and the city of Madrid was nightly the scene of some secret murder.

The effect sought by the church to be produced by the Inquisition has been accomplished. Men dared not

think for themselves. The yoke of priestcraft was fastened on them, they became, body and soul, the property of the church, and subject to her dictation till they can no longer think or reason for themselves. The Inquisition, or the Holy Tribunal as they called themselves, burnt 3,400 persons alive, 18,000 in effigy, imprisoned 288,000 from 1481 to 1808; and they confiscated the goods of all these persons to the use of the king or the church. It expelled the Jews and the Moors, who were their most industrious and commercial people, and thus destroyed all enterprise in the development of their resources.

The crime has been great. Its lurid fires have lighted up ages of persecution. But Nemesis is now demanding and taking her satisfaction.—N. Y. Observer.

Power of Medicine.

A recent number of the *Progreso Medico*, a medical journal published in Madrid, has the following:

"A man of good constitution suddenly became affected with a pain in the left hip, which grew worse by walking. The pain, which at first was circumscribed, soon extended to the thigh and the entire left extremity, obliging him to keep his bed. There was no fever or sordid state of the tongue; the pains were acute, piercing and intermitting.

"The physician who was called, finding the principal painful symptoms which characterize the sciatic neuralgia, prescribed a potion consisting of three ounces of honey and rosewater, with a drachm of oil of turpentine, of which mixture the patient was to take a table-spoonful four times daily; and also a mixture of two ounces of oil of turpentine and a drachm and a half of laudanum-Sydenhami, with which the painful parts were to be rubbed.

"The prescriptions were put up and delivered to the wife of the patient, who mistook the vials, instead of giving her husband the potion, rubs him with it, and gives him a table-spoonful of the liniment. The next morning the physician calls and finds his patient walking about, perfectly well; greatly surprised (and perhaps disappointed), he inquires whether the patient has followed all his directions. The patient stated that, after having taken the medicine, he felt a severe burning a dryness in the epigastric region, fauces and mouth, followed by nausea, thirst, cephalgia, vertigo, and drowsiness; at last he fell asleep, and slept profoundly for eight hours, when he awoke, feeling perfectly well."

Cure for a Terrible Disorder of the Mouth; Called Scandal.

Take of good nature one ounce, of herb called by the Indians mind-your-own-business, one pound; mix this with a little charity for sailing, and two or three sprigs of keep your tongue between your teeth; simmer the whole in a vessel called circum-spection, for a short time, and it will be fit for use.

N. B.—The symptoms are a violent itching on the tongue and roof of the mouth, which almost universally takes place when you are abroad with a kind of animal called gossip. When you feel a fit coming on take a table-spoon full of the above mixture in your mouth, which you must keep closely shut until you get home. Persevere in this for about six months, or a year and you will experience a complete cure.

Keep out of debt, out of quarrels, out of law, out of politics, out of idleness, out of thin-soled shoes, out of public office, out of matrimony, unless you are in love—and keep clear of the monstrous sin of cheating the printer out of his just dues.

Everything in the feminine costume line is tight fitting. In this assertion we would include both gloves and shoes.