

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Bro. Peterson and the Oregon
Christian Ministerial Association.

MOUND RANCH, JACKSON CO., OR.

Oct. 1, 1877.

Bro. T. F. CAMPBELL,

Dear Sir: I learn through the
MESSENGER, that you are president of
the Oregon Christian Ministerial
Association, and Bro. S. C. Adams is
secretary. You propose meeting Oct.
29, 1877, and you again ask and urge
every preacher, elder and deacon who
has not already given his name to
send his name at once, accompanied
with fifty cents to S. C. Adams, &c.

Bro. Campbell, and all concerned
in this association, you now have,
through this, my name and my record,
which I wish you to give to the
beloved brethren and sisters of Oregon
and throughout the world, for time
and for eternity, as one protesting
against this movement not toward
Jerusalem but toward Babylon.

I have written to the MESSENGER
in years gone by, showing the Mis-
sionary Societies, State Meetings; and
also now Ministerial Associations are
things unknown in the ancient order
of things. Those introducing any of
these are introducing among the
brethren seeds of discord and causes
of alienation, and not only this, but
are virtually acknowledging to our
opponents that our plea that was made
by the pioneers of this great reforma-
tion is false, for these pioneers made
their record against associations and
every thing that looked in that direc-
tion.

Now if we turn away from this
solemn protest and inaugurate systems
similar to our sectarian neighbors
without producing a thus saith the
Scripture, then how shall we meet our
opponents, and further, how shall we
meet our Lord when he shall say, who
required this at your hands. I am
well aware, Bro. Campbell, that you
and those good brethren associated
with you have formed this association
with the best of motives, but I am
equally confident that the great and
good men that formed the Methodist
discipline did it with just as pure
motives as you formed this associa-
tion, and how do you know but what
this association may go as far beyond
your expectations as the Methodist
doctrine has beyond the expectations
of its father and advocates, who first
inaugurated it. They started out
with the avowed purpose of increasing
their own piety and that of others,

and to make a united effort for the
conversion of the world. But why
have they had no better success,
simply because they encumbered
themselves with a human plan to ac-
complish that which God knew could
only be accomplished by a divine
plan. So you with your association
are aiming by your human plan to
accomplish what God intended to be
done by the divine pattern, and you,
like the founders of Methodism will

make an utter failure, and whether
you will cause as great a division
among those that should be united in
the one body or not, eternity alone
will develop.

I would say to you, and those good
brethren associated with you in this
new society, which is unknown in the
divine pattern, to destroy it, abandon
it, absolve it, do away with it, let it
be among the things of the past, while
it is under your control, lest by age it
gets control of you and the dear
brethren, and binds you and takes you
where you do not wish to go.

You, no doubt, will say some not to be
frightened. You are only designing
through this channel to do more
efficient work for the Master. Is not
this virtually saying that the Master
failed to inaugurate the best method
of working? We all agree that the
Master has required each and every
one of us who profess to be his disci-
ples, to do all in our power for the
advancement of his cause on earth.
He has left us the manner of doing
this great work. Paul to Timothy
2d letter 3d chapter, and two last
verses says, "All Scripture is given by
inspiration of God, and is profitable
for doctrine, for reproof, for correction,
for instruction in righteousness, that
the man of God may be perfect,
thoroughly furnished unto all good
works."

The man of God is not furnished
with a "Ministerial Association" by
the Scriptures, therefore it is not a
good work.

I wrote to the MESSENGER years
gone by, that God's plan of converting
the world and building us up in our
holy lives, was an individual and con-
gregational matter. Each congrega-
tion is in duty bound to sound out
the word of the Lord according to its
ability, and if it fails so to do, God
will hold it to account therefor. His
admonitions to the seven congrega-
tions of Asia should be studied well
by us of this day. Every congrega-
tion should look out from among
themselves members fit and qualified
for the various duties that it has to
perform, and put them to work in
their proper sphere, every individual
member ought to be subject to the
will of the body, and each should try
to excel the other in love and good
works, each using his or her utmost
ability for to grow in grace and in the
knowledge of the truth.

No doubt all will agree with me
that this is right, but lament that it
is not the present condition of the in-
dividuals and congregations. Then
how shall we go to work to accom-
plish this much-desired state in our
midst? You say by our Ministerial
Association. I say no, but by the
word of the Lord which liveth and
abideth forever. That we may all
live nearer to thee my God is the
prayer of

Your brother in the Lord,
MARTIN PETERSON.

Uncle Lem on the Brooks-Dit- zler Debate.

Uncle Lem was met by a reporter
late Saturday evening, riding into
town on his mule, Sephus. He had
on his best clothes, and Sephus' bridle
was bits of red flannel and chicken
feathers.

"I say boss," he called to the repor-
ter.

"What is it Uncle Lem?"

"Yer bin down yander?"

"Where?"

"To de Brooks-Ditzler—lown to

Santa Fe?"

"No."

"Wall, chile, you jis git on yer hos
an' go—hit beats de sirkus?"

"Many people there?"

"De hills is kivered wif 'em—Met-
terdis, Baptis, Reformers, Old Line
Whigs and—"

"Old Line Baptists, you mean?"

"It's all de same—hit's de wust
mixed crowd yer eber seed."

"What are they doing?"

"Dey's fighten Scrip'ter redhot.
Dem two-bos preachers—yer
call 'em?"

"Brooks and Ditzler."

"Dat's hit—Dooks and Ditchler.
Dey's got 'em penned up in de church;
and der's de biggest row goin' on in
dar yer eber herd."

"What are they rowing about?"

"Dar, yer got fac—I sot and sot on
a back-seat in dat fur five mortal
hours an' neber he'm a word 'cep'tin
'bout sprinklin' an' pourin' an' disper-
shin' folks in de water."

"Don't you believe in baptism,
Uncle?"

"In course I dos, boss, but it hain't
dat kind. When dis nigga baptizes
hissel he takes 'bout a quart of soft
soap and goes down to de creek an'
scours hissel from en' to en', an' dat's
de kind of 'ligion de biggest part ob
dem folks need. Dey needs les Scrip-
ter an' more soap."

"How do the people take it down
there?"

"Dey takes it kinder so so. Fust
one side hollers den de oder. Yer
jes ought to hear de sisting'er."

"What about them?"

"When brudder Bitchler gits up
de Metterdis ladies twist derselfs
round an' smile like a cherry bum an'
say, "Oh Sister Johnson, ain't he
nice?—can't he talk keffluiddy? an'
dey looks der wustes at der oder wim-
men—jus' as cress as a sittin' hen."

"How is it when the other preacher
is up?"

"Dey dun, quit smilen' den, you
bet. Dey jus' tumbles demselfs roun'
and declar dey wouldn't lisen to a
word dat man's sayin' to sav' him
from salvation, dey wouldn't."

"How about the men?"

"Purty nigh de same. Mr. Jerry
West and Mr. Frank Canterbury is
jes' a boom'in'. I herd Mr. West sayin'
to Mars Frank dat ef he didn't quit
'sputin' his word 'bout dat bein' de
genuine Hebra' he's gwine to put a
tin ruf on him 'fore de meqin' disjoin-
ed, shuah."

"What did Uncle Frank say then?"

"He said he could lick ary shoutin'
Metterdis in seventeen miles of dat
meetin' house, an' tie bote legs behind
him, at dat."

"Is there plenty to eat Uncle Lem?"

"Plenty—but it is hard to git at
fur dem preachers. A cullud Baptis'
lady give me a biled chicken fur din-
ner, an' I swa befo' Heaving boss, fore
I could git out my knife one dem
preachers cum long an' picked up dat
chicken in his fingers."

"Did he eat it?"

"Eat ain't no name for it. He jest
held it up to his mou', shet his eyes
and pulled fur all he was wuth."

"Are you glad you went down,
Uncle Lem?"

"Well, hits jess dis way, boss. I's
kinder sorry. As fur the debate dis
poor nigger don't know nothin' bout
de Skebrew and Hoptie dey was
talkin'; but when it comes to a plain
pint o' salvation he's on it bigger'n a
blin' mule. Uncle Lem don't believe
de Lord's on oder side of de fence—
he's a settin' in glory right on de top

rail. Hit's like I told my young
massa what went off to de wab, and
was talkin' bout de Lord's bein on de
side of ob de souf. Mars Jawn, sez
I, "I don' believe de Lord's wid de
Norf nor de Souf—kase de Almighty
aint no fightin' man."

And saying this Uncle Lem took a
fresh chew of tobacco from the repor-
ter and started Sephus on a dog trot
for home.—Selected.

Quakeress and Borrower.

An exchange says the subject of
borrowing and lending came up in the
course of a conversation with one of
its subscribers the other day, when he
suddenly recollected a funny occur-
rence of that character that happened
in his neighborhood. He said that he
had a neighbor whose family were
great borrowers, but seldom, if ever,
returning the exact amount borrowed.
An old Quaker lady, another neighbor,
who had endured these invasions for
a long time patiently, hit upon a very
philosophical mode of eventually put-
ting a stop to the nuisance. Keeping
her own counsel, the next time her
good old man went to town he had a
separate and express order to purchase
one pound of the best tea, and also a
new canister to put it in. As he
knew she already had plenty of tea,
and also a canister, he was puzzled to
determine what the old lady wanted
of more tea and a new canister; but
his questionings and reasonings elicited
nothing more than a repetition of the
order.

"Jim, did I not tell thee to get me a
pound of the best tea and a new can-
ister?—Now go along and do as I bid
thee."

And go along he did; and when he
came home at night the tea and new
canister were his companions. The
old lady took them from him with an
amused expression on her usually
placid features, and depositing the tea
in the canister, set it on the shelf for
special use. It had not long to wait,
for the borrowing neighbor had fre-
quent use for the aromatic herb. The
good old lady loaned generously, empty-
ing back into the canister any rem-
nant of borrowed teas which the
neighbor's conscience inclined her to
make.

Time went on, and after something
less than the one hundredth time of
borrowing, the neighbor again appear-
ed for "just another drawing of tea,"
when the oft visited canister was
brought out, and found to be empty.
And the good old lady and obliging
neighbor was just one pound of tea
poorer than when she bought the new
canister, which now only remained to
tell the story. Then she made a lit-
tle characteristic speech, perhaps the
first in her life. She said:

"Thou seest the empty canister. I
filled it for thee with a pound of my
best tea, and I have lent it all to thee
in driblets, and put into it all thou
hast sent me in return, and none but
thyself hath taken therefrom or added
unto it, and now thou seest it empty;
therefore I will say to thee, thou hast
borrowed thyself out, and I can lend
thee no more."

Baptism in St. Clement's.

Not far from the Colosseum, at the
foot of the Esquiline Hill, in Rome,
stands the church of St. Clement, to
reach the door of which we must
make a descent of two or three steps
from the street. The present edifice
stands upon the walls of two other
churches now buried beneath it. At

the time of the erection of the first,
previous to A. D. 302, at which time
Jerome mentions it as occupying this
site, the street and the surrounding
buildings were on the same level with
its foundations. In process of time
the street became elevated, until,
when the second edifice was erected,
it was built on the top of these sub-
merged walls. The process of filling
still went on; and in A. D. 1084, on
the entry of Robert Guiscard into
Rome, the church was too much in-
jured to be successfully repaired, espe-
cially as it was so far sunken be-
neath the surface. In A. D. 1108,
Paschalis I. erected the present and
upper church on the walls of that
beneath; so that there now stand
these buildings one on top of the
other.

For years for centuries these
lower structures were lost sight of, if
their existence was known, all inter-
est in them was lost. They were
filled with rubbish, and were un-
visited.

Recently, however, they have been
cleared out; and while the water
stands at the depth of several feet in
the lower one, the middle one is not
only accessible, but is a place of ex-
ceeding interest. The walls are
covered with frescoes, the colors of
which, in many instances appear as
bright and clear as in the days when
the house was thronged with wor-
shippers. These frescoes are of differ-
ent ages, some five centuries interven-
ing between the oldest and the most
recent; but all date back of the year
1084, when the destruction took
place. One of these is of a mother
finding at the altar of St. Clement,
her child that had been swallowed up
by the sea. Another is the transference
of the remains of St. Cyril from
the Vatican to St. Clement's, in the
reign of Pope Nicholas. These, with
several others, are in a state of ex-
cellent preservation, while there are
others injured by the peeling of
the plaster upon which they were
painted, or by the fading of some of
their colors.—Ed.

Dr. Clark, Secretary of the Ameri-
can Board, writes in the Observer,
that with the exception of the Eski
Saguna station in Bulgaria, and of
Erzeroum, Bittes, and Van, and other
outstations, the work had not been
influenced to any great extent. In
Eastern Turkey only the Northern
part has been disturbed, while more
interest than usual has been mani-
fested in other parts of all the missions
of the Board in Turkey. The Turk-
ish authorities have been very careful
to do everything in their power to
protect missionary families, and have
also warned the Moslem population
through the mosques, to forbear all
violence and ill-treatment toward the
Christians.

The following, *bon mot* turns up
again and is worth reprinting: Mrs.
Cady Stanton is said to have remark-
ed to some one who asked her if she
thought that girls possessed, as a gen-
eral thing, the physical strength neces-
sary for the wear and tear of a col-
lege course of study: "I would like to
see you take thirteen hundred young
men and lace them up, and hang ten
to twenty pounds' weight of clothes
on their waists, perch them up on
three-inch heels, cover their heads
with ripples, chignons, rats and mice,
and stick ten thousand hair-pins into
their scalps—if they can stand all
this they can stand a little Latin and
Greek."

Miss Mary Bishop