

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Communications.

Ministerial Association.

Bro. Stanley:

The last MESSENGER contains Bro. Peterson's article against the Ministerial Association, and Bro. Campbell's reply.

Although I am well satisfied with Bro. Campbell's reply, yet there is a misrepresentation of the pioneers "of this great reformation," that I wish to correct. I have been a preacher over forty-six years, almost from the beginning of our work, and I have traveled and preached with Alexander Campbell and with his father, Thomas Campbell, with Walter Scott, Rigdon, Haydon, Bently, Collins, Henry and others. I have preached in Bethany and all over West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania, where this reformation first began. I have traveled and preached with Barton W. Stone, T. F. Johnson, John Smith, Hall, Fall and the Rogerses in Kentucky, and been on the ground where their work first began, and I know that they are misrepresented when it is said that they were opposed to preachers meetings and cooperation. That they were opposed to all ecclesiastical associations, synods, assemblies, conferences and everything else that had delegated authority, or authority in any other way, to lord it over the churches and over men's consciences, or over their faith, or even their opinions is true; and it is equally true that our modern preachers are just as much opposed to this as the pioneer preachers were; but that the pioneer preachers were any more opposed to the cooperation of churches for their mutual benefit and protection, and for the spread of the Gospel, or to minister's meeting to help each other in their growth in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and to mutually help each other to better understand their duties and responsibilities, and how best to discharge them than modern preachers is not true.

Over forty years ago, at one of our great annual meetings in Northern Ohio, Alexander Campbell urged upon the preaching brethren to hold a minister's meeting, and under his influence, and by his advice and council, a minister's meeting was appointed and held annually. Those meetings I attended, and Bro. Campbell himself sometimes attended, and as a part of his reformation, Ministerial Meetings have spread into Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, New York, and perhaps several other states I have myself attended them in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and New York.

With all their forty years existence and wide spread prevalence, I have never yet known any discord, alienation of feeling or division growing out of them. The pioneer preachers were not scared at shadows, and were not afraid even to grapple with reali-

ties, and many an ecclesiastical bull have they taken by the horns and shorn them of their strength.

Tell Bro. Peterson to come up to Salem, and he shall not be hurt, for although I am an old man, over seventy-one years old, I feel that I am strong enough yet to grapple with any calf that may be brought into existence at that meeting, and will stand between him and all harm.

This meeting is to be composed of evangelists or preachers, elders and deacons. The elders and deacons will out number the preachers, three or four to one. If the preachers were disposed to make a calf, surely, the elders and deacons, especially with the aid of a few such valiant men as Bro. Peterson, could manage them and their calf, and prevent its ever growing so as to get horns. So come up, Bro. Peterson, and help strangle the thing at its birth.

J. J. Moss.

Long Time Ago.

Twenty-nine years have added their days of sunshine and rain to the calendar of time since the incident now for the first time to be related took place, in which a beloved brother in Christ was the chief actor.

It was in the month of February, and the weather was most beautiful and pleasant. The long and dreary storms of December and January had passed and Oregon had put on her most lovely green dress and the first breezes of spring had begun to shed their rich fragrance upon the tender and delicate tendrils of the honeysuckle. The shadows of the evening had already spread a thin curtain of shade over the beautiful valley of the Yamhill, whilst the drumming of the pheasant could be heard in the distant ash grove that skirted the little clear streams of mountain water that swept onward in its hurried ripples towards the river. The writer of these reminiscence left his humble log cabin to stroll away to enjoy the inspiration and sweetness of solitude, it was our custom at evenings after the toil of the day was over, and I had returned from the mountain where I had been engaged in rail splitting, to seat myself upon a flat rock that overhung the valley below, and there gaze in delight upon the lovely landscape as it stretched away to the distant timbered mountains in the west.

On this occasion my meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sound of bells as upon cattle and horses, and the voices of cattle drovers could be heard, and occasionally the old familiar crack of the ox whip with the our memorable "wo-haw" of the drivers, as a sort of prelude to the crack. Anxious to ascertain what all this would come to, we hastened in the direction, and had the great pleasure of greeting our dear Bro. Thomas McBride and all his family from Missouri. Our brother did not go through with the cold and lifeless formality of asking if he could stay all night, because that formality had no place in the vocabulary of early Oregon dialect, but the word "welcome" responded from every heart in all places. To find a house in those days of Christian simplicity and brotherly kindness, was to find a shelter and bread to eat. Consequently no time was lost in useless frivolities of this kind, but all were seated in the cabin, some on stools and others on the edge of the beds. Meanwhile our wife, ever foremost when the hungry are to be fed, went

about supper. This being over and time to go to sleep having come, no little management was found necessary to find sleeping room for all. This want was met in large part by spreading beds on the floor, a thing of frequent occurrence in those days. In fact, the early Oregonians in the time of which we are writing never thought his house full as long as he had room on his floor to spread a single blanket.

Morning came bright and clear, and breakfast over we proposed to Bro. McBride to accompany us to an appointment (it was Sunday) distant nine miles. The appointment was at our old and well tried friend, James Allen's, who had kindly invited me to speak at his house. James Allen was a Cumberland Presbyterian, but stood above party prejudice and party feeling.

On our way Bro. McBride was requested to do the preaching, which he did.

The day before the meeting, in preparing wood for the use of the meeting, Mr. Allen cut down a large oak tree for that purpose. Out of one of its hollow limbs the boys caught a squirrel in a dormant state and put it in a little box in the chimney corner. On the opposite side from where the squirrel was stood Bro. McBride; and as he warmed up in unfolding his theme to the people, the squirrel also from the fire or otherwise, warmed up, and waking from his long winters sleep, and hearing an unusual sound opened his mouth (not I presume to reprove the madness of the prophet) and just such another unearthly sound no man fresh from Mo. ever heard before. The preacher in vain tried to silence the voice of the animal, at length he stopped and in a sort of under tone said, "I wish you would take that thing away." At that Mr. Allen got up quietly and took the box out and slew the animal.

After order was restored the preacher resumed the thread of his discourse, and as he expatiated upon the good things of the kingdom of God in the name of Christ his wanted energy and pathos returned and making one grand upward gesture he had the misfortune to reach high enough to knock down Mr. Allen's watch. The time teller struck the floor near me and separated into different parts, which caused some delay in gathering up the scattered fragments. When done and quiet restored, our brother by a felicity not common, took up the broken thread of his sermon and went on.

It was hoped that the last intervening episode in his sermon, would be the last hard trial he would have to encounter in this his first sermon in Polk county. But humanity is doomed to disappointment, and we had to share largely in its withering tide that day.

The chimney was on the inside of the house, and occupied some four feet, I presume, in thickness, a bench was placed along side of it to set the water bucket upon. The water bucket was setting on the end next to the preacher. On the other end of the bench sat a woman of dark complexion, of African descent. And as our brother was long speaking and continued his speech this dark lady fell into a deep sleep, and fell not from the third loft, but from the bench, and with her fall down also came the bucket of water which had a tendency to wash away the preacher.

Thus ended the first day's work in Polk county, of one of the purest men I ever had the pleasure to be acquainted with. Dearest brother, thou hast long since gone to thy rest, sweet thy slumber till He bid thee arise. Amen.

G. O. B.

Prayer as a Duty.

Every man owes a duty to himself and his family. As Christians we are exposed to conflicts and temptations on every hand and in the discharge of every duty. No man is strong enough, in his own strength, to face the difficulties surrounding the Christian pathway. Many of these are termed "innocent amusements," to catch the unsuspecting, while every one of them tends to draw the affections away from God, from all that is holy and pure. To stem this current we require power—power directed by Divine wisdom. The Lord has provided us with all that is necessary to this end. It remains with us, then, to "put on the whole armour of God." Nothing more, nothing less will save us from danger. The Christian who neglects prayer leaves part of the armor off, and when he comes into open conflict he finds himself insufficient for the task, and falls a victim to the enemy. Prayer, then, is a duty we owe to ourselves, in self defence, against the wiles of the devil. Nothing else can take its place. The man who is truly devotional goes out into the world strong; the world know it and do not expect him to enter into their follies, and should he do so, he falls even in their estimation; they feel that he has come down from the high dignity of a Christian to a level with the world. It is true a man may attend to a form of prayer whose heart is far from God. Such thereby gain no spiritual strength and may be expected to go with the world; but I have yet to meet the man who is indeed devotional, that falls in with its degrading conversation and actions. Such a one feels that he is always in the presence of God, and shuns these as things hateful to Him. Paul, knowing the hallowed influence of prayer, tells us who are contending for eternal life, to pray always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.—Eph. vi. 18.

Again, we owe a duty to our families which never can be fully discharged if we neglect prayer with them. We should feel that their interest is ours, and should not leave anything undone upon our part that would tend in the least to their happiness. I know not of a greater responsibility resting upon parents than that of bringing up their children in the "fear of the Lord." The forming of their character, the moulding of their minds, their usefulness in this life, and their eternal destiny in the life to come, depend largely upon the example we set before them. If the bent of our lives is to amass wealth, we may certainly expect them to catch the same spirit. If we habituate them to theatre going, let us not be disappointed when we see them thirst after such a life. If we live a prayerless life we may expect them to do the same and should not complain if they do not become Christians. It is but the fruit of our example. When we do all in our power to lead them in the right way, and fail, we mourn, but how awful must be the remorse of

conscience if we see them ruined for time and eternity, and looking back we see it is but the result of our neglect of duty. Let us here urge upon every Christian parent the necessity of showing our children that there is a reality in the religion of Jesus which we profess, that we believe there is a God in heaven who hears and answers prayer. And should these lines come under the eye of any who have been neglecting family worship, let us kindly but earnestly entreat you to do so no longer. Your own interests demand that you should attend to this duty. The community in which you live and the honor of the Lord all demand it. Jesus once said that "men ought always to pray and not to faint." Let us who are of the day walk in the light, that others may glorify our Father who is in heaven.—Bible Index.

Dishonesty Begins at Home.

The crying sin of the day is dishonesty. One hears much of it in public life; but there is too much of it altogether in private life. And its cause is to be found in the want of self-control in the indulgence of tastes and appetites. Reckless, extravagant living is at the bottom of it all. If this living had any true foundation in any desires for desirable things, there would be more hope of amendment. But when any one comes to see what ill-gotten gains are spent upon, the outlook is a sad one. Dress, display, amusement, costly things bought just because they are "costly," wealth won easily, merely that it may be wasted foolishly; these are the signs of a time which it is not pleasant to contemplate. If a man loves any one thing, say rare books, or pictures, or objects of any kind, or music, or science, so well that for the sake of the one thing in which he would be rich he is willing to be poor in every thing else, no matter though his choice be an unwise one according to the best standards of choice, he will yet have a motive which will help to keep him upright. But for those who love none of these things, but simply desire them because it is the habit of the time; because, like pampered children, they must needs cry for whatever they see just out of their reach; for them is needed the wholesome self-discipline which shall teach them to let along whatever is not theirs. And the beginning of this self-discipline is at the home. Parents must teach their boys and girls the great lesson of doing without whatever cannot be fitly theirs. There need be no niggardly restraint, but in some way the first lesson for childhood should be that of earning its pleasures. To get whatever it craves as soon as it asks for it, is the worst training a child can have.—Churchman.

"Doctor," said an old lady to her family physician, "kin ye tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?" "Why, hem! certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech." "La, me!" remarked the old lady; "now jest see what it is to have a physical eddication. I've axed my old man more than a hundred times that same thing, and all I could ever get out of him was jest this, 'Kase they is.'"

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Miss Mary Mann