

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

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The Teachers Mirror.

[The following Essay was read before the Sunday School Institute at Watsonville, Cal., Oct. 5, 1877, by Mrs. M. E. Marston, of Gilroy.]

A mirror is a looking-glass, according to our lexicons, any thing that gives a true representation of any object, &c. The teachers mirror is not bounded by lines and curves, nor can it be described as convex, concave or compound; neither is it an easy task to find its exact dimensions. However, we may approximate that result, by appropriating for a few moments, one grain of the wisdom of scientific men. In their efforts to measure the distance of the fixed stars, I am told, that they make their observations from opposite points of our earth, and having found the smallest appreciable difference, they take that as the base, upon which they construct gigantic columns of thought and wonderful accomplishments of calculation, expecting ere long to become perfectly familiar with the myriad wonders of the stellar universe.

Since we find it difficult to ascertain the exact boundaries of this imponderable piece of furniture, from a single view, it will be necessary to examine it from different points of observation, and as there is nothing new under our shining sun, we shall be pardoned, I trust, if we bring our aid, a few trite and well worn figures.

First, then, let us look upon the teacher as a sculptor; with mallet and chisel in mental hand, seated in his studio for many days, patiently polishing the blocks of marble, living and breathing stones, with a skill that our own much-loved, highly honored, and and deeply lamented Powers never attained. His work is indeed beautiful, true to nature, and as we gaze upon it we expect to hear it speak to us in audible voice, and we watch but in vain, to see it smile upon us.

Not so the teachers work of grace and beauty. The well rounded lines of these statues are full of life, the bewitching smile sparkles from the laughing eye, and the ruby lips gush with happy song, and joyous melody. Ah! I find a faint outline of the teachers mirror, I have gained a point, now my work will proceed without difficulty.

Let us peep in upon our teacher, as a painter, tread softly, lest our material presence, disturb the artist. Here are paints and pencils, palettes and easels, with pictures in different degrees of advancement, but there is no disorder, a masters hand is here, and day by day each piece, receives added beauty, and perfection till the time, when as finished pictures they shall be removed to the "art gallery," and the artist immortalized.

Dropping these figures, draw near these children just dismissed from class, notice that group of sunny-browed, bright-eyed little girls, all care for the present at least, laid aside. How happy and glad and free they seem, I think I see a faint image of

the teacher here. Now observe those boys, laughing, noisy, playful boys, brimful and running over with life, their motions are graceful, their speech pure, their sports vigorous, healthful. Or suppose it is before school opens, the bell rings out its invitation to come, come, come to the Sunday school, no lagging, all enter with alacrity to take their places, not a boy or girl in sight. We need not enter the room unless we wish, I think I see a reflection of the teacher in those pupils.

The teacher there may be seen in his work. It is our special employment fellow teachers, to mould the mind and soul, and heart of youth, and in the faithful performance of that work, though wrought in privation and tears mayhap, is wrapped up the welfare of the community, the security of our firesides, the safety of the ship of State, the health and prosperity of the church, the destiny of the undying soul. My subject becomes grave. It is necessarily so. Is there so much of momentous responsibility resting upon us. Is the destiny of the world in our hands? In a sense it is, for our past experience teaches us that in the not far distant future, these plastic boys and girls will take the places of the men and women, that now guard our higher interests, and so we leave them, society finds them, transformed in a day, so to speak, ready, if need be, to assume grave responsibilities, to decide the weighty questions, that absorb the mind of the nation; if need be to undertake to guide the Ship of State into a commodious harbor, or the Ship of Zion into heaven. In the good time coming when every child shall be brought into the Sunday school, when every school district shall have a neatly finished and well furnished house, and every teacher shall realize that he is working in the light of eternity, then, the desert shall blossom as a rose, the islands of the sea shall be brought into civilization and cultivation, every family shall have a home, every hamlet, a Sunday school, and peace and love and good will, shall characterize the inhabitants. After which good time the kingdoms of this world will have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Christ, and the teachers work will be completed.

A Priest's Regard for the Bible.

Various papers have been commenting on the action of a Catholic priest, in throwing a Bible from a car window, while the train was in motion. This is what the St. Louis Christian Advocate has to say of it:

"A Catholic priest, Grogan by name, of St. Bridget's church, Chicago, has been lifted into notoriety by throwing a copy of a portion of the Bible out of the window of a Central Illinois railroad train. A brakeman had his eye upon the priest, and informed the conductor, who threatened to throw the reverend father after the Bible. The road officers and the priest, when the train reached the city, had an "explanation" before the Superintendent of the road. Grogan declared that he found disgusting pictures on the fly leaf of the volume, and interlineations that were not in the interests of religion or good morals. He disclaimed all intention of showing disrespect to the "Protestant Bible." Some of the witnesses were of the opinion that he had a strange way of showing his regard for it, and the most charitable conclusion that they could reach, was that he was under the influence of liquor and that his fears had got the

better of his natural disposition to tell the exact truth. But he was in the end discharged. This is one side of the story. The other is, that search was made and the volume found beside the track where it was thrown from the cars. It is a copy of the New Testament and Psalms, such as the Young Men's Christian Association and Bible Society furnish for railroad cars. The volume has been carefully examined and the priest has been proven not to have told the truth. There are no such pictures as he described; there are no interlineations of an offensive character. He was probably under the influence of liquor, and his hatred of the Bible led him to commit an act that no sober, discreet priest would have been guilty of, and his Bishop will do well to read him a lecture. Bible burning is out of place in this country although it was lately practiced in Spain. But throwing Bibles out of the cars cannot be made popular, as the excitement caused by this experiment plainly illustrates."

We watched to see what explanation our Catholic editors would give for Grogan's action, but have seen none so far.

Why Papers are Stopped.

The Christian Intelligencer has some sensible things to say of a certain class of people who stop their papers, under the plea of hard times. It says:

"The past year has been a very trying one to publishers of every class, to the publishers of books, periodicals, and newspapers. A great many persons in order to maintain as far as possible a certain style of living have denied themselves books, magazines, and papers. When the pressure of the times came upon them they decided that mental food was a luxury, that could be dispensed with without injury; that a certain amount and kind of food and clothing for the body, to which they had become accustomed, were necessities to be obtained as far as possible. Beefsteak or chops, and rolls for breakfast; a liberal lunch at mid-day, and a substantial array of meat and vegetables for dinner have been considered indispensable to the maintenance of health and vigor of body and social position. A certain quality and variety of clothing has been regarded as equally indispensable. We are tempted to tell the results of our observation. We have witnessed some domestic management that would be amusing if one could forget the very sad side of it. These persons have no hesitation in requesting their gifts to Christian charities, and seem to think it a praiseworthy economy to refuse to buy a book, to stop a newspaper or magazine. In our judgment they are very much mistaken. A man's mind is quite as important as his body. Every man and woman has a place to fill in the world and ought to know how to do it. Every family has need of books, magazines, and newspapers as well as of food and clothing. We have just been reading the life of the famous and useful Rev. Wm. Arnot. He made his breakfast of oat-meal and milk, his dinner of bread and milk, that he might save money to be expended in informing and cultivating his mind. For doing so he was praiseworthy. Oat-meal and milk is by no means to be despised as nutritious food. For a year past, on many days, such has been our principal meal. And we have the recommendation of no less a man than Mr. William Cullen Bryant in favor

of bread and milk. Far too much attention is paid by the people of these States to what they will eat and drink and wear. There is a needless and unwholesome expenditure for these things. There is no virtue in turning away from a good book or in stopping a newspaper in order to gratify a carnal appetite or to maintain a fair and vain show in the flesh.

Keeping up Appearances.

"Can't afford it," I know very well my salary won't justify me in buying so many clothes; in hiring a livery rig every day, and such like—but you know one might just as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," said a young clerk, who is pinched in means, hardly able to keep his head above water, but, withal, a willing subject to all the exactions of "our high-toned society." His noble independence, his keen sense of propriety, takes the last dollar that he has to fit him out for the next party; yes, and if his pocket-book is "strapped," his role in society must be played—he runs on his credit for another pair of kids. A few years of his false life saps his manhood and brings him to a condition of the most abject slavery. Why will young persons barter away individuality and happiness, and cater to the whims and demands of extreme formal society, when their circumstances and common sense dictate that they should protest against such folly? We commend the courage, the manliness of a certain young man, whom we heard say, in the face of these things: "I won't knuckle to all the exactions of the society in which I move when I can't do it; I should really be afraid to appear at the house of my employer, dressed as some of my young friends are, for suspicion would mark me down as a thief. If society won't receive me as I'm able to appear, I'll keep out of it."

Young friend, if the money standard is the one that regulates the social circle to which you are looking place your purse and character in the balance, and then decide whether that is the place for you. Do not entertain the notion that you can draw in advance on your monthly wages, or borrow an occasional "ten," to pay for this "fine suit" or that "gold-headed cane," and maintain thereby a worthy standing in any society. If you would make the most of your time and talents, unyoke yourself from the bondage of sham life; try to be yourself; live within your means; cultivate an individuality that should be the outgrowth of the best qualities of your mind; and your character, thus nurtured under these conditions, will bear the impress of reality and exert the most potent influences for good.—*Business Monthly.*

A Romish Miracle.

The Paris correspondent of the London Standard spoils another of the pretended Romish miracles wrought at Lourdes. He writes: "The reader may remember that not long ago the clerical papers published special telegrams announcing the miraculous cure of a pilgrim named Riviere. This poor fellow had suffered for many years from a complication of ills. He was afflicted with paralysis, he had an ulcer in his left leg, and he was deaf and dumb and half blind. He went down to Lourdes, and no sooner drank of the holy waters of the shrine than he was instantly, and completely cured of all

his numerous defects; he could once more dance, sing, hear and see as in his tender years.

The miracle naturally made a great sensation, and when the fortunate pilgrim returned home to Maranet, in the Maine-et-Loire, he became the subject of general attention, especially on the part of the church authorities, who kept him in clover for some time. Unfortunately there was a skeptical doctor in the neighborhood, who desired to examine Riviere, and it was arranged that the examination should take place; but on the day fixed for it, the happy pilgrim was nowhere to be found. This sudden disappearance was about to be attributed to another miracle, when he unexpectedly turned up between a brace of gendarmes, who had arrested him for swindling. It then transpired, according to the man's own confession, that he was a very old offender, and had signed the aforesaid infirmities, as used to be done in the notorious Cour des Miracles of former times, with the object of imposition on public credulity and charity; in short, he was a professional beggar. It must be admitted that his success was a miracle in its way.—*Ec.*

A Mistake.

An amusing scene occurred in the Christian church at Larksville, Pa., recently. It appears that the Methodist pulpit at that place was to be supplied by a preacher from the Wyoming Seminary, and two young men proceeded thither for the purpose of conducting the service. Instead of going into the Methodist church however, they went into the Christian church on the opposite side of the street. Thinking that they had been waited for, they proceeded at once to the vacant pulpit, and, after a brief pause and a glance at the congregation, one of them rose, read a chapter in the Bible, and said he had selected it as the foundation of a few remarks. The Eld. Mr. Bevan, pastor of the church, who was a little behind time, walked in at this interesting juncture, and much to his surprise found his pulpit already occupied. He did not make a demonstration like Robert of Sicily, when that monarch found an angel in his place, but proceeded softly up and took his seat inside the railing to await further developments.

The young preacher was about to go on with his discourse, unconscious of the sensation he was creating, when a lady from the church on the opposite side of the street entered, and walking straight up to the pulpit, beckoned to the young man, who was about to hold forth. Her conduct seemed somewhat strange to him, but he stopped to listen, and she whispered something in his ear that made him change color quickly. She told him that he was in the wrong pulpit, and that the congregation on the way was waiting somewhat impatiently for his arrival. The two young men were very much discomfited, but after a moment they mastered the situation and sought a short interview with Elder Bevan, to whom they made suitable apology. They then proceeded to the church across the road, but as they left, the congregation smiled audibly over their mistake.—*Ec.*

A Wall street man wants to know what is the difference between the day-rate of gold and the nitrate of silver.

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