

Reports from the Field.

**Dear Bro. Porter:**  
I preach regularly for the church in Lompoc, but as yet received no remuneration. Am obliged to keep store for a living, can do little or no pastoral work. If any other brother would settle here and preach I would pay liberally towards his support, and collect from others.  
We have a very good Sunday school. Bro. W. B. Skene is superintendent.

I preach occasionally for one or two other places in and near this valley. Being a temperance colony, good people are coming in among them, some of our brethren. To any such seeking homes, I can only recommend it for health, fertility, good society, schools and no saloons.

Fraternally,  
J. W. WEIN.  
COMPTON, LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.,  
Oct. 23, 1877.

**Dear Bro. Porter:**  
Thanks for the PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER which comes to hand this evening. Am rejoiced that we have, one more, a means of communication. May our hearts be made glad by messages of love and peace from every part of this Pacific slope. I trust that the brethren throughout the State will do their utmost to make this wise effort permanently successful.

There are watchmen in this part who faithfully cry aloud words of warning, but few seem to apprehend much danger. Bro. Pennington has labored incessantly for some months in Downey City and vicinity. In the New River country three made the good confession and were baptized; one was reclaimed.  
Last Lord's day evening we had the pleasure of listening to a discourse by Bro. Bradshaw, of Ventura Co. The house was well filled with attentive hearers. One lady responded to the song of invitation nobly confessed her "Savior," and was immersed the following day. May God grant that we may arise from our lethargy "put on the whole armor of God" and prove valiant soldiers of the cross, having an eye single to the glory of God.

H. C. LYLE.  
COQUILLE CITY, OR.,  
Oct. 26, 1877.

**Bro. Stanley:**  
A few days back I received a letter of inquiry from a preaching brother in California, desiring information from me about a suitable location for a preacher that could teach school for a support in case the cause isn't self-sustaining. The above named letter has got lost, and I disremember his name, but would state that there is a good opening for a preacher that can teach school when he can get an opportunity, or chop timber, roll logs, work at a logging camp, or hew out a farm in the heavy timber.

T. M. MORGAN.  
AN ANALYTICAL GRAMMATICAL CHART OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Presenting at a glance an analytical view of the Science as embraced in Orthoepy, Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, Prosody, Elocution and Logic. Designed to assist in the study of the Language; and to accompany any work embracing any or all of the above subjects. For the use of private learners, families and schools of every grade. By Judge Derham, A. M., of Christian College, Santa Rosa, Cal.

We are in receipt of a copy of this chart, and a careful examination leads us to conclude that it is one of the most valuable helps to the study of the English language that we have met. You would not believe how much well arranged matter can be put on a chart 40+50 inches, until you see this chart. Notwithstanding it contains so much, the different parts are so arranged as to show at a glance

their relation to each other, and all is plain enough to be read across a moderately large room. Every teacher and every family should have a copy hung on the wall for children to spend their leisure hours upon. They will learn more of the science of the language from it alone than from a large number of the schools in the country. Price reduced. Address your orders to Prof. J. Derham, Santa Rosa, Cal.

**Personal.**  
Bro. Bruce Wolverton who has been teaching and preaching in California for two or three years, is expected to return to Oregon about the 10th inst., and devote his entire time to preaching.  
Sister Derham left for her home at Santa Rosa last Friday.  
Bro. K. Bailes has removed from Seio, Or., going east of the mountains, but to what point he has not yet determined.

**Our Meeting on the Clackamas in 1846.**  
Many pleasant reminiscences have been indulged in whilst thinking over the many scenes passed through in early life, and one can almost live them over again.

As we sojourn along the pathway of time, and consequently, get farther from them, they seem to get brighter upon the tabernacle of the heart, whilst many things of recent occurrence are lost in a short time, from the living page of life's journey. The scenes as above intimated, were surrounded by, and intermingled with Christian sympathy so simple and pure, and so confiding, that after all, it is not strange to us, to be able at this great distance to note, with unerring exactness, every leading feature that marked them as they filled up the several intervals of time. Still we find intermingled with those sweet recollections, a portion of sadness, and thus it is, the cup of joy is often mingled with gaul. In this case our sadness arises from the fact that all the dear ones that participated with us in the toil connected with the travel, and the happiness consequent thereon, have passed over the river, and I am left alone.

In the fall of 1846, on the 9th day of October, at the close of that day, the sun had gone down behind the Coast Range of mountains, two wagons in the twilight, slowly with jaded oxen, approached a small log hut standing near the foot of a high hill, in Polk county, Oregon. And as the wagons neared the lonely spot, the wife and mother of the seven children belonging to the family, gazed with intense interest upon all the surroundings visible at that hour of the evening. Many long months of patient toil, and hardships had marked her journey across the wide plains, in quest of a little spot on earth she could call a home.

We stopped in front of the opening, in the side of the rude hut; and for the first time, began to take what little of this earth's goods we had, from the wagons, and placed those tattered fragments in our little house. This finished, and our frugal supper partaken of, we layed our weary bodies upon the floor to rest. Sweet was that night of sleep to us all. The morning came, and with it new responsibilities. I will never forget the sensations of that eventful period of my ministerial life.

I had met some days before my arrival, on my way up the valley, Col. Nat Ford, who said his wife was a disciple, and would be glad to hear the Gospel preached once more. So an appointment was agreed upon for Dr. McBride and myself. I had just got to my place in time to start the meeting last alluded to.

It was Saturday morning, and true to agreement, Dr. McBride, and old Bro. Andrew Hembree were seen approaching our humble dwelling, to go with me to the appointment. We all three set out in the direction of the LaCreole, leaving wife and children to

do the best they could in our absence, and after some little bewilderment on the way; at length arrived safely at Col. Ford's house. We here met with a Methodist preacher by the name of Campbell, of some notoriety, especially, of cattle memory. This man claimed the appointment, and as we could find no one that had heard of his intention to preach at that time, I took the liberty to call it his invisible appointment. The reader is referred to the columns of the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER of 1872, for a full history of the meeting.

About this time came a request from a few disciples, living some seven miles from Oregon City, and distant from our place some fifty miles, to come over and help them. The time was agreed upon between the Dr. and myself, for holding the meeting named at the head of this paper, and in accordance with their request.

The morning came in November, when I must leave home, to meet Dr. McBride, having previously stipulated to meet him at Absalom Hembree's, about twenty-five miles on the way from my house. About noon of that day, I started on foot, having only about twenty-five miles to walk, to reach the first point in my journey. As I walked along the winding pathway leading to a crossing on Yamhill river, called Edison's ford, I thought of many things; my family I had left in the care of God, who would take care of them, with the record of his will in my pocket. I passed along, being cheered with the happy thought, that it was a blessed privilege to preach Christ, a thing I have regarded as a great favor. We at length came to the crossing, the river had swollen a little, the place was lonely, the bank high, and thickly shaded by the evergreen that thronged the edge of the rippling waters, as they rapidly glided to the great Columbia. For a moment I stopped to contemplate the situation, and realizing that the only way to get over, was to go forward, and through the deep waters I went, and onward pursued my journey. About sundown, I got to Jordan Hembree's, a true man as I ever met, and the father of our brother Hembree, of Santa Rosa, with Bro. Jordan I remained all night, and next morning went over to Absalom Hembree's, where I was to meet Dr. McBride. Bro. A. Hembree furnished me a horse. This I willingly accepted on several accounts, the most prominent of which, was the other portion of our company had *cutans* to ride, and if I continued to walk, I would be deprived of the pleasant company.

So onward we went, and night found us all safely sheltered at old brother Arthur's, on the Clackamas. Next day our meeting commenced in Bro. Arthur's house. In the immediate neighborhood lived an old preacher by the name of Foster, of pious memory, who had been instrumental in converting brother Arthur to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. I take pleasure in saying, that never in my long intercourse with preachers, has it been my lot to be cast in company with a brother whose breast contained a nobler, or more disinterested heart than palpitated in the bosom of Dr. James McBride. Many brethren came to the meeting from the surrounding country, among the number present, was old brother Beauchamp, from Missouri. I knew him well, having some years before baptized him, and his household, near Barry, in Clay county, Mo. Our meeting I think resulted in much good to the cause of Christ. In looking over in memory, the names of the dear ones present, I find all have passed over the river, save three or four, I am almost left alone to tell of the joys of that meeting. When the meeting closed, we all with cheerful hearts started home, and on our arrival, found all well. Long time have I been permitted to live for Christ since this, and many have been the pleasant refreshments from the presence of the Lord.

G. O. B.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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W. C. PETTYJOHN, MANAGER.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in the County of Polk.

Joseph Holladay, Plaintiff, vs. Ben Simpson, Nenny Simpson, A. B. Meacham, J. S. Wall, Albert Whipple, J. M. Greenbaum and H. Greenbaum, Defendants.

To the above named Defendants, J. S. WALL, ALBERT WHIPPLE, J. M. GREENBAUM and H. GREENBAUM.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you, and each of you, are hereby notified and required to appear, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served within Polk County; or if served within any other County of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; and if served by publication, you are notified and required to so appear and answer said complaint by the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for publication, to wit: Six weeks from the first publication thereof, and which said term of said Circuit Court will be held at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, commencing on the first Monday of December next, to wit: December 3, 1877, and if you fail to so appear or answer, judgment for want thereof will be taken against you, and the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, which is in substance as follows, to wit:

For the foreclosure of a certain mortgage executed June 17, 1872, by Ben Simpson and wife to A. B. Meacham and Ben Holladay (which has been assigned to plaintiff) upon the following described lands in Polk County, Oregon, to wit:

All of the donation claim of Thos. H. Hunsaker and Jane his wife, being claim No. 71, Notification 5061, and situate in T. 6, S. R. 6 and 7 W. W. M., containing 640 acres more or less. The north west quarter of section 25, T. 6, S. R. 7 W., and 51 acres off of the west end of the north-west quarter of section 20, T. 6, S. R. 6, W. W. M.; also beginning at a post on the northern boundary of Jacob Doran's land claim, running thence west 80 chains, thence north 46 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, to the place of beginning, containing 320 acres in section 26, T. 6, S. R. 7 W. W. M.; and also the undivided one half of claim No. 16, Notification 7826, in T. 6, S. R. 7, W. W. M., containing 483 and 61 one-hundredth acres, being part of original land claim of Levi Burden and wife; and that each and all defendants and all persons claiming by through or under them may be foreclosed and barred of all right and interest and equity of redemption in said premises and every part thereof, and that said premises may be sold as prescribed by law, and the proceeds applied to the payment of plaintiff's mortgage, and for other and further relief.

This summons served by publication in the PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER by order made by Hon. R. P. Boise, Judge of said Court, on September 24, 1877.

DOLPH, BRONKAUGH, DOLPH & SIMON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

September 24, 1877. 7-30-3

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