

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Communications.

He Socked His Bill Into It.

It will be remembered by the reader of these papers, that in our last we gave an account of our safe arrival at home after our dark walk, and how comfortable we felt sitting upon a three legged stool before a blazing fire, and safe from the threats of a ferocious animal.*

Winter had now set in, and Oregon, true to her history, began to pour down her floods of rain, consequently but little traveling abroad was done. Still we kept up our regular appointment at the Jefferson school house on the La Creole, sometimes riding and at other times walking. The reason why I had to walk at times was because I could not find my horse at all times. In trading a part of my team to a Mr. Clark, of Yamhill, I had received in return an old Indian horse as a part of the price; the pony, I called Cultus, which signifies in Oregon dialect "worthless."

The winter passed away very pleasantly, and nothing of thrilling importance happened to ourselves nor to our single neighbor composed of the family of Bro. Thomas Lovelady. Bro. Thomas had traveled with us from Missouri and had taken up a claim adjoining ours. He had before the time now spoken of built himself a small house and had furnished it with furniture of his own workmanship. Our single neighbor was a workman of singular ability in making three legged stools and bedsteads with only one leg to each stand. He was also a man of uncommon order, everything in its place about his premises could be at once seen. His old shoe hammer, pegging all, and gimlet, was always carefully put in their respective places. Aunt Polly Lovelady was one of the neatest housekeepers in all that region round about; she had the peculiar faculty of making everything in her line look as fine and as bright as a cambric needle. Besides all this she possessed superior qualifications as a cook, and could set out as fine a dinner with as little material to make it of as any lady in all Oregon. In making pumpkin pies she was absolutely perfect; and in frying chicken and making white soup she was without a rival; she always seemed to be in her kingdom come, when she had a neighbor to pay her a visit and bring their knitting along and stay all day. She took a peculiar pleasure in showing her fine quilts.

The two families had not been living long on their settlements which were in sight of each other, before a man stopped one day at Bro. Lovelady's, by the name of Armstrong, who turned out to be a full cousin to the family. This man had settled in Yamhill county several years anterior

* By mistake, the paper to which this refers was omitted this week, but will be found in next week's issue.—Ed.

to the time of which we now speak, and had accumulated quite a band of horses and spanish cattle. He generously proposed to loan Sister Lovelady a few cows to give the family milk just as soon as the grass would be good enough to support them. The grass the fall before, had been burnt off, and nothing was left by which cattle could live, consequently they had to delay until the new grass had grown sufficiently high for cattle to live. The idea of having milk and butter was a very pleasing thought to the family, and besides that it would greatly improve the daily bill of fare, which consisted mostly of the following items of eatables: wheat bread without shortening, sometimes meat if a deer had been killed, Irish potatoes roasted in the ashes or boiled in clear water, and boiled wheat with salt, and for a beverage coffee made of parched peas. All of these delicious delicacies the two families had in moderate quantities.

In order to have a full orb'd comprehension of the heading of this paper it seems proper that we here state how our time was divided. From Monday to Friday evening we spent in splitting rails of fir timber. The place we made them was about one mile from our house and at the foot of a hill. The timber was on the side of the hill. At the foot where we were splitting rails stood a very large fir tree that had a thick top that prevented the rain from reaching the ground for some distance around. My custom was when it was not raining to cut my rail cuts and roll them down under the tree just named, and then when it rained I would work under the tree and keep dry. Saturday morning I hunted awhile for Cultus, in order to ride him to meeting. If I found the little old horse I rode, but if not, I walked, no matter what the distance. In this way the winter passed pleasantly away, and gave place to beautiful spring with her genial showers. February came and with it the green grass and a rich variety of wild flowers all over the hills and valleys. With the fine grass came the time for Aunt Polly to send for the cows above mentioned from Pleasant Armstrong. Without further delay Bro. Thomas and one of his sons went after them, and the next day returned with three and their calves.

Before this point in our history, Aunt Polly had by some means succeeded in raising, I suppose, about a dozen dominakty chickens. The chickens at the time now to be noted with emphasis, were about half grown and lived principally upon the scanty crumbs that fell from the table. In a few days after the arrival of the cows, one of the little girls of the family came over to our house with an invitation from Aunt Polly to come over the next day and take dinner; she said Ma was going to churn and have some butter to eat.

When I came home at night from my rail splitting my wife informed me of Sister Lovelady's kind invitation to go over the next day to eat butter. The invitation was accepted with all cheerfulness; so when the time came the next day for dinner I left my rail splitting and repaired to Bro. Lovelady's house. On my arrival at his house I found my own family all there and the cross legged table sat in the middle of the house. Aunt Polly had on her best calico dress and was busy arranging things for dinner. Uncle Tommy was in his usual good humor

with his quid of tobacco ready to throw in the chimney corner as soon as dinner was announced. On the table before mentioned was a saucer full of fresh butter just from the churn. Aunt Polly, by some means, had succeeded in getting two delf saucers over the plains safely, one of which was for the first time filled with the precious article of butter. The time at length came for dinner, and after the adjustment of the three legged stools to the several tin plates, we sat down to partake of the delicious bounties of our kind Heavenly Father. Uncle Tommy took his seat at the foot of the table. I was requested to sit at his right hand and my wife at my right, the larger children on each side whilst the smaller ones were preparing to sop in the oven. Aunt Polly did not sit down; her place, by choice, was to wait on the table, a duty she was well qualified to perform.

When all was still Bro. Lovelady called on me to give thanks, which I did. But just at this particular juncture, I never knew precisely how, one of the aforesaid dominecker chickens seeing, I suppose, a curious dish on the table, and taking advantage of the stillness, concluded he would see what the strange dish meant, so about the time we finished giving thanks he jumped upon the table, and with a squall peculiar to a hungry chicken of his stripe, rushed forward with flapping wings and plunged his bill up to his eyes in the soft butter. By this time Uncle Tommy had his knife in his hand and threatened to chop off the head of the fowl. Aunt Polly was panic stricken, and in her embarrassment said she would remove the dish of butter from the table. This intention upon her part I stoutly argued against by substantially saying that the chicken had got the first bite at the butter, but all his bill tuckered stuck to it, and I felt inclined to have the next dodge at it, without any regard to what was taken off.

It will be proper to say the butter was all disposed of and I went to my rail splitting very much refreshed by having participated in this the first fashionable dinner party I had seen in Oregon. It has been long remembered for its many good things and rich hospitality of the giver.

G. O. B.

The Young Man's Bible.

A few days ago I called on a bereaved family. A fair girl of sixteen, had been taken. We had carried the fallen tabernacle, and laid it tenderly away, only the day before; and now I had called to try to help a sorrowing father, mother and sister bear their great affliction.

Ready to take my leave, the father said, "There is a young man sick in the house, he has been stopping with us for a few weeks; is comparatively a stranger in the city, and no doubt would be glad to see you." I went in and was entertained. The boy was fair, with light curly hair, and a look that betokened good culture. After a few moments conversation on the state of his health, I asked how long he had been in the city? "About four months," he replied. "From whence are you?" I asked. "From York State," he said. "When will do you attend church?" I inquired. "I do now," said he. "After I had been here some time, I thought I would drop in some place. I asked a gentleman where I could find the church of my mother. He told me to go around

and hear Dr. —, who was to deliver a lecture to young men that evening. I went, and the house being crowded, I found a seat up in the gallery. The preacher had not been speaking long till he said, as he glanced his eye to the gallery where I sat, and with up-lifted finger, "Young man! you are just from the East. What was the last thing your mother did, when she packed your trunk? She put in a Bible, she laid it on top, so your eyes would fall on it first when you opened your trunk. When you opened your trunk there it lay, and a thousand memories floated around you, of home, and lessons which fell from that dear mother's lips in the days of your childhood, boyhood and youth. You have often had occasion to open that trunk since then, and perhaps you have felt that Bible was in your way. What have you done with it? You have put it away down in the bottom, where you only see it occasionally. Young man, let me advise you what to do when you go home to night. The first thing when you reach your room, go get your Bible from beneath your things and put it where your dear mother placed it. Or if that is inconvenient, then find a place where your eye will often fall upon it. Don't let it be long out of your sight. When you see it, morning and evening, don't neglect to read from its sacred pages. When you form the habit of reading daily, it will be easier to form the acquaintance of good people, in order to do which, come to church.

"We will try to find something for you to do, and if you do good, and strive to be good you will be happy."

"This," said the young man, "seemed aimed at me, as though God had told him all about me."

I hurried home, and got my Bible out from the bottom of my trunk, and laid it where it never is long out of sight. "Then," said I, "you attend church, and have friends to wait on you when you are sick, have you?"

"Oh yes," he said, "I am well cared for. I referred him to some of the promises of God's word, such as, 'acquaint now thyself with God, and he at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee,' and prayed the Lord to restore him to health, and give him long life and usefulness. Tears swam in the noble youth's eyes, as I bade him good bye, and he grasped my hand warmly, and thanked me for my visit, and the words spoken.

"Now I have been reflecting on the part that noble mother had done. Had she not taught her boy to reverence the Bible in the days when she held the reins of government, and the issues of the heart; had she neglected to put the Bible there when she packed the trunk, that appeal of the minister would have been in vain. How easy the preachers part when the mother's has been faithfully performed.

Dear sister whose eye traces these lines, have you children? boys yet at your knee? Don't neglect this training. As you hope for a noble manhood in your son, plant the seed, the word of God.

J. H. McCOLLUGH.

Mr. John Jones says he wishes he could hear of some place where people never die; he would go and end his days there. Mr. John Jones is the same eccentric individual who, attending divine service in a church where the people came very late, observed that it seemed to be the fashion there "for nobody to go until everybody got there!"

Church Finance.

NUMBER II.

All texts of Scripture have some one leading thought, or idea. In 1 Cor. sixteenth chapter, the leading idea is that those needy brethren in Judea, should be relieved, which contradicted the selfish idea that has passed into a proverb that "Charity begins at home" but that Charity may travel even to the land of Judea, if it should be thousands of miles. But many see the leading thought to be in making their contributions at stated intervals in small sums. I am free to say that the relief would have been just as acceptable, had it been sent in large sums, or whether it was collected at the place of meeting or not. But there is a secondary thought in the passage to this effect, that as Paul was a missionary putting in his time very closely preaching, the means of inter-communication being wanting, as that was not an age of railroads and telegraphs as we now have, he would say when you are together contribute, put your gifts all together to the end that I need not cease my labors as preacher and turn collector, and this being purely charity, they were allowed to decide how much they had been prospered. This contribution Paul calls a bounty, liberality, 2 Cor. ninth chapter Paul also gave similar instruction to the churches of Galatia.

As we stated in our former article, nowhere is paying for preaching as other labor called giving neither is paying debts for preaching or other labor called a bounty, liberality or a gift. But the advocate for raising finance for all purposes of the church by small contributions on Lord's day, may say, "but the early Christians continued steadfastly in the apostle's electing and fellowship," &c., Acts ii, 42."

We learn also that there is such a thing as the right hand of fellowship, Gal. ii, 9, "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, Eph. v, 11. So I learn fellowship often has reference to Christian love and affection, and of the fellowship spoken of in Acts second chapter, had reference to the contribution. I no where learn that it went to pay for the proclamation of the Gospel. I stated, where men preached, what they received for the same was called pay, hire or wages; Jesus sending out the twelve to preach told them to take no money, nor extra clothing, why? because said he the workman or preacher, is worthy of his meat or living for his pay. Mat. x, 10. Similar instructions were given to the seventy, as the laborer is worthy of his wages or hire. Luke x, 7. Read also 1 Cor. ix, chapter. It is even written in the law, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn," or if you work your horses on your threshing machine, you shall feed them. Is it possible that God takes care of the animals? Paul says for our sakes, no doubt this is written, that if we preach we shall at least get wages or pay enough to live on. See also 1 Tim. v, 18, and other passages teaching the same idea, but will refer to no more passages.

Next week will give a few common sense suggestions, on raising money for the support of the Gospel. We have lived half a century, and seen very little missionary work done by the Sunday contribution plan.

A. W. L.