

# PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

FOUR YEARS, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS.

VOL. VIII.

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## Pacific Christian Messenger.

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All business letters should be addressed to the Messenger Publishing Co., Monmouth, Oregon. Articles intended for publication, should be addressed to one of the editors. Subscriptions and communications in California, should be addressed to Theo. Porter, Colusa, Cal.

Advertisers will find this one of the best mediums on the Pacific Coast for making their business known.

### Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15, 1877.

The National Educational Convention, held at the National Congress, Pacific Building, San Francisco, Happy Seminars, Conkling and Patterson what else?

We have had reason for boundless excitement in Washington this week, for, besides the common blessing of congress, we have been favored with the presence of a national convention of pedagogues, and Bob Ingersoll, all harbingers of sweetness and light. I say pedagogues advisedly for while many of them aspire to be pedants few have sufficient learning for that distinction. Our public schools, in so far as they teach the poor boy or girl to read, write, and compute, desire to be sustained, but as an eye for quacks who have failed, or never dared to compete in those walk of life where attributes of robustness are required, the schools take precedence even of the National Treasury Department. Considering it to be the duty of your correspondent, I have attended some of the meetings of the National Convention of Education, and have always come away with disgust as deep as that which a healthy man feels after visiting the Bunscombe in the House of Representatives. They read interminable papers on school discipline, methods of teaching, superintendent's courses of study, etc.; and then they have what is called a discussion on the subject of the last paper read. The papers, as a rule, are so hackneyed and pointless, that no editor could afford to publish them; and the discussions are little more than cant about moral erosion, and moulding parents, men and women. Heaven pity these narrow chested, self-important, slim souled journeyman educators, and puffed, as much as possible, the rising generation from the influence of such models and such artists. A man from Boston read a paper on teaching mechanics in schools. This essay was weak, and being the comestest truisms about the mechanical powers. He demonstrated as though it were something new, how a boy was taught to make a screw. How he used the vice, and how he filed the thread. The whole history was about this: when a great philosopher desired to eat a cherry, he took it between his thumb and fingers and opened his mouth (imitating the man from Boston imitating the action of the philosopher) the red juice of which was that cherries were made to eat and the mouth to open. And yet half a score of asses present, led to be interested in the matter and inquired with affected earnestness: How long did it take the boy to make the screw? What kind of a screw did he make at first? And the other questions of like silliness, the discussion of which involved in deeper confusion the vexed question

as to how, how long, whether, why, and wherefore, a boy would convey a cherry to his mouth. I would not make the impression that all the men of this convention are as petty as the prophet from Boston, and the philosopher. There were present men of broad and general information, men, not merely of one book, nor of mere textbooks, but of other books. Some of these men were here, but they sat silent and kept up a deal of thinking. It seems to be a fatality of our age and institutions that only quacks find pretension come to the front; demagogues in politics, pedagogues in education. If we had no more encouraging landmark of progress than the average cheap trap public school educator, we might doubt whether the world had made much advancement since Socrates' philosophers rickled their minds on the question as to how many souls could stand on the point of a needle.

Bob Ingersoll delivered his lecture on "liberty," to a large audience in Lincoln Hall. Judging from the cabinet ministers, members of congress, *liberators*, ladies, and lawyers, that went to hear him, and from their close attention and frequent applause, his lecture was a great success. As to his views he seemed to be a little more heterodox than Henry Ward Beecher; more profane and entertaining than Wendell Phillips; less dyspeptic than Theodore Tilton; not so sweet as Phoebe Cousins, or Victoria Woodhull, and, I might add, that he has evidently not traveled as much as Parson Newman, for while the latter talks incessantly about the Hindus and the river Ganges, Mr. Ingersoll confines himself to the sarcophagus of Napoleon, and the tortures of the Inquisition, which he said he had seen, and imagined he had felt. If all these men and women were to lecture in the city to-night, Ingersoll and Beecher would attract the largest houses. Neither of them would say anything new, the day of revelation has gone by, there are no more messages to be delivered. Thanks to the invention of printing, the time has passed when one man can thunder from a platform, pulpit, or professor's chair, while his neighbors must sit in the seats of laymen. Mr. Ingersoll said that he believed in Darwin; that he was not sure he was right, but that on that question his mind was about eight to seven. He ridiculed the idea that women were not fit for politics, and said that they could not get the country into a worse fix than he had just helped to get it in. He said that from the small amount of raw material used in the manufacture of Eye-brow ointment, it was the best piece of work that had been put up.

In congressional matters there is little you have not heard. The happy senators at present are Conkling and Patterson; the one, because he feels that he has beat the President; and the other, because he has beat the penitentiary. The face of Senator Conkling was radiant with exultation, yesterday, as he sat at his desk, reading congratulatory telegrams from New York. "There is nothing so successful as success," and the senator has for a time, at least, scotched what is called the civil service party, is a bigger man than old Hayes, is a peer instead of a vassal. If this fight and victory had occurred during the last administration, Senator Conkling would have stood a better chance at the Cincinnati convention; but there will be another convention in 1880.

## COLLAX, WYOMING CO., W. T.

Dec. 6, 1877.

Being confined to the house from a bruise sustained by the falling of my horse, I thought I would write a few lines to our valuable paper, the *Messenger*. We are having some pretty cold weather here at present; the snow is nine inches deep on the level, and the prospects are favorable for more. Having come from the Willamette valley this season, and not being accustomed to see much snow, it seems strange to me. There has been considerable rain fall here since we arrived here on the 24th of October; but not as much as we have had in one week in the valley. This is an unusually lively place for a new country, as far as financial matters is concerned. I am not prepared to give a correct history of this country, not arriving here until late in the season, and had to make preparation for winter.

Collax, the county seat, is a flourishing little town, many new buildings going up; also Palouse City, sixteen miles east of Collax; they support a steam saw mill at each place, and each have a flouring mill. The country is fast settling up. But there is a vast amount of land that is open for settlers yet. But the religious advantages here are not as good as they are in older countries. We have not been to preaching but twice since we arrived here, and then that was United Brethren meeting; there is no organization of the Disciples in this part, and but one in the country as far as I have been informed, and that is at Paradise Valley, thirty miles east of Collax. There was a church once organized here by one Elliott, but the organization has gone down, but we found a few faithful brethren and sisters here, and we have made arrangements and meet every Lord's day evening for social worship and attend to the breaking of the loaf. We would be glad if some of our ministering brethren would locate in our midst, and I think that all that is necessary for us to have a good organization is for a shepherd to come in and gather the flock together. Yours in the one hope,

R. M. CALLISON.

### A New Volume.

After mature deliberation, it has been decided as best to shorten volume seven by the few numbers yet remaining and begin volume eight with the new year.

This is done for various reasons. It will simplify business, as our advertisers and exchanges expect the volumes to begin with this year, such being customary with papers. Our subscribers will be better able to keep the time of their papers, as payment for a volume will extend through a calendar year.

This will work a little injustice to such of our subscribers as have had their time kept by volume and number of paper. They will be losers by about 35 cents each on the past year; but as they are principally those who have stood by the paper through good and evil times in its history to the present, we feel assured that every one of them will vote "aye" for the change, if it will be an advantage to the paper. If any do not wish to give this much in aid of your paper just at such an important time in its history, we will set their time for-

ward when requested.

Those whose time has been kept up by dates, are in no way affected by the change. We mean to so change our mailing list, so that the time of all subscriptions will be kept by dates, as that will be better understood by subscribers than the volume and number.

### Personal.

Bro. H. M. Waller spent last Sunday and on till over Christmas preaching at Halsey, Oregon. He solemnized the marriage of a daughter of Bro. J. E. Roberts to a Leo Lewis while there.

Hon. W. H. Burnett, who died at McMinnville, Oregon on Christmas day, was a brother of our associate editor.

Bro. Bruce Wolverton has been employed to preach his entire time at McMinnville, Astoria and Carlton, Oregon; giving one-half of his time to the first named place, and one-fourth to each of the others.

We were a little surprised at receiving word from Bro. P. P. Underwood, late of Gilroy, Cal., that he is now located at The Dalles, Wasco county, Oregon. The change was so sudden that we were scarcely prepared for it, but welcome Bro. Underwood to his new field of labor. We hope the brethren in Wasco will unite to make his new home a pleasant and profitable one to both them and him.

R. B. Neaf, the energetic pastor of Louisville, Ky., has taken his other half, and is now a man complete. It was not good to be alone.

Prof. N. Dunshee, for years professor of mathematics in Oskaloosa college, is about to remove to Alton, Illinois, to enter the college. The feelings of regret at his removal and good wishes for his success, are unanimous. He is an excellent teacher, an Israelite without guile, a noble man—*Reverend and Evangelist*.

The church at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa was unable to longer support regular preaching, so Bro. N. E. Cory removed from that place to Monmouth, Illinois.

E. B. Ware will labor during the coming year with the church at Santa Rosa, Cal. Bro. Ware is a zealous and faithful worker, and we confidently expect to hear encouraging reports of his labors from time to time.

J. P. McCorle is holding a protracted meeting for the church at Knight's Landing, Cal.

A. Johnstone is holding a debate with a Seventh day Adventist, at Vacaville, Cal.

### Volume Eight.

As will be seen elsewhere, we begin with this issue, volume eight. It is a little more than seven years since the *Pacific Christian Messenger* was established by Bro. T. E. Campbell, and carried on amidst the pressure of college work for five years. The good he thus accomplished can never be estimated. It was a matter of sacrifice all the way through, for the paper never paid running expenses. At the beginning of volume six, the present senior editor assumed control of the paper as editor and publisher. In coming from the east to take charge, it was understood that the paper had a circulation of 1,200 paying subscribers. An examination of the books showed about 800 names, and it was necessary to drop 400 or 500 of these during the year for various reasons. A year's hard work was done in try-

ing to build up the business and circulation of the paper, but at the end of the year, the books showed that the expenses of running had been \$704.17 more than the receipts. No individual was found who was willing to engage for the financial burden, and suspension was the only alternative.

After a suspension of only one week, the present publishing company was organized, on a basis that would prevent the accumulation of a debt, though the pay of all parties connected with running it be meager. Business was again vigorously pushed, a new press for the paper purchased, and the paper again enlarged as it had been the year before. The Lord blessed our efforts, the circulation gradually increased, and the name was changed to the *Pacific Christian Messenger*, as it was going to be the paper of the brotherhood on this coast. In order to meet the demands of the increasing circulation, it became necessary to purchase a power press. Such a press and steam engine were accordingly bought. At the State meeting of the brethren in California last September, the Lord put it into the hearts of our good brethren down there, to unite with us in our efforts to publish a paper for the entire coast. The result is well known. The paper was much improved, the circulation still further extended, and is increasing every week.

The future looks bright. A united effort on the part of the brethren, will enable us to have just what we need, a paper for the Pacific Coast, devoted to the interests of the cause here, and keeping its readers posted on all the doings of the brethren. It will prove the tie that shall bind this great western section in one, and increase the good influence, as its friends increase its circulation.

### Our Job Department.

On the first day of last year we put the first job press—a quarter medium liberty—into the *Messenger* building. The purchase of a good assortment of material, and a little effort, gave us a fair patronage at once. The class of work turned out increased the business, more material and presses were added from time to time, till the opening of the present year finds us with presses adapted to every kind of work, and material for doing anything in the printing line, usually done in any city office. Our readers have appreciated the fact that the success of the paper depended to a considerable extent on the success of the jobbing department, and have sent us their work from all parts of Oregon, as well as considerable from Washington Territory and California. We are thankful for this and hope the class of work and prices, will cause them to continue their patronage.

We offer to do any kind of work in the best manner at Chicago prices. Brethren desiring tracts, pamphlets, books or any other printing done will do themselves and us a favor by sending the work or writing for an estimate. Address Monmouth, Oregon.

A band of 40 Catholic missionaries is about to proceed from Italy to Patagonia.

Judge Davis of New York in a late charge to the grand jury, remarked: "Twenty years of judicial life have taught me that more than seven-eighths of the crimes of personal violence are traceable to the abuse of intoxicating liquors."