

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, 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 Thos. Porter, Colusa, Cal.

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

A Poem.

The following poem is from the pen of old Bro. John G. Haley, of Sandstone, Mo.; well known to many of our readers. The muse seems to hover very near our brother in his advanced years:

Pale autumn with its chilling breath has come,
The falling leaves, sure omen of decay,
Admonish us that we are going home
Where shines a bright and everlasting day.
Stern winter will ensue, and lock the earth,
And spread its coat of snow both near and far,
Ere long shall come, the resurrection birth,
"Legions of angels can't confine us there."
Spring time will come ere long, with sweetest bloom,
And fill the air with its ambrosial breath.
The saints shall rise triumphant from the tomb,
And sing, "Where is thy fatal sting, O death!"
"Paradise restored," they'll chant the lay
That fills the courts of glory far and high,
Where shines the splendor of eternal day
There saints and angels never, never die.
Transporting thoughts! to those that love the Lord,
And call upon his name from day to day,
Who tremble at, and trust his holy word,
And shun that dolorous and awful way.
O God! help us to humbly watch and pray,
That we may rise triumphant from the tomb,
And seeing meet our Savior on his way,
To take his saints to their eternal home.

Weather Report.

During Dec., 1877, there were 10 days during which rain fell, and 6.21 inches of water, 9 clear days and 12 cloudy days other than those on which rain fell. Frosts occurred on the 3, 4, 8, 13, 21, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

The mean temperature for the month was 49.71°. Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 52°, on the 1st; lowest daily mean temperature, 31°, on the 31st.

Mean temperature for the month at 2 o'clock P. M., 46.16°. Highest thermometer for the month, 60°, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 10th. Lowest thermometer, 28°, at 7 A. M., on the 25th.

The prevailing winds for the month were from the North during 16 days, S. W. 9 days, South 6 days.

During Dec., 1876, there were 6 days during which rain fell, giving .84 in. of water, 11 clear days, and 14 cloudy days other than those on which rain fell.

Mean temp. for the month, 35.29°. Highest daily, 48°, on 28th. Lowest daily, 24°, on 10th.

T. PEARCE.

Colusa, Or., Jan. 1, 1878.

A great hardship—an iron steamer.

Correspondence.

Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1877.

Senator Conkling, the President and Cabinet in New York. The bereft Capital turns to toys. The moral significance of brass fronts, humbugs. The Strasburg clock and Texas Jack.

In these delicious May-like days of December, Washington has ceased to be the Capital, and bereft of the administration, Cabinet, and Congress, turns for a change to toys. Toys fill the shop windows on Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventh street. Toy-stands encumber the pavements, and are borne on the heads of itinerant toy merchants. At night the shop windows, brilliantly lighted, vie in attractiveness, and the one that has something unique, like the automatic negro preacher, never fails to draw a crowd. This toy preacher, a sabbath doctor of divinity, who moves his head and hands in impressive gesticulation, has a constant, large, and appreciative audience; and promenaders have been compelled to walk on the streets in order to flank the throng, composed of people of all denominations, that hang on his mute ministrations. So you must know that although we have neither Conkling, congress, nor the President, (they have all gone to New York) there is still food for reflection—shams and realities in grotesque and pathetic proximity. Here in one widow, standing before a little mirror, with toy combs and brushes, exquisitely dressed in the height of fashion, stands a wax doll, price \$75; she is surrounded by a throng of admirers, and is finally purchased and borne away from the worshiping gaze of a half starved little girl to whom \$75 would mean shoes, and bread, and life. This Christmas tide (or time which is better English) gives us, by the way, something of a gauge by which to measure certain tendencies of social growth. I believe it is evident in the holiday surroundings of to-day that we do not tend so much toward the old English heartiness, the Christmas cheer, the family reunions, the decoration of our churches and homes with evergreens, and the general reviving of old legends and cherished traditions, as we do to a certain Frenchy taste for glitter and parade. The quality of Christmas presents offered for sale, and eagerly bought by rich and poor, indicate the character of celebration in our homes. An establishment, with an exceedingly Parisian name, located on the Avenue, and containing all sorts of tawdry bijouterie, is doing probably the best business of all, the large salesroom being thronged with customers from morning till night; on the other hand, the solid merchants, having stocks of useful goods, thrum on their glass doors, and look out on the passing crowd with painful solicitude, thinking perhaps of the payment of their next note, and wishing that they had bought a few bushels of brass rings and copper buttons instead of staples. I notice as I pass that the show cases display a plentiful quantity of counterfeit jewelry, well and tastefully made, without doubt, but selling up so well towards the price of real gold as to amaze one that such high prices should be paid for brass and other base metals, disguised to look like gold. When I enquire where these are made, I learn that it is not in Paris or Lyons, but in staid

Boston or Philadelphia, where merchants look over the whole expanse of country, and reckon with wonderful soquicity just what the public taste craves, and so when I come to look in stacking of a Christmas morning, if modern taste does not banish that old-fashioned article and hang up a bedizened cornucopia instead, I shall expect to find a pair of brass sleeve buttons, an oxidized scarf pin, and a lead hankie ring (a perfect imitation of silver) from my land lady, her husband and daughter. No doubt I shall give in return a set of dollar (gold) jewelry, so advertised, a (Lake George) diamond ring, (price \$2), and a Santa Claus to the children, not one of the old red cheeked abnormally developed, like Judge Davis, fellows, but a brand new Frenchman, with mean brow, waxed mustache, and Mephistophelian nose. This is the tendency, at all events. Now what does it all mean that things should be going in this way with us? I think the stories we have heard from abroad of how foreigners raise the price of everything when an American enters a store, are, in a measure, true, and that not content with cheating us on their own side the water, they are coming after us here—plenty of them came to the Centennial to look over the ground—and not only that, our Eastern merchants and manufacturers are proving apt scholars in this direction themselves. We are becoming a tawdry ornament loving people; we are superficially, spurious and deceptive; and there is danger that it will strike in; we go along the street pretending to be that we are not, humbugging others and being most unmercifully humbugged by others, sharper than ourselves, who make a study and trade of it. I have not set up for a reformer, but I am disposed to protest against this nonsense and extravagance. I regret exceedingly to see so much money, that might be spent for real comforts, wasted on pernicious frauds. This is the season of spectacular, and histrionic, as well as of material and brassy humbugs.

For a week or more there has been an exhibition, in one of the public halls, a so called *fac simile* of the Strasburg clock. The real clock, it will be remembered, is wound but once a year, and keeps perfect time of the month, day, hour, and minute, with the procession of the twelve apostles, and a periodical appearance of the devil. The interesting feature in the real clock is the perfect mechanism that produces these results. In the dummy clock, the mechanism is left out, and every thing is done by hand. A painting of the clock would be quite as great a curiosity; but this humbug has drawn well, and, through dint of advertising, is making money.

In the theatres we have Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, and Texas Jack in a shooting, scapling, lassoing, war-whooping, farce; that may be supposed, by readers of dime novels, to be a histrionic portraiture of border life. Texas Jack is a big hero, shooting with pistols in both hands, and piling the Indians in artistic confusion on the stage. There would not be a sufficient number of Indians to meet the exigency of the murder business, but as soon as one batch of braves have been sent to the happy hunting grounds, the curtain falls, and rises again on the same revivied, and ready to do and die again.

Send us a new subscriber.

Letter from Old Bro. Young.

FORESTVILLE, Dec. 23, 1877.

BRO. STANLEY,

Dear Editor: Please permit me to write a few lines for the MESSENGER, for I claim it to be a messenger indeed; for it brings us good news from the East, West, North and South; I am highly pleased and delighted with it. It is just the paper we need in California as well as Oregon. And as soon as I get a little leisure from farm work, I calculate to rally for subscribers. There are articles in it worth half the subscription price. The name Christian has a great meaning in a paper. It does not mean political, sectarian or worldly science.

I have just returned from a meeting in Forestville school house. At 11 A. M. heard a sermon from Elder Foderee, on the faith once delivered to the saints, contrasting the faith of Abraham and the ancients to the Christians, faith in the Gospel dispensation. The Elder made it very plain and forcible. The assembly was small, on account of its raining in the morning, but the hearers paid good attention to the discourse.

One week ago Saturday, December 15th, I started at 1 o'clock P. M. for Santa Rosa, on foot, and alone, a distance of fourteen miles; I arrived at the house of Elder Burnett a little before five, and there, at the Elder's residence, I took rest for the night, and was well cared for. I was very tired indeed, but I rested unaccountable well the entire night. But to return to my traveling to the city. I made up my mind I never traveled in the winter, and so far in so short a time, and on a day so pleasant and warm, clear and beautiful, as that day, Dec. 15th, from my earliest recollection, up to my present age, 64 years, 11 months, and 25 days.

To my great surprise, as I arose in the morning, it had rained in the night enough to make the ground quite wet, but not so much as to prevent the parents and children from going to Sunday school or church.

After morning service with the family, the Elder and I walked over to the church, and the house of worship was soon filled with parents and children, ready for Sunday school exercise. The lesson in Acts 28th chapter, was made highly interesting to the Bible class and the entire school. And as soon as the school was dismissed by prayer and thanks, Bro. J. Derham, the superintendent of the school, passed up and took the pulpit, and gave the church and Sunday school one of the most energetic, brilliant, enthusiastic addresses I have heard of over forty years of my life; and I have been in attendance in Sunday schools, more or less, since I was a scholar of thirteen years of age; and now I am ready to confess I never heard anything that excelled it. In fact, I have not heard any such an address that did compete with it. I wish it had been written and put in a tract form, so it could be sent all over this western world. The time has come that we want ten thousand such teachers as is Bro. Derham, of Santa Rosa, California. If all the talent in Santa Rosa would make a general strike, infidels would have to hide their boasting heads. We want no compromise with the god of this world; but let us fear him who spake as never man spake. Fear God and keep his commands, and then we will be able to destroy the greatest of evil. Now, Bro. Stanley, I have many

things to write about, which I must omit for the present. But in conclusion, permit me to pen a few lines for the eye of Elder J. J. Moss, of Salem, Oregon, (for I have no doubt but he takes the MESSENGER). I was well acquainted with Bro. Moss forty-five years ago; I.e. and Elder William Hayden, and Bro. A. B. Green used to preach in my father's house; and I have kept my mind's eye on his progression and faithfulness to the present time. And as I never expect to see him while living, I hope we shall be able to meet and shake hands in that everlasting world of bliss and glory above, where we shall be ever with our Lord. And this is my prayer that all the Disciples of Christ may be faithful unto death, that they all may receive a crown of life.

This from your affectionate brother in hope. Farewell.

F. B. YOUNG.

Science and the Bible.

Bro. Pres. Smith is after Scientific (or) "rough-shod," as will be seen by the following from the *Yolo (Cal.) Mail*:

Pres. B. H. Smith delivered his fourth lecture on Sunday evening last, having for his subject "Science and the Bible." In laying down his premises, he said that the author of nature—consequently of the sciences—was also the accepted author of the Bible. If science did not harmonize with the Bible, he should be compelled to accept science as correct; but the deductions from science must be positive. He would accept no deductions that would not demonstrate a fact beyond controversy. He then took up the various sciences and examined them carefully, beginning with mathematics, which he said was considered the most correct by all learned men. He then astonished his hearers by stating that there was nothing positive in the science of mathematics. There never was such a thing as a triangle, a square, a circle or a parallelogram. All these things were mere suppositions. There could be no certain deductions in the science of mathematics. He then took up astronomy, and showed that no two scientific astronomers had ever agreed upon any subject of distance as to any of the planets from the earth, from each other, or in regard to their revolutions or evolutions. There had never been a positive deduction made by the science of Astronomy, and there never would be one made to conflict with the Mosaic history of creation. Lastly he examined the science of Geology, which he characterized as the latest, the youngest, and the most noisy brat of all in the hands of atheists and infidels. Geologists made an attack upon the Bible from the very start by denying the Mosaic history of creation, which would make the earth 6,000 years old. While he did not accept this as a positive deduction from the Bible, and while Moses never fixed any time when he said, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," he nevertheless defied geologists to make one positive deduction from their new-born science which would even controvert this commonly accepted idea of creation.

We are unable to furnish the sharp points of this lecture. They were keen and convincing. We mean they would convince any mind not warped by prejudice and determined to resist the pressure of such moral precepts as demand a following with great reward, or punishment for absolute neglect.

Miss Mary Slump