

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Correspondence.

Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT)

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1878.

The neglected grave of Thomas Jefferson.—Better late than never.—What Mr. Cox's bill is opposed to do.—Lo, the (rich) Indian in a fix.—What came of eating ice-cream and hard eggs.—The sudden death of congressman Leonard in Cuba.—A love affair and suspicion of foul play, &c., &c.

It was both a timely and patriotic thing for Mr. "Sunset" Cox to do yesterday, to introduce a bill into the house of Representatives to erect a monument over the grave of Thomas Jefferson. While we are lavishly spending money by tens of thousands for equestrian statues commemorating the services of generals and colonels of our civil war, the author of the "Declaration of Independence" lies in an obscure grave, without a decent stone to mark his last resting place. The only bronze statue in existence of Mr. Jefferson was for many years suffered to stand unnoticed and uncared for in the grounds surrounding the white house, exposed to the rain and winds, and covered with verdigris which had already eaten into and completely destroyed the inscription (which is the famous declaration), upon the bronze parchment he is represented as holding in his hand; and it is only within the last year or two that congress made an appropriation to restore it, and had it removed to the "Sculpture Hall," or old hall of Representatives, where it now stands, side by side with "immortal George." Yet, his grave was suffered to remain neglected, in the midst of brambles and thistles at his old and now dismantled homestead of Monticello.

Last summer, on my way back to Washington from the Virginia watering places, I stopped at Monticello for the purpose of paying homage and respect at the tomb of the greatest American statesman that ever lived, and the author of the most famous American document ever written; but it was with difficulty that I could find the place. A crumbling stone, the inscription upon which was almost completely obliterated, was all; and this was surrounded by scattered and broken slabs of sandstone, marking the graves of his relatives. By dint of hand labor, after first removing the dust from the face of the stone, and tracing the faint outline of such of the lesters as could not be read, with my fingers, I made out the following inscription:

"Here was buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of Independence,
of the State of Virginia,
For religious freedom, and the father of
the University of Virginia."

On the base of the stone I traced the following:

"Born April 2, 1743, O. S.
Died July 4, 1826."

There is no doubt the house will promptly pass the bill and make an

appropriation for the restoration of the neglected grave, which, with the unfinished Washington monument, has stood for so many years a sad and significant commentary upon the charge so often made by monarchists that "Republics are ungrateful."

Washington is rarely ever without an Indian delegation of some sort; and for the last three weeks our street urchins have been amusing themselves, when not engaged in the more laudable and liberative employment of selling newspapers and blacking boots, by running after and crying "How?" to a Mr. John D. Benes, a real live, wild, Indian from the Indian Territory, with a Christian and pronounceable name. His name, however is not his only difference from other Indians; a still more marked peculiarity of his was, that he brought with him a real skin trunk containing fifteen hundred dollars in gold and silver coin. This is the first time in history since Columbus discovered America, that Indians have been known to bring money here; they generally carry it away with them. However, yesterday evening Mr. Benes, returning from a confectioners, where he had been indulging in ice-cream and hard boiled eggs (a favorite Indian refreshment), was left to bemoan the loss of his seal skin trunk and valuables, which had been stolen from his room at the "Washington House" during his absence; and unless the detectives ferret out the thief and recover the money Mr. Benes will have to pawn his tomahawk and moccasins, and may be (but we hope not) his scalp, to secure the wherewith to return to his tribe in the Indian Territory.

The recent sudden death of congressman Leonard, in Cuba, has caused considerable excitement among his colleagues in the house of Representatives, many of whom refuse to accept the statement that he died of yellow fever, and assert that he has been the victim of a conspiracy and was foully murdered. The Secretary of State has telegraphed our consul General at Havana to have the body sent to New Orleans, from where it will be sent by mail to West Chester, Pa., and interred there. It is well known here, that a love affair was at the bottom of Mr. Leonard's visit to Cuba; but the exact nature of this is merely a matter of conjecture. After the body arrives in the country, speaker Randall will appoint a congressional committee to proceed to New Orleans and escort the remains from there to the place of interment.

Since the silver bill became a law proceedings in congress have been rather tame, with the exception, perhaps, of Senator Blaine's attack, first, upon Mr. Maurice Delfosse, the Belgian Ambassador in this city, and, a day or two after, upon Mr. Schurz, the Secretary of the Interior. Neither of these attacks were well timed or justifiable, and Mr. Blaine's stoutest friends regret that he made them. Altogether, the ex-Speaker of the House has not made his mark in the Senate as it was expected he would; for while he has neglected no opportunity for a "dig" at the administration, he has not, so far identified himself with any serious subject of legislation.

An old minister once said to a young preacher, who was complaining of a small congregation: "It's as large a congregation perhaps, as you will want to account for at the day of judgment."

Record and Evangelist and Other Iowa Items.

Leaving home March 5th, we determined to invade the sanctum of this noble paper, and see what kind of an establishment the Central Book Concern at Oskaloosa, really is. It requires only a glance through the establishment to see that it is first-class, and we were gratified to learn that the subscription to the paper is steadily increasing, and the Sunday school papers, the *Christian Monitor* and book trade generally is good. The members of this firm are men of large business capacity, and that they are succeeding under these hard times, is the best comment on their energy. The success of the paper is fitly awarded to Bro. B. H. Johnson, the present office editor, who is prepared by nature, education, and the facilities of a number one library for such a laborious task. His is ably seconded by the efforts of Bro. Mathes and Carpenter, who have had almost a life time experience. We are sure that no paper is more eagerly read by its patrons than the *Record and Evangelist*; and its salutary influence can not be overestimated. Oskaloosa College, is now presided over by Prof. G. T. Carpenter, and is in a prosperous condition, an institution too, over which every one feels we "need thee." In coming into Polk county, Iowa, we are beginning to think it a second Canaan, here the roads are good and have been so for two months, and now the sun shines delightfully, and by another day the roads will be good. Farmers have in most of their wheat crop, in the best of order, and the future is all that could be expected. Not a hundred miles south-east, there has been rain snow, and oh! such muddy roads every where. In the cities, wheel barrows take the place of drays, and the traveler is guided over the broken walks by the hotel runner on foot, and the weather prophets are all dead except some who think "that when the waters rise in the streams in Dec., there will be an advance in the price of grain in the markets." This kind are noted for longevity. The temperance vane has been doing wonders (!) Mr. Drew, blue ribbon, Mr. Bonechue, red ribbon. But the great majority who donned the ribbons are men, women and children who are already temperate, and the reports of papers as to the great success with topers, are without foundation, in fact, among the details sent out to smaller towns, there are often those who carry the bottle in the pocket and wear the ribbon in the button hole. When will the world learn that the Gospel of Christ is the only remedial agency in sin? We have no confidence in any thing else to reform a sinful world, and none in the pretensions of men whose faith does not take in the whole Gospel of Christ; any thing else is only temporary and when the reaction comes, it is often found that the substitute was "a remedy worse than the disease."

In the whirl of events it is important to "look up to the rock higher than I," living assured that "all things work together for good to them who love good." We feel greatly interested in the success of the MESSENGER, and hope every Bro. on the coast will assist to hold it up. It is to them a necessity, and if they will its power for good can be made more efficient every week. Brethren on the coast see to it, strengthen it every day, so that generations to come may realize the fruits of your labors.

S. H. HEDRICK.

To the Disciples of Christ in Benton County, Or.

MONROE, April 3, 1878.

As there is no organized congregation in good standing in our county, I assume the responsibility of calling on each and every member of the brotherhood within the county to meet me on the third Lord's day in April, at Independent school house, situate two miles south from Philmath, and we will there proceed to adopt measures for the holding of a county meeting in our county. Other counties have their meetings, and why not we? True they are more prosperous in every particular, and that is why we should act in this matter and procure one good working minister to labor with us, at least, during the proposed meeting. This we are able to do. I cannot think it is necessary to make an appeal, for Jesus has left the cause in our hands. He has given us the weapon; and for one I think it far preferable to be broken by falling upon the stone to being ground to powder by standing still without the "armor" on, so permitting the stone to fall upon me.

J. L. WIBLE.

Report of Meeting.

Ed. Messenger:

Seeing so many reports of meetings in the east, I am tempted to give a report of outstandings and inbringings in a congregation not a thousand miles from Salem. Now this corresponds not to the general tenor of the "biggest preaching," "best attendance," "greatest interest" meetings you read so much of in other papers. I have often heard that the invisible is the lasting, and the visible is the passing. Be that as it may, I think the quiet meeting which I report to you has less of brag and more of spirit. In the first place, there were about two dozen simple soldiers of the cross. They read for their morning lesson the 6th chapter of Ephesians; prayer didn't last an hour; they sang "Jesus lover of my soul," &c.; an aged soldier arose and told of his running over the battle ground for pass without his shoes on. He said that wrinkles and gray locks and a faltering step were the signs of that want of "the preparation of the Gospel of peace." But now he testified of that peace which the world giveth not nor taketh away. He sat down, his heart overflowing with love for Jesus. I sat back there, and it seemed there was a rustle, and some of the younger Christians were looking down at their naked feet and began pulling out the briars that had gotten in by the way. Then an aged sister prayed to God that these youths would put on their shoes next time, that they might not disturb the worship. I looked, and the old man sat still while a tear was finding its way down to his lips moving in silent prayer. They "examined themselves" in this way as they talked of the Christian armor. One resolved to get this shield, another said, "Brethren, pray that I may be able to handle the sword better." Another began to girt his loins, when the emblems of the crucified Jesus, the "Lamb that was slain," were exposed to view; and they looked to Calvary blessing God; they drank of the life-giving blood, and after a song of praise, with thankful heart, they resolve, as they separate, to "put on the whole armor of God," that they may "be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

SILICA.

Weather Report.

During March, 1878, there were 16 days during which rain fell, giving an aggregate of 6.59 inches of water, 1 clear day and 14 cloudy days, other than those on which rain fell.

The mean temperature, for the month was 51.33°. Highest daily mean temperature for the month 59°, on the 23d. Lowest daily mean temperature 39°, on the 7th. Highest thermometer for the month 70°, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 21st. Lowest thermometer 33°, at 7 A. M., on the 8th. Thunder and lightning on the 17th and 23d. Frost, on the 8th. The prevailing winds for the month were from the south during 8 days, S. W. 9 days, north 13 days.

During March, 1877, there were 18 days during which rain fell, with an aggregate of 14.66 inches of water, 3 clear days and 15 cloudy days. Mean temperature for the month 49.25°. Highest daily, 57°, on the 4th and 20th. Lowest daily, 36°, on the 3d, 19th and 19th.

T. PEARCE.

Eola, April 1, 1878.

Says the *Sunday School Times*:

Four young colored students have just left Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, as missionaries to Africa. Mr. E. M. Barnes, of the University, describes the circumstance attending their departure:

"A call for two young men to go immediately to reinforce the Mendi Mission in the Sherbra country, West Africa, came very unexpectedly three weeks ago. It was a brief, business letter, and was read to our students almost without comment, and with an oppressive fear that 'minutes men' for Africa were not among our ranks. Constant efforts are made in every possible way, by lectures, instruction, and earnest prayers, to keep our students interested in Africa and its conversion, but we were not sure that any yet were ready to go. After two days of prayerful consideration, four of our best and most promising students volunteered to go—Mr. Albert Miller of the senior college class, Mr. Andrew E. Jackson of the junior scientific class, and the two young ladies to whom they were engaged, Miss Ada Roberts and Miss Ella Hildrige, both from the higher normal department. Their names were sent on; they were accepted; and were informed that they must start in a very few days in order to reach their destination before the rainy season. Teachers, students and friends, during the following week, assisted in the necessary preparations; and there were solemn services of ordination on Sunday afternoon, February 17, followed by a double wedding on Monday forenoon and a farewell meeting on Monday afternoon. The Christian people of Nashville, both white and colored, took a deep interest in this work. Many presents were sent to the young missionaries; and several churches took up a collections for their benefit,—one of the leading white churches giving over \$60. A number of the white pastors were among the speakers at the farewell meeting.

"Mr. Miller, one of the two missionaries, said in his last remarks, while speaking of the wants and claims of Africa: 'Would that it might be the motto, not only of Fisk University, but of every similar institution among our people: 'Her sons and her daughters are ever on the altar.'"

David Stump 1418