

# PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Miss Mary Stewart

## Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

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### Correspondence.

#### Our European Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, ENGLAND, Nov. 21, 1878.

The enormous armaments of Continental States, magnificent as they are to the sight of the people whose ideas of glory they foster, and upon whom they entail heavy burdens which they are encouraged to bear, are a standing reproach to civilization. They are organized not for defense but defiance, not for protection but aggression, for conquest, annexation, and spoil. England is being forced into a war with the Ameer of Afghanistan through the reckless ambition and intrigues of the Czar, or of the military authority behind the throne which seems to be more potential than that of the Czar himself. Europe bristling with bayonets and lurid with the flashing of bloodstained swords, is in a condition which only semi-savages could approve, and rational and humane men, to whatever nation they belong, must deplore. The armaments, great before the struggle between France and Germany, have been further increased since that struggle was over. The French army has been reconstructed upon the German model, and Russia has added to her already immense legions, and for what purpose? Certainly not of peace. The British army has always been small in comparison with the armies of the Powers, but her insular position is not so secure as it was before the progress of steam and the noble "wooden walls" of a former time ceased to be effectual for her protection. The evils weighing upon the social condition of Europe affect her position, and compel the enlargement and the cost of arrangements which would not be thought of if States addicted to warfare would only fight among themselves and allow her to remain at peace. The English have no thirst for conquest, no desire for extension of territory, no idea of aggression, Russian intrigues, however, being now carried to her frontiers are to be dealt with. Whilst they remained afar off she could look on unmoved; but the Russians are now at her gates, and the question must be asked what they are doing there.

There is now however some improvement in the situation of Eastern affairs, from various causes. The appointment of Midhat Pasha to be Governor of Syria has produced a good effect; first, because it is regarded as a proof of union between England, France, and Turkey; and, secondly, because his energy and experience, both of which must have been ripened by long residence in France and England cannot fail to prove beneficial to Syria.

The removal of Said Pasha from Angora—where he has gained golden opinions—to Kostambul is also regarded with favor, as it is thought he

will be succeeded by the Governor who preceded him at Angora, and who also gave great satisfaction. There will be thus three good men in three important places. There is a growing belief in the existence of an alliance between Austria, England, and France for the execution of the treaty of Berlin. On the other hand, the Greek difficulty, which was falsely reported to be settled, is not yet arranged, though it is in a fair way for settlement. On the whole, things look better, and the public statement of the Czar that he desires to carry out the Berlin Treaty to the letter, adds to the prospects of settlement in due course.

On Tuesday evening a singular company assembled at the new Mission Chapel, Little Wild street, Drury Lane, when 300 of the thieves of St. Giles's and the adjacent district, in answer to an invitation—the third of its kind—from George Hatton and his friends, sat down to a most substantial supper. For a long time the St. Giles's Christian Mission, of which Mr. Hatton is the indefatigable superintendent, has been carrying on its work to the spiritual and the material advantage of many hundreds in the neighborhood in which it has located itself; and among the various ways in which it is sought to extend its usefulness are efforts for the reclamation of thieves as they come out of prison on the expiration of their sentences. For this purpose the charitable public have been from time to time appealed to for subscriptions under the head of a "Thieves' Honest Labor Fund," to which more support is earnestly needed in furtherance of the philanthropic object in view. As to those who partook of the good cheer on Tuesday night, there could be no possible mistake, for everyone of the 300 was a recognized and admitted thief. The sight of these criminals was characteristically striking, and the scene was altogether strange enough. Specimens were there of gaol birds—strong, weak, and cadaverous, bold, ferocious, and timid, cunning, repulsive, and, to judge from the type, utterly incurable. According to the statement of one, who said, "I was saved here," nine out of ten present were at this moment at work in the thieves' market, and the vast majority were returned convicts. The meal was partaken of with warmth of the well-lit comfortable building no doubt compared with the bitter cold which they had left, and into which they would have to turn again in an hour or two, having much to do with it. Outside the chapel there was an uninvited mob, ravenous enough and anxious enough to partake of the treat; and after those with tickets had satisfied their appetites, a large number were admitted, and supper was given them.

Since June 3, last, 4337 prisoners had been discharged from the House of Correction, in Coldbath-fields. The Mission had taken a room in Elm street, nearly opposite the prison gates, and to offer them a card of invitation to breakfast. Out of the above-mentioned number, no less than 2,110 had accepted the invitation, and, whilst partaking of breakfast, the Gospel was read to them, and the benefits of the Home explained. Of the 2,110 who had been thus provided for, 428 had signed the temperance pledge. Several gentlemen and a few of the thieves addressed the meeting. An ingenious fraud has been com-

mitted upon a wealthy merchant residing in the neighborhood of Paris. A week or two ago he received a letter informing him that the writer has ascertained that a box containing treasure was buried in his garden, and offering to indicate the exact spot if he would agree to divide the spoil. The merchant was at first inclined to treat the letter as a hoax, but upon receiving a second and more pressing one he sent an answer agreeing to the proposal. The next day he was waited upon by a gentleman of agreeable manners, and it was arranged that the search should be made at night, in order to prevent the neighbors from talking. The box—a very weighty one—was duly unearthed, and when taken into the house and opened was found to contain 8,000 francs in silver pieces of 5 fr. each. The merchant, much pleased at the result of the search, at once handed over the half which he had promised to his informer, who remarked that it was rather a heavy lump to carry to the railway station, distant about a mile, and that perhaps the merchant could oblige him with notes or gold instead. This the merchant was very happy to do; but he regretted it bitterly the next morning, as he saw by the light of day that the 5 franc pieces were spurious.

A clergyman has been convicted of forging a promissory note. I do not know the details, but the offense is generally expiated by a sentence of penal servitude. But I do know what Lord Coleridge remarked, and that was that he sentenced him to nine months' imprisonment—a comparatively light sentence—because he believed the prisoner, "owing to his being an educated man and of good birth, would find it particularly severe." In my ignorance I should have imagined that good birth and a good education should almost have counted against the prisoner, but the ways of judges are strange. Brett could not be hard upon Colonel Baker, and even Bramwell was merciful to the Mistletoe manslaughterers, so why should not Coleridge spare the man "of education and good birth?"

ALPHA.

#### Letter from Sister Merriman.

Dear Messenger:

I have often thought of attempting to make your acquaintance by addressing a few thoughts to you in the spirit or form of a letter. If you will pardon the familiarity which prompts me to do this, upon the apology that I am a member of the "One Family," to which most of your readers belong, and some of whom are friends of mine and may be glad to hear a word from me, even through a paper, I shall be much obliged.

This is a bright and pleasant but moderately cool afternoon of the 24th of November, and while seated in a very cozy apartment of our northern home, made more lovely by the profusion of sunny rays, which the generous king of day delights to dispense, my thoughts wander backward to the associations of dear Christian friends, some in the far east, some in California, and some in Oregon, whom I have made during the past summer.

Do not wonder, dear MESSENGER, if I say that tears blind my eyes, while I remember the blessing of Christian society and church privileges, of which we are here deprived. Walla

is a beautiful enterprising town, noted for its schools, churches, and business of every kind, where we have in the corporation and at a distance of from two to four miles, twelve or fifteen brethren, and at a distance of six or eight miles, twenty-five; but we have no meetings. It is unpleasant to think but true that brethren who do not meet in body to consider the interests of the Master's kingdom think or care very little for each other. It seems to me strange and unnecessary, though, that such a state of things should exist.

I have often wondered, since I came here, if it is possible for the eyes of one who has been born again to become so blinded by the splendor of the god of this world, or the heart so chilled by close approximation to northern latitudes, as to forget the pleadings of the dear Savior, when he said to his disciples: "Can ye not watch with me one hour?"

Do we not, dear brethren, refuse to do the same, when we cannot sacrifice worldly interests enough to meet at least occasionally, to commemorate his death and sufferings, and to show our love for each other? Can we not remember His modest request, "As oft as ye do this—break this loaf, and drink this cup, ye do it in memory of me." The excuse that "we have no preacher" may seem sufficient apology to the majority, but from my standpoint of reasoning, it is only a smoothly polished fallacy of his satanic majesty, with which to deaden the zeal of Christians in these latter days. I believe this very respectable "Prince" has changed his tactics and does not roar as much as in the days of the martyrs, but profess to do his work with much politeness, and with very fine strokes of the pen of display.

But perhaps I am wandering from the spirit of a letter and will return by saying, I have met a number of excellent brethren in this country, such as dear Sister Pintler and Bro. and Sister Bailey, of Dayton; also others of Waitsburg. I am sorry that I know of but one preacher who gives his time to the work. Dear Bro. Richardson and his good wife, recently of Waitsburg, but now, I regret to say, of Oregon, we learned to prize very much; not only for the generous simplicity with which they welcome strangers to their hearts and home, but for their true Christian principles, and his excellent manner of exposing the truth of the Scriptures. They were needed very much here, and their absence will be greatly lamented. Let me say right here that a good Christian minister of some experience and culture, would find Walla Walla and the surrounding country a grand field in which to organize a church and establish Primitive Christianity. I wish such a preacher and his wife might come here determined to succeed whatever might assail.

My friends in California will be surprised to learn that I am engaged in dressmaking, instead of teaching, an occupation to which I have devoted so much of my life. Although I am at home with dressmaking, my sympathies are with the young, and I hope to return to teaching after a time.

There are many things of interest, that I might say of the country over which we passed during the summer on our trip from California, but it would consume more time than I can

command, with the pressure of business, therefore I must forego the pleasure.

My husband, whose health, I am happy to say, is much improved, joins me in a hearty greeting to our friends, in the hope that we shall meet again in a land where our existence will not be made up with checkered oases and wastes, but with an eternity of the fullness of life.

MRS. J. A. C. MERRIMAN.

#### Strong Men—True Men.

Men of steel are needed in every community. The wooden men, and men of clay are multiplying rapidly, and daily we see the effects of their pliability. It is good to be as clay in the hands of the Great Potter, but to be clay in the hands of men is to bow and twist for selfish purposes, and help thousands on to destruction. Show the people that we are living in the dispensation of humility, and not in the glory dispensation, and then the field will be quite clear. The weeds will die for want of nourishment, and the wheat will get the divine sunshine necessary for its proper development. Christ came in humility, did his work in humility, and the effects will be humility. When He comes "in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory," then will open up the glory dispensation, and all its subjects will be exalted. Ah, how many are talking and walking with lofty heads as if they were already living in the glory dispensation. Those who have "put on Christ," and are not "weary in well doing," live in the shadow of that glory, but then in the thing itself. Then hold fast to meekness, self-denial, humility, whether the "thorns" trouble or not. Often the "praise of men" will stretch itself out before you, but let it not come upon and cover you. Keep under the Cross lest you trample upon it. Let Jesus select and place the crown upon you, and then it will fit you. The eyes are set up high so that you may see the dangers and avoid them. Profit by this. See that you hold the sword of the Spirit by the hilt when wielding it, otherwise it only bruises.—Ex.

—Kepler was the first person to suggest the probability of moons accompanying Mars.

—Dr. Wachsmuth of Berlin says that if one-third part of oil of turpentine is added to chloroform the latter can be administered as an anesthetic without the risk usually attending it.

—Mr. James Gordon Bennett is now at Melton Mowbray, England, with his twenty fine horses; for a winter's hunting. It is quaintly said of Melton Mowbray, in a geographical work of repute, that it has a Gothic church and stabling for eight hundred horses.

—Dom Pedro, the enlightened Emperor of Brazil, has shown his appreciation of American ability by bestowing on Col. W. Milner Roberts, chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the position which his Majesty recently tendered to Captain Eads—that of superintending the improvement of the navigation of the water highways of the empire. Colonel Roberts has accepted the honor.

—Garibaldi regards the priests who swarm in Italy as the "heaviest scourge of that country." He suggests putting them to work. They are healthy and strong, and should live by the sweat of their brow as other men do.